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THE

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No. 1.—Vol. XXV.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1849.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE.
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EPICRAM FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

Now dora the gilly-flower bloom, now also blooms the Narcissus
Lover of shadows, now bloom lies that dwell on the hills.
Now, too, the flower of flowers, one finer than any is blooming—
Zenophila the below'd,—loveliest rose of deities;
Meadows, why do you boast of the flowers that newly adorn ye—
Here is a girl to surpass every garland of sweets. J. O.

(STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)

THE age of Dussek, as we have termed it, was rich in composers for the pianoforte. Besides Dussek and Clementi, already mentioned, there were Steibelt, Woelfl, Kozeluch, Krumpholtz, Eberl, and many others, among whom one of the most distinguished by the services he rendered to the instrument was John Cramer. All these produced sonatas. Dussek and Clementi wrote the largest number, and the best; but Dussek had by far the greatest influence on his contemporaries. The characteristics of his style were silent and marked, while, like all men of genius,* he had mannerisms, upon which his imitators fastened exceedingly, it being out of their power to copy the ideas that flowed from the springs of his invention—which, however, they, not seldom, either paraphrased or stole outright.

Thus the world was deluged with good, bad, and indifferent imitations of Dussek. Among the good may be cited the sonatas and concertos of John Cramer, who, except in his inimitable Studies, has not shown any originality as a composer. Among the indifferent must be ranked the works of Eberl; and still more indifferent, those of Kozeluch and Krumpholtz, which are also trivial and meagre. The bad would be too numerous to mention; but some notion may be entertained of their quantity when we state, that they stood comparatively in the same relation to Dussek, which nine composers out of ten, who have appeared in print during the last fifteen years, now occupy in relation to Henri Herz, Thalberg, and Mendelssohn, respectively. Those musicians, indeed, have many sins to answer for, in the facility they have offered to common-place "slop-composers," to exaggerate and fatten on their mannerisms.

Clementi, whose general style was somewhat pedantic, and whose learning could not be borrowed, found few imitators; so few that we cannot tax our memory for a single example. Nevertheless Clementi was decidedly an original thinker, and those who compare him with Mozart only declare themselves incompetent to understand either. Moreover, Clementi, at times, almost equalled the inspirations of genius itself, which, if we were writing an account of his works, we could prove by several examples.†

* By men of genius we can only understand those whose gifts of invention enable them to produce things that are at the same time original and beautiful.

† We cannot resist citing the sonata in B minor, Op. 40—one of the finest works ever written for the pianoforte.

Steibelt was another original, and perhaps a genius, though his style is not so individual as that of Dussek, whom he occasionally equalled, if not surpassed, in his ordinary flights, but never approached in his highest inspirations. To illustrate this opinion we may suggest that the concertos in E and E flat, of Steibelt, known as the *Storm* and the *Chasse*, are equal if not superior to many of the earlier concertos of Dussek, but on the other hand, in a far greater degree of inferiority does Steibelt's longest and most ambitious sonata—that in E flat, dedicated to Madame Buonaparte—stand in relation to the *Elegy* (op. 61), the *Invocation* (op. 77), and other grand works of Dussek, which approach nearer to Beethoven than any sonatas for the pianoforte with which we are acquainted. Steibelt, however, was immensely popular, and many of his smaller sonatas may be safely taken as models. The pianoforte is, besides, indebted to him for a vast number of passages and effects of which later composers have availed themselves without acknowledgement. His studies, in spite of the strong resemblance of some them to those of Cramer, are also as excellent as they are useful. The name of Steibelt, then, must always have an honourable place in the history of the pianoforte.

Woelfl, was a composer of merit, and a musician of more than ordinary acquirement. He was original, but his originality is somewhat affected. Many of his productions have enjoyed a high reputation among musicians, and most especially a sonata in A flat, with a fugue. This sonata is decidedly a work of thought, but the fugue is quite as dry and laboured as it is ingenious. Woelfl possessed great consideration in his day, but his writings appear to have had very little influence on his contemporaries, to whom his peculiarities did not offer a very tempting store for petty larceny or wholesale theft. The sonata in F—or rather *fantasia*, since the first movement alone is in regular form—called *Ne Plus Ultra*, was his most celebrated work, and is that which is best remembered now. At the time it was composed its difficulty was regarded as immense. One of the variations on the popular air, "Life let us cherish,"* in the last movement of the sonata, seems, by its skips of double octaves, to have anticipated a *fantasia* of Henri Herz on the romance in Méhul's *Joseph*. With all this, however, we are inclined to think that the greater part of Woelfl's compositions are likely to remain in oblivion, unless some future antiquarian shall valiantly step forward, and with the spade and shovel of enthusiasm, exhumate them from the grave in which they long have mouldered.

Of the other composers who flourished about this period there is little to be said. Their merits were small and their influence null. Some of them obtained a popularity as ephemeral as it was baseless. One of the most popular, however, and deservedly so, was Abbe Gellenek, who chiefly excelled as a writer of variations on favourite airs. He also wrote sonatas,

* Which a writer in the *Athenaeum* erroneously attributes to Mozart.

but these were of little worth. Another, a German composer, named Gaensbacher, enjoyed considerable reputation, which such of his works as are extant by no means justified. One name, however, shone like a star in the midst of this cloud of obscurities. Pinto, an Englishman, who was cut off at the early age of twenty-one, gave every indication of becoming one of the most remarkable men of his day. His genius was undoubted. He played admirably on the piano-forte and violin, wrote with facility for both instruments, and though so young, was a wonderful extempore performer. It is a disgrace to our publishers, and musical amateurs, that neither the enterprise of the former nor the curiosity of the latter compels a republication of the printed works of Pinto, and the production of those that exist in manuscript. Three sonatas for piano-forte solo, in A, C minor, and E flat minor,* which we have seen, are as full of beauties as the best of Dussek, while a set of vocal canzonets which we have also had the opportunity of examining, might, without impropriety, be placed by the side of Haydn's well-known models. Besides these, a violin concerto, and many other works exist in manuscript. It would, we feel certain, be an excellent speculation on the part of a music publisher, in these times of dearth, to print everything that remains of Pinto, whose death was a severe blow to the hopes of England as a musical nation. Who can say that a genius equal to Mozart's was not thus untimely quenched? Neither Mozart nor Mendelssohn, the most surprising examples of precocious genius in the history of the musical art, gave earlier or more brilliant marks of originality and talent than George Frederick Pinto.

(To be continued.)

JULLIEN IN MANCHESTER AND BIRMINGHAM.

We have received, from a Manchester correspondent (***) a long account of the Mendelssohn night, which went off with immense *clédy*, at the Free Trade Hall, before a densely thronged audience. We regret that it has come too late for insertion this week. Jullien appeared to be reaping honour as well as profit, by his Mendelssohn performances in the provinces. In allusion to the forthcoming "Festival," at Birmingham, the *Midland Counties Herald* writes:—

"The second concert will take place to-night. Encouraged by the immense success which attended his late endeavour to popularise classical music, by giving Beethoven and Mendelssohn Festival Evenings, at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, Mons. Jullien has, at the request of many amateurs, set apart a great portion of the present evening for the performance of some of the most beautiful works of the celebrated Dr. Mendelssohn. In no town in the kingdom could such a performance be more appropriately given. It was for Birmingham that the lamented composer of the *Elijah* wrote his finest and most enduring works; and it was for the noblest institutions of our town that they were first performed. Mons. Jullien deserves the best thanks of the numerous admirers and personal friends of a man as amiable as he was clever, in placing before them some of Dr. Mendelssohn's finest orchestral works, which will, no doubt, be given in a style and completeness worthy of such *chef-d'œuvre*. To enhance the attraction of the evening to its performer, M. Hille, the celebrated pianist, (who, as a classical performer, has scarcely a rival, and no superior,) will give three of the *Lieder ohne Worte*, and Madlle. Jetty Trefftz will sing "Of all the pretty darlings" and "The first violet." Mr. V. Collins will play the only violin concerto that was composed by Dr. Mendelssohn, and the first part of the concert will conclude with the doctor's music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," of itself a sufficient attraction to draw a full room of amateurs."

Messrs. Coventry and Co., Dean Street, have introduced the first of these in the excellent compilation of piano-forte works, edited by Mr. Sterndale Bennett, under the title of *Classical Practice*. Copies of the other are very rare.

We believe that Jullien's next destination is the Irish capital, where, as at Manchester, he counts his thousands of supporters.

SONNET.

NO. CXIII.

The wounds the soul receives are not like those
Which mar and oft destroy its earthly frame;
The body's structure is with all the same
Whatever habitant it may enclose.
But ev'ry soul's a world, that only knows
Laws of its own,—no others have a claim
To rule it. One calls that a scorching flame,
Which for another but with mildness glows;
If thou would'st learn how well thou canst endure,
Vaunt not thy strength that lightly thou canst bear
The pains which make another curse his lot.
Within thyself is set the standard sure:—
Find out thy heart's weak place, and probe it there.
Thus shalt thou learn what thou canst bear—what not.
N. D.

ERNST.

THE performances of this great violinist at Mr. Willy's Classical Concerts, seems to have created even a greater sensation than his executive prodigies elsewhere. In speaking of the third concert, on Monday night, the *Morning Post* remarks:—

"The executive lions were Herr Ernst and Mr. Sterndale Bennett. The renowned violinist proved himself on this occasion truly great, for he rendered the exquisite beauties of Beethoven and Mendelssohn with the sympathetic feeling of a kindred spirit. Those who have merely heard him execute the 'Carnival of Venice,' or some of his popular fantasies, can form no idea of his wonderful performance of classical music. The astonishing digital dexterity he displays in the fantasia shows him to be a man of most uncommon talent and perseverance; but his reading of the great masters proves him to be endowed with the poetical feeling and classical knowledge of a true musician. These are much higher qualities; the difference being almost as great as that existing between the talent of the rope dancer and that of the actor whose breath gives vitality to the text of Shakspeare. As much more knowledge and a higher order of genius are required to render faithfully the music of Beethoven than that of an inferior writer, the merit attached to the performance is proportionately greater. The most wonderful in art is the wonderfully beautiful, and such was Herr Ernst's playing last night. He is the greatest living violinist, for he can do everything. The programme included Beethoven's sonata for piano and violin, the execution of which by Messrs. Sterndale Bennett and Ernst excited the utmost enthusiasm, the second movement being encored. The greatest treat, however, of the evening was the performance of Mendelssohn's magnificent quartet in E minor, by Messrs. Ernst, Willy, Hill, and Reed. It is a work of which Mozart or Beethoven might have been proud, and received full justice from the hands of the above-named artists—Herr Ernst especially, whose playing approached perfection. The scherzo was enthusiastically encored."

We have given a short account of the interesting concert to which the writer alludes in another column.

REVIEW.

"The Twin Polkas," by WALTER CECIL MACFARREN, WASSELL and CO.

"JULIE" and "MARIE," as these polkas are severally named, are twins, not only in respect of their simultaneous publication, but equally in respect of their excellence, which is such as to insure them very general admiration, whenever they may be heard. They are characterised by a piquant and irresistibly catching vein of melody, and are remarkably showy in proportion to their difficulty for the piano-forte. Mr. Walter Macfarren has produced, and is capable of a far higher class of music than that to which the present publication belongs, but it is no discredit to a musician of the loftiest pretensions to descend to trifles when such trifles are so entirely successful as those before us.

MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

You little scribbling beau,
What demon made you write?
Beseege to write you know,
As much as you can fight.

SWIFT.

Though he can write, he cannot fight.

SIR E. BAYNE. *Constr. Litera*, iii, 109.

Shall we for ever make new books, as Apothecaries make new mixtures,
by pouring only out of one vessel into another? Are we for ever to be
twisting and untwisting the same rope?—for ever in the same track?—
for ever at the same pace?—*Tristram Shandy*.

But this our age such authors does afford,
As make whole plays, and yet scarce write one word;
Who, in this anarchy of wit, rob all—
And what's their plunder, their possession call;
Who, like bold padders scorn by night to prey,
But rob by sunshine in the face of day;
Nay, scarce the common ceremony use,
Of stand, air, and deliver up your Muse,
But knock the poet down and with a grace
Mount Pegasus before the owner's face;
Faith, if you love such country Dem's abroad,
'Tis time for all true men to leave the rood.

DAYDEN. *Prologue to Albemarle*.

Ο ΜΟΡΕ, ΜΟΡΕ ταῦτα ποῦς ἐν τῇ εἰς
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΟΥ. *Brunch*, iii, 257.

O Moore, Moore, all these plagiarisms are in thy book.

Pone sub curru cilmum propinquum
Solis, in terrâ domibus negata,
Dulce ridetent Lâggen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

HORACE.

Literary thefts are of several and various kinds. Some examples of each may be useful, for the clearer understanding of this Encomium. Sometimes, as in the *first rule*, it is practised openly, and without even an attempt at concealment; as in the following robbery from Philostratus by the classic Ben Jonson.*

EP. XXIV.

ἔμοι θε μοῖσι προσπιε τοῖς ὁμοῖσι, καὶ δὲ Ζεὺς ἡγεμόνατος, καλὸν
ἀνέχον περιεσπαστο. εἰ δὲ βούλει το μὲν αἶνον μὲ παρακαλεῖ μοῖσι θε
ἐμβάλλουσα ὕδατος, καὶ τοῖς χεῖλεσι προσφρονέσθαι, κληρὸν φιλήματος το
ἐκκωμῶν, καὶ δίδου τοῖς δειμονοῖσι.

JONSON.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Demands a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

EP. XXX.

Πενταμο σοι στεφανὸν ῥοβὺν, οὐ σε τιμῶν, καὶ ταῦτα μὲν γὰρ ἀλλ' αὐτοῖ
τὴ χαρίζομαι τοῖς ῥοβῶν, ἵνα μὴ παρασπῶ.

* My apology for introducing here a plagiarism so well known as the above, is contained in the following remarks; and when my readers know that the original of Jonson's song are now for the first time correctly printed, I am sure they will be pleased. Who could ever have believed, that the fine gentleman essayist, Cumberland, would have been hardy enough to connect the following Greek sentence, and then to declare that he transcribed it from Philostratus, Ep. XXV? ἔγω ἐπειθεῖ δὴν σε, δίδω, καὶ το ἐκκωμῶν καταχρῶμαι μὲν οὐ προσπιε τοῖς χεῖλεσι σου θε οὐκ αἶνον. This he did for the purpose of supplying a sort of original for the second stanza of the above song. No such passage exists in the twenty-fifth epistle; nor, as far as I can find, in any part of Philostratus' writings. This "literary curiosity" has not been before noticed. How it escaped Dr. Johnson, who must have read it, when it was first published, is a mystery. The extracts from Philostratus, which are transcribed into the 74th number of *The Observer*, are several of them ungrammatical, and mean nothing. The copy of that author, from which I now transcribe the originals correctly, is from the library of Sir Philip Francis (*Jenius*), and has some strange, caustic notes in his handwriting.

EP. XXXI.

Εἰ δὲ βούλει τὴ φύλιν χαρίζεσθαι τὰ λείψανα αὐτῶν ἀντιστρέφον, μῆκετι
πνεῦμα ῥοβὺν μοῖσι, ἀλλὰ καὶ σου.

JONSON.

I sent thee late a ruy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It might not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when all grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee.

The following instances may be added of plagiarisms under the first rule:—

BYRON. *Monody on Sheridan*.

Long shall we seek his library, long in vain,
And turn to all of him which may remain,
Sighing that Nature form'd but one such man,
And broke the die in moulding Sheridan.

This was a favourite image with our elders of verse. Here are no less than four, from either one of which the foregoing was indubitably copied:

JOHN HAYWOOD. *Of a most noble lady*.

I think Nature hath lost her mould,
Where she her form did take;
Or e's I doubt that Nature could
So faire a creature make.

In *Chalmers's British Poets*, we find among the Poems of Uncertain Authors, vol. 2, page 328, the following stanza:—

In whom hath Nature set the glory of her name,
And brake her mould in great despayre, your like she could not frame.

HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

I could rehere, if that I wolde,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfit mould,
The like to whom she could not paint.

And this was chiefly all her pain,
She could not make the like again.

MARSHBORN.—*The Guardian*, Act I, Scene 1.

Was she fashion'd
In an inimitable mould (which Nature broke
The great work perfected) to be made a slave?

How admirably Moore has obeyed the precepts of this rule, may be seen as follows:—

MOORE.—*Evenings in Greece*.

How changingly for ever peers
The heart of youth 'twixt smiles and tears,
E'en as in April the light vane,
Now points to sunshine, now to rain.

MOORE.—*Ballads and Songs*.

Our first young love resembles
That short but brilliant ray,
Which smiles, and wrings, and trembles
Through April's earliest day.

These verses would be good enough, could we forget their original in

SHAKESPEARE.—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

Oh! how this spring of love resembles
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

The two following may also be added as plagiarisms under the first rule:—

MOORE'S MALODIES.

Though may a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairs fairer face we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee, Mary.

SHENSTONE.*

Hæu quædā minus est cum reliquis
Versari, quam tui meminisse.

MOORE.—Evenings in Greece.

As, by the shore at break of day,
A vanquish'd chief expiring lay,
Upon the sands, with broken sword,
He traced his farewell to the free;
And there, the last unfinished word
He, dying, wrote was "Liberty."

At night, a sea-bird shriek'd the knell
Of him who thus for Freedom fell;
The words he wrote, ere evening came,
Were cover'd by the sounding sea,
So pass away the cause and name
Of him who dies for Liberty.

ENGLAND'S HELICON.

Crown'd with flowers, I saw fair Amaryllis
By Thyrsis sit, hard by a bank of crystal,
And with her hand, more white than snow or lilies,
On sand she wrote, "My faith shall be immortal."
But suddenly a storm of wind and weather
Blew all her faith and sand away together.

But poets are too cautious to rob always with so much openness and sincerity as this. They resort therefore to the second rule of plagiarism, under which a stanza may be filched from two or three authors, and wrapped up with exceeding skill, so that it requires some nicety to discover it. Let us cite for instance—

GRAY.—Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unathletic caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

The two first lines, it will at once be seen, were suggested by the *Spectator*, Vol. ix., No. 554.

"The soul is a kind of rough diamond which requires labour and time to polish it: for want of which, many a good natural genius is lost, or lies unfashioned, like a jewel in the mine.

The two last lines are but a new arrangement of

Pope.—*Rape of the Lock*.

There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye,
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.

There are three plagiarisms by our little man which illustrate this second rule of robbery as perfectly as anything that can be conceived:—

MOORE'S MELODIES.

And as fresher flowers the sod perfume,
Where buried saints are lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweetening bloom
From the image left there in dying.

This is evidently taken from a beautiful passage, cited by Sir William Jones, from

SADI.

One day as I was in the bath, a friend of mine put into my hand a piece of scented clay. I took it, and said to it, "Art thou musk or ambergris, for I am charmed with thy delightful scent?" It answered, "I was a despicable piece of clay, but I was some time in the company of the rose: the sweet quality of my companion was communicated to me, otherwise I should have been only a piece of earth as I appear to be."

There is no mention of buried saints in this, it is true. Sadi was an Eastern poet, and had little or no reverence for the holy flagellants of the calendar. But a man does not earn three thousand golden guineas without some ingenuity. From the pen of an honest bard, the above lines would, perhaps,

* Moore has acknowledged the source from which the image is taken, and quoted the lines of Shenstone in a note.—*Ed.* "M. W."

pass unsuspected; but a convicted plagiarist, like Moore, cannot expect to get off so easily. And one of the splendid secrets of plagiarism is to rob with cunning.

Here is another—

MELODIES.

Fancy may trace some line
Worthy those eyes to meet;
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
Pure, calm, and sweet.

This plagiarism is almost impenetrably disguised, but to one who has well studied his subject, it is as clear as light. Contemplate its original in—

COWLEY.—On the Death of Mr. W. Hervey.

He, like the stars, to which he now is gone,
That shine with beams like flame,
Yet burn not with the same,
Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.

Or if you be not satisfied with this, read it in—

SHENSTONE.—To a Lady.

From wit's wild petulance serenely free
Yet best in all that nature can decree;
Not like a fire which while it burns alarms,
A modest flame that gently shines and warms.

Again, in one of the melodies, Moore asks the following question, suggesting an excuse for loving a low-born beauty.

Hadst the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?

Who would expect to find a simple thought like this taken from a Latin exercise of Lord North, when at school, and who will deny that it is admirably masked for the purposes of fraud?

Chlori quidem parva es, sed non tua gloria parva,
Et viola in prætis ruscida scripit huius.

(To be continued.)

ALBERT SMITH AND MR. SHEPHERD

MR. ALBERT SMITH has addressed us another, a *final*, letter on this subject. Its clearness is quite logical, and admits of no reply.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I can assure you it is with much reluctance that I find myself driven to allude once more to the matter in dispute between Mr. Shepherd and myself; but as that gentleman, with the aid of a cleverly perverted extract, still persists in asserting that I took the notion, which he appropriated, from *Les Mouquetaires* of M. Dumas, I find I have no other course to pursue than thus, I hope finally, to settle the matter.

Permit me to recall to your recollection the effect of which I submitted the sketch to the Surrey management. It was the section of a ship, made vertically, when she might be supposed to be sailing towards the audience, occupying about the centre third of the stage. In my original drawing, or perhaps a little more; the sides being filled up with a representation of the sea. The crew were to be working her upon deck; the passengers in the cabin; and the prisoner in the hold to be scuttling her. When this was done, the entire ship was to sink into the water, and the curtain was to fall on this denouement.

This was the effect I sent in; it was also the one which Mr. Shepherd most accurately copied in his drama.

Now for the scene in *Les Mouquetaires*. I describe it exactly, both from the piece itself, now on my desk, and from the full information I got, with respect to its management at the *Ambigu*. The section of the ship was a longitudinal one, to begin with, extending completely across the stage, from wing to wing. After certain business leading to the plot for blowing up the vessel, she was supposed to set sail, and was moved off altogether into the *coulis* upon a wheeled platform, and the stage then represented the open sea. After a while a little toy, or profile ship, came on

in the distance, on the edge of one of the water pieces. When it had reached the middle of the stage there was a flash of ignited powder, and it disappeared; and the scene was played out by some characters in a boat which had previously left the vessel.

I hope, Sir, I have now plainly convinced you and your readers of the utter absence of any similarity between these two scenes, without the aid of either ironical epithets or personal allusions. Had *Anthony and Cleopatra* been sent into the Surrey, Mr. Shepherd might as well have availed himself of such of the action as suited his purpose, under the pretence that a sectional house had been shown in *Jonathan Bradford*.

I should have explained all this before, had I not felt some delicacy in occupying your valuable space. As far as I am concerned, the matter will now entirely drop.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

ALBERT SMITH.

14, Percy Street, Jan. 3, 1850

After all, the popular dramatist, novelist, burlesquist, librettist (*vide John Parry's short operas bouffes*), poet, and essayist, has, in our opinion, given himself unnecessary pains. No one, for an instant, imagined—certainly we did not—that he had stolen an idea from Dumas. Mr. Albert Smith has too many ideas of his own to make it requisite for him to pilfer those of another.

MR. WILLYS CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

THE space occupied by our Index precludes us from doing more, this week, than simply record that the last concert in St. Martin's Hall (the third—on Monday evening) was one of unusual brilliancy. It was attended by "a good five hundred" amateurs of the right sort, who applauded with fervour, and always in the right place. The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Quartet (in C major, No. 6) two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Willy, Zerbin, Hill, and Reed.	Mozart.
Aria, Miss Cobham, "Vol che aspetti."	Mozart.
Cavatina, Mr. Land, "Ah non lasciarmi."	G. Macfarren.
Grand Sonata (in G, No. 3, Op. 30) pianoforte and violin, Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett and Herr Ernst.	Beethoven.

PART II.

Grand Quartet (in E minor, Op. 44), two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Ernst, Willy, Hill, and Reed.	Mendelssohn.
Song Mr. Brode, "Madamina."	Mozart.
Canzonet, Miss Cobham, "Truth in absence."	E. J. Harper.
Grand Trio (in C minor), pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. W. Sterndale Bennett, Willy, and Reed.	Mendelssohn.

Accompanist, Mr. Land.

Ernst, the honoured guest, and in terms of metaphor, the "Lion of the Concert," was enthusiastically welcomed. The last movement of Beethoven's sonata, and the scherzo of Mendelssohn's quartet, were both rapturously enquired. Sterndale Bennett played superbly. He and Ernst "went together" in the sonata, as though they had never been apart—like the Siamese twins. Willy was in fine force; Hill was Hill; and little Reed, who supplied the formidable place of Patti, acquitted himself admirably. It was a glorious evening. Next week we shall probably speak of it at length.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

THE eleventh concert was such a bumper as must have done Mr. Stammers' heart as much good as his pocket. The occasion was the return of Mr. Sims Reeves, who made his bow amidst the clamorous cheering and applause of upwards of 2,500 persons. Gratified, though not abashed, by this reception, Mr. Reeves quickly established his right to it, by singing the eternal "Fra Poco" in his very best style. Subsequently he gave the "Adelaide" equally well, and we

failed to remark any of those "liberties" which the *Post* and *Chronicle* charge him with having made, to Beethoven's prejudice. Had such been the case it would have been literally, as the *Post* says, a vain attempt "to improve perfection!" but we are happy to know this divine song "by heart," and could not discover a single alteration, except here and there a thought too much *rallentando*, here and there a little too long dwelling on particular notes (especially the last but one of a phrase, a vice in nearly all the modern singers), and here and there a harmless and graceful cadence. Lastly, Mr. Reeves sang "My pretty Jane," a somewhat insipid ballad by Bishop. Encores were accorded to the first and last, and the final movement of Donizetti's aria, and the whole of the ballad was repeated. Mr. Reeves seems to be as popular as ever with the multitude. Indeed, why should he not? His voice is stronger, clearer, fresher, and more equal than last season; he has lost none of his energy and force, while his taste seems refined, and his *portamento*, as the Italians call it, is improved. We also agree with the *Post*, that he has a much greater command of the *mezzo voce* than when we last heard him; Mr. Reeves never abused the use of the *falsetto*, and this good quality is now as remarkable in him as before.

Let us, as briefly as possible, dispose of the other vocal pieces that demand notice. Miss Lucombe, who has returned, like Mr. Reeves, from a professional tour, from which, like Mr. Reeves, she has derived evident benefit, was, like Mr. Reeves, very warmly received by the public, and, like Mr. Reeves, presently asserted her claim to sympathy, by, like Mr. Reeves, singing with great spirit and brilliancy. Miss Lucombe's first effort was the *ceciata*, "Regnava nel silenzio" (Miss Lucombe sang in Italian); her second was Beethoven's grand *scena*, "Ah, perfido!" (Miss Lucombe was, as usual, ambitious); her third was "The Breeze," from Auber's *Haydée*, to which a very strange imitation of the south wind was appended in the *refrain*, by M. Thalberg. Mr. Bridge Frodsham, Mr. Stammers, and other noted individuals interested in the Wednesday Concerts; her fourth and last was a delightful chamber duet of Macfarren, "The little watchful bird," in which Miss Lucombe received the valuable assistance of Miss Dolby, a veritable bird of silver throat and golden plumage. The "Breeze," with its droll accompaniment at the stairs of the platform, near the southern gallery, was encored, and Miss Lucombe, nothing loth, repeated it.

We have much pleasure in noticing two very admirable examples of vocal talent—the magnificent air in G minor of the Queen of Night, "Gli angeli d'inferno," sung by Mrs. Alexander Newton; and a divine song from Handel's opera, *Florio*, "Amor nel mio penar," which fell into the very good hands of Miss Dolby. We were delighted with both—with the immense spirit and clear execution of Mrs. Newton, and with the exquisite pathos and angelic purity of Miss Dolby, both being precisely what was required by the respective songs, each in its way a masterpiece. In Mozart's air, Mr. Ribas played the flute *obligato* part to admiration. Three encores may next be mentioned. One was gained by Miss Poole; another by Mrs. Newton, Miss Poole, and Miss Dolby. The first of these was a song by Frank Romer, "The Sailor Boy's Return;" the second was the trio of Cimarosa, "My Lady the Countess," from the spirited English version of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*,* in which Miss Dolby made a very lovely

* Published by C. Jefferys, of Soho Square, who also published Mr. Loder's *Night Dancers* and Signor Schira's *Mina*.

lively young old lady, and a capital scold to boot. The third encore was again for Miss Poole, who sang the fine old ballad (would that all ballads were like that), "John Anderson my Jo," with exquisite feeling. Need we add that all three encores were well deserved?

Miss Dolby also sang a graceful ballad by Vincent Wallace, "A fireside song," with a simplicity perfectly in unison with its unaffected character; and Mrs. Newton gave a forcible reading to a dull song by J. W. Kalliwoda, "The home of love," which was relieved from insipidity by Mr. Maycock's very clever performance of the clarinet *obligato*. And now we have no more to add about the vocal music.

Ernst played his *Otello*, and was applauded with enthusiasm. We have nothing new to say of this fine performance, which combines the most passionate tenderness with wonderful feats of mechanism. Ernst also played his *Carnaval de Venise*, and, as usual, created a *furor*. The same reiterated plaudits, the same bursts of hilarity at the more humorous and whimsical variations, and the same tumultuous encore at the conclusion—leading, as usual to another series of variations quite different from their predecessors, but equally brilliant and effective—to which Ernst has long been habituated, accompanied the performance. In this piece Ernst appears a prodigy as well as a prodigy; his invention is as inexhaustible as his execution is unprecedented.

Thalberg astonished his hearers with his brilliant *fantasia* on airs in the *Figlia del Reggimento*, which being unanimously encored he played the latter part of *Lucrezia Borgia*, beginning with the well-known trio. In the second part, Thalberg played, with equal talent, and equal success (though too late in the evening for an encore), a very clever and interesting *fantasia* on Russian themes, which we never heard before but should like to hear again.

The band did not figure to advantage at this concert. The romantic and beautiful overture of Sterndale Bennett, the *Wood Nymphs*, one of the masterpieces of modern orchestral music, was played in a slovenly, rambling manner. We must withdraw our praise of Mr. Anschuetz's orchestra, if such carelessness be persisted in. Mr. Stammers should know, or be told, that an elaborate and difficult composition like the *Wood Nymphs*, cannot be got through, without rehearsal, as readily as such rattling frivolities as the overtures to the *Pré au Clercs* and the *Cheval de Bronze*, which, having been written *impromptu*, may perhaps be played *impromptu*. With Sterndale Bennett's music it is a wholly different matter. It must be pre-studied carefully to be properly executed. The coming of Mr. Sims Reeves is both an important and a lucrative event to the Wednesday Concerts, but if this be counted on as an excuse for carelessness in the instrumental department, depend upon it Mr. Stammers makes a mistake, which he will find out to his disadvantage. He must bear in mind that the notoriety recently accorded to his entertainments by the press is owing to the marked improvement of his orchestra, and the interest given to the instrumental solos, by the co-operation of the gifted Ernst, and has nothing whatever to do with the ballads, &c., that choke up his programme, as ill weeds choke up a garden, neutralizing the perfume of the flowers, impeding their growth, and dimming the glory of their hues. *Verbum sat, sap.*—a word to Stammers will suffice. But he must read the *Morning Chronicle* of Thursday, where he will find some wholesome rules laid down for his consideration.

Formes did not sing at the eleventh concert. He was at Norwich rehearsing the *Messiah*, which was to be performed on Thursday evening, in St. Andrew's Hall, and for which Sims Reeves, who went by an early train on Thursday morning,

was engaged. Formes, however, will sing at the "twelfth concert," next Wednesday.

Mr. Land has not been forgotten. He accompanied Mr. Reeves in the "Adelaide," in a very able manner.

Thus much of the eleventh Wednesday concert, and of Mr. Sims Reeves, and of Mr. Stammers.

BALLAD.

MAN OF BATTERSEA.

(From Macfarren's new Opera *King Charles II.*)

Ths ship in which poor Tom was pressed,
Was ready for to sail,
Nan trembling stood upon the deck
To take her last farewell.
To speak the word she strove in vain,
And mute she seem'd to be,
"Cheer up," cried Tom, "I'll soon come back
To Nan of Battersea!

Full seven long years were past and gone,
And fears and hopes went round,
And then the tidings came to Nan
That Tom at sea was drown'd.
She heard the news without a tear—
So deep her misery!
And ere the week was out, she died,
Poor Nan of Battersea!

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.

MR. ANDERSON has commenced his managerial career under the most flattering auspices. Drury Lane has been crowded to excess every night; and if the audiences have not shown the utmost respect for the *legitimate* fare set before them, they have made ample amends by an extra quantity of attention bestowed upon the pantomime. Mr. Anderson in his prospectus has laid much stress upon a "determination to uphold, and carry out to the fullest extent," the objects of the legitimate drama. As yet we espy but the faintest gleams from such brilliant promises. The *Merchant of Venice*, with which the theatre opened, in its intrinsic brightness, certainly constituted a glorious dawn for the purposes of legitimacy; but when we find such pieces as *The Gamester*, the *Stranger*, and *Rob Roy*, treading close on the heels of Shakspeare's play, we cannot but incline to the supposition, either that the manager had got heartily tired of so hacknied a subject as the legitimate drama, and consequently resigned all thoughts of its revivification, bidding it farewell on the very threshold of endeavour; or, that he found the season of pantomimes not happily adapted to carry out his object, and so foreclosed his intention for awhile, until a more proper occasion should arise; and this latter we take to be Mr. Anderson's object. He reasons thus: it is good to revive the legitimate drama, provided the legitimate drama may be heard; but if, in consequence of some particular combination of circumstances, at a particular time, no one will be found to lend an ear to, or exhibit the slightest feeling of affection towards, the legitimate drama, why then the legitimate drama may assuredly be set aside for a period, and no accusation of a breach of promise, or disrespect to legitimacy, can fall on the head of the manager.

What could Mr. Anderson do in such a state of affairs? He tried his audience with the *Merchant of Venice* the first night—setting out on true legitimate principles—but alas! the only legitimate entertainment acknowledged by the multitude, was the pantomime—they would hear and see nothing but the pantomime. Shakspeare, never before, was treated

with such irreverence. Perhaps at such an uncircumscribed season of the year, legitimacy was looked upon as an intrusion merely. Good humour certainly prevailed. Every actor in the play was with thunders of applause, which was kept up with unflagging spirit, and seldom intermitted throughout the performance. No discrimination was made between favourites and new comers—all were treated alike. The Christian's burnished cloak, and the Jew's sombre garb, were alike objects of applause, mirth, and ribaldry. Even the fair sex—nay, we must speak within compass—one fair artist, Miss Laura Addison, did assuage the fury of the storm for a brief space, and as the *Times* said, "the roarsers consented to hear the trial scene;" but this past, out they broke again, as though Eurus and Notus, and Æolus, and puffed Aquilon, had met together and cracked their cheeks within the walls of the devoted theatre.

We are alluding, in our above remarks, to the doings of Boxing-night, and great allowance must, of course, be made for the vagaries and extravagances committed at such a carnival season. Mr. Anderson, however, views it in a more serious light; and, to punish his visitors, he is determined, until they learn to behave themselves, not to play *Shylock* for them; and, indeed, unless they reform their conduct altogether, not to appear in future in any of *Shakspeare's* great characters. Mr. Anderson has had abundant cause for his indignation and his threats. Could any mortal thing be more cutting to a very popular and sensitive actor than, on his first appearance after so many years, and that, too, in the double capacity of leading star and manager, to be received with nothing but roars, like a matador in a Spanish bull-fight, or the winning horse on a Derby day? Mr. Anderson is perfectly right in his endeavour to reduce the mob to obedience—his next step will be, to instil into their minds a holy reverence for *Shakspeare*. There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and *vice versa*.

Of the performance of the *Merchant of Venice*, it is, of course, impossible to speak. It was all dumb show, with the exception of the trial scene, in which Miss Laura Addison, as Portia, somehow contrived to still the tumult. The cast was not over strong. We had expected to have seen Miss Helen Faucit on the opening night. Why that delightful actress was not added to the Drury-Lane company involves a secret, no doubt.

We do not feel called upon to offer many remarks on the performances of the *Gambler* or the *Stranger*. Miss Laura Addison evidenced much intelligence and dramatic force in *Mrs. Beverley* and *Mrs. Haller*: she has great feeling, although, perhaps, not under sufficient control. Its reality, however, is unmistakable. Mr. Anderson's *Beverley* was a good, sterling piece of acting. His death scene was very happily managed. We like his *Stranger* better. We have no sympathy with these plays, and therefore cannot enter into details. The rest of the parts in both plays were feebly supported.

The long-shelved melo-dramatic Scottish ballad opera, *Rob Roy*, has been added to the new repertoire of Drury Lane. It was produced on Tuesday, but achieved no tremendous success. Mr. Anderson's *Rob Roy*, although devoid of picturesque and romantic bearing—the great charms of Macready's *Rob Roy*—was by far the best performance in the piece. Miss Rafta made her first appearance as Julia Manning, Mr. Rafta as Henry Bertram, and Mrs. Ternan as Meg Merrilies. All these were good in their way. Miss Rafta is very handsome, has a good voice, and is by no means deficient in musical education; but she spoils every-

thing by affectation. Mr. Rafta would have acted better and looked better in Dandie Dimmont; and Mrs. Ternan lacks weight and power for such a part as the Queen of all Gipsies. The orchestra certainly might have been better, and the chorus were open to decided improvement. We cannot set down the play of *Rob Roy*, or its performance, as among the legitimate indications of Mr. Anderson's management.

The comedy of *The Road to Ruin* has been produced within the current week, and introduced two new candidates for histrionic fame on the London stage. Mrs. Winstanley, who appeared in *Mrs. Cheerly*, has much to recommend her in face and figure; but we fancy she wanted self-possession, and did not show to the best advantage in her *d/bat*. Miss Baker, who played *Sophy*, has a good deal of natural quickness, and sustained the character with considerable effect. Mr. Anderson was Harry Dornott, Mr. Vining, Goldfinch; and Mr. Emery, Silky—all well played.

In addition to the above, *The Lady of Lyons* has been given, with Mr. Anderson as Claude Melnotte, and Miss Laura Addison as Pauline. As the audiences nightly become less refractory, more attention has been paid to the performances, and the talents of the actors stand a better chance of being recognised and acknowledged. The Drury Lane public is now comparatively quiet, and although the theatre continues to be crammed from floor to ceiling, attention is the order of the day, or, rather, of the night.

The crowded houses at Drury Lane do not astonish us. We grant Mr. Anderson's company is not first-rate; nor are his entertainments likely to interfere with, or damage the prospects of any of the metropolitan theatres; but we espy in low prices and a clean and cheap company, the very elements of success at a large house. It was high prices that ruined Harris, Laporte, Polhill, &c., and kept money out of the pockets of Mr. Bunn and Mr. Macready. Within the last twenty years there was only one individual who realised a farthing by theatrical management at one of the large houses, and this was Mr. Osbaldistone, at Covent Garden, who made a good reduction in the prices, and had a fair, but not an extravagant company. That Mr. Anderson's company is efficient enough to continue the success it has gained at starting, can only be surmised. More must be effected in the performances, and better artists must be produced, before the new management can be firmly established in the public mind, even with the powerful aid of low prices.

Among the engagements entered into by the manager, as announced in the prospectus, first on the list appeared the name of Mrs. Glover, an actress who could not fail, from her undoubted talents and her position in the profession, to confer a new lustre on, and lend a superior attraction to the establishment. Unfortunately for Mr. Anderson a difference has arisen between him and Mrs. Glover which has entirely broken off the engagement, and Drury Lane is deprived of the services of the first actress in the country. It has been said that the public have nothing whatever to do with the quarrels between actors and managers, and that such quarrels should be kept behind the scenes. We cannot acquiesce in this opinion. The manager is sometimes forced to explain a position in which he has been placed by the caprice of the actor; or the actor is compelled to state a difficulty in which he is involved by the manager, either of which left unexplained would create a disagreement, or something worse, between the public and the manager or actor.

With respect to the disagreement, or disruption, between Mrs. Glover and Mr. Anderson, we shall merely quote the announcement in the bills on one side, and the answer in the

Morning Post on the other, satisfied that there can be no doubt in any mind as to which was the peccant party.

In the play-bill of the 29th ultimo appeared the following:

"The lessee begs to inform the public that in consequence of his being unable to comply with the request of Mrs. Glover that she should have a dressing-room to herself (a demand impossible to be granted), she has broken her engagement, consequently will not have the honour of appearing at this theatre during the present season."

To this Mrs. Glover retorted, or rejoined, in the paper above-named, as follows:—

"Sir,—The new lessee of Drury Lane Theatre having announced in his playbills that I have broken my engagement with him in consequence of not being allowed the exclusive use of a dressing room, which he terms an 'impossibility' (although I am given to understand that a much younger lady of his company enjoys that privilege), I beg leave, in reply, to observe that he has but partially stated the cause of my secession from his establishment. The facts are these:—Upon my arrival at the theatre on the opening night, I discovered that no less than three ladies were to dress in the same room with me; and on remonstrating the following morning with the manager upon the discomfort and inconvenience attendant upon such an arrangement, he abruptly informed me that I must dress 'there or nowhere.' Feeling hurt at the very light estimation of my services which his words and manner implied, I answered 'Then, sir, we part,' to which he replied 'As you please, madam.' Returning from the theatre, I encountered Mr. W. Parren, with whom (considering myself at liberty) I concluded an engagement for the New Strand Theatre. I can make a great allowance for the eccentricities of new-born honour, and am aware that some time must elapse before the dignity of office can be borne with ease and grace by one unused to the burden. The 'braquerie' of the new lessee, therefore, can be easily pardoned. I do not quarrel with him for evincing a lack of respect for the position which the public have been pleased to accord to me as an actress; for he may not be of their opinion. Neither do I cavil at his want of consideration for fifty three years' service on the London stage, with all its concomitant pains and anxieties; for he may be an enemy to prescriptive rights, and managerial cares may sour the milk of human kindness. But can I be blamed for wishing to inhale a more congenial atmosphere, surrounded by those who do respect public opinion, and who recognise in length of service a claim to consideration and indulgence? I should not have presumed thus to trespass upon public attention had not a statement been made involving a charge of caprice and disloyalty, which I felt it my duty to answer, in order that the public should receive no erroneous impressions respecting one who for upwards of half a century has been cheered by their smiles, and supported by their patronage."

"The insertion of this letter will oblige your obedient servant,

"JULIA GLOVER."

"21, Soho Square, Dec. 29."

We do not think it necessary to add one word to Mrs. Glover's explanation. Mr. Anderson, as a gentleman, must feel he has unwittingly committed an error; but the error brings with it its own punishment, the lessee being thereby deprived of the services of Mrs. Glover.

On Monday Mrs. Nisbett makes her first appearance, for seven years, as Rosalind in *As You Like It*, and Mr. Vandenhoff plays Jacques, his first appearance for a long time at this theatre.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WHAT! there are two Richmonds in the field, eh? We can assure your correspondent with the Three Stars signature, that he is heartily welcome to the whole correspondence if he can only undertake it, and if he will supply the Manchester news *honestly and fairly*. The only motives that actuate the writer, honoured by your special favour as *your own correspondent*, were that some notice should appear in the *Musical World* of the concert and opera doings here, and the reports, however brief, should at least be correct. We respect the ingenuitè of a "musical correspondent" to much to pry too curiously—but some portions of the article last week, headed "Julien at Manchester," have piqued our curiosity no

little; for instance, the writer set out as a reason for writing, that "he did not see your correspondent at the Free Trade Hall." Now how does he know your correspondent is? And knowing him ever as well, he might go to testify of Julien's concert, and never see him in such a crowd! In the next place, we have our wits puzzled and plucked as to an individual who is, perforce, buried alive while in this huge metropolis of smoke and commerce—who is miserable without music—who finds no difficulty in getting admission to the gentleman's concert, where tickets cannot be bought (yet can condemn their orchestra in most unmeasured terms)—who still can find difficulty in getting to Hall's chamber concerts, where any one can obtain admission by simply buying a ticket—who knew Hallé when quite a lad, and also later in Paris—who ranks poor Seymour as a competent second violin—all this is quite beyond us, the rest is pleasant reading and fair criticism. His fling at us about Jenny Lind and Mr. Thorley falls perfectly harmless. If he has read our article about the former, he will find that we deprecated the ridiculous mania which raised prices and filled manager's pockets as much as any one—it was monstrous—and uncalled for by any talent either of Jenny Lind's or any other artist; at the same time, we trust always to have that genuine English feeling which causes us to defend genius and talent when unfairly and unwarrantably depreciated, so far as our humble powers go, and in so far we plead guilty in enthusiasm about Jenny Lind. Mr. Thorley would not thank your correspondent, whoever he may be, for putting his name in such a position. We have spoken of him merely as a rising young violinist, who possessed a good full tone, and we point to his engagement by Seymour and Hallé, at their peculiarly classical chamber and quartet concert, as a proof that we did not speak beyond his merits. It is very such a case as your correspondent with the Three Stars should be buried alive—as he certainly gives a most animated and graphic description of Julien's first concert, we could almost fancy ourselves there, on reading it. How is he to know what we have not supplied? The concerts of the Concert Hall he may safely employ his time and pen upon—as we cannot bear them—and there is one next week too.

D. R. had no need to apologise for his careful abridgement of our last upon Hallé's concert. Such an article as the one from our new *feuilletoniste* was quite sufficient. It was press of matter, indeed, and from a fresh source. Besides, in writing about Beethoven's trios and sonatas, we feel, as a writer well expresses it, that "the language of homely prose becomes poor and the pen powerless to describe the emotions which are stirred by music so lofty and so brilliant"—so what cannot be well expressed by words should be compressed and condensed as much as possible.

We could not go to hear Julien's Mendelssohn night—a performance immortalised by Mr. Phipps' praise in *Punch*—and had to steal away from a juvenile party, even to get to hear or see Julien at all this time, on the night of New Year's-day. What a scene did the Free-Trade Hall exhibit, to be sure! It was full in every sense of the word: the galleries were filled to overflowing—every seat was occupied; the promenade was quite a misnomer—it was a regular crowd; and the orchestra was filled, by having, in addition to Julien's full complement, the band of the 30th Foot and that of the 4th Royal Irish Dragoons. It was a *concert monster*, in sooth, and, as the bills had it, "M. Julien's benefit" to boot. But, besides all this, and what gave the most singular effect to the crowded assembly, was the fog; the dense fog without had penetrated the hall, and permeated it until the members of the orchestra could not be seen to know them at ten yards' distance. Even the great Julien himself, when he made his appearance, was but faintly received, for only those immediately near him were cognisant of the fact, until the mighty musical force was put in motion by the magic baton, and the *Guillaume Tell* overture began. How famously was the masterpiece of Rossini played! with one exception—oh! the stunning noise of those side drums; why, there were a dozen or more thundering away in the forte of the storm—it made a certain additional "effect," it is true, but it was a barbarous noisy one, and one which ought not to have been introduced into such a composition. The "Hungarian Quadrille" soothed our ire a little: it contains some very pleasing airs, and was exceedingly well played by Julien's own band, without their noisy egimental assistants. Cloff next displayed his marvels on the

trumpet; and afterwards Anglois on the contra-basso. Anything more singular than the latter could not be listened to—much that is more pleasing might. We had the new valse, "the Wild Flowers"—nothing very new or striking, if we except one movement played by the stringed instruments with the wood or back part of their bows, in lieu of the horsehair. This is one of those "effects" which Jullien has seized hold of to astonish the vulgar by a novel *pianissimo*, as the one before mentioned was of a *fortissimo*. But we must not quarrel with Jullien if he finds such good account in using these not legitimate effects; he can and does give us something better; and we immediately forgave all on hearing the *scherzo* from Beethoven, C minor symphony. The violoncellos and contrabasses were stronger than usual on this occasion, and they took up their passages most "bravely," as Mr. Pipa would say. The fast men would not like Beethoven perhaps, but the fastest man in that hall must be a very cur indeed, if he could not enjoy the glorious *finale*. Such music as this, often heard, and better liked on every hearing, will surely tend to improve the taste of the many.

Jetty Trefft delighted us; it was to hear her after, all, that we ventured to elbow it to Jullien. We like to hear good music, just we like to share our pleasure—a pleasure shared is twice enjoyed; and we should much cheerer go to Jullien's great gatherings, if we could take our rib or our daughters with us, which it is almost impossible to do with any degree of comfort. Jetty Trefft's first song was the lovely "Voï che sapete" of Mozart; her second, the favourite "Trab, trab," both given in German. She won our heart in the first by the graceful, easy, characteristic style in which she enters into the very spirit, as it were, of Mozart's song. The "Trab, trab," too, was very charming; it was encored, and, instead, she gave "Gin a body," in the most naively bewitching manner possible. She deserves all that has been said of her. "God save the Queen" was next dinned into our ears by the *toute ensemble*, as the bills have it; and on hearing that it was encored, we fairly ran for it, to escape the noise, and rejoin the merry party of young folks we had escaped from to hear the celebrated Jetty Trefft. It is now past time, so must exclaim our long notice abruptly.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE Philharmonic Society very wisely engaged M. Jullien and his band for two concerts during the present festive season. These concerts have proved the most successful ever given in the new hall which for size and acoustic development, in the only place in Liverpool where the *gran maestro* can be heard to proper advantage. Hitherto want of space has lessened the effect of M. Jullien's concerts, and hindered him from displaying the talents of his artists to advantage. In fact, up to the present time, neither Jullien nor his numerous patrons have had a fair chance of pleasing each other in Liverpool, but now this is remedied, and the vast audience which at the first concert filled the Philharmonic Hall to suffocation were surprised at the improvement which space permitted the band to display over all their former performances. The programme was almost entirely new, consisting of the choicest and latest compositions played at Drury Lane during the present winter. The concert commenced with the overture to *Gustavus Tell*, which was given by the band with great spirit, as was the selection from *Don Giovanni*. The other pleasing novelties was a quadrille upon themes from Macfarren's *Charles II.*, and the "Row Polka," certainly one of the most striking of polkas Jullien ever composed. Jetty Trefft, the pretty German vocalist, sang with her usual sweetness and taste, and excited the greatest sensation in Kuehn's "Trab, trab, trab," which was encored unanimously. She also sang several choice operatic *morceaux* in German, Italian, and English. Kemig gained immense applause in a new solo on the cor-net-piston, and Mr. Viotti Collins was deservedly applauded in the *Carnaval de Venise*. The *allegretto* from Beethoven's symphony in F was also played to perfection by the band, and listened to with decorous attention by the audience.

I was unable to attend the second concert, which took place on Monday night, but I am happy to say that the room was again densely crowded, upwards of 2000 persons being present. The subjoined notice I take from the *Liverpool Courier*—

"The performances on this evening were a real treat. A choice selection from the works of Mendelssohn comprised the first part of the programme, and these were given with that excellence which M. Jullien's hand is so well accustomed to display. A mere intellectual selection could not well be made. The performances opened with the grand symphony in A minor, suggested to Mendelssohn by a visit to Scotland. This work was splendidly performed, all its five parts being definitely marked. Madlle. Jetty du Trefft sang two *lieder*,—"Of all the pretty darlings," and "The first violet," by the same composer. The latter was unanimously encored. Nothing could be better adapted to the voice of the singer than this composition, and she throws into it that which ever makes music valuable—heart. Singing is good for little without feeling, but Jetty du Trefft has it in an eminent degree. M. Hallé performed a series of melodies by the same composer, on the piano-forte, termed *Lieder ohne Worte* or "Songs without Words," selecting Nos. 2, 4, and 6 from the first book. These were an agreeable performance, and were well received by the audience. The first part of the programme concluded with a selection from the incidental descriptive music of Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, including the finest portions of that exquisite composition. It is scarcely possible to say which movement in this remarkable composition was best played, there was such an equality of merit throughout the whole. The comic march and overture to the mock drama of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, were as curiously played as the merits of the music demanded. But perhaps the gem of the performance was the grand wedding march. This was a choice performance, and almost made us fancy that we were, in truth, in the great procession, and accompanying Theseus and Hippolyta, and Hermione and Lysander, in their triumphant movements. It gave an opportunity to Jetty du Trefft to repeat three of her favourite songs, and to increase her fame. It also brought out Mr. Lazarus, in an effective solo on the clarinet, and Mr. Frauten in a solo on the flute, in Baker's song "The happy days of yore," the execution of which was very good. Mention should also be made of Mr. Prosperi, who performed Lindpainter's "The Standard Bearer," on the serpenteide."

The new organ at the Collegiate Institution was opened last week by Henry Smart, of St. Lukes, London, but as the instrument was in an unfinished state, the player had not the opportunity of showing it off to advantage. On Saturday evening the services of Mr. Smart were again brought into requisition, and much had been done at the organ to advance its completion with considerable success. On Wednesday the first of a series of six lecture concerts was given at the Institution by Sir Henry Bishop, who entered into a survey of music in the times of the Greeks, and also in our own country, from the 15th to the 16th centuries. The vocalists engaged were Miss Helen Taylor, Miss Collins, Mr. Stott, Mr. D. Miranda, Mr. J. Jackson, and Mr. W. A. Seguin. A varied selection of music was sung on the occasion. A considerable number of Purcell's compositions were in the programme. There were also several of our best madrigals with a few specimens of Norman melody, English romance, the melody of the pilgrims, and several other musical curiosities. In the succeeding lectures the works of Sir H. Bishop will be laid largely under contribution.

Our Theatre Royal has been nightly well attended during the week, the attractions being Mrs. Fitzwilliam and the Christmas Pantomime, which was produced on Wednesday evening last with unmistakable success. It is the joint production of Signor Boleno the Clown, and Mr. Pearson. Some portions of the dialogue are exceedingly droll, and the hits at many of the passing events of the day, are humorous as well as pointed. It has been produced under the entire superintendence of Signor Boleno, and is one of the best pantomimes ever seen in this town. The several characters of Harlequin, Columbine, Pantaloon, and Clown, are sustained by M. Milano, Madame Boleno, Herr Cole, and Signor Boleno.

On Thursday evening the 25th ult., Mr. Henry Phillips gave, at the Concert Room, Lord Nelson Street, for the first time here, his new entertainment on the songs of Barry Cornwall, accompanied by himself on the pianoforte. The concert went off with *éclat*, and terminated about half-past nine o'clock. The attendance was tolerably good, considering that the opening of the new organ at the Collegiate, the Ladies' Charity Ball, and the theatres were in

powerful rivalry the same night. Mr. Phillips should appear on a Saturday evening,—the favourite night at the Lord Nelson Street Concert Hall.

MUSIC AT SPALDING.

(From a Correspondent.)

FOR a long period music has been at a very low ebb in Lincolnshire. In a great proportion of the country churches singing has been altogether discontinued, and even in the large towns the inhabitants have long been altogether deprived of opportunities of hearing music of a superior character. Of late, however, there have appeared symptoms which lead us to hope for better things. The Spalding Choral Society, which gave its first public concert on the 15th of December, furnished good evidence that there is nothing whatever in the air of the country, or in the genius of its inhabitants, unfavourable to the cultivation of the musical art. This society has been in existence a very few months, but has already progressed so favourably, and acquired such strength, as to be able to come before the public with a series of three concerts, for the benefit of the dispensary. The programme, on the occasion of its first concert, included about a dozen of the best choruses from the works of Handel, Beethoven, and Mozart, interspersed with a few solos, duets, and recitatives. Most of these choruses would be very familiar to the audiences of more favoured localities, but to the inhabitants of Spalding and its neighbourhood they presented all the attractions, and to the singers all the inconveniences, of novelty, most of the latter having never in their lives before attempted anything beyond a simple psalm tune. The performance, nevertheless, was satisfactory. The choruses were sung with firmness and precision, perfectly in tune, and the words enunciated with distinctness. Haudel's chorus, "And the glory," was among those which appeared to give most satisfaction. The "Hallelujah" (*Messiah*) concluded the concert. The conductor was a Mr. Widlows, formerly of Norwich, who has exerted himself in the establishment and direction of the society.

The Assembly Room, where the concert was held, was filled to overflowing, and, in fact, the only interruption which occurred in the harmony of the evening arose from the insufficiency of room, and the desire for a little more air. The concert attracted many persons from a considerable distance. The dispensary is likely to be a considerable gainer by the society's performances.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY AT NEWNHAM.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE success which attended the first public effort of this society on Thursday evening the 20th ult. must be felt as sufficiently encouraging. The new room built in the course of the year, and calculated to hold from three to four hundred persons, was filled to overflow, many having been unable to obtain seats during the performance. It is to be regretted that any circumstance should have occurred to throw a gloom over the proceedings; but many a smile was marred by the beginning influence of carbon, and many a costume will have to mourn the uncertainty which still attends the combustion of camphane. We should recommend the society to postpone any farther exhibition until the necessary accessories to a public room be supplied. The presence of Mr. G. Washbourne Morgan, the pianist, as conductor; Mr. H. Cooper, the violinist, as leader; and Mr. Hausmann, the violoncellist, contributed to secure steadiness and vigour to the overtures, particularly that of *Masaniello*. The professional gentlemen supplied each a solo. That selected by Mr. Cooper was an introduction and an air with variations by Bémey which was executed with breadth of tone and chasteness of colouring. Mr. Hausmann adopted a more popular style in his fantasia on well-known Irish airs, which secured him an encore. In the second part, Mr. Morgan executed the fantasia of Thalberg from *Mose in Egypt*—a very able performance. Upon the introduction of the first vocal piece, the president of the society solicited, on the part of the society, the indulgence of the audience for the defective condition of the printed programme—stating that a disappointment had been met with when making their final arrangements, in not being able to add the names of professional

vocalists of eminence; and that he (the president, as we understood) took upon him to avail himself of the kind and disinterested offer of some amateur ladies and gentlemen then in the neighbourhood, to enable him, at the eleventh hour, to secure a uniform alteration of vocal with instrumental pieces. He further expressed an opinion that such a disposition to employ thus publicly for the good of others, acquisitions often attained with much cost and labour, was worthy of all commendation and imitation; and that he trusted the time would come when it would be deemed as little unbecoming for ladies and gentlemen to exhibit their vocal powers on a platform in the development of a high art for general benefit and improvement, as it now was to exhibit with equal publicity, in a ball-room, their locomotive powers, for the mere gratification of self.* Two young ladies then came forward, and sang "The Evening Breeze;" and subsequently, one of these ladies played the *Cracovienne*, by Wallace, on the piano. Among the other vocal pieces were "Friend of the Brave," by Miss Smith, with orchestral accompaniment. Among the instrumental performances, the *Andante* from Mozart's second quartet, dedicated to Haydn, was selected for the amateurs. The second quartet (the first movement of Haydn's op. 81) was sustained by Mr. Cooper, Mr. Hausmann, and two amateurs. The trio of Reissiger, No. 4, was performed by Mr. Morgan, Mr. Cooper, and an amateur violoncellist. When we pass in review the whole of these performances we are not more astonished at the boldness of the undertaking than at the success which attended it, which we cannot help attributing mainly to Mr. Cooper. We trust that the result may prove sufficiently encouraging to induce an early repetition.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BELFAST DISPUTE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Having been absent from London, I was not aware until to-day, that, in the *Musical World* of December 15th, you had published Mr. Cunningham's letter to the *Northern Whig*, in reference to the dispute which occurred between him and myself on the Belfast stage. I do not imagine that the dispute in question can be interesting to many of your readers, but I nevertheless trust to your justice to give place in your valuable journal to my answer to Mr. Cunningham (which appeared in the *Northern Whig* of December 1st), in order that your readers may be in possession of both sides of the story.—I have the honour to be, sir, very obediently yours,

HENRY J. WHITWORTH.

99, Great Portland Street, Jan. 1, 1850.

(To the Editor of the Northern Whig.)

SIR,—By the kindness of a friend, your publication of the 27th instant has just been placed in my hands, containing a letter, signed "Thomas Cunningham," and to which I trust you will, in common justice, allow me to reply through the same medium.

At a meeting which took place between Mr. Cunningham and myself, in the presence of Mr. Jackson and Mr. Moore, on Saturday morning last, it was agreed that no *ex parte* statement should be put before the public by either party, but that a notice should be placed in the journals by Mr. Jackson, stating that the dispute between Mr. Cunningham and myself had been amicably settled in his presence. Mr. Cunningham has taken a somewhat unfair advantage of my absence in deviating from this agreement.

I will not take up your valuable time with details, but will simply leave this one fact to speak for itself, that Mr. Cunningham never mentioned to me his intention of preferring a claim to remuneration for loss (said to have been sustained by our non-appearance in Belfast on November 5th), either in Dublin, or during the whole period of my stay in Belfast, until eleven o'clock on Friday night, 22nd instant, when I, as usual, asked for my share of the receipts. Had he acted in an honest and business-like manner, he would instantly on my arrival in Belfast have furnished me with a written statement of his claim, when the amount might have been fairly and calmly gone into. I leave the public to decide what inference is to

* We cannot agree with the worthy president. If such views be encouraged, our professional singers must starve.—Ed. M. W.

be drawn from the fact of his having waited until the end of the last night's performance (knowing, as he did, that on the following day the whole party were to leave Belfast), instead of taking the other more usual and straightforward course.

With regard to the week's engagement commencing November 5th, I proved distinctly, and it was admitted by Mr. Cunningham himself, in the presence of the gentlemen I have named above, that it was by mutual agreement between us, at Morrison's Hotel in Dublin, set aside, and our appearance in Belfast definitely settled for the period originally fixed, November 12th. I need not therefore, allude to the causes which rendered it impossible for us to appear in Belfast on the 5th.

Mr. Cunningham's continued and unjust attacks on Mr. Sims Reeves are not only uncalculated, but are most unjust and cruel, as he knows that the disappointment to which he has so frequently made allusion, arose from an attack of cholera, with which Mr. Reeves was seized at a friend's house, during the Liverpool Festival, and from which he has recovered but slowly; and, with many drawbacks, having had to fulfil engagements when he should have been in perfect quiet, and under medical treatment.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

HENRY J. WHITWORTH.

Glasgow, Nov. 28, 1849.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VIVIER.—The lovers of vocal music will be pleased to know that some of the songs of this gifted musician are shortly about to be published (by Messrs. Wessel, and Co. we believe). The great charm in M. Vivier's compositions is a combination of quaintness with touching sentiment which elevates them into true poetry, as far as things so unpretending can be thus elevated. They are, in their way, as original as anything with which we are acquainted.

MR. TOWNSHEND SMITH, Organist of Hereford Cathedral, and Conductor of the Hereford Musical Festival, is in town for a short period.

CONRAD KREUTZER, a German composer of considerable popularity, author of the well-known opera, *A Night in Grenada*, died lately at Riga of apoplexy, in his 67th year. Kreutzer wrote a great number of operas, and some of his songs were very popular in his own country. He was, however, no genius, nor was there anything either original or profound in his music.

MADAME LABOITE is engaged at the *Théâtre de la Nation*, Paris, and will make her first appearance as Valentine, in the *Huguenots*.

BALKE is still at Berlin. A correspondent of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* states that he saw him with Flotow, the composer of *Leoline*, at a private *société*.

ROSINI's neglected opera, *Matilde di Shabrau*, has been produced at the *Italiens*, in Paris, with success. Middle Vena has been favourably noticed by all the Journals in the character of the Page; Madame Persiani, as the heroine, has achieved new laurels by her imitable singing. Perhaps one of the London Italian Theatres may deem it worth while next season to produce this little known opera of the San of Pesaro.

PARIS.—A new comic opera of Adolphe Adam, called *Le Fanal*, has been produced at the Grand Opera, upon which Hector Berlioz has written a very amusing *feuilleton* in the *Journal des Débats*.

Miss RANSFORD gave the last of her series of six *Soirées Musicales* of the season, at her residence, on Monday the 31st ult., on which occasion the following eminent artists were present:—Miss Birch, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Pyne, Miss A. Williams, Mrs. Andrews, Mr. J. G. Williams, Mr. G. Pyne, Mr. J. Buge, Mr. W. E. Ransford, Mr. Frank Borda, Mr. Whitworth, and Mr. Ransford. Locke's music in *Macbeth*, with new words by Harcourt Kinsell, Esq., entitled, "The Festival of Spring," was performed with excellent effect. Mr. Frederick Chatterton played, a fantasia on the harp, from *Robert le Diable*; Mr. W. H. Palmer, a fantasia on the pianoforte; and Mr. W. S. Phillips conducted. About seventy ladies and gentlemen were present.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Mendelssohn's oratorio of *St. Paul* is to be performed at Exeter Hall on Friday next, for the first time since the appointment of Mr. Costa as conductor.

MANCHESTER.—A grand performance of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* takes place on Monday, the 11th inst., at the Free Trade Hall, under the direction of Mr. Benedict.

KING CHARLES II.—Macfarren's new and successful opera will, we hear, be reproduced next week, with the same cast as before.

OPERA COMIQUE, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The entire strength of Mr. Mitchell's company will be made available on the production of Haley's opera, *Le Val d'Andorre*, which will be presented to an English public for the first time at the opening of the Theatre, on Monday next. This opera, by the well-known composer of *La Juive*, *La Reine de Chypre*, &c., &c., has obtained in Paris a more than common success, having reached its hundredth representation a few days since, upon which occasion the composer and the author (as on the occasion of the hundredth performance of *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*) gave a supper to a large company of their professional friends. To the interesting character of the libretto, from the pen of M. de St. George, is owing much of the vogue of the opera of *Le Val d'Andorre*.

CLIFTON.—Mr. H. C. Cooper, after a sojourn of three months, left this place for London on the 1st inst., his professional engagements having rendered it necessary for him to return to the metropolis earlier than usual. During his stay at Clifton he was constantly engaged in getting up and leading amateur performances, the élite of which took place at Cote Home, the seat of A. H. Ames, Esq. On these occasions G. and A. Ames, sons of that gentleman, talented amateurs, took an active part. The last of these meetings, which have been attended by the principal amateurs and connoisseurs of Clifton, and which have promoted a taste for music of the highest order, took place on the evening preceding Mr. Cooper's departure.

MARLBOROUGH.—A concert was given at the College here, preparatory to the Christmas vacation, on the 15th ult., under the direction of Mr. Whitehead Smith, who holds the appointment of organist in the institution. The programme includes two overtures, some glees, &c., performed by the pupils of the College. Mr. Smith performed a selection from Mendelssohn's *Songs without Words*, in which he displayed much classical feeling and considerable fluency of execution. The glees and overtures were given with decision and effect, and gave good testimony to the efficient training of Mr. Smith. This gentleman was formerly a pupil of the Royal Academy, where he studied composition under Mr. G. A. Macfarren, and afterwards under Mr. Sterndale Bennett, and the pianoforte under Mr. W. Dorrell.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.—(From a Correspondent.)—We do not wish to excite the jealousy of professional against amateur Waits, but we must admit that these latter have outdone the former. The name of Waits brings to the minds of most people ideas of a grunting double-bass and a squeaking violin, generally giving forth a psalm-tune and a polka alternately, but the Waits we are now speaking of were not such. A well appointed vocal band, the choir of the neighbouring churches, headed by their clergy, have, during the late Christmas season, perambulated the streets of Marylebone parish, singing "Adeste Fideles," and other appropriate hymns and carols. The effect of a large body of men's voices, tunelessly raising the triumphant chorus in the dead silence of the night was most solemn and striking. The fact of the presence of the clergy enforced the observance of the decorum due to such a solemnity, if such enforcement was necessary; at all events, according to all accounts, the respect due to Him whose praises they were singing, was strictly maintained by this company of amateur Waits.

SUSSEX-HALL.—The Misses A. and H. Alexander gave a concert at the above hall on Wednesday evening. The young vocalists, who are pupils of Mr. Stoecking, a professor of merit, sang various Italian and English solos, in which they received and merited great encouragement. Miss Cubitt, Miss Lucy Pettigrew, Mr. Genge, Mr. John Thomas, and Mr. Henry Russell added to the vocal attractions. Miss Eliza Ward played a fantasia on the pianoforte, and Mr. George Case a solo on the concertina. Mr. Maurice Davies conducted.

JENNY LIND.—A Hamburg correspondent informs us that the Paris paper, *La Musique*, from which we extracted the paragraph stating the arrival of the "Nightingale" in the French metropolis, was wholly without foundation. Jenny Lind was engaged at two

concerts in Hamburg at the very period in question, when the French journalist was proclaiming her advent with a flourish, after his usual fashion. At present the celebrated songstress has no idea where she is going.

DOLLY.—Her Excellency the Countess of Clarendon and her youthful family honoured Mr. Allen, of Gardner's-row, with their presence, at a private concert of the pupils under her tuition at the Academy, on Thursday, the 20th inst. The Vice-regal party arrived at twelve o'clock, the hour appointed by her Excellency, and the concert commenced immediately. A select company had been invited. We congratulate Mrs. Allen and her daughters upon the distinguished honour thus conferred upon them. During the autumn, Miss Allen was appointed by Her Excellency musical instructor to the Ladies Villiers.

THE DIORAMA.—Among the other sights of the metropolis this exhibition is not forgotten. The pictures at present exhibiting there are a scene in the valley of Rosenluth Bernese Oberland, and the church of Santa Croce, at Florence. The first includes the Wellstorf, the Glacier of Rosenluth, and the Pass of the Great Scholdeck, painted by M. Dioso, pupil of M. Daguerre. The effects of a storm in the Alps are finely given, and add greatly to the natural grandeur of the scenery delineated. The second—the church of Santa Croce—is equally worthy of praise, the effects of light and shade, from noonday to midnight, being skilfully introduced.

GUTHRIE.—(From a Correspondent).—At the Public Hall on Tuesday evening week, we had a great vocal treat. A concert was given, in which Miss Pyne, Miss Messent, Mr. Land, and Mr. Frank Boddia, took part. Mr. Land's assent as a pianoforte accompanist is well known; but his singing on this occasion won him a new kind of repute. A duet, the "Isle of Flowers," well sung by Misses Pyne and Messent, also favourably exhibited him as a composer. Miss Pyne afterwards gave Meyerbeer's "Nobli Signor," with good effect. Lord Mornington's favourite glee, "Here in cool grove," was unanimously encored, as was also Mr. Boddia's "Largo al Fagotum." A madrigal by Voelkel (1600), remarkably well sung, was one of the vocal hits of the evening. Mr. Boddia was encored in Loder's characteristic song of "Philip the Falconer," and Mr. Land obtained a similar compliment in Lover's Irish ballad, "Sally, why not name the day," and to Barnett's "Singing Lesson," given with much spirit by Miss Pyne and Mr. Boddia. Miss Messent was warmly and deservedly applauded in several pieces. There were no less than six encores during the evening. The attendance was numerous, and the concert afforded entire satisfaction.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SIGNOR F. RONCONI's communication is an advertisement.
A. P. (Glasgow).—With many thanks, we are compelled, from want of space, to decline our correspondent's polite offer.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FRENCH PLAYS AND OPERA COMIQUE, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE,

FIRST NIGHT OF THE SEASON.

MR. MITCHELL respectfully announces that the performance of French Plays will be resumed at this Theatre

ON MONDAY, JANUARY 7th, 1850,

Commencing at Eight o'clock precisely. By the production of (for the first time in this country,) a New Opera, in Three Acts, entitled

LE VAL D'ANDORRE,

Music composed by HALEVY, the libretto written by M. DE ST. GEORGES. The action of the piece takes place during the reign of Louis XV. In the Republic of Le Val d'Andorre, situated in the centre of the Pyrenees.

At the end of the second act of the opera, the national anthem, "God save the Queen," will be sung by MM. Cholet, Lac, and Nathan; Mlle Guichard and Mlle Chanton.

During the following week, will be produced HENOUD's celebrated Opera of

ZAMPA,

Principal characters by M. CHOLLET and Mlle. CHARTON.

A new and popular opera, by AMERIQUE THOMAS, entitled "LE CAID,"

is also in a forward state of preparation.

Prices of Admission: Boxes, 6s. Pit, 3s. Amphitheatre, 2s. Doors will be opened at half-past seven o'clock, and the performances commence at Eight. Boxes, Stalls, Tickets, and Season Prospectuses, may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street.

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The Musical World.

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No. 2.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1850.

PRICE THREEPENCE.
STAMPED FOURPENCE

EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

SHALL-sleeping gnats, sordacious intruders, greedily drinking
Draughts of the blood of mankind, two-winged monsters of night,
Zenophidæ, I beseech you allow for a moment to slumber.
Sleazily reposing;—wretched here are my limbs for your feast.
Why do I thus accost them in vain? These monsters, unheeding,
Cleave to that delicate skin, taking delight in its warmth.
Nay, then, I solemnly warn you, desist at once from your boldness,
Or you will know what force jealousy gives to my hand.

J. O.

STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)

THE digression for which we have asked indulgence will shortly come to an end. We have now arrived at the epoch immediately preceding our own, an epoch impossible to designate by the name of any individual composer for the pianoforte, unless it be that of Beethoven, who, as he followed no one, has had no follower.

That the pianoforte works of Beethoven form a complete school, an entire class, of themselves, has often been urged, but cannot be too often repeated. We have said that he brought to the sonata a boundless invention, a peculiar manner, an original genius, which, while multiplying its capabilities, endowed it with renewed youth and freshness. In number, excellence, and variety, the pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven alone excel the entire contributions to the instrument of any other composer. In this assumption we do not take into consideration his three most important concertos, which for grandeur of outline, beauty and fertility of thought, elaboration of detail, and masterly orchestral treatment, have every right to be ranked with the nine immortal symphonies; nor the smaller concertos; nor the trios for piano, violin, and violoncellos, another gorgeous family (although these are strictly in the sonata-form); nor the rest of his compositions for piano in concert with other instruments; nor, to conclude, the many charming *bagatelles*, the offspring of less thoughtful and less serious moments. The solo sonatas, and those for pianoforte and violin, are quite enough for our present purpose. These, as we have hinted, place Beethoven at the head of all composers for the pianoforte, as his symphonies raise him to the highest rank of orchestral writers, while his quartets, trios, &c. show him to be without a superior, if indeed he can be said to have an equal, in the chamber-style. No composer has more triumphantly shown than Beethoven how much more interesting and complete, in the hands of a true genius and a master, is the sonata-form, invented by Haydn (to the glory of the "Father of Instrumental Music" be it reiterated), than any other that has been devised since music became an art. We have already said that to follow in the footsteps of Beethoven, whose sun, just set, still bathed the world in its light, was impossible for any one less gifted than himself; and it is thus we may satisfactorily account for the otherwise singular fact, that

Mendelssohn, his legitimate successor, upon whose shoulders his mantle fell, his equal in genius, perhaps his superior in musical acquirement,* refrained, with the modesty which always and so eminently characterised him, from that in which he alone could have engaged with the certainty of success. While in his symphonies and chamber-compositions Mendelssohn showed his perfect knowledge of, and his entire allegiance to, the Haydn form, in his works for pianoforte solus he only once, and that in early youth, attempted a sonata strictly so called.† To all who feel an interest in the history of Mendelssohn's remarkable talent (we trust to every musician and to every lover of music) we recommend this curious example of precocious genius. It contains the four movements, largely sketched, overflows with beautiful thoughts, and but for an occasional exuberance, only observable in the last movement, might pass for the work of a thoroughly accomplished master. The slow movement, with its recitative *parlante*, shows how the boy-musician was deeply immersed, at the time, in the study of the works of John Sebastian Bach and his family, whose fantasias present so many instances of that peculiar style. Few works of Mendelssohn possess a more absorbing interest than this sonata for those who love to examine and comment upon the progressive manifestations of genius, from its early demonstration to its complete development.

(To be continued.)

HALÉVY'S VAL D'ANDORRE.

SOME notice of the *Val d'Andorre* and its composer, in addition to the article of our reporter, J. DE C., may not be unacceptable at the present moment.

Both the music and the composer of the *Val d'Andorre* are new to this country. When Mr. Bunn brought out *La Juive* (the *Jewess*), at Drury Lane Theatre, he satisfied himself with the drama and spectacle, dispensing with the music. At the Strand Theatre, not long ago, *Le Val d'Andorre* met with the same fate; a translation of the drama was submitted without one note of the music. Why M. Halévy should have been disdained, while the librettos to which his music is attached have been found attractive, we are unable to say. The consideration he has long enjoyed in France and Germany warranted other treatment from a country whose musical theatres, for the last twenty years, have chiefly depended on adaptations of foreign operas. But, for some unathomable reason, M. Halévy's music has never been favourably regarded by the managers of our national operas, who avoid him with studious

* The most learned of all musicians were Handel, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, as is fully shown in their works, where contrapuntal facility is exemplified with more invariable clearness, and more happily made subservient to passion and imagination than in those of any other masters.

† The sonata in E major, in which Mendelssohn's peculiarly original manner may be seen at, it were, growing into maturity.

pertinacity, although composers of less repute are essayed without hesitation. Even Flotow has had a couple of trials, and the only wonder is that Verdi has hitherto been spared our patient and enduring ears. Such disparagement of the author of *La Juive* is unaccountable. Happily Mr. Mitchell has at length stepped forward as his champion, and the fashionable *habitudes* of the French plays are now able to tell their friends what they think of Halévy, whose many admirers abroad will doubtless read with pleasure that the *Val d'Andorre* was quite successful.

It is known to those who interest themselves in music and its progress, that Halévy was the favourite pupil of Cherubini. That Cherubini's preference, however, was rather the offspring of personal attachment than of admiration for the talent of his pupil, may be possibly surmised from an anecdote, *à propos* of the first representation of *La Juive*, at the *Académie Royale*, when Cherubini was present. The opera was proceeding triumphantly, and the young composer, intoxicated with success, the public plaudits ringing in his ears, only wanted one thing to make his happiness complete—a word of approval from his testy and not-easily-satisfied master. At the end of the third act, Halévy proceeded to the box where Cherubini sat,—moody and taciturn, as usual. Impatient at this unpropitious silence, Halévy suddenly exclaimed, "The public seem much pleased with my opera, *maitre*—but you say nothing?"—"Que veux tu que je dise," quickly responded Cherubini—"vu que je n'ai rien entendu?" ("What would you have me say?—I have heard nothing.") We give the anecdote as we have heard it, not vouching for its authenticity. Cherubini's subsequent choice of Halévy to write the musical examples for the well-known *Traité* on Counterpoint would seem to augur against the likelihood of its truth; but, on the other hand, the unsatisfactory way in which Halévy has accomplished the task bequeathed him by the deceased composer—the examples in many instances breaking the rules the inviolability of which they are intended to illustrate, tends to the opposite conviction. But Halévy's skill, (or the want of it), in counterpoint has had very little influence on his success as an operatic composer. At one time a knowledge of that abstruse and difficult science was deemed indispensable, and a musician who could not write a correct fugue would then as little have thought of attempting an opera as a sane man, to day, of asking a political opinion from D'Israeli or Cobden.

The most noted works of Halévy are *La Juive*, *Guido et Ginevra*, *La Reine de Chypre*, and *Charles VI.*, grand serious four act operas, produced at the *Académie Royale*; *L'Eclair*, *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, *Le Val d'Andorre*, and *La Fée aux Roses*, semi-serious operas, in three acts, composed for the *Opéra Comique*. Of the larger establishment, since Rossini writes no more, Meyerbeer brings out his works at such long intervals, and Auber* restricts himself to the *Opéra Comique*, Halévy may be said, with truth, to have been the chief support for some years past. His grand operas have been all more or less successful. The interesting dramas, the gorgeous and terminable spectacles, to which his music has been allied, are precisely what Meyerbeer taught the Parisians to love, and what, since *Robert le Diable*, the directors of the *Académie* have found indispensable to attract the public. Moreover, Halévy has been lucky in his singers. He had Duprez in his strength, Levasseur when he knew no rival, Cinti Damateau, and Dorus Gras, in their vigour, and poor

Falcon before she had lost her voice; without counting others whose names will readily suggest themselves to any one to whom the history of modern French opera is familiar. Halévy's success at the *Opéra Comique*, however, has been still more decided than at the *Académie Royale*, where *La Juive* alone can be said to have really triumphed. This is remarkable, inasmuch as that his music is altogether destitute of that sparkling lightness, the great charm of composers who have previously won laurels at the delightful theatre of the *Place Feytaud*. *L'Eclair*, his first and best comic opera, though produced many years ago, is still performed, while *Les Mousquetaires*, and *Le Val d'Andorre*, have reached their hundredth representation, each occasion having been celebrated by a grand banquet, given conjointly by the composer and the author (M. St. Georges). Halévy's last opera, *La Fée aux Roses*, for which Scribe supplied the libretto, appears to have a chance of attaining similar distinction; it has already passed its fiftieth representation, and continues to draw full audiences to the *Opéra Comique*. Halévy has every right to consider himself favoured by fortune, and it cannot be said of him, as it has been too often and too truly said of others, more gifted than he, that "No man is a prophet in his own country."

Le Val d'Andorre enjoys the advantage of one of the most interesting and well conducted plots of M. St. Georges, and to this must be attributed, in a great degree, its success with the French public, who can much easier put up with feeble music than a bad book. None can be uninterested in the adventures of Rose de Mai, and few but must feel pleasantly moved by the humour of the Capitaine Lejoyeux. The scene of the story is the valley of Andorre, a small republic, which from its inconvenient position in the Pyrenees, is compelled to pay subsidies both to Spain and France—to the former a sum of money, to the latter a military force of fifteen young men, who are drawn by lot from among the bachelors of the district. The female dramatis personæ are Theresa (Madlle. Guichard), a *fermière*, wealthy, blooming and thirty (not forty); Georgette, a rich heiress (Madlle. Cotti); and Rose de Mai (Madlle. Chariton). Theresa's servant, very pretty, very intelligent, very melancholy, and otherwise interesting. The male personages are Stephan (M. Lac), Georgette's cousin, a handsome young gentleman, whose sole occupation is hunting; Saturnin (M. Killy Leroy), a simpleton, and *garde-pêche* of the district; Jacques Sincère (M. Nathan), an old goatherd; Lejoyeux (M. Chollet), a recruiting captain; his attendant Sergeant L'Endormi, who to keep his name in countenance is always asleep; and the Grand Syndic, or justice of the valley of Andorre (M. Buguet). At the commencement of the opera, Georgette, Queen of the Harvest, presides over the accustomed festivities. She, Theresa, and Rose de Mai, are all secretly in love with Stephan the Hunter, whose heart is nevertheless solely devoted to Rose de Mai, without her being aware of it. Jacques, the goatherd, who has a particular affection for Rose, weans from her a confession of her love, promises to aid her, and raises her hopes by communicating the important fact that she is the rightful heiress to a fortune of 3,000 *écus*, which he declares she will have in her possession on his return from a neighbouring town, where he is on the point of starting to release it from the hands of his agent. Meanwhile Capitaine Lejoyeux arrives for the purpose of raising an extraordinary levee of fifteen men from the republic, and Stephan draws one of the fatal *billets noirs* which destines him to be torn from his home the next morning. Rose, in despair, entreats the indulgence of Lejoyeux in favor of her lover, but without avail. Stephan, however, vexed at his ill

* Auber's last production at the *Académie* was the *Lac des Fées*, a ballet opera. The forthcoming *Enfant Prodigue*, however, will add another to the list.

lack, and filled with his passion for Rose, conceals himself in the mountains; and, when the little rose is drawn up before Lejoieux, in martial order, to be drilled previous to departure, the young huntsman is missing. He is declared a deserter, and condemned to be shot. Rose, who overhears this with mingled terror and grief, learns from Lejoieux that the liberation of a recruit can be procured for the consideration of 1500 francs. A thought suddenly strikes the unhappy girl. Her mistress, Theresa, has left the valley on some pressing affair, and has entrusted Rose with the keys of her *coffre*. Rose, aware that a large sum of money is deposited there, and calculating upon Jacques' return for her legacy of 3000 *écus*, determines to abstract the necessary sum, and replace it before the return of her mistress. She effects her purpose after some natural hesitation. Lejoieux is satisfied, Stephan free, and Rose, for the moment, happy. The conscience of her guilty act, however, weighs upon the mind of Rose, who waits the return of Jacques in an agony of suspense. The time she has committed so preys upon her spirits, that she is afraid to look her lover in the face. Stephan, learning that some unknown friend has purchased his liberation, endeavours to obtain from Lejoieux the name of his well-wisher, but the Capitaine, under a promise of secrecy to Rose, steadily refuses, until intoxicated by the *vin de clair* with which Stephan liberally supplies him, he lets half the secret escape by informing the latter that Rose is acquainted with all the particulars. Perplexed what to say, Rose points to George as Stephan's mysterious deliverer, and, touched with this act of devoted affection, Stephan, repenting of his former coldness, expresses an unusual warmth of affection towards his cousin, who, not more astonished than pleased at his change of manner, begins to indulge the hope that she has at length won his heart. The truth, however, soon comes out. Theresa returns, misuses her money, and charges Rose de Mai with the robbery. Rose overpowered, and unable to deny her guilt, is brought before the tribunal of justice and about to be condemned, when Theresa, her accuser, to the surprise of everybody, declares her guiltless, and owns herself to have maliciously slandered the poor girl's reputation. The cause of this is a secret, only known to Jacques, the goatherd—that Theresa is Rose's mother,—which Theresa overhears Jacques telling Rose. This is accounted for by an ingenious story, too long to relate, but perfectly satisfactory and consistent. To conclude, Theresa supports the contumely heaped upon her, for the sake of saving her daughter. The sequel needs not be told. The only weak point, in a story worked up with more than ordinary effect, is the equivocal position in which Theresa stands before the tribunal at the fall of the curtain, a fault that might easily have been avoided by making her declare that she had found the money, and that her accusation of Rose had proceeded from a mistake, rather than from wanton and unprecedented malice.

Halévy's merits and defects are so amply developed in the *Val d'Andorre*, that it may be safely taken as an example of his style and capabilities. He is neither more nor less than an imitator of Auber, like all the modern dramatic composers of France, and many, in a lesser degree, of Germany and Italy. He lacks, however, the melodic fertility, the power of development, and the harmonic ingenuity of the gifted composer of *Masaniello*; the first from inferior genius, the second and third from inferior knowledge. Halévy often begins a melody well, but seldom finishes it effectively. Many of his ideas are spoiled by an affectation of originality, which being the result of calculation instead of instinct, is seldom or never happy. In his harmony and instrumentation he occasionally attempts to

follow Meyerbeer, but knowing less of the art of handling the orchestra, he is proportionately less successful. His combinations have seldom the brilliancy or the piquant colouring that enables Auber to render even his trifles interesting, nor do they present any of those broad dispositions of the various instruments by means of which Meyerbeer obtains some of his grandest effects. Halévy's orchestral peculiarities are for the most part heavy elaborations, which the broken rhythm and small character of his melodies is unable to bear, and the frequent consequence is a confusion of sounds that might with advantage be avoided. Yet, without genuine originality or extensive learning, without racy melody or that fluency which sometimes usurps its place, Halévy is not a common writer. The continual resolve to be original, the evident purpose to avoid the vulgar track, have a charm in themselves, and lend an interest to his music which that of many other composers, though more ably written, does not always possess. We do not yawn over Halévy, as over many of the modern Germans,—nor laugh at him, as at Flotow—nor hold our hands to our ears, as at Verdi. We feel the influence of one who, if not gifted, thinks seriously, means to do well, and therefore merits respect.

The *Val d'Andorre*, amidst much that is indifferent, much that is feeble, and much that a severe critic would unreservedly reprehend, contains so many undeniable indications of dramatic feeling, so many points that are absolutely expressive, and so many examples of serious contemplation, that, tedious as it is in some parts, we listen to it with a certain interest from first to last.

(To be continued.)

MR. LUMLEY.

We were much grieved to read the following paragraph in the *Times* of Wednesday:—

ACCIDENT TO MR. LUMLEY.—We find the following account of an accident to Mr. Lumley, the director of Her Majesty's Theatre, in a Brussels paper:—"On Saturday last Mr. Lumley, just arrived from Paris, whilst descending one of the precipitous streets of this city, slipped on the frozen pavement and broke his left arm. Carried to his hotel, the fracture was immediately set by the chief surgeon of the garrison, and Mr. Lumley is already rapidly recovering; but the accident created much sensation here; the Burgomaster, the English Minister, the personages of the Court, Prince and Princess Metternich, and the principal foreign residents, have sent daily to make enquiries. This accident does not appear to be a bar to the habitual activity of the *impresario*, who, we hear, in spite of his accident, will leave Brussels for Paris at the end of the present week or commencement of the next."

We were much pleased, however, to read a more favorable account of the accident in the *Times* of Friday:—

MR. LUMLEY.—The paragraph inserted in our Tuesday's impression, stating that Mr. Lumley had broken his arm, has caused much anxiety amongst his friends, and many urgent enquiries have been made. We are happy to add Mr. Lumley has only slightly injured his left wrist, and is now almost well.

Mr. Lumley has our best wishes for his speedy and entire recovery.

JULLIEN IN DUBLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

JULLIEN has arrived. This will account for my breaking my long silence. His coming was, as usual, hailed by the warmest expectation. We knew he would bring us some striking novelties, both in the instrumental and vocal way. We knew he would bring his band with its fine army of soloists. And we knew that, as a vocal "tit bit," we were to be regaled with the sweet warbling of Jetty Treffz. You may therefore

nificent. She shall not be called it. * * * I said I had nothing to say about Jetty, and I have said as much as Freeman. A little more to the purpose, by the way.

Young Collins—Viotti, not Paganini—played the *Carnaval of Venice* more like Viotti than Paganini, but not much like either. It was not Collins' fault. He has a style of his own. He is a clever fellow, and fiddles eagerly. He was encored. The *Hungarian Quadrille* is up to Jullien's highest mark. It pleased every body. The "Row Polka" sent the people away, their feet a-dancing, and their lips moving to the measure of "Trab, trab, trab."

To-night is Mendelssohn's night. Jullien is to give four concerts in all. I may write again, and I may not. If the latter, I will send you Freeman. JACQUSS.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

Not having been able to attend the last concert, we have availed ourselves of an article transmitted to us by an old contributor, which, we trust, may supply the place of our proper notice.

"The amount of talent combining the names of Ernst, Sims Reeves, Thalberg, and Formes, has greatly increased the attendance of the London Wednesday Concerts. The two last have been most inconveniently crowded, and hundreds have been turned away from the doors. Mr. Sims Reeves' great popularity, no doubt, has had a great share in the attraction; but the popularity of the eminent English tenor, great as it undeniably is, would not of itself have brought the immense concourses which have filled Exeter Hall at the last two concerts. Ernst and Thalberg are high names, and Formes has worked for himself an enviable position with the public. With such an array of talent a crowded hall was the inevitable consequence. Mr. Stammers has avoided the Star-system. He is the Constellation-system. He brings many stars together and combines them to constitute one nucleus of attraction. If he continue to pursue this course he must infallibly succeed, and we strongly counsel the enterprising director of the London Wednesday Concerts to go on in the path he has thus marked out for himself.

The twelfth of the series took place on the 9th inst. The programme was well selected, but was much too long. It is fatiguing both to mind and body to sit in a confined space for more than four hours, as is generally the case at these concerts, owing to the great numbers pressing to obtain even standing room. In the whole repertoire of operas there are not more than three or four that exceed three hours, or three hours and a half, at the utmost, and when an opera exceeds this length, the pruning knife is generally liberally applied. It must not be forgotten that an opera has the advantage of scenery, chorus, and what is of still more importance, the interest in the working of the play. If excessive length be found so unendurable in an opera, how much more so must it be in a concert, where every *moreau* is totally unconnected with what precedes or what follows it. Another excuse, which in some measure may atone for prolonging an opera to a later hour than a concert, is, that it is divided into acts, thus giving the public an opportunity to recover from any inconvenience they may have suffered during the performance. There are several other reasons why these kind of entertainments should be somewhat more reasonable in the quantity given. It is not fair towards an artist to be obliged to sing either to empty benches, or, still worse to an audience fagged out and over-surficed.

In the programme of the 12th Wednesday Concert the last

four pieces might have been omitted with advantage. It is but an ill-compliment to one of our cleverest English composers to place one of his most charming productions in a position where it cannot have justice rendered to it. As artists are not made of materials different from the other part of mankind, it cannot be expected that sufficient interest can be taken in a performance which may unluckily fall into their hands under such circumstances. The *moreau* we allude to is Edward Loder's beautiful trio, "Soft is the murmur of the summer breeze." Whilst this was being sung there was a race going on between the public and the performers. It was whether the public should get out of the Hall, or the performers should finish their labours first; we are happy to say the performers won the race by twenty-eight seconds. In all earnestness, we would advise Mr. Stammers to correct this for the future. He may be sure that he is doing a great injury to his concerts, as no one will remember with satisfaction having been nearly exhausted from fatigue on an occasion which he meant should be devoted to a rational and intellectual entertainment. It is, however, at present, our pleasing duty to point out how many excellent pieces were given, and how excellently they were performed. The band, stimulated no doubt by the strictures passed upon them in your last number, when you had occasion to speak of their evident carelessness, and imperfect execution during the evening, retrieved themselves last Wednesday in such a manner as to demand unqualified praise for the correctness and energy which they displayed in Mendelssohn's overture and music from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the overture to the *Siege of Corinth*, and the *Domino Noir*, and the accompaniments to the solos.

The selection was from Bellini's time-worn and hacknied, but sweet and charming opera, *Sonambula*. Mr. Sims Reeves sang "All is lost now;" Miss Lucombe, "Come par me sereno" (English version), and the rondo finale; and Mr. Leffler, the barytone song, "As I view these scenes." Mr. Sims Reeves was encored in his song, which he gave with fine pathos and expression.

Thalberg played his fantasia on airs from Rossini's *Donna del Lago*.—Thalberg is particularly attached to Rossini's airs as ground works for his fantasias, and Thalberg is not particularly in error in so doing. The present fantasia includes the romance, and the chorus of bards. Rossini's tunes were most skilfully garnished with Thalberg's *broderies*, and the whole constituted a dainty dish, fit to set before any audience. The great pianist played magnificently, and elicited a boisterous call for a repeat, to which he instantly responded.

Miss Dolby's "First violet"—a perfect gem of Mendelssohn's—won all hearts by its grace and suavity. Mrs. A. Newton was not particularly happy in the "Una voce." It was the first time that we were not entirely satisfied with the fair vocalist's efforts since she joined the London Wednesday Concert Company. We shall be too delighted to hear her once more in Rossini's brilliant cavatina, and to withdraw our expression of disappointment.

Herr Formes sang the "Largo al Faetotum," in a manner which forcibly reminded us of Lablache, who used to sing it better than any one, except Rossini himself.* He gave it with singular *grace* and energy, his splendid voice filling every crevice in the house with its volume. We had no idea the great German basso could master Rossini's impetuous vivacities with such skill and effect. The "Largo al faetotum" was really an immense performance, and was greeted as such by the owlie audience, who encored it with vociferation.

* And Ronconi, who sings it better than Rossini.—Ed.

After the "Largo al factotum," came what we—(allow me to borrow your plurals for this one article)—must consider the "crowning rose of the entire wreath," as D. R. would write, though he, most probably would have struck out the word "entire" from the sentence. This was Ernst's new fantasia on the *Prophète*, played by Ernst himself.

I cannot discourse technically of instrumental effects, nor the salient points of orchestration, nor the piquancy of bits of harmony, nor of string, brass, and wood, and their beneficences, but I have good ears—of the longest, perhaps—and am not devoid of musical appreciation, so shall record my simple, unsophisticated, impressions of Ernst's new fantasia, and Ernst's performance.

The fantasia is founded on the most popular air in the *Prophète*, commencing with the beautiful prayer of Fides, "O mio Figlio," in F sharp minor, including, among other *moreaux*, the pastorale (Mario's) "Un impero piu soave," in B flat. I think, and the bacchanalian (Mario's) in the last scene. Ernst has arranged his fantasia for the orchestra with mastery skill and magical effect. It were a venturesome thing to declare, but I am really of opinion he has improved on Meyerbeer in some instances. He played the first air so touchingly and so faultlessly that the hearers were rapt with listening and held their breaths fearing to lose the faintest note. The passionate burst, where the air changes to the major key, was given with startling energy and power. The finest and most perfect singing ear ever drank in could not surpass Ernst's playing this prayer. Not less perfect nor less beautiful was the great violinist's performance of the pastoral air, "Un impero piu soave," which he gave without altering a note of the original preserving it in its naked simplicity and beauty. The wonders of his mechanism be, in a great measure, reserved for the bacchanalian song, for which he wrote some variations, introducing many of those dexterities of the finger, which transcend all descriptive powers: suffice it to say, that every variety of manual feats, to the verge of impossibility, was accomplished, and accomplished with an ease and a freedom that proved not only the greatest mastery, but the greatest genius. Of Ernst's solo performances, I am inclined to rate that of the fantasia on the *Prophète* among the highest; and of his fantasias, I cannot hesitate to set his new one among the most striking and musician-like.

While talking of Ernst, I have lost sight entirely of the editorial plural. I must resolve myself once more into the prescriptive "we."

In the second part, Mr. Sims Reeves was encored in "The Old Chair;" Miss Eyles did to in a song of Linley's; and Mr. Sims Reeves again in "The Last Rose of Summer."

Thalberg and Ernst played the duet on *Semiramide* airs—a double treat, but not of the highest order; inasmuch as the two great artists might have performed a more sterling composition of one of the masters, and gained greater honour thereby. We confess this is *not* our own opinion; but one who sat near us in the reserved seats, who looked himself, and had a critical cut of face, having so expressed himself, we thought ourselves bound to borrow so good-looking and pronounced a remark, and retail it for the readers of the *Musical World*.

Mr. Richardson played on the flute; Herr Formes sang "The Wolf" like a hyena; and so ends our first notice of the London Wednesday Concerts. F. M.

MR. SIMS REEVES.—We are given to understand, from likely authority, that the popular English tenor has declined entering into an engagement at Covent Garden for the ensuing season.

SONNET.

NO. CXIV.

Ous, let not any mortal man forget
He is, in part, subjected to those laws,
Which map the vast world of effect and cause,
Where each in his appointed place is set.
Forgotten let this be by none; but yet,
Let none in his aspiring efforts pause,
But each essay to rub out innate flaws—
Using the world his energies to whet.
'Tis false that we are merely slaves to fate,
That all our thoughts and wishes, hate, and love,
Are but the cogs of one immense machine.
'Tis also false that we originate,
The special sphere wherein we live and move:—
Such are the fallacies—truth stands between.

N. D.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

OLYMPIC.

On Wednesday night a work was produced which is likely to excite considerable interest among our play-going public—a "genuine" American five-act comedy, written by an American lady, originally brought out at the principal theatre in the United States, and purporting to exhibit the manners of the principal city. The title of the work is *Fashion; or, Life in New York*, and the authoress is the accomplished actress Mrs. Mowatt.

The play, which is written on the model of the comedies that prevailed here at the beginning of the present century, has for its moral object the exposure of the evils of fashion-worship in an infant country, where a wide field is opened for foreign imposture. Mrs. Tiffany, an upstart lady, who has ruined her husband by her extravagance, till he tries to repair his fortunes by forgery—Count Jolimaitre, an impostor, who passes himself off for a French nobleman—and Seraphina Tiffany, a frivolous girl, are the representatives of fashionable vice and folly; while the cause of unsophisticated virtue is maintained by Adam Trueman, an honest old farmer, and Gertrude, a governess in the Tiffany family, who at last turns out to be his granddaughter, but whom he allowed to gain a subsistence by her own exertions, having been warned by the example of his daughter of the disadvantages arising from a reputation for wealth.

To appreciate this work properly it must be taken with all its circumstances. It was originally produced at the Park Theatre, in 1845, when the authoress was extremely young, and she worked in a country where the traditions of dramatic writing are wholly unknown. Her story, namely, that of a fashion-worshipping family being duped by a dressed-up rogue, and of a slighted governess proving a most virtuous and worthy person, would have little that was new in it if the scene were laid on English soil; but the American tone given to all the characters endows the work with a freshness which distinguishes it from the many comedies produced on our stage. The upstart lady, always anxious to imitate foreign manners, talking execrable French, and venerating titles because they are excluded from her own country, is a personage that belongs completely to the New World. Her worldly-wise sister, with a Yankee twang, a puritanical costume, and an assurance that allows her to make love without scruple to any gentleman who seems eligible, is a character completely new to our stage, and probably produced in America only. The old farmer, though his functions in the drama are precisely those belonging to an "Emery-part," still stands out with distinctness, through the circumstance that his sentiments have all the impress of his Republic. In

the construction of the drama several faults, arising from inexperience, might easily be pointed out; but these are compensated over and over again by the tact with which Mrs. Mowatt has seized on various peculiarities of her nation, and the geniality with which she has embodied them. That the paratraits are considered accurate by persons far more competent to judge than ourselves, may be concluded from the fact that *Fashion* has been acted with success at every chief city in the Union.

The actors engaged in this play exerted themselves to the utmost. Mr. Wigan, as the fashionable impostor, and Mrs. Wigan, as a French lady's maid, whom he had heartlessly abandoned, were both completely in their element, the broken English of the lady being particularly good. Mrs. Marston gave a spirited version of the pompous woman of mode, and Miss Fanny Vining played the interesting governess in the best taste. Prudence, the crafty sister, was acted by Mrs. Parker in that marked style which shows the determination of the actress to make the most of a part. At first her peculiarities made her one of the most amusing personages in the piece, but towards the end she became somewhat too exaggerated. This is a part that might be compressed with advantage. Mr. Johnston's ruined merchant was a careful representation of anxiety and mental distress; and Mr. Scharfe gave a very clever, though somewhat over-grotesque impersonation of a villainous clerk. Mr. Herbert looked capital as a black servant, but his speaking was not up to the mark. However, the great responsibility of the piece lay on the shoulders of Mr. Davenport, who played the old farmer—a part quite out of his usual line—and introduced his hearty out-pourings with a vigour that never failed to excite the audience. A story which he told of his daughter's misfortunes towards the end of the play was one of the grand points of the piece.

The *mise-en-scène* is superb. A ball-room and a conservatory, with transparent sides, are represented with an elaborate magnificence, which proves that Mr. Watts is determined to restore its old character to the Olympic Theatre.

At the fall of the curtain the applause of the audience was tumultuous, and cries for Mrs. Mowatt, who had not acted in the piece, were raised on every side. She was led on by Mr. Davenport, and seemed much overcome by the enthusiastic reception of her work. The house was crowded in every part, and from the novelty of its character, and the evident satisfaction it gave, there is little doubt that *Fashion* will for some time prove attractive.

ST. JAMES'S.

OPERA COMIQUE.—Mr. Mitchell opened this elegant theatre on Monday last, with a comic opera, *Le Val d'Andorre*, written by M. de St. Georges, and composed by M. Halévy. In spite of the reputation which the composer has acquired in the French capital, where he has achieved several successes, both on the stage of the *Opera Comique* and on that of the Grand Opera, this is the first opera of his ever produced in England with the music; for, however absurd the thing may appear, the *Jeune* was given at Drury Lane, some twelve years ago, under Mr. Bunn's management, but without a bar of music, the management depending entirely on the libretto and spectacle of the piece. Under these circumstances M. Halévy appears before the English public as a *débütant*, and we think that the success achieved on Monday last is likely to establish his reputation, if not as a composer of genius, at least as a careful and intelligent writer. We are inclined to the opinion that

M. Halévy's powers are more in the serious than in the comic line, his instrumentation frequently overpowering the vocalist in those light passages which constitute the charm of comic opera, and in this respect he is much inferior to Auber, whom he has, however, attempted to imitate. In serious opera his orchestral effects tell better, and the loneliness of the accompaniments meet with a corresponding energy on the part of the vocalist, which is not to be expected when graceful and not striking effects are desirable. The same orchestration which would suit the violent despair of the Jewess and the anguish and agony of Eleazar, in the opera of *La Juive*, are out of place in the *Val d'Andorre*, although the latter be not wanting in strong situations.

The story of the *Val d'Andorre* is highly interesting, and would of itself form an attractive entertainment, more especially in the hands of artistes, who are both intelligent actors and clever musicians. It is of the *Gazza Ladra* school, and its interest is entirely of a domestic character. Rose de Mai is an orphan, living in the capacity of a servant to Theresa, a *fermière* of the Valley of Andorre, in the Pyrenees. She is in love with Stephan, a young hunter of the mountains, who is also held in high favour by Theresa and Georgette, one of the richest heiresses of the country. During this state of things the tranquil valley is astounded by the sudden appearance of a recruiting serjeant, *Le Joyeux*. And well it might be; for, and this is a bit of advice to M. de St. Georges, the Valley of Andorre had always enjoyed entire immunity from military service ever since it had recognised the sovereignty of the French King, and the allegiance and servage of its inhabitants had never been other than nominal. *Le Joyeux* is authorised to select fifteen of the unmarried men of the canton, and the young hunter falls under the clutches of the recruiting officer. To save her lover, Rose de Mai, abstracts from her mistress's coffers the sum of 1500 francs, which she hands over to the officer as the price of Stephan's liberty. To restore this sum, Rose de Mai now anxiously awaits the coming of the goat-herd, Jacques Sincere, who had promised her the sum of 3000 francs, which he has saved, for her marriage portion; but the old man has been defrauded of his money, and poor Rose de Mai is accused of the theft in the presence of the inhabitants of the village. The affair is brought before the Syndic of the Valley; but, in the meanwhile, Theresa has discovered that Rose de Mai is her own daughter, and saves her from infamy by declaring that her accusations were slanderous and false, and that she has acted from feelings of jealousy. Everybody is as usual made happy, and the curtain falls.

In the course of the action there are several incidents and positions which M. Halévy has worked out in a very effective manner; among which we may mention the two songs of Rose de Mai, both quaint and pleasing; in that the first act, "Dis-moi si je dois t'aimer toujours," was sung with exquisite grace by Madlle. Charton. The *buffa* song by M. Chollet, "Voilà, voilà, le joli recruteur;" the quatuor and chorus in the scene where the peasants draw lots (well given by Madlles. Charton and Cotti, and MM. Lac and Leroy); the pastoral melody of the goat-herd, sung by M. Nathan, and accompanied by M. Barret; the trio in the second act where Stephan attempts to obtain from the serjeant the name of his secret deliverer; and the trio of the last act where Rose confesses her crime. We must not omit the song of the last act (given with much humour and energy by M. Chollet,) with the intermingled chorus, "Vive, vive la mitraille," which was unanimously encored.

Madlle. Charton (Rose de Mai) is an established favourite, and was warmly applauded on her appearance. She has per-

happened both in vocalisation and acting since last year. Her voice is as fresh and as pure as ever. Monsieur Chollet (Capitaine Lejozeux), an old stager, displayed those talents, both as an actor and singer, for which he is justly renowned. His acting reminded us strongly of Lafont, from its easy, unassuming, gentlemanly character; his voice is not strong, but with the tact of a consummate musician, he never forces it; it flows naturally of itself, and, being of soft and flexible quality, falls most agreeably on the ear. M. Chollet was well received and loudly applauded on several occasions. Madlle. Guiehard has not very much to do as Theresa, but that was very judiciously and effectively done, as is always the case with this useful artiste. Madlle. Cotti (Georgette), whom, by-the-bye, we recognised as having heard last season in several concerts, displayed great archness and *verve* in the part of Georgette. She has a fresh end telling voice, and displays a great deal of talent as a vocalist. M. Buguet (the Syndic) had but a few bars of recitative at the end of the opera. We were pleased to see him again, however. Of M. Lac (Stephan) we shall defer giving a decided opinion until we have heard him in another part. He seems to have a very good voice, and manages his *falsetto* cleverly. M. Nathan must avoid straining his voice; he is otherwise commendable, and acts some of the scenes of Jacques very well.

The orchestra, under the able direction of M. Hanssens, was highly efficient, and the chorus evinced decided proofs of good training. The decorations and scenery (by Mr. Muir) were effective, as usual.

Between the second and third acts "God save the Queen" was sung by the company. Madlles. Charton and Guiehard (the former especially) acquitted themselves most creditably in the verses allotted to them, and pronounced the words with remarkable distinctness and good emphasis.

M. Killy Leroy made a good lively Saturnal. He has evidently studied M. Jourdan, at the *Opera Comique*, to whom, however, he cannot for one instant be compared.

We have no doubt that the success of the *Fal d'Andorre* on Monday last, before a crowded house, will induce Mr. Mitchell to produce other operas by the same author. We invite the public to profit by the present opportunity of acquiring some knowledge of one of the most popular composers of the modern French school. The opera of *Zampa*, by Hérold, is underlined for next week; after which we are promised *Le Capitaine*, by Ambroise Thomas. J. DE C.

AN ENTHUSIAST FOR MR. COOPER.

A WRITER in *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*, in the notice of a recent performance of sacred music, including Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* and Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, thus concludes his observations:—

"Some disappointment was expressed that Mr. Cooper, who has scarcely his equal as a violinist, did not favour the audience with a concerto. Though it was a sacred concert, and an avowedly secular piece might have been deemed out of place, he could have selected some appropriate theme (as has been often done on such occasions) on which to exercise his brilliant talents in the way of amplification and interpretation, such as he has always at command at his fingers' ends. Our opinion of his ability is so favourable, that we verily believe he would 'discourse most eloquent music' from even THE DEAD PART in the dead march in *Saul*."

We are great admirers of Mr. Cooper, and we have heard him perform many surprising feats of mechanism. *Felix Farley*, however, has set him a task which we think would puzzle him to execute. The "drum part" of a dead march would have a droll effect upon the violin, even with all the

"amplification" and "interpretation" that Mr. Cooper has "at his fingers' ends."

A propos of the chief cause of *Felix Farley's* disappointment. We are glad to offer our tribute of approval to Mr. Cooper's good sense and feeling, in abstaining from introducing a concerto at a performance of sacred music, where any solo, on any instrument—the organ excepted—would have been out of place. This is not the first occasion, however, which has given us the means of recognising in Mr. Cooper intelligence as well as talent.

ANDREW PARK.

Our old contributor, Mr. Andrew Park, has sent us some proof sheets of a new book of songs, which is about being published. We have selected a ballad, which will afford a fair specimen of the work.

COME WANDER WITH ME.

BY ANDREW PARK.

Come wander with me, where the sweet-scented rose
In the valley of sunshine with jessamine grows;
I'll twine thee a garland of balm-breathing flowers,
And dance with thee lightly 'mong fair green bow'rs!
While sparkling streamlets are leaping along,
'Mid banks flow'r-embroider'd and joyous with song;
And the Hart and the Roe in their gambols are free,—
Then say thou wilt come, love! and wander with me.

Or, come when fair Luna is shining above,
While Philomel chants her sweet cadence of love;
And watch the bright stars in their palace of blue,
As night is distilling her pearls of dew!
And zephyrs are sighing among the green boughs,
Like tender affection when breathing her vows;—
No smitten on earth can be joyful as this,—
Then say thou wilt come, love! and wander with me.

We wish Mr. Andrew Park's new book all the success it merits, and perhaps may take the opportunity, when it is published, of presenting our readers with another extract."

SINGERS BEHIND THE SCENES.

(From a City Correspondent.)

THE concert given last week by the Beaumont Institution (Commercial Road) presented some amusing episodes, *behind the scenes*, where your correspondent was, by a mere chance (for which he has nobody to thank), enabled to penetrate—much against his will, be it understood. It may, perhaps, be considered overstepping the line of my duties as reporter, to relate what has happened in the "coulisses," but the circumstances are so curious in the present case, that I could not refrain from sending you an account; in addition to which, the statement of the facts may not be without its use.

The Committee of the Institution had engaged Miss Catherine Hayes as their grand attraction (with novelty to boot), and Miss Birch, Miss Poole, and Mr. Allen, as old favourites. Mr. Bridge Frodsham, who had recently created so favourable a sensation at the London Wednesday Concerts, was also engaged for the occasion. When the bills came out, the names of Miss Catherine Hayes and Mr. Bridge Frodsham were displayed in such staring capitals as threw those of Miss Birch, Miss Poole, and Mr. Allen into insignificance. Miss Birch, Miss Poole, and Mr. Allen, however, considered this typical pre-eminence in respect of Mr. Bridge Frodsham as a sheer absurdity in favour of a young and raw singer, and in the highest degree derogatory to the position they have long held in the musical profession. (About the same distinction, in reference to Miss Hayes, no remarks were offered.)

Mr. Bridge Frodsham himself was set down as the head and front of the offence to their dignity, and treated accordingly. I dare say you know, however, that Mr. Bridge Frodsham is a quiet, unassuming young gentleman, incapable of the questionable *coup de concert* laid to his charge. On his entrance into the retiring room of the hall, Mr. Allen seized him by the arm, and leading him towards one of the large posters lying against the wall, asked him, in very significant terms, who was the instigator of the unpardonable affront of placing his (Mr. Allen's) name in small type, while his (Mr. Bridge Frodsham's) was blazoned in characters that would have done honour to the announcement of the giant of the French *estamineur*. Mr. Bridge Frodsham, much annoyed, and not a little frightened, denied positively all participation in the sins committed by the man of types who had "set up" the programme. On the contrary, it grieved him (Mr. Bridge Frodsham) as much as it incensed Mr. Allen. He never could have entertained the idea of ranking his poor abilities by the side of those of so old a favourite as Mr. Allen, much less of elevating himself into undue importance by such a "capital" subterfuge. Whereby Mr. Allen's wrath was somewhat appeased. But the storm was raging in another quarter. Poor Mr. Bridge was still among the breakers, and the waves of indignation tossed him here and there with blind fury. From Scylla he had escaped but to be engulfed in Charybdis. Mr. Allen had let him go safe but to tumble into the ill graces of Miss Birch, who paraded the room with an appearance of injured dignity that made the offending tenor shiver in his shoes. This fresh opponent, more terrible from her sex, expressed herself in even stronger terms than Mr. Allen about the offence to her professional position implied in the unwarranted varieties of type, and declared, that were it not for the respect she owed the public, in return for the respect the public had for many years shown to her, she would go forward and decline to sing, stating her reasons for so doing in an appropriate address. I cannot help thinking, however, that the "big display" of Miss Catherine Hayes's name had more to do with Miss Birch's irritation than the preference accorded by the printer to Mr. Bridge Frodsham; although, it is true that Miss Catherine Hayes's name did not once transpire in the discussion.

The affair terminated at length by the blame being unanimously laid on the unfortunate printer, who, according to the probabilities of the case, had about as much to do with the regulation of the types as your correspondent. Mr. Bridge Frodsham, however, must be altogether exonerated from any share in the transaction. Miss Birch and Mr. Allen had certainly good cause for complaint; and I can hardly wonder at their losing their temper. The practice of displaying the names of particular artists in monstrous type is one of the silliest that can be perpetrated, and the scene I have attempted to describe, if it serve to open the eyes of the public to the emptiness of such a system of puffing, will hardly be regretted even by the principal actors in the affair.

Of the concert itself you must be satisfied with a word. I did not hear any thing of sufficient importance to call for especial notice. Miss Catherine Hayes was received with great enthusiasm, and sang remarkably well. Mr. Allen sang with his usual taste, and both Miss Birch and Miss Poole were in excellent voice. Mr. Bridge Frodsham was encored twice. He did not sing so well as I have heard him at the London Wednesday Concerts, being naturally nervous, but his sweet voice and unaffected style could not be concealed, even under circumstances so hostile to their effective display. His best effort was "The Lass of Gowry."

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

JULIEN'S MENDELSSOHN-NIGHT.

(From the Manchester Guardian.)

THE admirers and personal friends of Mendelssohn in this town, and they are numerous, owe a debt of gratitude to M. Julien for the glimpse he has afforded them of the genius of that great composer and amiable man, in presenting some of his greatest orchestral works to their notice, in a style of completeness which far exceeds anything which we have had presented to us before in Manchester. To most who were present on Saturday evening, the bulk of the Mendelssohn selection was entirely new; some of us had heard all, or nearly all, before; but the brilliancy of the performance, its almost faultless excellence, and the wonderful finish and elegance with which the more subtle beauties of the compositions selected for performance were given, imparted all the charm of novelty to the entertainment.

And here let us express our great admiration of M. Julien as a conductor of classical music. We have long felt that the exuberance of action which the passionless in music have ascribed to *charlatanerie*, was really ascribable to a vivacious temperament; because we have observed that when he has been engaged upon music of a higher order, that vivacity has been put aside by the exercise of higher mental qualities. Upon the present occasion, the conductor's manner was perfect, both in his marking of the time and his indication of the expression to the orchestra; and also in his mute exposition to the audience of the sentiment of the various movements and pieces submitted to them. His Beethoven nights had impressed us with this idea; but the Mendelssohn music seemed to require a more acute and varied study.

Of the Mendelssohn selections we are unable to speak in fitting terms of approval. The symphony in A minor is indeed a great work. A national character—the symphony was "suggested by a visit to the romantic scenery of Scotland"—is admirably maintained throughout; and yet the utmost freedom of musical treatment is developed. The *Adagio Cantabile* was an exquisite display of poetic feeling and artistic execution. Jetty Trefftz charmed by her unsophisticated manner of singing the songs of Mendelssohn; but though they are cleverly instrumented, and were charmingly accompanied, they struck us, from their construction, as being originally written for pianoforte *schizzo* accompaniment. Mr. V. Collins played the "andante" and "rondo finale," from the concerto in E minor, with great purity of tone and neat artistic finish; a little swaying of the body imparts somewhat of mannerism to this clever violinist's style. Hallé's "Songs without words" were exquisitely played,—in a manner worthy of composer and executant. Can we accord higher praise? We think not. Of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, its graceful overture, its gorgeous march, we convey no idea. The manner of its performance really developed beauties that we had never even thought of before.

MUSIC AT SHREWSBURY.

(From our own Correspondent.)

You will perhaps be surprised to hear from me. My position as correspondent to the *Musical World* is pretty nearly a sinecure, but I can assure you it is not my fault. I cannot command—I can only "assist," at musical performances; and really anything worthy the name of a concert in this town happens so seldom, that it is as good as though we were outside the barrier of musical civilization altogether. But affairs begin to look up; it is M. Julien we have to thank. This celebrated personage paid us a second visit on Friday, the first having occurred in 1849. It is a treat for those who have any enthusiasm for the "divine art," to see even the "posters" of M. Julien. First, we have at least three weeks of anticipation; second, we have the concert itself; and last, not least, the pleasure of criticising. I assure you, sir, that we do the latter with an earnestness that would be surprising to the Londoners, and to all those whom M. Julien favors with his presence more frequently. For earnestness in *criticising* it may be more proper if I say *disputing* on the merits of the particular kind of music for

which we have respectively the greatest affection. Some prefer the waltz, others the quadrille—*et ainsi de suite*. But M. Jullien gives us such a variety that every one may be satisfied. In his collection we find overtures, polkas, quadrilles, waltzes, solos, symphonies, and songs. An excellent orchestra, the most renowned soloists, the charming Jetty Treffz, with her songs of every nation, and lastly the Moss (as *Punch* styles him), as president—in his way quite as great a potentate as General Taylor or Louis Bonaparte. Rossini's overture to *Guillaume Tell*, the *avante* from Beethoven's symphony in F, and a selection from Mozart's *Don Juan*, were all admirably played to perfection. I mention these pieces first, as having a peculiar interest for me. At the same time I admire the musician-like manner in which M. Jullien "dresses up" many of the popular airs, &c., endowing them with an interest which, if it depended solely on their intrinsic merits, would have but a very ephemeral existence. A new act of quadrilles, on Hungarian airs, struck me as one of the most attractive things of the kind I have heard. The subjects are well chosen, and, like all national melodies, have a certain quaint charm of their own. They are just together in the composer's best manner; and some very effective variations, performed by the several talented artists in M. Jullien's band, were received with immense applause. I have yet to speak of Mlle. Jetty Treffz. The *Musical World* has many subscribers in this neighbourhood, which may account for the lady being already well known to us by reputation. We expected much, and were in no respect disappointed. In pronouncing Mlle. Treffz one of the most perfect singers, in her style, whom I have heard, I do nothing more than pay just homage to her merits. She does not exercise her talents in the *bravura* style, although I doubt not she is well capable, but confines herself to that kind of music which every one can understand—the songs of Mozart, Mendelssohn, and of authors who wrote essentially for singers. Her reception was as hearty as it was unanimous. She sang the "Vocal carlin" of Mozart, and a song by Kücken, "Traß, traß." The latter is pretty in itself, but there is an archness in Mlle. Treffz' interpretation that adds a new charm and renders it irresistible; it was redemanded and another song substituted in its place. In the second part, a plaintive and clever romance by Angelina, sung, of course, by Madlle. Treffz (as she is M. Jullien's only vocalist), was very warmly applauded. Her last effort, a national Venetian melody, "Io vioglio," was also ecored, and "Home, sweet Home" was substituted. I have seldom seen an audience in this town more enthusiastic. The applause was tremendous, and the success of Mlle. Treffz complete. We are generally so orderly and quiet at Shrewsbury, that one may reside here for years without feeling quite sure that one has lived at all; but on this occasion an exception was made to the rule; excess of pleasure made us boisterous. It is necessary to reside in the country to fully understand the effect produced by so simple a ballad as "Home, sweet Home." In London and all great cities the senses become somewhat blunted by repeated enjoyment; but in the country, where our appetites are not so continually satisfied with such high reasoned viands, a national ballad, sung by one so naturally gifted as Jetty Treffz, produces a melancholy which cannot be described in words. I have said we were boisterous, but it was not while the ballad was being warbled; the deepest attention was given by every one, and only when the lady retired did we exceed the bounds of our usual decorum, in order to demonstrate our gratitude for the treat she had afforded us. There remains nothing more to say, except that I hope M. Jullien will not fail to visit us as frequently as his arrangements will permit. He has had substantial proofs that he is welcome, and that he must always be so while he caters so liberally for the public amusement. H.

Jan. 7, 1850.

MUSIC AT GLOUCESTER.

It was a bold flight on the part of the Gloucester Choral Society to attempt the "Elijah" of Mendelssohn Bartholdy, inasmuch as although this magnificent oratorio promises to stand in popular estimation second only to that masterpiece of oratorio compositions—the "Messiah," the music is as yet less understood by provincial choral societies than that of other oratorios of more mature age. Nevertheless, although the attempt was a venturesome and a bold one, we are inclined to think that it was not taken without due

premeditation and preparation: we form this opinion from the result, which we are free to confess has no less surprised than pleased us. In our last notice of the public performances of this society, we had the unpleasant task of finding fault; we freely expressed our opinions, and offered our humble advice; the former brought down upon us the ungraceful censure—to use a mild term—of certain sensitive individuals; the latter, however, we are flattered to think was not thrown away upon those for whose benefit it was given. Certain it is—whether from this or whatever other cause—our dispraise (if a term so superlative may be employed in reference to our former remarks) of the Choral body has sufficed some considerable qualification. Be it understood we withdraw no opinion then expressed of the qualifications of the singers, the merits of the organ, or on any other point on which opinion was expressed. It is not our opinion that has changed; the premises are not the same. To adopt a little pedantry, we may exclaim—*"Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur ab illis."*

It was feared by some that the extreme severity of the weather would have the effect of deterring many persons from attending the concert on Wednesday evening; but, judging from the appearance of the room, no such consideration had any influence. The whole of the seats, with the exception of the reserved places, were filled, and the vacancies in the "high places" were not very numerous. The company was an exceedingly fashionable one, and included many of the belles of the county and city, who, we need scarcely add, appeared to the best advantage. What can we say more of the ladies, without being guilty of offensive flattery? The temperature of the room was maintained to a most comfortable pitch, so as to render the sedentary anything but a tedious one. The cast of the oratorio, as originally arranged, would have been as near that of the last Hereford Musical Festival as circumstances permitted. Henry Phillips was to have taken the part of Elijah, but, having another engagement elsewhere, his place was supplied by Mr. Machin; and the ever-ready popular Misses Williams took the principal soprano and contralto parts, including that of the Widow, which at Hereford was assumed by Madame Castellan. Mr. Lockey retained his original part of Obadiah. The chorus appeared to be as numerous as at Hereford; and although, of course, it had not the bright polish of that body, there was some sterling merit in it.

Our columns are already too full of important reports to permit us to enter into an elaborate critique of Wednesday evening's performances, and we must therefore content ourselves by indicating the chief features in this little festival. Miss M. Williams's rich contralto, although, we think, we have heard her in better voice, told most effectively in the airs, "Woe unto them," and "O! rest in the Lord." The latter especially afforded the greatest gratification to the audience, expressive, as it always is in the hands of this lady, of the most devout confidence and faith. The accompaniment, too, was very tastefully rendered by Mr. Morgan, whose task during the evening was a most arduous one, unsupported as he was by any other instrument. The great feature in the part allotted to Miss A. Williams was in the interlocutory passages between her and Mr. Machin (as Obadiah and the Youth), descriptive of the drought preceding the rain. Miss A. Williams is always happy in this scene; and, perhaps, never executed her delicate task with better finish than on Wednesday evening. In truth, this was the gem of the meeting, in its way. The choral interjections, "Open the heavens," "Then hear from heaven," and "Thanks be to God for all his mercies," were also admirably in keeping with the rôle parts. This had evidently been well practised by the chorus: there was the proper subdued and devotional feeling and effect thrown into each of these delicate passages, which the composer had intended. We freely forgive all the hard words which we have poured out upon us, for the real enjoyment which we experienced in listening to the interpretation by the choral body of that one short passage, "Thanks be to God for all his mercies." The effect given to these few words was precisely what the lamented composer intended, and left nothing to be desired—except the band accompaniment. It is impossible that this requirement could be supplied by an organ; and this was the great—we may say almost the only drawback to the whole affair. The oratorio abounds with descriptive passages, which cannot be rendered in their integrity and truthfulness by any organ,

and can only be supplied by stringed instruments. The part just referred to is one of these, and "again that wonderful chorus, "Behold! God the Lord passed by," and so with other passages. Mr. Lockey gave the beautiful *morceau*, "If with all your hearts," in his usual clear and expressive style; this air suits the compass of Mr. Lockey's voice admirably; nor was he less effective in other parts of the oratorio. Mr. Machin ably discharged his arduous share in the oratorio. His recitatives were carefully delivered, and the several airs in the part of the Prophet were nicely managed. Of the choruses we have already spoken. The effective invocation by the Priests of Baal, "Baal, we cry to thee," was perhaps one of their best achievements. It was a most creditable performance, as also was the chorus, "Be not afraid," the different fugal passages being correctly taken up. The answering choruses which follow, "We heard it," "He shall perish," &c., were nicely interpreted, and the grand chorus, "Behold! God the Lord passed by," with its varied movements, was excellently managed. The delicious trio, "Lift thine eyes," the third voice being furnished from the choral body, of course pleased every body, and of course, too, it was repeated. Mr. Amott conducted the oratorio with his customary skill and ability, contributing greatly to the success of the performance; the choral body appeared perfectly under his control—a fact which speaks well on both sides.

Prior to the commencement of the musical performance, T. Turner, Esq., as President of the Choral Society, addressed a few words to the assembled audience. We did not arrive until the oratorio had commenced, but we have been furnished with a report of the address:—

"Mr. Turner said—that on opening the organ a few months since he had announced two concerts, the first comprising Haydn's *Creation*, the second Handel's *Messiah*, oratorios which, as classical compositions, could hardly be excelled, and in sublimity of subject could not be approached. The precision with which the Gloucester Choral Society then rendered the whole of the magnificent choruses attached to those works, produced unqualified admiration. They had this evening a more difficult task to encounter, inasmuch as the splendid choruses of Mendelssohn were not so palpable, nor could they be so familiar, as those of Handel and Haydn. They were, however, prepared to maintain their former credit, and thus to exhibit their perseverance in this system of training, which, in the present age, afforded instruction and innocent recreation to thousands, not only in this country, but on the Continent, and which engaged the close attention of the Committee of Council on Education. Connected with this subject Mr. Turner, begged briefly to allude to the ancient triennial festival of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford. During the year which we have so newly commenced, it would occur at this place, and as gentlemen were present who would shortly be requested to take the office of stewards on that occasion, he would suggest that one considerable item in the expenditure would be much reduced by having so large a portion of the chorus at their own door; indeed, he felt assured that with other judicious retrenchment, the stewards need not so suffer any loss at all. He would now only request that on this occasion, as was usual in the performance of the sacred oratorios, no resort might be made to encores or other audible demonstration of applause."

This suggestion was adopted, except in one instance, when the enthusiasm of the audience carried them away.

The *Messiah* was given on Friday by the same executants, and went off with much spirit. The charge for admission being "one shilling to any part of the room;" verily, this is "music for the million."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE season has begun here in great force. Last week *Hamlet* was produced, and played in a style, not by any means common on the boards of a provincial theatre. The part of *Hamlet* by Mr. Wilmouth Waller (in which character that gentleman has eleven times earned "golden opinions"), was ably interpreted. The famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," the closet scene, and the burst of passion over Ophelia's grave, were admirably rendered. The expressive face and the manly figure added not a little to the effect of his setting. Mr. Dyas, as Polonius, was very good. The old courtier, "wise in his own conceit," was exactly hit off. Nor must the dry quaint humour with which Mr. Tannett invested the grave-digger be passed over without a favourable word. Miss

Emily Eardley was Ophelia. The grace and touching pathos evinced by the young lady in her impersonation of that sweetest creation of our great dramatist were just what was required. Mr. Robbins, an actor of merit, in the unattractive part of the King, acted with force and dignity. The other characters were represented in a very creditable manner, and Mr. Newcombe is to be congratulated on the possession of the effective company, which, by his exertions and liberality, he has gathered around him. On Tuesday, a piece, played with much success at the Olympic, entitled the *Lost Diamonds*, was produced. This brought Mr. Dyas again before the audience, and confirmed the favourable impression he had already made on a previous occasion. Mr. Young, as a hero of melo-drama, is forcible, and free from the exaggerations so often remarked in gentlemen engaged for that exciting line of business.

Miss Dolby sings here, at a concert, next week. No English singer is more justly popular than this young lady, who is, moreover, a special favourite at Plymouth; but the high prices, with no one to back her up, will, I fear, preclude the chance of a numerous assemblage on the occasion. Let us hope the contrary, however. The week after, Mr. Sims Reeves, with Mr. Whitworth, Miss Lanza, and a complete chorus, will make their appearance at the theatre, in *Paritani*, *Sonnambula*, *Ernani*, and *Lucia*. They bring with them that able musician, Mr. Laveau, as conductor. On Monday the 21st, the Amateurs, so well received before, make their re-appearance in the *Honeymoon*; and although my letter will perhaps be subject to the criticism of my old friend, the original Juliana, I shall attempt to give you some account of their performance. T. E. B.

MUSIC AND THE PRESS.

[As a sign of the increasing interest now taken by the most important organs of the press in music, and its progress at home, we reproduce the following article, from the pen of a talented writer in the *Morning Chronicle*. Let us, however, premise, that we do not pledge ourselves to all or any of the opinions it advances. Our sole object is to exhibit to our readers a growing tendency in the "great press" of this country, which must surely be a matter for congratulation to all who wish well to the art they profess and admire.—*Ed. M. W.*]

"We are not yet able to announce any practical advance towards the supply of that great want of the metropolis, a first-class general musical entertainment at moderate charges. It is something gained, however, to know that such a demand exists, and to have its existence admitted.

"In previous advocacy of this cause, we have carefully avoided mixing up two modes in which this craving for music manifests itself. We do not wish to see the cry of "Cheap music for the million" confounded with the growing desire of the large and increasing public of musical amateurs for a periodical performance, by the most practised artists and under the guidance of some competent conductor of the best instrumental and vocal music, at fair, moderate, but remunerative prices. Of "music for the million" we may have too much; of the other we have none. If it be an honour to M. Julien that he has successfully devoted a portion of two or three of his limited number of nights to great instrumental works by Beethoven and Mendelssohn, surely it is a disgrace to London that the less wealthy worshippers of the one and the admirers of the other (if they would snatch even this partial enjoyment), must submit to a distracting companionship with the cheap-music multitude, impatient for a coarser musical food, or with that larger class who crowd the promenade because they there seize a more exciting stimulant and a more sensuous enjoyment than the play-house can give, at half or a fourth its price. Or, sinking the money question, is it not strange that there should be only six or eight performances of first-class instrumental music in a year, for a community numbering its thousands, perhaps its tens of thousands, of musical

amateurs? Again, the *entrepreneur* of the concerts periodically given at Exeter Hall has undoubtedly shewn enterprise in engaging such men as Ernst and Thalberg. But it is annoying to the educated amateur that he cannot assist at the performances of those 'stars,' without the penalty of being bored with mediocrities, who form, here as on the stage, the inevitable concomitants of the starring system. To hear a solo of Ernst's at this place, you must first submit to the torture of sitting through a skeletonised opera, well enough in its way, but not given in the style or with the finish, vocally or instrumentally, which the London musical public have a right to demand; or you must bear the infliction of listening to songs which are a libel on English ballad music, or to bravura singing executed in a veritable *brummage* style of vocalization. Nor is it seemly that a man of *genius*, like Ernst, should be made the medium of the most coarse and common arts of puffing. Such an artist stands apart, attracts by the magic and lustre of talent, and would never be found descending to a nether sphere, if there were a purer atmosphere for him to shine in.

"There seems to be some misapprehension as to the kind of person who ought to initiate a Philharmonic Society for the musical masses. It is a common error to suppose that a lover, restorer, or elevator of art must necessarily be wanting in worldly tact; and that the true speculator is the mere man of business, without a knowledge of art, or even a desire for its advancement. A natural doubt of active public support deprives the former of the needful courage; but speculators of the showman order will always be found, with the audacity to rush in where more modest persons fear to tread. Is it supposed that tact and taste can never be allied in the same person? Have we not had some striking instances to the contrary in our theatrical managers? Such men either create an auditory by their superior combinations, or they have foresight enough to provide for a developed public want. It is some person of this order who is required to give the guarantee of respectability to such an undertaking as that which we desire to see established. If he could be himself a man of high musical reputation and authority, or if, as capitalist, he could associate himself with one, and have the sense to be guided by his superior knowledge and taste, so much the better. Let such a man step forward, with enough capital to render him independent of the jealousies or the timidities of professional persons, and he will not only achieve a brilliant success, but earn for himself a high and honourable name. An example of what may be done on a small scale has been triumphantly afforded by the recent 'speculation' of Mr. Willy. Wisely confining himself to a small area, playing, in a chamber, chamber music, he has rallied around him a regular attendance of instrumental amateurs, to whom his performances yield not pleasure merely, but also instruction. But then he knows thoroughly what he is doing, is not a presumptuous ignoramus, meddling rudely with what can only be so touched to deface and dislocate; and his selections alike of pieces and performers are dictated by a correct taste. What Mr. Willy has done for chamber music, we hope soon to see effected on a grand scale for the great orchestral works. If vocal solos and choral singing can be combined in the plan, why, then, the broader it is the better. The public—not the cheap-music million, but the thousands of musical amateurs who pervade society (in town and country)—are ready to support such an undertaking; and the man who comes forward to carry it on, and to do it well, will—nay, he must—be, not a 'Speculator,' but a Calculator. If a certain portion of each programme (not long enough to be wearisome) could be

set apart to giving, in chronological succession, specimens of the less known works of the earlier composers, a practical good might be done, by presenting, in an attractive garb, history teaching Music by examples. All such things are, however, matters of detail, to be thought of by competent persons hereafter.

"We cannot suppose that an enterprising man will long be wanting. Of the speculative managers now before the public, we could not point to one who is in every respect fitted. M. Jullien, if he has often descended to a lower level, deserves the credit of having striven to draw his public up with him; but we conceive it to be a mistake to confound the regular frequenters of the Promenade Concerts, taken as a whole, with the class of musical amateurs who would attend the grand orchestral performances. Nor is it correct to suppose that such performances would be dull or distasteful to the general public: it is precisely from the greatest composers' works that the skilful manager would extract the charm that alone can drive away the contemptible clatrap music with which persons, merely intent upon filling their area, crowd their programmes. But the public must have the guarantee of some respectable name against the puffing system which disgraces too many of our providers in the world of art. *Apropos* of the return of Mr. Sims Reeves, a glaring instance of this may be referred to. We have noticed, in our advertising columns, a repeated advertisement, emanating from Exeter Hall, thus headed:—'Bridge Frodsham, Ernst, Thalberg, and Formes.' Masses of the pleasure-seeking public, who have not the opportunity of watching the *débuts* of new singers, seeing a new name thus paraded in advance of such honoured names as those of Ernst and Thalberg, and put in advantageous juxtaposition with an artist so deservedly popular as the German *basso*, would be deluded into the belief that some new genius had emerged from obscurity. The tenor who has been thus invidiously distinguished, has a high and not very powerful voice, and a moderate amount of skill as a singer; but in a critical point of view, is not deserving of more than a place among the rest of the *corps* of vocalists. To parade him thus absurdly, was not merely a deception practised on the public, but it was an unkindness to a deserving young artist, of whom we hope to hear more in his proper place. It was remarked by some contemporary at the time, that the gentleman in question bears so exact a resemblance to Mr. Sims Reeves, that until he began to sing, it was difficult to avoid believing that the petted and spoiled English tenor stood before you. But with the return of Mr. Reeves, his name is substituted for that of this *eidolon*, who straightway vanishes from his giddy height. Now, if there was any motive for these co-incidental movements, it could only have been one so silly as to be unworthy of notice; but it is quite clear that whoever is to be the great ester for the musical amateurs (not for the cheap music million) must be a person who is altogether above such absurdities as the fore-mentioned, even supposing that there had been no deliberate intention to mislead the newly-born enthusiasm for shilling concerts. There are points of taste on which the musical public cannot avoid being at issue with the promoters of this undertaking; but taste is a debatable ground. Common fairness, or straightforward dealing, however, is no debatable ground; and hence the above illustration may be found salutary."

[We have other articles, from a fresh and vigorous pen in the *Morning Post*, which we intend to cite with similar reservation. Meanwhile we invite the attention of our correspondents to the views developed in these articles. Here will be a fertile and legitimate field for controversy.—Ed.]

M. BILLETT'S SEANCES.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET, the talented pianist, who has frequently obtained honorable mention in the pages of the *Musical World*, has announced the finest of his then classical *Stances Musicales* for Tuesday next. We subjoin the programme of the first concert, from which the reader may infer the taste and judgment which has guided M. Billet in his capacity of a caterer of classic music.

PART I.

Grand Trio in B, Op. 97. Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, Beethoven.
M.M. Billet, Sainton, & Rousselot
Grand Air, "Der Freischütz," Madlle. Wagner Weber.
Sonata (in C major) Op. 38, Piano, M. A. Billet Clementi.

PART II.

Grand Quatuor in B minor, Op. 3, Piano, Violin, Tenor, & Violoncello, M.M. Billet, Sainton, and Rousselot Mendelssohn.
Arie Maria, Madlle. Wagner Maurice Levy
Romances sans Paroles, Venetian Barcarolle, 5me. livre, No. 5, du 2me. livre, and Spring Song, 5me. livre, Piano, M. A. Billet Mendelssohn.
Marches Pour Piano, à Quatre mains, M.M. Levy and A. Billet Beethoven.
Conductor M. Levy.

The programme is unusually attractive, and includes two *morceaux*, which will be hailed by the musician as a boon in the performance. Clementi's sonata has never been publicly heard in this country, and has not been played anywhere since the composer's death. The "Marches pour Piano" is involved in the same fate; it has never been interpreted in public. Mendelssohn's Quatuor is exceedingly difficult, and will put M. Billet on his best metal.

This concert is entitled to the notice of the amateur, no less than the connoisseur, and M. Billet is entitled to the thanks of all musicians for his restoration of two unknown works of two great masters.

MUSICAL ALMANAC.

Dec. 17, 1770. Born, at Bonn, L. Van Beethoven. He died the 26th of March, 1827.
Dec. 18, 1786. Born in Holstein, O. M. Von Weber. He died, in London, the 5th of July, 1826.
Dec. 19, 1836. Died, at Paris, F. D. Ch. Stoepl. He was born in Prussia, the 14th Nov., 1794.
Dec. 20, 1847. Died, at Taunton, Dr. William Croft. He was born at Norwich, the 3th July, 1775.
Dec. 30, 1816. Born, at Vienna, Leopold von Meyer.
Dec. 20, 1722. Died, in China, the Emperor Canghai. He established a musical Academy, and promoted the Divine art in his dominions.
Dec. 21, 1847. Died, at Leipsic, F. Kistner, the well-known music publisher.
Dec. 29, 1714. Died, at Rome, Tommaso Bay, the celebrated Italian composer. He was born, near Bologna, 1650.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SIGNOR PAGLIERI.

(To the Editor of the Musical World).

"Sir,—My attention has been called to an article which appeared in your paper of the 10th of last month, headed 'Miss Catherine Hayes and the Two Egards.'

"With the hope of appearing immediately before the public I was, in the month of March, 1848, induced to give up an engagement for three years as first tenor at her Majesty's Theatre, for a similar engagement at the Royal Italian Opera for twelve months only; Mr. Costa and the directors having first satisfied themselves as to my competency by hearing me sing. I was suffering from severe cold and hoarseness at the time of the rehearsal of the *Lucia*, and at my earnest request, Mr. Webster consented to postpone the performance from Tuesday to Saturday. No explanation whatever was given to me for the substitution of M. Roger in my place, but I was bound by my contract not to refuse to give up a

part to another tenor. Mr. Costa afterwards spoke of my coming out in another opera; and I never received the slightest intimation that I was considered incompetent to discharge the duties which I had undertaken. On the contrary, when the directors had an opportunity of terminating my engagement six months earlier than the time agreed on, by allowing me to accept the offer of an engagement at Madrid, they did not avail themselves of it. When they would neither pay my salary nor allow me to make use of my talents elsewhere, what could I do but proceed against them in a court of law? They did all in their power to delay the trial, and, when they found further delay impossible, their attorney proposed a compromise. I was most reluctant to agree to this, but my advisers told me that a verdict in my favour would not enable me to recover the amount intended, and that when the time came for enforcing payment, Mr. Deasfield would probably be without funds. I, therefore, accepted about a fourth of what was justly due to me, and subsequent events have proved that I was well advised.

"Since my engagement terminated I have had very few opportunities of appearing before the public, but I have sung at the Hanover-square Rooms and in Drury-lane Theatre, and the reception I met with was most flattering, and several of your contemporaries praised my voice. On these occasions I sang gratuitously, and, Mr. Beale having kindly agreed to my offer of appearing in an opera on the same terms, it was arranged that I should sing with Miss Catherine Hayes in the *Sonnambula*. There is not a word of truth in your statement that I was specially engaged for the *Lucia*, *Parvati*, and *Norma*, though I have sung successfully in all these operas, and hope to do so again, in spite of the intrigues of my enemies. I rehearsed the *Sonnambula* with Miss Hayes in London, and I had every reason to expect a favourable result. Unfortunately, an attack of influenza came on just before I left London, but I hoped to have four or five days' rest before being called on to sing. The day after my arrival in Dublin I was informed that circumstances might occur which would place my fellow-artists in a most unpleasant position unless I consented to sing in the *Lucia* on the following evening. I was induced to promise to do so if the state of my health would allow, and if my services should be considered indispensable. Next day I was called on to fulfil my promise. I went through the rehearsal on the stage in the morning. My pleas of indisposition were overruled by the kind encouragement of Miss Hayes, Mr. Benedict, and the rest of the company, and I sang the part as usual. I was specially engaged for the *Lucia*, and also in France, that I, perhaps too readily, consented to appear in the evening. The indulgence of the public was asked for in the usual manner; and I believe that I should have obtained it, but for the presence of the popular tenor whose name appeared in your article. Your report would seem to imply that the call for that gentleman arose after I had been 'extinguished.' On the contrary, it was the cause of my not proceeding with the part. The cry began before I had sung more than a few bars, and I felt myself unable in such a state of health to bear up against it. I therefore informed Miss Hayes that I was too unwell to continue the duet; and she, having addressed a few words to the audience to that effect, withdrew from the stage; and, as a matter of course, the drop-scene was lowered. I met with the kindest sympathy from those who were able to appreciate my self-sacrifice and its motives, but I naturally declined remaining in Dublin. I may here mention that I never had the pleasure of singing with Miss Hayes until the present year. So much for the truth of the assertion that I 'broke down' singing with that lady at Venice. My career on the Continent was of no inconsiderable duration, and from first to last was successful. The state of affairs there, and the desire not to be condemned in England unheard, have kept me in London; and if I succeed in re-establishing my health, which my medical attendants now give me some hope of doing, I trust that the public will have an opportunity of deciding whether I am 'a feeble and incapable singer,' and whether I or my anonymous assailants best deserve the title of 'impostors.'

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,
"Dec. 90. ONORATO PAGLIERI."

MANCHESTER MADRIGAL SOCIETY.

In the year 1741, a decayed attorney named Tymmins, established a society in London for the practice of part music, especially of Madrigals, a species of composition he ardently loved, and to which his attention had been turned by Dr. Pepusch, a learned musician of that day. His first associates were of the humblest class of artisans and mechanics, men who had imbibed a taste for music, by practising psalmody in their parish churches, and to whom the light pieces brought under their notice presented considerable attractions. The society prospered, it gained the favour of the wealthy, and

continued for many years to receive the support of the whose acknowledged the beauty of a majority of the compositions which came within the range of its scheme. In 1840, about one hundred years after the establishment of the London Society, a similar society was set on foot in Manchester, and the annual concert given on Monday night, in the Town Hall, proves its vitality, the proficiency of those who form its choir, and the excellent quality of the entertainment they can present before their friends. We have been present at the private meetings, and we can say it is a sight of no ordinary interest to see some fifty or sixty ladies and gentlemen, mostly amateurs, engaging in the practical study of pieces which have stood the test of time and of severe criticism. Of the recent performance a short notice will be found below.

The practice of madrigal singing appears to have come into England in the sixteenth century, and to have remained in vogue up to the seventeenth century, when it was somewhat suddenly superseded by concerts of music for instruments alone, voices being excluded from any share in the entertainment. Writers on musical history seem to agree in the view that the madrigal originated in Italy; but respecting the derivation of the name there has been considerable discussion, some holding to the opinion that it was given because the inhabitants of a place in Spain bearing the name, invented these part songs. Dante calls them *Madriale*, and it is thought by some writers that the composition was originally a short poem addressed to the Virgin, *alla Madre*, hence *Madriale*, and madrigal, and the term being afterwards applied to short poems upon love and gallantry, by the Italians and French, the original import was lost. Others, again, suppose it to flow from a Spanish word signifying "to rise in the morning," as they were said to be sung in the morning to the mistresses of the singers. But though the madrigal in its more perfected form was not known in England until the sixteenth century, there are evidences that part singing of a similar kind was in vogue here at an earlier date; for in the British Museum there is an ancient canon in manuscript, with the date 1463, a rota or round in unison, in four parts. Dr. Burney, arguing upon evidence he adduces, supposes that it had been in use in Northumbria, and this leads to the belief that Ravenscroft, one of the composers to be found in the list of madrigal writers, only acted upon what was then a well-known custom, when he wrote one for the ungainly dialect of Somerset. The Northumbrian canon is a kind of natural symphonious harmony, with a drone of bass at the end. In 1588, William Byrd, "one of the gent. of the queene's majesties honourable chappell," published certain songs in parts, which are generally put at the head of our catalogues, but the madrigals first brought to England, and published under the name, appear to have been introduced by Nicholas Yongue, a gentleman who is styled by some a merchant, and by others a teacher of music, who had them performed in chambers, before audiences of his friends. They were so well received, that composers in this country were induced to publish Italian compositions, adapting English synonyms to the notes. They were secular songs in parts, possessing a certain degree of elegance in the original language, but, though Italian was well understood here at that period among the upper classes, the translations are often trisly and uncouth attempts. By degrees the madrigal came into general use, a circumstance partly attributable to the universal diffusion of musical knowledge among the noble and wealthy. Henry VIII. was a composer of church music, and Elizabeth was a proficient upon the virginals. At social meetings and in private families persons of rank, every well

educated person in fact, of both sexes, was expected to be able to sing in a part song at table. Singing was the usual entertainment of the well-bred of both sexes, and they were furnished at an early period, after the introduction of the art of printing, with books and notes, generally of an oblong quarto size, with both notes and words printed in good characters, in letter-press, but without bars. With this encouragement, no wonder therefore that our native composers soon commenced to write the music, and were not content with introducing foreign productions, and we find one Watson, about 1590, advertising a set in which are included two by Byrd, "composed after the Italian vain" (vein). In many instances, where the composers take their own poetic effusions as the medium for their music, we meet with unintelligible collections of words arranged in lines, intended for sonnets; others more intelligible are ungrammatical and uncouth; but where the composer has gone to the works of a poet, as Weelkes did when he selected from Shakspere's "Passionate Pilgrim," well written musical ideas and real poetry are found in graceful alliance. They appear, however, very often to have been quite careless about the words selected, adapting traits of elegant and pleasing melody to words evidently selected without a thought. While much of beauty marked many of the lines, there was that eccentric sentimentality of tone about them which distinguishes the poetry of the age. Nymphs and shepherds, yeclpt Phoebe, Chloe, Daphne, Amyntas, &c., are to be found in each, and the exploits of Cupid form the burden. Very many of them were made the vehicle for inordinate praise of patrons and mistresses; the Virgin Queen fell in for her full share in a set by different hands, entitled *Oriana's Triumphs*; and the last new madrigals, and the fair object to whom they were addressed, formed the subject of discussion among the gossips who frequented "Paul's Walk." A composition of a similar character used in the court masques, may have tended to make this more common, for the most fulsome flattery was the main ingredient of the gorgeous spectacles which were then in vogue. This jolly god Bacchus appears to have been celebrated but seldom in them, for only one composition in his praise, strictly a madrigal, is known. In the days when the largest amount of genius was employed upon them, they were short, humorous, or satirical poems, free and unequal in their versification, not confined to the regularity of the sonnet, not possessing the point of the epigram, but containing often some tender and delicate thought expressed in simple and pathetic terms; the joys of spring appear to have touched the hearts of most; the verdant beauty of May has been sung by all, and very many have thrown a pastoral character into the words selected which give them an admirable freshness. Christmas was of course a regular time for the performance of these social melodies, and at that period the ancestral halls and court mansions were vocal with them.

In the decadence of the madrigals it seems certain that the words for which they were written fell off; and in the reign of James I. vocal music for the chamber and for social and private purposes, distinct from that of the church or the theatre, consisted chiefly of madrigals written in the preceding reign; but the composers seemed to have lost all solicitude about the words, and not unfrequently they preferred those of solimnation, commencing with them, or with "fal las" as they were termed, and from which some of the compositions were named. The rough "Hey derry, down," was a burden occasionally, though we incline to think it belonged to the music of a lower grade of people. The commonality at the time had their rounds, or roundels, and catches, in which they celebrated the powers of good liquor, rustic loves, and rural

life, in music of a homelier and generally less artistic character. The catches were local songs, for several voices, in which the parts were caught or taken up in succession, and of which there are many instances familiar at the present day; in the rounds the voices succeed each other at regular intervals of time. In 1639, the last madrigals appear to have been published in England (the set bears the name of Walter Porter); but for years after that the music continued in vogue, and the cavaliers in the wars of the Commonwealth used to cheer their solitude, and make their hiding places less irksome, by trolling some catch, satirising old Noll and his victorious companions in arms. From the accession of James, however, madrigal writing and madrigal singing rapidly declined; English musicians found no favour or patronage from the Stuarts, and they were soon silent, and continued so until after the Restoration.

The practice of the best compositions which this prolific era in the history of the music produced is the business of the Manchester Madrigal Society. It also includes short anthems put out during the period, canons, motets, a grave kind of song, and occasionally, by way of variety, a catch or round. The sources from whence the conductors draw their programmes are varied and ample, while the selections are judicious.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BALFE continues to be fixed at Berlin, where his *Mulatto* (*Zondaman*) will be forthwith produced.

HAYMASTERS THEATRE.—A new and original three act comedy, by Mr. Buckstone, entitled *Leap-Year; or, the Ladies' Privilege*, will be produced on Tuesday, with a strong cast, including Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keen, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Mr. Buckstone, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, &c.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—A chamber trial of new works by the Members and Associates of this Society, took place on the 7th at 23, Berners Street, when the following productions were heard for the first time:—A sonata for piano and violoncello, and a quintet by J. B. Calkin; trios for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, by J. Benthin, and C. E. Horsley, played by Messrs. C. E. Horsley, Zerbini, and Guest, and a pianoforte sonata for four hands; by Walter Macfarren, interpreted by Kate Loder and the author.

EXETER HALL.—A performance of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, took place last night, under Mr. Costa's direction. The principal singers were Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Dulby, Mr. Lowkey, Mr. A. Novello, and Herr Fomes. The hall was crowded, and the Oratorio excited the greatest enthusiasm, despite of the prescribed decorum. The performance was generally considered the most complete and perfect which has been given in England. Miss Catherine Hayes created a most favourable impression, and Herr Fomes sang with immense power and unprecedented effect. The lateness of the hour hinders us from entering into details.

EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY, 1851.—The first meeting of the Royal Commissioners for promoting this subject was held yesterday at the New Palace, Westminster. His Royal Highness the Prince Albert presided, and the attendance was very numerous. We understand that the main business transacted related to the preliminary contract which had been entered into between the Society of Arts and the Messrs. Munday. The Commissioners were of opinion, that the contract which had enabled the proposal to be brought to its present state, and had guaranteed the carrying into effect the proposed Exhibition, was of a strictly reasonable and indeed of a very liberal character; but, in accordance with what appeared to be the wishes of the public, they decided to give notice of its termination, and to place the whole undertaking upon the basis of a general subscription, public feeling having been so strongly expressed in support of the Exhibition as to render any such contract now quite unnecessary.

THOMAS MOORE.—The poet is in the enjoyment of good health, physical and intellectual, at his cottage at Stipperton, takes his daily walks along the terrace which borders his pretty garden, and drives as usual each day in a small pony carriage; he is not living in more

than the ordinary retirement in which he has passed the last seven or eight years of his life.

LOLA MONTES AND HER HUSBAND.—EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM CADIZ, Dec. 27.—Lola Montes and Mr. Heald have been here for the last ten days. They came from Barcelona. She is much altered and aged, not so good looking as when here in 1842. Her temper is not at all improved, and her delight seems to be to keep Heald in the greatest terror and dread of her. Heald made his escape with his English servant from the hotel Ismenet (where they were staying on Christmas morning), and is supposed to have gone to Gibraltar. Lola was furious. She went in a French steamer that evening with her two friends, foreigners, who are in her party, to Algiers, and sent Ismenet and other men by land; so that if Heald does not succeed in getting on board the Pacha, she hopes to catch him. It is reported on good authority to-day that Heald has embarked this morning on board the Pacha, and he will now be enabled to reach England in safety, and no doubt feel grateful to his aunt for all she has done for him. The *Observer* states that Mr. Heald has arrived in London, and put up at an hotel in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens.

JENNY LIND.—Since the nightingale left England she has enjoyed the repose she has so much needed amid the beautiful scenery of Switzerland and the Tyrol—her health having been previously re-established by the baths at Ems—her voice, it is said, is more powerful and flexible than ever. Russia, America, and England are looking her return to the exercise of her profession, and the King of Sweden has sent a special messenger to entreat her presence in her native city, when she was able to undertake the journey. The death of the lamented Bishop of Norwich was almost as great a trial to the lady songstress as the death of her friend Mendelssohn had been; in one of her latest letters she entreated the friend, to whom she wrote, to place a chaplet of ivy, which she enclosed, upon the grave of Dr. Stanley "as her tears;" this simple offering is in accordance with one of the customs of her country. Jenny Lind is now at Lubeck, but will soon proceed thence to Berlin.

CHARLOTTENBURG, DEC. 26.—Amongst the festivities on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Charlotte and the hereditary prince of Saxe-Meiningen was a concert in the Royal Palace. The programme contained:—Duo for two pianos, Messrs. Taubert and Kullak, *Herez; Air from Elijah*, Herr F. Köster, *Mendelssohn; Romance from Bohemian Girl*, Herr Mantius, *Ballet; Quartet from Bohemian Girl, Balle; Aria, "Lascia," Madlle. Tuzcek, Handel; Air, Der Mulatto, Herr Köster, Balle; Terzetto, "Adieu," C. v. Schumann.* His Majesty expressed to the popular composer of *Der Mulatto* (who accompanied on the piano) his satisfaction in the most gracious words.

CHELTENHAM.—The Distin Family gave their first concert at the Assembly Rooms on Wednesday evening—and an excellent concert it was, though the performances were confined chiefly to themselves, assisted, however, in the vocal department by Miss L. Paton, and a Miss O'Connor, who we heard for the first time on this occasion. Several harmonised compositions were sung in a very effective style, including Ford's beautiful madrigal, "When first I saw your face;" but the principal attractions consisted in the instrumental performances of Messrs. Distin, who, whether playing alone or in company, delighted those who heard them; and in all their pieces were very loudly encored. The Sax-horn solo, by Mr. H. Distin, on Bellini's well-known air of "Al! l'is l'is," was one of the most masterly efforts on that instrument we ever listened to; and the finish and delicacy of execution in the Echo Duo, on the French horn, was all that the most critical ear could have desired. A second concert is to be given this afternoon, affording to those whose evening engagements at this season of the year may have prevented their attendance last night, an opportunity of enjoying the really musical treat proffered to their acceptance.—*Cheltenham Locker-on.*

MR. JOHN PARRY'S ENTERTAINMENT.—A very full audience attended at the Hanover Square Rooms on Saturday evening, attracted by Mr. John Parry's new entertainment, entitled *Lights and Shadows of Social Life*. Of the design and merits of this musical extravaganza, the literary portion of which is from the versatile and ready pen of Albert Smith, we have spoken on a former occasion at length. Nor is it necessary for us to add any-

thing to the favourable opinion we have already given of Mr. Parry's share, as musical composer or compiler. Since it was first made known to the public, *Lights and Shadows of Social Life* has gone the round of the provinces, where its metropolitan success has been more than confirmed. Mr. John Parry, who was warmly received, was in excellent voice, and went through his arduous task (the whole labour of representation devolving on himself) with untiring spirit, exciting the hilarity and applause of his hearers without intermission. The most salient points were "the speech" of Mr. Percy Vavasour, the purport of which is left by the speaker to the imagination of his hearers; the caricature of Mr. Littleborough, the plethoric chairman; the rehearsal of an operetta, in which, with his well-known facility, Mr. Parry simultaneously assumes the personages of soprano, tenor, and bass; the picnic; and the troublesome uneasy gentleman in a diligence. The imitation of the ophiocleide, by means of a simple roll of paper, must also be cited as one of Mr. Parry's most genuine bits of mimicry. These humorous parodies were relished as heartily as ever, while the musical part of the audience fully appreciated that easy command of the pianoforte which enables Mr. Parry to endow the jokes and droll incidents of Albert Smith with a peculiar and characteristic colouring. The entertainment being of agreeably short duration, very few persons left before the conclusion.

TESTIMONIAL to Mr. W. H. ANGEL.—On Saturday evening, the 15th ult., a number of gentlemen met at Mr. G. Morgan's, the Albion Tavern, Prince's Street, for the purpose of presenting to Mr. Angel a testimonial which had been subscribed for by a few of his friends, as a mark of their esteem for his general conduct, as an actor and a gentleman, during the thirteen years he had been a member of the Bristol company. The room was densely crowded, upwards of 150 persons being present. The chairman having addressed Mr. Angel in a eulogistic and eloquent speech, concluded by presenting him with a handsomely chased silver box, containing twenty guineas, and bearing the following inscription on the lid:—"This box (filled with gold) was presented to Mr. W. H. Angel by a few of his friends, as a mark of respect on his leaving Bristol, Dec. 15th, 1849." Mr. Angel having expressed his acknowledgments in a speech, several toasts were given, and the evening terminated jollily.—*Felix Farley*.—[This is the Mr. Angel who has appeared in Mr. Anderson's company at Drury Lane Theatre.—*Ed. M. W.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Sims Reeves, Formes, Ernst, and Thalberg.

WEDNESDAY next, January 16th, will be held the

Thirteenth of the LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

(which will be the last but two of the series of Fifteen,) when the above unrivalled Artists will appear, together with Misses LUCOMBE, EYLES, and POOLE, and Mrs. ALEXANDER NEWTON; Messrs. SMYTHSON and LAND.

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Music composed by HALÉVY, the libretto written by M. DE ST. GEORGES. During the following week, will be produced HÉROLD's celebrated Opera of

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Principal characters by M. CHOLLET and Madlle. CHARTON.

A new and popular opera, by AMBROISE THOMAS, entitled "LE CAID," is also in a forward state of preparation.

Pieces of Admission: Boxes, 6s.; Pit, 3s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. Doors will be opened at half-past seven o'clock, and the performances commence at Eight. Boxes, Stalls, Tickets, and Season Prospectuses, may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street.

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MESSRS. DISTIN AND SONS will perform on the SAX HORNS, at the following places:—Jan. 14th, Stafford; 15th, Derby; 17th, Loughboro'; 18th, Leicester; 21st, Stamford. Vocalists, Misses O'CONNOR and PATON. Drawings and Prices of Sax Horns, Cornets, &c., to be obtained of HENRY DISTIN, 31, Cranbourne-street, Leicester-square, London.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1850.

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{STAMPED FOURPENCE.

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Love, I implore thee, tell this passion for Heliodora,
This most restless desire—dreading my guardian muse;
Lo, I swear by thy merciless bow, which he'er for another
Bent—by thy swift-wing'd darts, ever directed at me,
Should'st thou slay me, behind me I'll leave this speaking inscription:
"Stranger, here you behold one of the murders of Love." J. O.

ALBONI.

(From a Correspondent.)

Strasbourg, Jan. 14.

BEING for a few days in this old city, I was nothing less than enchanted to read in the *café* an announcement of a concert by Alboni. I arrived on the 2nd instant, had concluded the affair which brought me here by the evening of the 4th, and intended to start for Paris the next morning. But the spell of Alboni's name was too attractive. Deferring my departure for a day, I was enabled to hear the concert. How well I was repaid for my pains I need not tell you.

The concert was given in the theatre, which was filled to the roof. Alboni, who was accompanied on a sorry pianoforte, was in fine voice, and looked younger and more handsome than ever. She sang a cavatina of De Beriot (composed for Malibran), "Una voce" from the *Barbieri*, the "Brindisi" from *Lucresia*, and the *rondo finale* from *Cenerentola*. I never in my life heard more perfect singing, and for one who, like myself, so seldom has the opportunity of listening to the great Italian artists, I can assure you it was a treat for the loss of which nothing could have compensated.

The last and only time I had heard Alboni before was at her first concert in Paris, given at the *Académie Royale de Musique*, in 1847, before the Revolution had transformed it into the *Théâtre de la Nation*, as the wizard changes the Prince into Harlequin. Wonderful as I thought her then (you recollect the enthusiasm she created) I was still more delighted on this occasion. Her voice seems even more beautiful, and has, I think, acquired additional power. No bird, not even the thrush, much less the melancholy nightingale—could have warbled more divinely, with a fuller gush of melody, than Alboni at Strasbourg. She was received with acclamations by the public, who were never tired of applauding her, selfishly forcing her to repeat the "Brindisi," with that most wonderful of trills, during which every breath was suspended, lest any of its tiny notes, which came upon the ear like a soft shower of silver dust, should be lost.

At the conclusion of the concert the fair Marietta, with her comely form, and her smile that plays upon your eyes like sunshine and penetrates right through the windows of your heart, was unanimously recalled, showers of bouquets, less blooming and fragrant than herself, falling at her feet. Alboni took up the bouquets, with a saucy look and a winning laugh for each, which I doubt not sent the throwers home "a-dreaming."

The rest of the concert was supplied by the band, and certain artists of the theatre. The band (your Antwerp correspondent will bear me out) is much better, although Strasbourg is a city of no musical importance, than those at the London national operas, which was amply proved by the spirited execution of Auber's overture to *Masaniello* and Weber's to *Freischütz*. The artists of the theatre (if they were the best) were mediocre enough, nor did I find much to admire in the violoncello piece of M. Boehm, which was nevertheless highly praised. But you know I am not a musician and have little taste for those long rambling solos, which I am always inclined to interrogate as Charles Lamb did the concerto: "What dost signify, thou interminable strain, ever moving onwards, never coming to an end?"—or something of the sort. I have lost my *Elia*, and have not seen a copy for twenty years; but I recollect the famous "chapter upon cars."

I had no time to write before I started for Paris; but on my return, finding no one else had sent you a notice of Alboni's concert, I said "better late than never," and drew out this scrawl immediately. I hope you can read it, and won't be angry at my *laical* manner of expressing myself.

L. O. U.

STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)

THE age in which Beethoven flourished was also that in which what may be called a new school of pianoforte-writing was originated. It was even more remarkable for the many eminent composers to whom it gave birth than that of Dussek. But Beethoven shone apart from his contemporaries, like the North Star in the heavenly galaxy. He neither influenced nor was influenced by any of them.

Before attempting the very brief analysis of the claims of these writers which it is in the scope of our essay to afford, let us, as far as memory will serve, enumerate the names of the most remarkable. We shall place them (to the very best of our ability) in the order they must respectively occupy according to the influence their works have exercised on the art which they followed and adorned. Moscheles—Hummel—John Field—Cipriani Potter—Kalkbrenner—Henri Herz—Czerny—Charles Mayer—Pisiz—&c., &c. Here is already a sufficiently long list; and the &c., &c., must stand for many well-known names, which, but for those we have specially signalled, would perhaps have never been heard of.

Ignace Moscheles was unquestionably the originator of the brilliant school of writing which has produced such striking modifications of the style and taste of the last thirty years. Moscheles, indeed, may be denominated the real *inventor* to whom the pianoforte is indebted for certain new effects, to which could Mozart or Dussek now listen, they would surely fail to recognise as legitimately belonging to the instrument. A pianist of extraordinary capabilities in early youth, Moscheles,

already acquainted with the compositions of every contemporary and predecessor, was gifted enough to imagine and bold enough to realise something altogether different from all that he knew. The well-known piece, called *The Fall of Paris*, may be "symbolised" as the acron which afterwards expanded into the wide spreading oak of modern *fantasia*. Its appearance was hailed with much the same astonishment that Clementi's celebrated *Octave-Sonata* had created, so many years before, on a very different and a much more serious race of men. Moscheles developed the school thus, no doubt, unwittingly originated; but his taste having a higher tendency, he did not, like others, wholly abandon himself to its fascination. His studies, concertos, and many works of minor importance, conceived in a spirit almost precisely opposite to that which had actuated him in the composition of *The Fall of Paris*, are among the glories of the instrument, and have materially assisted those of Beethoven and his great predecessors in preserving a taste that has resisted all the charms of that "romantic" and inferior school which has so widely obtained since, and to which nine out of ten pianists of the present day are uncompromising adherents. It is the more to the honour of Moscheles that this school, though his own creation, the accidental birth of a leisure hour, the *bagatelle* of a moment's wantonness, has never so wholly influenced him as to make him overlook the fact, that the art of which he is one of the most brilliant ornaments was destined for a nobler end than that of mere amusement—was capable of loftier appeals than those exclusively addressed to common and vulgar understandings. Moscheles influenced his contemporaries by the novelty of his invention, it is true; but what injury he may have inflicted (if injury he have inflicted) was far more than counterbalanced by those graver studies to which we owe his most beautiful and thoughtful works. These cannot be overrated, and will live for ever, while the others even now have not been surpassed for brilliancy of effect and for that peculiar kind of display which demands at the utmost a combination of manual dexterity with a graceful variety of style. Though all his best works show how thoroughly well Moscheles had mastered the sonata form he has produced but few specimens of the *sonata for piano solo*, having been doubtless as much influenced by the singular fertility of Dussek as his young friend and almost pupil, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, was later influenced by the universal genius of Beethoven. As familiar as we are with most of the works of Moscheles we only know two sonatas for the pianoforte alone which have proceeded from his pen—that in E major, dedicated to his friend and master, Beethoven, and that in F sharp minor, called the *Sonata Melancolique*. Both of these are thoroughly classical works, and though the former (an early effort) exhibits a redundancy proceeding from a flow of ideas which mature experience had not yet taught to check (how difficult is it for a young writer to know what to retain and what to reject!), there is so strong a feeling for regularity of form—one of the principal charms of Haydn's glorious invention—that little doubt is left, after its perusal, of the purely classical taste of its author. We have been more diffuse than we intended in speaking of Moscheles, but those who know him well enough to estimate his real value, will pardon and sympathise with the attraction that has engendered our prolixity.

Next to Moscheles (by many placed before him—we cannot but think unreasonably,) comes Jean Nepomke Hummel, one of the most talented, classical, and voluminous of all the pianoforte composers. Hummel—be not startled, reader—was not an original genius, although a long habit of composing

endowed him with an unmistakeable peculiarity of manner. But Hummel was a musician, heart and soul—one of the right sort, unbending, contemplative, and enthusiastic. Educated under excellent masters, he soon acquired the art of writing with ease, while the strict school in which he had been nourished regulated his taste in the true direction. Hummel was a more learned musician than Moscheles, although he did not possess Moscheles' originality. His contributions to the art were not less numerous and valuable. Both have been of inestimable worth in directing the studies of pianists, and both were endowed with a facility which promptly seconded their intentions. Hummel's concertos owe much more than is generally admitted to those of Mozart, Dussek, and Striabel; but they abound in a variety of graceful passages that exclusively belong to their author. It should be noted here that Mozart anticipated Beethoven, and that Beethoven did not surpass Mozart, in the symmetrical form which, although Haydn had imparted to the symphony, was, before Mozart's time, wholly strange to the concerto. Mozart, therefore, did as much for the concerto as Haydn had done for the symphony and sonata—for, be it remarked, while in the lucid arrangement of ideas which appear and return in reasonable and proper places, the consistent balance of relative keys being duly preserved, the concerto is but a branch of the parent sonata,* yet it still presents, even in the examples left us by Mozart and Beethoven, a marked difference of plan.† But of this we shall have to treat hereafter. While in the *tutti*, or orchestral preludes‡, Hummel (like Moscheles), followed Mozart's symmetrical arrangement, he also (like Moscheles) overlooked that peculiarity which endows Mozart's concertos with such unity and completeness. Let us explain. In Mozart's concertos the three solos, of which, like the majority of concertos, they are composed, are continually accompanied in the orchestra by one or both the principal themes, separate or in conjunction, elaborated and worked out to the end. We find little of this in Hummel, although occasional glimpses are not wanting; but a complete development of the themes is never attempted except in his *tutti*. For this reason, without alluding to his higher genius, Mozart not only wrote his concertos as though he had improved upon the models of Hummel, who lived after him (instead of, as the fact was, Hummel half rising to the models left by Mozart), but wrote them, as it were, side by side with Beethoven, the great developer himself—he who even gave Mendelssohn the first hint [of] disposing altogether with the *tutti*, an evident superfluity.§ Nevertheless, devoid of pure invention as was Hummel, his concertos are fine productions, indispensable to the completion of a musical education, beautiful and interesting as music, independent of their influence, and of all abstract considerations. No pianoforte writer ever produced a greater variety of new and elegant passages than Hummel, who, we need hardly remind our readers, was one of the greatest pianists of his day; and as an impromptu player, or improvisator, had few equals and fewer superiors. (This re-

* We cannot too frequently insist that the sonata is the model for the symphony, quartet, and all the larger forms of instrumental music.

† The three specimens of the concerto left us by Mendelssohn, in which the sonata form is perfectly developed, will be spoken of in their proper place.

‡ The *tutti*, according to Mozart, is a kind of synopsis of the whole first movement, laid out like the first movement of a sonata.

§ In the concerto in G major.

§ Beethoven, in the G concerto, begins at once with the pianoforte (like Mendelssohn in all his concertos), but after a few arpeggios, he introduces a long *tutti*. This leads to the conviction that the idea of abandoning the *tutti* had entered into the ever inventing brain of the composer, but that he almost immediately gave it up as unseizable.

minds us that we have neglected to speak of the wonderful powers of improvisation possessed by Moscheles.) The miscellaneous works of Hummel—studies, fantasias, &c.—would of themselves form an interesting library. But to come to an end with him, his sonatas for pianoforte solus are almost as rare (master as he needs must have been of the sonata-form) as those of Moscheles. We have never seen more than five:—that in F minor (the best—a *chef d'œuvre*); that in D, which, containing a *scherzo* and *trio*, assumes the distinction of the real *grand sonata*; that in E flat, dedicated to Haydn; that in C; and that in F sharp minor, which, though styled a sonata, is, more strictly speaking, a *fantasia*. But these alone are enough to immortalise Hummel, had he not produced so many and such variety of works in another form as to place him among the most fecund and admirable of musicians.

John Field, who resided for many years at St. Petersburg, as idle as Dussek and as eccentric as Steibelt or Woelfl,* wrote some concertos, a few sonatas, and a vast number of less important works. These, though distinguished by smoothness of character and a graceful peculiarity of *trait*, or *passage*, admirably suited to the finished manner of playing which distinguished their author (a disciple—we cannot think otherwise, although Field, being an Englishman,† we should rejoice to proclaim him original—of John Cramer) are not remarkable either for depth or variety of invention. Field deserves mention, nevertheless, if only for the extensive influence produced both by his playing (his many accomplished pupils—among whom, like Dussek, he boasted his Prince Ferdinands—to wit) and his music, sufficiently meritorious in its way, on a vast number of contemporaries.

Cipriani Potter,‡ another Englishman, and one far more illustrious than Field, has distinguished himself in every branch of composition, and to his influence as a master must be chiefly, if not wholly, attributed the remarkable progress which this country has recently made in musical intelligence. But though Mr. Potter has left nothing untouched, and nothing, we may surely say, *unadorned*, especially in the department of instrumental music, it is of his pianoforte music only that we have at present to speak. Mr. Potter is as thorough a master of the sonata form as Mozart himself, with a power of development no doubt derived from the great Beethoven, who, struck with his quickness and feeling, did not disdain to afford him his invaluable counsels. The specimens Mr. Potter has given us of the sonata for pianoforte solus (at least the printed ones) are not numerous, and are only published in Germany. Yet they are of such a solid kind, that although sometimes wanting in fancy, they may be safely consulted as models. His studies (two books) are justly esteemed among the very best of elementary works. Of his concertos, although, we believe, he has composed many, not being printed, we are unable to speak advisedly; but some rare occasions of hearing them performed by the composer have unfolded their merits so plainly as to make us the more regret the impossibility of possessing them.

From men so gifted and so thoughtful we must take a great leap to descend upon such a level flat of commonplace as that occupied by Frederic Kalkbrenner, whom we notice simply because, as a pianist and a professor of the pianoforte, he has exercised considerable influence. His studies, possessing little musical merit, are decidedly useful, besides which they facili-

litate certain mechanical peculiarities that, in the present age of executive wonders, are almost indispensable. As a composer Kalkbrenner had neither originality nor learning. His style, if style it may be termed, was a *melée* of the exuberances of Dussek and his contemporaries, the unmeaning extravagance of some of the modern fantasia-mongers, and the brilliant scale passages of Henri Herz. We can find no vestige, in the entire catalogue of Kalkbrenner's works, either of individual thought or musical ingenuity. True, some of his pieces attained an ephemeral popularity; but of these, the variations on "Rule Britannia," which are not so ingenious and scarcely more brilliant than those of Dussek,* constitute a prominent example. We need hardly say that such compositions as these cannot possibly have any influence on the progress of the art. Kalkbrenner essayed his talents in concertos and sonatas. Of the former we need not speak (they are not worth the pains); of the latter we have a better opinion. We are acquainted with three of them:—that in A flat (generally known as the "Left-handed Sonata"); that in A minor, dedicated to Cherubini (!); and that in F minor. The first and second are but by many degrees, and have some really beautiful passages, besides being, for Kalkbrenner, wonderfully symmetrical. The last, except a slow movement in C major, fantastically styled *The Song of the Quail*, contains nothing above mediocrity. Yet, as Kalkbrenner is unanimously admitted among the most notable persons who have of recent years devoted themselves to the progress of the pianoforte, we have necessarily included him in our *catalogue raisonné*.

Of Henri Herz, who still lives and belongs to our own times, we need say little. Singular as it may appear, he adopted the *Fall of Paris* of Moscheles, not only as a model for a single piece but as the foundation of a new school, which he developed as far as it could go. But Herz brought with him a lively fancy, an inexhaustible facility in the invention of graceful natural and elegant passages, and a knowledge of music by no means contemptible. How popular this writer has been (and is)—what a fortune he has proved to the music publishers—what a boon to young ladies in the drawing-room (and what a torture to their visitors)—what an invaluable stock of display for pianoforte teachers incapable of executing better music—and what a universal favourite with all musicians as well as amateurs—everybody knows. To say more of Herz would be superfluous; to say less would have been unjust. Nor should we quit him so soon, but that, as far as our knowledge goes, he has not written one sonata for piano *solus*, nor do his concertos evidence any extensive acquaintance with or profound attachment to the sonata form—the principal object of our present digression. Before leaving him, however, we must say one thing in favour of Henri Herz, which is wholly apart from the influence, good or bad, his music has exercised or continues to exercise on pianists and composers for the piano. Out of the large number of works he has written, we do not remember a single instance of *ennui* produced by the execution of one of them, large or small. As such cannot be said of many composers. However, compelled to deny him a place among the really great men who have benefited and advanced the art, we cannot, with any show of justice, number Herz among those whose ignorance renders them pitiable while their assumption makes them intolerable.

* Not Woelfl, as we were made to write in our second notice.

† John Field—"Russian Field"—as he was nick-named—was, we believe, an Irishman.

‡ The present chief of the Royal Academy of Music—master of Bernardes Bennett, Macfarren, and other eminent musicians.

* It may be noted here that Kalkbrenner in his *Pianoforte Tutor*, while attempting to undervalue, betrays the most extraordinary ignorance of the works of this great composer—speaking of his "Consolation" (a short theme with variations, in B flat) as his most remarkable work!

Czerny, the most voluminous writer for the pianoforte of whom the whole history of the art makes record,* must be content with this distinction as the only one that has induced us to introduce his name here. He is a musician of some acquirement and a professor of acknowledged merit. He lived (and lives) a contemporary of Henri Herz, and has written a great many pieces in imitation of that original, which might by some be accepted without difficulty as the compositions of Herz himself. He was a resident at Vienna while Beethoven flourished, with whom he was on terms of acquaintance, and has written a great many pieces in imitation of that original, which nobody would, under the most difficult circumstances, accept as the compositions of Beethoven himself. He has imitated almost every contemporary, almost every predecessor, and had he the gift of foresight he would in all probability imitate some composer as yet unborn; luckily for posterity he has not that gift. The sonatas of Czerny—which are frequently wound up with interminable fugues, based on interminable chromatic themes—are not sonatas, and but for the title-page no one would suspect the classical intentions of the composer. We are pleased to be able to say that we neither know nor care whether Czerny has written any concertos, but we have heard more than three hundred of his miscellaneous pieces and have no design at present of seeking to hear any more.

Charles Mayer and Pixis may be classed together, the first as a very good, the last as a very bad composer of pianoforte music. Mayer, we believe, lives in Russia; Pixis is deceased. The influence of Mayer, who cannot boast of as much originality as of musical knowledge, has been to improve the taste of his hearers and the music of his contemporaries; that of Pixis, who can boast of quite as little originality as of musical knowledge, has been to spoil one and the other. We know of no sonatas by either; but we know of some very excellent studies (good music to boot) by the first, and we know of some exceedingly poor fantasies (bad music to boot) by the latter. Both are cited by competent authorities as men of note in what chiefly regards the art of composing and playing on the pianoforte. The former we accept without hesitation; the latter we have named only to question his right to the distinction.

As many of our readers may begin to doubt whether we ever intend to arrive at the avowed subject of this essay, we may at once say, that without further preliminary, we shall approach the pianoforte composers of the present day, among whom Stephen Heller holds an eminent rank. If, in the course of our rapid and cursory view of those who have preceded him, we have omitted any name of merited distinction, we shall, in recognising the oversight, take an early opportunity of rectifying it.

(To be continued.)

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE great event of the week has been the revival of Mendelssohn's first oratorio, *St. Paul*, by the members of the above society. This interesting event occurred on Friday, the 11th instant, too late for an account to appear in our last impression. The hall was quite full, and among the audience were observed not a few eminent professors and amateurs of music, whom the attraction of Mendelssohn's name had brought together.

As on more than one occasion a very lengthened analysis of *St. Paul* has appeared in these pages, it is quite unnecessary

* We believe (thank Heavens! we have no practical experience of it) that the works of Czerny have passed Op. 1100!!

for us to do more than reiterate our opinion, that it is one of Mendelssohn's undoubted *chef-d'œuvres*, and one of the *chef-d'œuvres* of music. Our business is to speak of the performance, which, notwithstanding some drawbacks, was the most satisfactory, on the whole, that we have heard in this country.

The list of vocalists was very strong, including Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, Mr. A. Novello, Mr. Smythson, and Herr Formes. What accomplished and admirable interpreters of Mendelssohn's sacred music (and indeed we may say of his and all other classical compositions) are Miss Dolby, with her glowing and lovely *contralto*, and Mr. Lockey, with his fine-toned and even tenor, needs not be recounted here. Suffice it; they were both in excellent voice, and sang all the music that belongs to their very important parts with irreproachable taste and artistic finish. Miss Dolby's "The Lord is mindful" was the very perfection of purity, and Mr. Lockey's final air, "Be thou faithful," with the admirable *violoncello obbligato* of Lindley, everything that could be desired.

Miss Catherine Hayes, less experienced in this particular school, made, nevertheless, a highly favourable impression. The recitatives allotted to the first *soprano* are numerous and difficult. Good declamation, no less than good singing, are imperatively necessary. Both were supplied by our esteemed *prima donna*, who acquitted herself with the nicest judgment, and an evident appreciation of the music. Miss Hayes, like all vocalists of the present day—Italian, German, French and English—has the mania of singing the recitatives too slow, which needlessly protracts the length of the oratorio; but for this apparently deep-rooted habit of modern vocalists she was unexceptionable. In giving a new reading to the beautiful air, "Jerusalem," which a contemporary has rightly designated as one of "admonition rather than complaint," she was in some degree justified by the effect produced. The air is of such angelic tenderness that we can scarcely feel it as a rebuke to the infidel Jews. Miss Hayes seemed to entertain this opinion, if we may argue from the manner in which she interpreted it.

Herr Formes made a decided hit—not the first he has made in this country, although, perhaps, one of the most endurable and important. In the air in B minor, "Consume them"—a furious denunciation—the power of his voice and its magnificent quality told with immense effect. In the second, in the same key, "O God of mercy," one of a plaintive and imploring character, Herr Formes exhibited the utmost expression, wanting nothing except variety of tone to make his performance irreproachable. In the recitatives, especially the concluding one, the emphasis and force of the German *basso* were in fine keeping with the solemnity of the text he had to deliver.

Mr. A. Novello and Mr. Smythson were careful and efficient in the parts allotted to them.

In the choruses there was only one prominent defect—nearly all of them were taken too slow, by which the oratorio was prolonged half an hour beyond its usual duration. As far as accuracy went we had only to complain of the chorus in E minor, "This is Jehovah's temple (an *allegro vivace* in quavers), in which the chorists, mistaking the conductor's beat, began the first two bars—in obedience to an old tradition—twice as fast as the time indicated by the *baton*. Few conductors could have rectified this with the coolness and presence of mind of Mr. Costa, who, by a sudden stroke of generalship, brought his whole army into order with masterly precision. In respect of effect it is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Costa, who had carefully studied the score, did not

overlook a single point of importance suggested by the composer. As an instance of what effect may be obtained by a double piano gradually increasing to a *fortissimo*, the dramatic chorus in D minor, "Is this he?" may be cited. It would be impossible for a great mass to be more cleverly held in abeyance, under stricter command, than in this exciting and effective *morceau*. In the charming *barcarole* in G, "How lovely are the messengers!", the organ pedal was somewhat too overpowering; but this was the fault of the organ, not of the organist, who played his part, if we be not in error, exactly as Mendelssohn wrote it.

The band executed the overture very finely, although the fugue was taken too slow—more like an *andante* than a *moderato*. Among the *obbligati* we must again specialise Mr. Lindley's violoncello, in the devotional air for the tenor, in C major, "Be thou faithful unto death," which Mr. Lockett sang so well. Nor must we forget Barret's oboe and Lazarus's clarinet in the air, "O God, have mercy," both of which were irreproachable.

The oratorio created the most profound interest among the audience, who were too seriously occupied to interrupt the performance with boisterous manifestations. There were no encores, and there was very little applause. So much the better. The audiences of Exeter Hall are beginning to look upon these things in a proper light. It was only just to applaud Mr. Costa, in anticipation of the treat to come, as he entered the orchestra—and again, as a token of satisfaction at the fulfilment of anticipation, when he quitted it. To this we had no objection. It is not unworthy of mention that among the audience was the only brother of the great and lamented composer, Herr Joseph Mendelssohn, who is in England on a short visit.

On Friday evening next, *St. Paul* will be repeated, with the same vocalists.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(Continued from page 303.)

CXVIII. WHEN I asked the priests whether the account which the Greeks give about the affairs of Ilium were true or not, they made the following statement, saying that they had learned it from Menelaus himself:—After the abduction of Helen, a large army of Greeks went into the Trojan country, assisting Menelaus. This army having entered the country and pitched its camp, sent messengers to Ilium, with whom Menelaus went himself. When these came to the wall, they demanded Helen, and the treasure, which Alexander (Paris) had taken away, as well as satisfaction for the wrong committed. The Trojans then and afterwards assured them, both with and without oath, that they had not Helen nor the treasure that was claimed, but that these were in Egypt. They added that it would be unjust for them to suffer for that which was held by Proteus, the Egyptian king. The Greeks, thinking they were mocked, besieged the city. When, on their taking the walls, Helen did not appear, but they heard the same story as before, they sent Menelaus himself to Proteus.

CXIX. When Menelaus went to Egypt, and sailed up to Memphis, he made a true statement of what had happened, and received large presents, as well as Helen totally unharmed, and the whole of his own treasure. Notwithstanding he had received these benefits, Menelaus acted unjustly towards the Egyptians. Being about to set sail, and being detained by unfavourable winds for a long time, he devised an impious expedient. Taking two children belonging to the natives, he

cut them in pieces. Afterwards, when it was generally known that he had done this, being generally hated and pursued, he fled in his ships to Libya. Whether he went from thence, the Egyptians were unable to say. They said that they had learned these things, partly from the narratives of others, partly of themselves, and knew that their account was accurate.

CXX. Thus said the priests of the Egyptians; and I myself agree with this story which is told of Helen, for the following reasons: If Helen had been in Ilium, she would have been given up to the Greeks, whether Alexander (Paris) liked it or not; for Priam, and those who were with him, were not so senseless as to risk their own persons, their children, and the city, merely that Alexander might live with Helen. Even if they had been thus disposed at the beginning of the war, still afterwards, when many of the Trojans had perished on coming into contact with the Greeks, and Priam himself always lost two, three, or more sons, in the event of a conflict (if we may place any confidence in the epic poems), I am of opinion, that if Priam himself had lived with Helen, he would have given her up to the Greeks, to be freed from impending calamities. Alexander was not even heir to the kingdom, so as to have the charge of affairs when Priam was an old man; but Hector, his elder brother, and a better man, was entitled to the kingdom on the death of Priam. Now the latter would scarcely have given way to his brother, when such great evils were on his account befalling both himself privately and all the other Trojans. But, in fact, it was not in their power to restore Helen; nor did the Greeks believe them when they told the truth. In my own opinion, this was by a divine arrangement, that, by utterly destroying Troy, they (*the Greeks*) might show to mankind that great wrongs bring great punishments from the gods. This is the manner, in my opinion, in which these things happened.

SONNET.

NO. CCV.

TAUO golden Hope, soar not, I pray, so high,
That I forget this cold and rugged earth,
Lull'd in the realm where Fantasy gives birth
To fair, grand forms, peopling a cloudless sky,—
And ever luring on the raptur'd eye,
So that it peers about, and finds no death
Of pleasant ailment, while sounds of mirth
Float, telling of a bliss that ne'er can die.
This placid dream pampers too much the sense;
The heart grows soft, neglecting to prepare,
For that stern moment when it must awake:
Train'd to Hope's fairy land, when pluck'd from thence,
It starts to find the earth again—and there,
Curs'd with the truth, confesses it—and breaks.

N. D.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

THE present series is drawing to a close. The thirteenth concert was given on Wednesday. The chief attraction still centres in Ernst, Thalberg, Sims Reeves, and Formes, who are secured for the remaining two concerts.

In consequence of the general enthusiasm created by the selection from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* on the Wednesday previous, the director felt it incumbent on him to gratify his audience by repeating it, which he accordingly did, with the exception of the *Nocturno*. Mendelssohn's exquisite music created the same *furor* as on the first night. The overture and *scherzo*, both admirably played by the band, were listened to with breathless attention by the vast audience, and received with loud acclamations at the end. The *Wedding March* oh-

tained a persistent and tumultuous encore. As the *Notturmo*, without the beautiful tone and finished phrasing of Jarrett on the horn, might have suffered, we could not blame, however much we regretted, its omission.

The operatic selection was from *Don Pasquale*, one of the most sparkling and hearty of the comic works of the modern Italian school. Rossini, the apathetic and indifferent Rossini, may be numbered with the dead, and since the swan of Pesaro has sung his last song, the strains of poor Donizetti are not to be despised. Miss Lucombe sang the scena "E tanto era in quel quando" (This heart was all thine own), and mastered its difficulties in artistic style. Sims Reeves gained and deserved a loud encore in the serenade "Com'è gentil," and was capitally accompanied on the harp by Mr. Trust. Herr Formes, who appears to sing all sorts and styles of music with equal assurance and ease, was most favourably heard in the cavatina "Bella siccome" (Lovely as some bright angel). The quartet "E reinasto?" (Am I sleeping), by Miss Lucombe, Mr. Land, Mr. Smythson, and Herr Formes; and the duet "Tornami a dir" (Tell me once more), by Miss Lucombe and Sims Reeves, call for no particular remarks except that they lose half their effect when separated from the action which invests them with vitality and animation on the stage.

Ernst repeated his new fantasia on Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, and the *Carnaval de Venise* (by desire). The first wins upon acquaintance, and is decidedly one of the most effective solos which the great violinist has composed. The last variation, founded upon the Prophet's bacchanalian song, "Bevviemo!" is quite original, besides being a wonderful exhibition of double-stopping developed in the arpeggio-form, with the melody going on in the midst of it. Ernst's playing was masterly as usual, and the applause bestowed upon his fantasia confirmed its success. It is superfluous to say anything of the *Carnaval*. In the hands of Ernst it is always new, and produces on every occasion of performance a new enthusiasm. The encore was of the inevitable uproarious character. It may be as well to remind the Wednesdayites that Ernst only plays twice more this season to their mobships.

Thalberg in the *Masaniello* fantasia and the *Tarantella*, played with his accustomed perfection, and met with the accustomed welcome. The great pianist was in admirable finger.

Being much embarrassed for space this week, we must finish by saying that the rest of the miscellaneous vocal pieces were of the usual kind, the great features being "Adelaide," by Mr. Reeves, and "The Wanderer," by Herr Formes—both finely sung and deservedly encored. The demands of the crowd upon the lungs of the singers are, since the return of Mr. Reeves, becoming as strenuous and indiscriminate as ever. The "encores" become a downright nuisance.

STEPHEN HELLER.

[We last week reprinted an article from the *Morning Chronicle*, as an earnest of the importance which music is gradually assuming in the consideration of the great press of this empire. We cannot do better than follow this up by another which has since appeared in the *Sunday Times*, on the subject of Stephen Heller, one of the most thoughtful and gifted of the present race of musical composers.—Ed. M. W.]

"Interpreters of art may be divided into two classes—those who, by their productions, have instantly gained the popularity so desired; and those who, by the more solid workings of a sounder mind, have first obtained the admiration of their confrères, after which fame has trumped forth their praises to

the world. There can be little doubt which of these two positions is the more desirable—to receive the laurel wreath from a multitude hasty in its conclusions, and unsound, because hasty; or to be crowned by those who are not led away by any such conclusions, but who, after mature reflection, form their opinion. We must all agree that the latter is the 'consummation devoutly to be wished'; and it is more apparent in the musical art than any other, because this art is more general, and has done great things, not only in assisting the formation of other arts, but even for the welfare of mankind. Music aided in originating the drama, since the Greek tragedy was introduced into the song, not the song into the tragedy. We may thus regard it as the fountain-head of art, and, such being the case, we must look up to and welcome its professors, whenever and wherever they appear. Many, very many, are those who have arrived at the shores of our little island, with their knapsacks on their backs; little worldly goods had they, but there was that within 'which passeth show.' They were kindly greeted;—some have established themselves amongst us, and live in comfort; others have gained means of subsistence, and have sought another land. It must be pleasant for us to reflect, that we have done our duty in assisting those who, endowed with a God's message, have been sent to enlighten us. Let us continue in this path; let us still welcome and uphold genius whenever it shines; let us patronise those in need of our assistance, and in doing this let us remember that we are not only fulfilling that to which our inclination should prompt us, but that it is our duty to regard great men as those sent on earth for a special purpose. They are favoured by the Deity above ourselves, and for that reason we must venerate them. This universal patronage of art must give birth to *charlatans*; it has done so, and many have arisen; yet it is no more difficult to distinguish the true man from the false than the piece of glass from the real diamond—truth shines forth from the great man's work—falsehood from the puny efforts of the *charlatan*. A German poet (Novalis) has said, '*Der wahre lebt von der Wahrheit die Wahrheit lebt ihr Leben in sich*' ('Falsehood lives upon truth; truth lives a life of herself'), and we see this exemplified every day; therefore it is as much our duty to repel the false as to welcome the true. '*Mais reverrons à nos moutons*;' thinking that a slight sketch of one of those whose cause we have been upholding might not be uninteresting to our readers, we have undertaken to detail some of the facts of Stephen Heller's life, and humbly present to them the fruits of our labours:—

"This great pianist and composer, known as yet more to the profession than to the public, and that principally by his compositions, was born in 1815, at Pesth, in Hungary; he was destined by his father for the bar, but he showed, even at the age of seven, so great a talent for music, that his parents allowed him to cultivate it as an accessory to his other studies, and his father, yielding to the advice of some distinguished amateurs, resolved not to oppose the desire of the aspiring musician; therefore he went with him to Vienna, where he studied the piano under Carl Czerny, Anton Calk, and Bocklet. Two years afterwards Stephen Heller gave a concert at Vienna, at the termination of which he improvised some fantasias on the piano, before a numerous audience, which testified great delight at the talent that he displayed; soon after his father undertook a tour with him for the purpose of giving concerts in the various towns of Germany, Hungary, and Poland, at which his son performed that species of composition then in fashion and a few essays of his own; in this manner some years passed. At last having arrived,

after a long and fatiguing journey, at Augsburg, in Bavaria, Stephen Heller's father was persuaded to take care of the delicate health of his son, which was much impaired by this wandering life; but it was not only the health of the young artist that was in danger, his future fame might be injured by this purely material existence, particularly dangerous for one who had not yet received an education which might enable him to pass a severe critical ordeal. With the exception of a few concertos of Hummel, Moscheles, and Ries, his whole musical stock consisted of half-a-dozen *morceaux* of Henri Herz and a few other compositions of that kind, the individual merits of which we do not mean to contest, still they cannot be considered as works of high art, but merely as the requirements of the moment. Stephen Heller, therefore, remained some time at Augsburg, where he made the acquaintance of the Comte de Fugger, former tutor to the Prince of Bavaria—a man of vast acquirements, a graceful author, and one of the best musical amateurs; this worthy man revealed a new world to Stephen Heller, by initiating him into the sublime beauties of the compositions of Beethoven and of the other great masters; and, at the same time, by directing his course of reading, and making him understand that all arts depend upon one another, and that a true artist ought to know as much as possible of whatever there be remarkable in the literature of any country. A rich musical and literary library was at the disposal of the young artist, who plunged into it with rapidity. The artistic life of Stephen Heller may be dated from this time; he had already published in Germany some few works, the greater part of them variations on favorite airs, and had just given to the world a fantasia on a theme from *Zampa*, when his serious studies began to reward him. He then composed a scherzo (op. 7), and three im prompts (op. 8), which contrasted their slightly *bizarre* originality with his preceding works so much, that some *connoisseurs* would not believe that they emanated from the same author. These two works were sent in manuscript to Robert Schumann, of Leipzig, who had then begun his career, which has now become so brilliant; this composer was so much struck that he himself searched for a publisher; to accept the works of an author then so little known; at length Mr. Kistner, of Leipzig, published them in 1836, and the critics pronounced those works as promising better things in future. A little later his first sonata appeared (op. 9) at the same publisher's. Of this work Robert Schumann, in an article in *The Musical Gazette* of Leipzig, says (in his half-serious half-sarcastic manner), 'This work will not be much to the taste of certain organists and professors, but artists will be able to find something fresh and original in it.'

"The friendship of Comte de Fugger kept Stephen Heller at Augsburg until 1838, when this noble friend died, and plunged his young pupil into grief; he then quitted the town and went to Paris, where he has remained for twelve years.

"It was at this time that he made the acquaintance of the renowned violinist, Ernst, who interested himself immediately for an artist, in whose talent he discovered so much richness and originality.

"Discouraged as Heller was to find himself continually engaged in material wants, without means, without publishers, he began to lose all confidence in his talent. Ernst did his best to encourage him, and they became still more intimate. They united their efforts, and produced some compositions under the title of '*Pensées Fugitives*,' for the piano and violin, and at length, as true merit always ends in overcoming its obstacles, Stephen Heller became most popular in France and Germany, by means of a series of compositions, such as

'La Trinite,' 'La Tarantelle,' and his books of studies. The number of his works up to the present time amounts to seventy, of which the greater part is published at Weasel's.

"We will now say a few words upon the principal traits of Stephen Heller's talent, and upon the position that he holds amongst composers for the piano. The *bizarerie*, occasionally disagreeable, which sometimes accompanies original talent, injured the success of Stephen Heller's early works; but, dating from his first studies (op. 16) to his scherzo (op. 24), and then to his 'Caprice Symphonique' (op. 28), the idea, without ceasing to be original, becomes clearer, the formation of character more and more finished, and the style more simple.

"The German critics, at first harsh, while recognising in his works a true genius, grew warmer in his praise as his talent increased, and at last placed him at the head of modern *pianistes compositeurs*. They, nevertheless, reproached him, and not unjustly, for the great difficulty of his execution; but it is not of that species of difficulty which consists in an infinity of passages—single, double, or octaves, or of *lours de force*; the real difficulty of Heller's works is acquiring a knowledge of their character, a mixture of melancholy feeling and *naivete*, and a species of humorous thought, such as may be found in some German and English poets, as Jean Paul or Henri Heine, Sterne or Swift. We know that it is not easy to avoid falling into exaggeration, to be able to distinguish how delicate the touch should be, how true and simple the sentiment—free from all affectation, to render such thoughts as the author has conceived. In fine, the *morceaux* must be played by the author himself before we can appreciate all the details, the idea of which it is impossible to convey by the ordinary signs used in musical notation. If there be added to this a habit of writing fully and boldly, which continually occupies both hands, unexpected modulations, new traits, and a novelty of idea and rhythm, which at first sight seem quaint, but which become simple and clear after having heard them several times, then can we understand that Stephen Heller's music cannot be easy at first sight. We think that the English genius, which has so much connection with the German, is calculated to appreciate at its just value a talent of this kind, and we hope we are not mistaken in our expectation."

[We shall continue, from time to time, to present our readers with extracts from the columns of our cotemporaries, reserving for ourselves the right of difference on any and all the points they may discuss.—En. M. W.]

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S SOIREEs.

THE first of these came off on Tuesday, at the Beethoven Rooms, in Harley Street, before a numerous and fashionable audience. The following was the programme:—

PREMIERE PARTIE.

Grand Trio in B flat, Op. 97, Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, MM. Billet, Delloffe, and Rousselot - - - Beethoven.
Grand Air, *Der Freischutz*, Maillie, Magnier - - - Weber.
Sonata (in C major) Op. 38, Piano, M. A. Billet - - - Clementi.

2ME. PARTIE.

Grand Quatuor in B minor, Op. 3, Piano, Violin, Tenor, and Violoncello, MM. Billet, Delloffe, W. Blagrove, and Rousselot - - - Mendelssohn.
Ave Maria, Madrie, Magnier - - - Maurice Levy.
Romances sans Paroles, Venetian Barcarolle, 3me. livre, No. 5, du 2me. livre, and Spring Song, 2me. livre, Piano, M. A. Billet - - - Mendelssohn.
Marches pour Piano, à Quatre mains, MM. Levy and A. Billet - - - Beethoven.
Conductor - - - M. Levy.

M. Billet is a pianist of the true school, and with excellent

taste combines a great command of the instrument. The quartet of Mendelssohn is enormously difficult, especially the *scherzo* and *finale*, in which both hands are incessantly exercised upon rapid and intricate passages. M. Billet, however, found both the power and the stamina to accomplish his task with the utmost effect. The quartet was altogether a fine performance, and MM. Deloffre, W. Blagrove, and Rousselot, seconded the efforts of M. Billet in the most efficient manner.

We have to thank M. Billet for the sonata of Clementi and for the two marches of Beethoven, which were quite novelties to the greater part of his audience. The sonata of Muzio Clementi, though one of his least elaborate works, is a fine specimen of the master, and by his manner of playing it, M. Billet showed himself thoroughly conversant with the style of the learned old Italian. The marches are among the most elegant of the *bagatelles* of Beethoven. M. Maurice Levy, a very good pianist, took the first part, and the *ensemble* was perfect. We arrived too late for the trio, but we have heard it performed by M. Billet on a former occasion, and can speak confidently of the able and vigorous manner in which he executes it. That MM. Deloffre and Rousselot are masters of this high class of music, the Musical Union of Mr. Ella and the Beethoven Quartet Society can testify. Altogether the impression produced upon his audience (among whom were several eminent professors and critics) must have been highly gratifying to M. Billet.

Mdlle. Magnier has a beautiful and powerful *mezzo soprano* voice, and sings with energy and classical taste. She produced a great effect in the fine *scena* of Weber, and was equally at home in the "Ave Maria," of M. Levi, a composition of merit and gravity.

M. Billet's second *soirée*, at which he will play Mendelssohn's first trio, a sonata in A, by Pinto (Bravo! M. Billet), and other interesting works, is fixed for Monday week.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

A NEW three act comedy, entitled *Leap Year; or, the Ladies' Privilege*, was brought out on Tuesday evening, and achieved a complete success. The author is Mr. Buckstone, who has given so many popular pieces to the stage. This last production is certainly not the least meritorious of the numerous progeny of the writer. Mr. Buckstone, in his new drama, has shown his talent at higher quarry than is his wont. Heretofore he has restricted his pen to amusing curiousest of men and manners; to farcical displays of idiosyncratic character; or, at best, to the partial development of some domestic feeling, more as a contrast to the prevailing humour, than as of paramount importance in the piece; but in *Leap Year; or, the Ladies' Privilege*, he has made a grave and serious incident the groundwork of his plot—the pivot on which all the circumstances of the action turn. Mr. Buckstone wrote for the Haymarket company. He cut his coat according to his cloth: but his cloth being ample, he has not eviscerated his cutting in any part of the garment. The pick and choice of the Haymarket company are included in the cast of the new comedy. Mr. and Mrs. Kean, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Mr. Buckstone, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mr. Clark, Mrs. W. Clifford, &c. &c.

The argument of the story is simple, and is clearly detailed in the drama. Mrs. Flora Flowerdew (Mrs. Charles Kean), is a young widow who has been bequeathed by her husband a large fortune, on the express condition that she shall marry within a certain day. The scene opens three days before the appointed period, and the widow is placed in the

awkward dilemma of choosing some one she does not like, or yielding up her entire fortune. In this situation of affairs, Mrs. Flowerdew is assisted and advised by Miss Sally O'Leary (Mrs. Fitzwilliam), a raw importation from the Emerald Isle, who induces her to make trial between two connubial candidates, the one a cousin of her own, Mr. Dimple (Mr. Buckstone), a fast man of the time current; the other, a timid and superstitious valetudinarian and woman-hater, Sir Solomon Solus (Mr. Keeley), who would marry the widow only to escape from the persecutions of one Miss Desperate (Mrs. W. Clifford), who determines to carry him to the altar in spite of his teeth. Mrs. Flowerdew, more to please her Irish friend, and dally with the time, than from any anticipation of making a choice, plays and trifles with her two suitors, but in her heart she vows to resign her fortune sooner than marry with heart disengaged. But Love was nearer than she imagined. William Walker (Mr. Charles Kean), is her butler or head-servant; she has taken him without a character, and entertains a liking for him from the first moment. His attention and respectfulness amount to something approaching devotion. Every wish of the lady is anticipated, even to the minutest trifles. He watches and flies, foresees and performs. Never was butler so prophetic and so provident. But William Walker possesses more attractive qualities in the lady's eyes. He is clever, ready-witted, and an adorer of poetry, of which a well-stored memory supplies him with scraps to quote for every occasion. The lady's wonder is excited; and were it not for his too frequent instances of vulgarity of thought and manners, or at least solecisms of expression, she would be inclined to consider William Walker as having been reared in a very different sphere from what his position would indicate. Walker's attention, devotion, assiduity, and poetical quotations at length throw Mrs. Flora Flowerdew's heart in a ferment, and she owns to herself, with terror and despair, that she loves her own servant. A scene in which Mrs. Flowerdew combats with her feelings, and argues against her passion, is remarkably well written, and highly dramatic.

Finding that she cannot oppose the barriers of reason and pride with any hope of stemming the tide of love, she determines to confide all to her Irish friend, Miss Sally O'Leary, and consult with her as to the issue. A capital scene takes place between the two ladies, in which Mrs. Flora Flowerdew is on the point of acquainting Miss Sally O'Leary with her secret, when pride comes to her heart and stops her tongue. The nature and power displayed in this scene is a sight beyond Mr. Buckstone's known abilities, and would do no discredit to a writer of far higher pretensions. In the two scenes just named Mrs. Charles Kean acted with singular truthfulness and intensity. But to our story: Mrs. Flowerdew, after some hesitation, dismisses Walker from her service, and he leaves the house. She is subsequently induced to betray her secret to Miss O'Leary, who is rejoiced to find her friend has got a heart at all, and straightway counsels her to marry William Walker, both to please herself and save her fortune. After some consideration, and struggles with her pride, Mrs. Flowerdew at last consents. But then the question naturally arises, how can it be effected; for, as Mrs. Flowerdew says, "Walker will never ask me." "Then," says Miss O'Leary, "I will show you a precedent, and give you one into the bargain in my own person." Whereupon she takes up an old book, and reads the following extract from "An Act to amend the Laws of Courtship and Matrimony:—"

"Albeit it is now become part of the common law, in regard to the social relations of life, that as often as every Bessieite year doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege of making love unto the men, which

they do either by word or looks as unto them seemeth proper, and no man will be entitled to the benefit of clergy who doth refuse to accept the offer of a lady, or who doth in any wise treat her proposal with neglect or contumely."

The power of the act not appearing to show itself forcibly in the apprehension of her friend, Miss O'Leary determines to try the effect of example. Accordingly, taking advantage of the privileges of the Leap Year, as by law enacted, she professes her hand and heart to Mr. Dimple, who, something loath, at last consents. Having thus broken the ice, she contrives to bring Mrs. Flowerdew and William together, when a very exciting scene occurs, in which the lady, after ascertaining that William loves her, and has long adored her in silence, asks him to marry her, and, overcome by her emotions, rushes out of the room without waiting for his answer. The play draws to an end, but the *dénouement* is not yet disclosed. The hour has arrived in which Mrs. Flora Flowerdew must accept a husband, or resign her fortune. The relation, Mr. William Willoughby, on whom the fortune devolves in case of the non-fulfilment of the conditions of the will, suddenly arrives at the door, and demands entrance into the house to take an inventory of the things previous to entering into possession. A scuffle is heard without; and Mrs. Flowerdew desires William to go out and appease the tumult, by explaining the true circumstances of the case. William departs, and in a brief space of time a commotion is again heard, and a servant announces Mr. William Willoughby. The eyes of all present are turned on the new comer; and great is the surprise to find that William Walker is William Willoughby, and that he only assumed the garb and condition of a servant in the hope of gaining a heart under such circumstances as could leave him no doubt of the owner's affection. The play terminates with every gentleman asked by every lady to marry her, with the exception of Sir Solomon Solus, who, having received no female application, contents himself with providing the marriage certificates.

The comic portions of the drama, though long and amusing, are nothing more than fringes hung round the plot—the parsley concomitants round a dish of spiced tongue or ham. Mr. Buckstone had too many good people to write for; had too many good things to put in the good people's mouths; and had too many good scenes to bring in the good things that were to be put into the good people's mouths. It was a work of no small difficulty to write a part for Mr. Keeley, and a part for Mrs. Keeley, and a part for Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and a part for himself (Mr. Buckstone), to say nothing of a part for Mr. Selby; and give each of them several things to say which would conduce to risibility. Mr. Buckstone is not a Congreve, nor yet a Sir John Vanbrugh, nor even a Sheridan in wit; but he has a humour and shrewdness of his own, and withal a dramatic skill which few writers for the stage have surpassed. Although thrown into comparative obscurity by the leading incidents, the comic portions of *Leap Year* rarely fail to excite a laugh, and sometime displays ingenuity and felicity. The dialogue is for the most part smart and telling, and is always easy and applicable to the scene.

The characters by themselves are not entitled to high praise. Mr. Buckstone plays a fast man of the present day—as we are led to suppose from the fashion of his garments and his speech—who talks of casinos, latch-keys, and late hours, and who has little to recommend him excepting his impudence and coolness—two qualifications which Mr. Buckstone's talents as an actor cannot fail to render highly amusing.

Mr. Keeley, as Sir Solomon Solus, is still less happily fitted in his part. To see Keeley, however, play an old dotard, who

rejoices in doubtful nankeens and loose gaiters, who wears no wig but the scanty one God has left him, who is rolled on in a Bath chair, and is frightened at everything, is enough to excite laughter in the most imperturbable of audiences. Sir Solomon has little to do in the plot, and might be omitted without detriment.

Mrs. Keeley plays Mrs. Crisp, the ancilla, or waiting maid to Mrs. Flora Flowerdew. This character is smart enough, but Mr. Buckstone has committed a great mistake in allowing Mrs. Crisp to talk at one time in the language of a Mrs. Malaprop, and at another in that of an accomplished linguist.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam has a good part to play in Sally O'Leary; but, unfortunately, in endeavouring to render it Irish, she has made it vulgar. We know something of Irish life, and we never yet heard a lady in any sphere of life—for ladies are brought up very differently in different spheres—give vent to such exclamations as "Och!"—"towld!"—"cowl!"—"spake!"—"darlint," and such like. Besides, Mrs. Fitzwilliam's brogue was much too coarse for any female beyond the pale of the cotter or the bog-trotter. It fell neither racy nor natural from her lips, and smacked more of candle than buttermilk. The character, nevertheless, was played with much acuteness and point, and is the best written in the piece.

There is a Captain Mouser, an upstart military man, played by Mr. Selby, with spasmodic gestures and gentish animation. This gentleman figures to small advantage in the plot. Mr. Clark personates a lipping page with some effect, and Mrs. W. Clifford elevates Miss Desperate to an importance refused her by the author.

These are the comic and minor personages of the piece; and of how little value they are to the development of the story may be gathered from the fact, that in our argument they have scarcely been alluded to.

The hero—William Walker—is drawn with much skill and some felicity. We make this distinction, because we consider the character more a tool in the hands of the dramatist than a happy exemplification of any sterling quality. In order to bring his heroine's trials to the utmost proof, the author seems to have found it necessary to render his hero cold-blooded and impenetrable, and merciless even when he could save. In truth, the character of William Walker is sufficiently repulsive throughout, and he excites not the least interest until the end, when he comes in, throwing his former self aside, and having doffed his livery, appears in a white waistcoat and clean clothes. There is a good deal, however, in William Walker to bring out the actor, and Mr. Charles Kean made the most of every available point.

Whatever fault we may find in William Walker, we have none whatever to discover in Mrs. Flora Flowerdew, the heroine. A more interesting character has rarely appeared in a three-act comedy. The entire attention of the author seems to have been bestowed upon her. She is at once clever and amiable, trustful and fond, generous and proud, high-minded and lowly, heedless of herself, and mindful of all others. That she is full of innocence as well as feeling, must be gathered from her falling in love with a person of such seeming questionable qualities as William Walker. But her very credulity is her praise—she trusts to the impressions of her heart, and would follow its dictates. The struggle between her pride and love is depicted with truthfulness and power; and, although the scenes in which these struggles are manifested remind us of similar passages in the *Hunchback*, they have a force and truth of their own not to be disputed. In the performance of Mrs. Flora Flowerdew, Mrs. Charles Kean greatly distinguished herself. In the lighter portions of the

play, she was lady-like and elegant. One comic scene—the pretended courtship between Mrs. Flowerdew and Mr. Dimple—was acted to perfection. Nothing could be more true to the situation. The scenes between Mrs. Flowerdew and Sir Solomon Solus, were also given with infinite comic spirit. We have already alluded to the principal serious scenes of the drama. In these, Mrs. Charles Kean exhibited all her energy and passion, and gained immense applause. We can hardly call to mind any new part in which Mrs. Charles Kean produced a more evident impression. The character is admirably suited to her; and nothing proves Mr. Buckstone's talents as a dramatist more than his skill in investing his heroine with those traits of pathos and gentleness, in the embodiment of which the fair actress has obtained so high a reputation.

The drama was put upon the stage with the utmost completeness. The scenes consisted of two drawing rooms at Mrs. Flowerdew's. The furniture was beautiful and costly, and the arrangements admirable at all points. The dresses were all new. Mr. Webster has spared no expense in getting up Mr. Buckstone's new comedy. He anticipated a great success, and has not been disappointed.

Everybody was called for at the end, and *Leap Year* was announced for repetition every evening amid loud and prolonged acclamations.

PRINCESS'S.

The present Pantomime Season promises to be as successful as that of last year. The theatre has been filled every night; and whether the performance was Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, or Mr. Schira's *Mina*, the receipts amounted to much the same. The pantomime is, no doubt, the great attraction, and a capital pantomime it is, full of good singing and good hits, containing some of the best worst puns ever made, admirably worked in the machinery, excellently painted, with a first rate Clown—a very first rate, yeelp Flexmore—a fast Harlequin, and a tough Pantaloon. Now, what more were wanting,

In the season when pants the heart for fun,
to attract others besides

The heartless, the thoughtless, the free—

and to swell the coffers of the treasury? of a verity, nothing; or at least not much more. But somehow we find that however full a vessel may be, a quota may be added. The Princess's Theatre has been crowded every night during the run of the pantomime, but by far the greatest house of the season, not excepting Boxing-night, was on Thursday, when Macfarren's new opera, *King Charles the Second*, was re-performed, after it had been laid aside for more than a month.

The music of *King Charles the Second* was never listened to with graver attention, and never afforded more general delight than it did on Thursday evening. Even the pantomime-seekers were pleased, and joined lustily in the applauses and encores. The artists acquitted themselves better than ever, the chorus was more steady, the band more correct, and the conductor more painstaking. We have no hesitation in saying, that the performance was superior to any which had gone before.

Miss Louisa Pyne sang most deliciously throughout. She appears to have gained more force latterly in her upper voice, as was especially shewn in the quartet, "Oh, father, prove not so unkind," and in the finale in the first act. We have no doubt that her singing three or four times a-week only, in place of six, has tended to strengthen and improve her organ.

Madame Macfarren, who had not appeared since the last representation of *King Charles the Second*, was received with

general and genial warmth, and obtained a loud encore in the first song, the exquisite ballad, "She shines before me like a star," to which her graceful and unaffected singing, and her admirable style, well entitled her. She was also encored in the captivating duet, "O, blest are young hearts," with Miss Pyne, a most charming specimen of ensemble singing on the part of the two fair artists. Madame Macfarren has made great advances as an actress. She gains more ease and more self-possession with every successive performance.

Mr. Harrison sang exceedingly well, and acted with unusual animation and volatility of spirits. He makes a capital Jack Tar. Mr. Weiss was in splendid voice, and was encored in "Nan of Battersea." This gentleman appears thoroughly to feel and thoroughly to appreciate Mr. Macfarren's music. This is one cause of his success in Captain Copp. He does the comic business soundly and right merrily.

Mrs. Weiss also merits a word for her more than usually careful rendering of the difficult music of the Queen.

The madrigal, very finely sung, was encored with great applause. The encores amounted to six in all—a very fair amount for a pantomime night, when so many of the auditors are impatient and irksome for the commencement of the Christmas fun.

King Charles the Second is announced for to-night and Monday, and, most probably, will be played three times a-week.

The *Fal d'Andorre*, we hear, is in rehearsal, and a new opera by Mr. Schira is talked of.

ST. JAMES'S.

OPERA COMIQUE.—On Wednesday last, Herold's popular opera of *Zampa*, the libretto by M. de Mélesville, was produced at this theatre with the most decided success. The opera was got up with the utmost attention both as to the cast and the scenic effects, with perhaps the sole exception of the part of Alphonse, which was too much for M. Killy Leroy, and should have rather been entrusted to M. Lac. *Zampa* is decidedly the *chef-d'œuvre* of the master; we find in it unmistakable proofs of originality of conception and design, an evident desire to shake off some of the trammels of the old school of the Opera Comique, and enlarge its capabilities, and at the same time a rich fund of melody, with a profound knowledge of musical combinations and orchestral effects. In his desire to be original, Herold has, perhaps, at times, outstepped the limits of contrapuntal rules, and risked certain modulations not quite in keeping with the laws of harmony, leaving the ear painfully uncertain as to the key;* but such slight blemishes are redeemed by beauties of a very high order, and a certain degree of novelty not always unpleasant even in its irregularity. This opera was first produced in Paris, in 1831, and the part of the hero was written expressly for M. Chollet, then in the zenith of his fame, that of the heroine being played by Madame Casimir, who shortly after retired from the stage.

The libretto is of the Don Giovanni school, and cannot lay claim to much originality either in the incidents or construction of the plot; but the dialogue is neatly put together, and the individuality of the personages well contrasted and maintained throughout. The moral of the story is evident, being the triumph of Divine justice over a hardened and impenitent profligate. A short analysis of the canvass on which M. de Mélesville has worked out this moral may perhaps amuse our readers, and serve as a justification to our opinion of its merits. The nuptial ceremony between Camille, the daughter

* We beg leave respectfully to differ from our worthy and esteemed contributor. We heard no such defiance of the rules of modulation.—Ed.

of Lugano, a rich merchant of Sicily, and Alphonse de Monza, a young officer ruined by the vices of an elder brother, are about to be solemnized, but the arrival of Zampa, under an assumed name, forces the young lady to alter her resolution, and retract her promise. Zampa has carried off Lugano, and he arrives at the villa in the hope of extorting an enormous ransom as the price of his liberty; but, on seeing Camille, he becomes enamoured of her, and insists on her marrying him. She obeys, after a long resistance. But the statue, who is no other than a victim of the pirate's early profligacy, and who is esteemed and venerated as a saint in the country, interferes at the proper moment, and, like the Commander in *Don Giovanni*, carries off the seducer, we know not where; but all we care to know is, that he disappears, led off the back of the stage by a person in white, and the lovers are united, as if nothing particular had happened. Such is a slight outline of the plot: but on this canvass, which is of very doubtful quality, although there are several good situations, the composer has written some of the most sparkling and delightful music we ever heard.

The overture is a brilliant compound of lively dashing airs, some of which re-appear at intervals throughout the opera, and is too well known in England to require any comment. The first act abounds in beauties, and opens with a chorus—"Danae présente que de magnificence," of a lively character, which was rendered with much spirit, and evoked most careful training in the executants. The air sung by Camille (Mdlle. Charton), "A ce bonheur suprême," is a graceful and pretty melody, and the *complainte* in which Camille explains to Alphonse the legend attached to the statue of Alice, the burden of which is found in the overture, is exquisitely plaintive and melodious. The trio which follows "Qu'as-tu donc?" in which Dandolo (M. Chateaufort) attempts to explain his interview with the stranger, and the duet which ensues on the appearance of Zampa (M. Chollet) in person, are excessively well put together and admirably descriptive of the poor bell-ringer's terror, the audacity of Zampa, and the awe inspired by his presence to the two women. The acting of Mdlles. Charton and Guichard, and that of Memsrs. Chollet and Chateaufort, contributed in no small measure to the effect produced, and made one of the best scenes we remember on any stage. The first act terminates with a chorus of pirates, in which Zampa sings a most spirited song, accompanied by the chorus, "Que la vague écumeante," and terminates by the terror of the pirates, awe-struck at the sacrifice of their captain, who plights his faith to the statue. This finale contains some striking effects, and evinces considerable dramatic feeling in the composer.

In the second act, we have also several melodies and concerted pieces of undoubted merit, among which we may mention the opening chorus, "Aux pieds dala Madone;" Zampa's air, "Il faut soulever à mes loix;" and the duet between Rita and Dandolo, "Juste ciel—ah! grand Dieu!" which latter is one of Herold's happiest inspirations, and perhaps the most piquant piece of the whole opera. Mdlle. Guichard and M. Soyér deserve great praise both for their singing and acting, and elicited much applause, which they well deserved. The finale of the second act is also well put together, and contains a beautiful melody in E major, 6-8 time, sung by Zampa, "Donce Jouvencelle." The third act has been injudiciously curtailed; it now contains little beyond the *complainte* of the first act, and a cavatina in the finale, "Pourquoi trembler," sung by Zampa.

Mdlle. Charton was in good voice and sang her best; she also acted the part of Camille with much tenderness and

passion. Mdlle. Guichard proved herself a most intelligent and clever artist; the part of Rita could not have found a more lively and intelligent interpreter. M. Chollet proved how much can be done by a good artist, who knows how to turn his means to the best advantage, and who is moreover a finished actor. The part of Zampa was a very trying one for him, even twenty years ago, and, in undertaking it now, M. Chollet risked comparisons which might have injured his present popularity, but we are happy to say that he got over the ordeal with great credit to himself and earned the sympathy of the whole house. M. Chateaufort was greeted as an old acquaintance; we were pleased to see him; he acted the part of Dandolo with infinite humour, his by-play was excellent, and he kept the house in continual laughter whenever he appeared. M. Killy Leroy, as we have said before, was but indifferent, both as an actor and singer. The house was crowded. J. DE C.—

THE PROGRESS AND INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

NO. I.

(From the Morning Post.)

THE projected establishment of a national opera, upon what it is hoped will prove a permanent basis, is a fact of so much public importance, that we feel bound to say a few words upon that subject specially—as also upon the progress and influence of music generally. No art to which only last season no less than five of our principal theatres were devoted, besides the usual Exeter Hall, Hanover-square, and other concerts—which is taught to all our schools, received into all families, has its professorships at the great universities, and is honoured by the marked patronage of Her Gracious Majesty—must be admitted to exercise a powerful influence upon the public mind, if not to form a necessary element of education. As bad music vitiates the mind in the same degree with bad poetry and painting, and must be equally prejudicial to our national taste and degrading to our character, it is of paramount importance that such clear and accurate ideas of the art be given to the public as shall enable them to judge betwixt the true and false, in order that, detecting and rejecting the latter with uncompromising consistency, they may receive and reward only the former, under whatever circumstances it may be brought before them, and without reference to name or country. The importance of anything which occupies so large an amount of public attention as does the art of music at this moment, from the peer to the peasant, cannot be doubted, or its influence denied. Let it not then be imagined that it is of no consequence what kind of music be given to the people, for there all the consequence lies. A nation's taste in literature and the fine arts must ever be taken as an indication of the actual state of its intelligence and refinement; and we feel convinced that a love for the vile and mean in art will always be found associated with a very low intellectual and moral status. Music, like every other art, has two sides: the one, corrupt and enervating in its influence—the other, elevating and ennobling; the one breathing a sallow-pasty spirit of sickly sentimentality and incomprehensible transcendentalism—the other uttering truth to the heart in tones at once of simple grandeur and angelic sweetness.

The radical cause of the defective state of public taste is to be found in the ignorant and unscientific system of musical instruction practised by most of our professors. If pupils were taught from the commencement to understand and appreciate the great masters, the judgment of the informed and honest critic would no longer appear prejudiced and pedantic, the man of true genius no longer be allowed to pine in indigence, or the charlatan to fatten on the bounty of the great. The odium of bad taste, then, should fall most properly on those who inculcate it. The amount of trash with which the pianos of our young ladies are covered is inconceivable. "Butterfly Polkas," "Elephant Polkas," "Row Polkas," with incoherent fantasias upon so-called popular opera or ballet tunes, and impossible variations upon insignificant themes, form their instrumental *répertoire*; whilst their vocal is made up of modern Italian opera airs, and heart-rending native ballads, which

speak of "Days that are faded," "Meeting people in crowds," and "Daring to love" somebody. In this deplorable state of affairs, created by unconsciousness and ignorant artists, encouraged by music publishers, and sanctioned by the press, how are the pure and intellectual beauties of the great masters to be understood and loved? It is only by listening attentively to the opinions of those who have devoted their lives to the serious study of their art, weighing well their arguments, and taking every opportunity of hearing and practising those great works which they must eventually learn to understand and reverence. It is possible for the ear to have been so educated to good music as to enable it easily to distinguish between good and bad; but as knowledge (if, indeed, it can be so called) acquired in this way must necessarily be very vague and inaccurate, it is desirable that persons interested in the art should devote a little time to the examination and analysis of the comparative merits of eminent writers, in order that they may know why and in what respect one differs from or is superior to another, and be able to give a satisfactory reason for their judgment and preference. There is a reason for everything; and the beauties of art are as susceptible of proof as any other, if we but seek with diligence and discernment. It must, therefore, be our business to discover the *principles* upon which the great masters worked; and, as truth is immutable, we shall find one grand principle of "variety in unity" running through all great works, whether in poetry, painting, sculpture, or music. Any one possessing the requisite knowledge of one of these arts, may, reasoning by analogy, arrive at the truth with regard to the others. If fine works were the result of chance or mere inspiration, there would be no such thing as improvement; which theory would be utterly opposed to the evidence of facts, which proves the gradual and progressive development of all the arts from infancy to maturity.

The music of the early composers sounds vague and formal to a modern ear, yet theirs was the solid foundation upon which their successors wrought, and without a Guido d'Arezzo, Palestrina, Caldara, Prentiss, and Fux, we should have had no Handels, Haydns, Mozarts, or Beethovens. The rigid system of counterpoint invented and enforced by the former forms the basis of the style of the latter, which they have carried to the last degree of perfection, with such developments and modifications as a fuller comprehension of the subject suggested to them. The influence of deep contrapuntal study is to be found in the works of all the greatest masters; and although they have broken through the strictness of some early rules, which prohibited the use of this or that interval, and destroyed the arbitrary distinctions between the strict and free styles, yet, as an indispensable discipline of the mind, they have all admitted its power, and submitted (at least for a time) to its restrictions; and to this course of study is to be ascribed the almost perfect vocalities of their part writing. The practice of simple counterpoint has undergone some changes, consequent upon the introduction of novel combinations (no less than nine chords at present in use having been unknown or unpractised before the eighteenth century), and the extended cultivation of singers, who can now take most of the intervals, particularly after hearing them upon an instrument, with faultless intonation. But the doctrine of invertible harmony (double counterpoint), the ground-work of fine writing, and the very key-stone of the much-desired "variety in unity," remains to us in all its original force. To make our meaning clear, we will borrow some illustrations of the "variety in unity" principle from the sister arts. We find, for instance, in the *Othello* of Shakspeare the principle of *jealousy*, which is the subject of the play, in a gradual state of development, and surrounded by accessory ideas growing out of the subject, yet never interfering with, but always increasing, its interest. In a picture by Michael Angelo, we see a subject surrounded by objects various in their forms, but still conceived with perfect unity of design, and which increase, but by no means divide, the interest which the subject creates; they are rendered subservient to the general effect. Precisely the same principle is to be found in all truly great musical works; and this principle, which we shall term *classical*, must exist, however forms may differ. Without it we have "a thing of shreds and patches"—a mass of incongruous ideas, which would gain their *Andreas corpus* from any musical cuth in Christendom. Judging from the present state of music, both at home and abroad, it is indeed truly hard to say what the art will ultimately come to.

That everything resembling purity of style and grandeur of form and conception is rapidly disappearing, and that a school founded in truth and beauty is giving way before one of "effects" and incomprehensible extravagance, we fear is too evident. That the art reached its highest point with Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and has since been declining, there can be no doubt, unless we are prepared to assert that the music of Mendelssohn or Spohr is greater than that of the mighty "Ton Dieher." Modern mechanical science, however, has invented and perfected several orchestral instruments unknown in the time of the greatest master, and the use or misuse of these (especially the brass), and their increased facilities of execution, must have a powerful influence one way or the other upon modern composition and taste. Unfortunately, they have as yet been employed only by ignorant pretenders, who think through their boisterous agency to conceal the poverty of their invention, and the absence of all the highest attributes of musicianship. These persons, who take quietness for beauty, and noise for grandeur, are among the most dangerous corruptors of public taste. At the same time it must be admitted that a wide field has been opened to the aspiring composer for the display of his genius, where he may traverse untrodden paths with glory to himself and benefit to the art, if he but make a right use of the extended means within his reach. Novel combinations of instruments, and a due appreciation of the "ton-farbe," or colour the tone derives from the nature of the instrument employed, may be made to impart freshness even to a stale idea; and although "we are not so nice to change true rules for odd inventions," still we cannot reasonably object to experiments being tried in the new world of sound. If the result be satisfactory to the musician, the point is settled; a discovery has been made, and something is gained for the art. It may be useful, however, to the student to reflect that a simple phrase by any of the great masters, scored for the ordinary instruments, conveys more breadth and grandeur to the mind than could an army of ten thousand trombones, cornets, and ophicleides, bellowing forth some modern puerility. Mozart and Beethoven, in their grandest works, made a very sparing use of the brass instruments at their command. In the heroic symphony, for instance, Beethoven has used but *three horns* and two trumpets; and Mozart, in his *Idomeneo* (one of his loftiest inspirations), only four horns, two trumpets, and three trombones; the latter being used for a special effect, to accompany the divine sentence upon Idomeneo. The student must also reflect that the dexterous use of the brass instrument is frequently, though not necessarily, found associated with a very low degree of invention and very paltry musicianship. He will find by investigation that these instruments can only be judiciously employed in producing contrasts, which must not be too frequent or too violent, or a great principle of truth and beauty is violated; that they are very unmanageable, and still very imperfect; and he will recognise as a truth, that it is more glorious to produce a great effect with *small* means than to reverse the process. The spirit in which the projected national opera is to be conducted will be of the utmost importance to the progress of music amongst us; and every man who loves the art looks with anxiety to the proceedings of the committee. In that opera-house we shall expect to hear the greatest works the country can produce. By the reception which those works meet with from the public and press we shall be enabled to judge pretty accurately how far we have advanced in error or are reverting back to a pure taste. We would, however, implore our young composers to eschew the servile imitations to which they are addicted; to study *constantly* and *deeply* the principles of the art; to strive to attain a complete mastery of the *means*; and to make the great masters their model in the true sense of the word. All the weakness we at present remark in them, and the tendency to lean on somebody, is more the result of a want of knowledge than of talent. To convey our ideas to others exactly as we conceived them, in all their originality, is one of the greatest difficulties in music (as in all other arts), and demands a much higher amount of knowledge than is generally to be found in young writers. A musical work conceived without the requisite knowledge of means must either turn out an abortion, or the bewildered composer, finding himself at a loss, flies to other writers for examples; and not, perhaps, discovering at the moment anything which immediately applies to his case, is forced to alter his conception to suit the taste of his knowledge; and thus

is obliged, not from want of ideas, but the power of *expressing* them, to give a work to the public which is truly not his own. The fact is that a really great work must be conceived with a *full knowledge of means*. The grandest conceptions are only engendered by great knowledge; and, with a true artist, conception and execution should be included in one act of the mind. Let our composers, then, study deeply the theory and principles of their art, making the great masters their model, with regard to whom we could say to them, "Nocturni versate manu, versate diurna." They will there see the application of the principles, and learn to think and feel for themselves. The importance of the *libretti* to which our composers are to write cannot be over-estimated, and that the vile doggerel which has hitherto been allowed to pollute opera books may be at once and for ever condemned and discarded is a "commutation devoutly to be wished." The commercial views of music-publishers must no longer be permitted to influence the proceedings of managers, who must bear in mind that a work may be very attractive to the public without being made, like the barber's razors, "to sell." A national opera is a subject of public interest, and the dignity of art must not be invaded, or the taste of the nation libelled, to oblige any firm, however influential. We shall continue to watch the proceedings of the National Opera Committee, and—

"Still pleased to praise, though not afraid to blame,"

shall unhesitatingly expose any abuse which may come under our notice.

In conclusion, we call upon our artists to be true to themselves; to follow resolutely what they *know* to be right; to allow no intrigue or indolence to turn them from the difficult but direct path which leads to fame and honour for themselves and their country. In the words of Dante, we will say to the aspiring student—

"Sequi il tuo corso, e lascia dir le genti,
Sta come Torre ferma che non crolla,
Giannai la lima per soffiar di venti."

If these injunctions be followed, we do not despair of seeing at last a national opera worthy of the British nation.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. AND MRS. DONALD KING AND MR. BORRANI have commenced an engagement at the theatre for a fortnight, and have already appeared in the *Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana*. The operas have not been so well done as usual—inferior, in fact, to anything of the sort we have had at our Theatre Royal for some time past—but perhaps they will please better next week, when *Haydée* is to be given for the first time in this town. The Pantomime, one of the best that has ever been seen in Liverpool, draws immensely; its success is likely to remunerate our spirited manager, Mr. Copeland, for the expense he has incurred since he undertook the direction of one of the finest theatres in the provinces.

Miss Anne Romer took her farewell of her numerous admirers here last Friday, at the Concert Hall, where she appeared at a concert with some infant prodigies, except "The Fairy Minstrels." Though the concert was hurriedly got up, and little publicity had been given to it, yet the hall was attended by a highly respectable audience, who encored our favourite *prima donna* in almost all her songs. She sang "Black-eyed Susan," "Home, sweet Home," and other favourite *morceaux*, with her usual skill and taste, and was enthusiastically cheered at the conclusion of the concert. Miss Anne Romer is a living contradiction of the old saw, a "prophet has no honour in his own country." I believe that she will appear, with some members of her family, in a series of operas at one of our theatres next Easter. I hope this is true, for up to the present time her efforts on the stage have been greatly, almost completely, marred by the inefficiency of the other members of the operatic corps. The Philharmonic Society gave another concert in their new hall last Monday. The vocalists were Miss Dolby, Madame de Manara, and Miss Belle; Mr. F. Robinson, Mr. W. Robinson, Mr. J. Robinson, Mr. Yoskie, of Dublin, and Mr. J. Robinson, of Liverpool. The instrumentalists were, Mrs. Joseph Robinson, of Dublin, pianoforte; and Mr. Percival, flute. Mr. E. F. Smith presided at the pianoforte. The attendance was not numerous.

Blowitt, Templeton, and John Parry, have all concerts announced for this next week. One of our local journals, *The Albion*, states positively in his last two numbers, that Jenny Lind will sing in Liverpool in the course of next month. Perhaps he is right, and perhaps he is not. It would not be polite to contradict him.

Mrs. H. Beale, the pianist, gave the second of a series of four concerts, at the Royal Assembly Rooms, on Tuesday, to a select, though not very numerous, audience. The programme consisted of selections from the classical authors of the day, embracing a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Beethoven, and a quartet for two violins, viola, and violoncello, by Mendelssohn. The instrumentalists were Messrs. J. Z. Hermann and Lawson (violins), Messrs. Haddock and Saunders (violoncello), Mr. Adelsbeag (viola), and Mrs. Beale (pianoforte). The second part opened with Mendelssohn's duet in D (*for Violin*) for pianoforte and violoncello, performed by Mrs. Beale and Mr. Haddock.

The Philharmonic Society have announced a grand ball, to take place in a few days, which will be so arranged as to permit the juveniles to participate in the pleasures of dancing. They have also stated their intention to issue season tickets for a series of concerts, which will be a great convenience both to the society and the public, since those who choose to avail themselves of the tickets may not only have the privilege of *entrées* but select particular seats for the entire series.

Four more performances have been given at the Collegiate Institution since I last wrote, leaving six to terminate the series. The *Creation* drew a large audience, and the miscellaneous concerts have been respectively attended. The pecuniary result of these *sociétés*, it is understood, will enable the directors to accomplish their purpose of relieving their noble organ from debt. Miss H. Taylor, Miss Collins, Mr. Miranda, and Mr. W. H. Seguin have been the principal singers. This evening *Judas Maccabeus* will be given. The chorus, as in the *Messiah*, was so excellent as again to win the marked approval of the eminent conductor, Sir H. R. Bishop. The accompaniments on the organ and pianoforte have been played by Mr. C. F. Smith; and Spohr's *averture* to the *Last Judgment*, by Mr. W. Rogers and himself, was a great treat.

J. H. N.

JULLIEN IN GLASGOW.

(From our own Correspondent.)

We have had the pleasure of a visit from M. Julien, accompanied by his excellent orchestra and the renowned Madlle. Jetty Treffz. The programme presented the usual novelties, which were first produced at the popular concerts at Drury Lane Theatre, and have since gone the round of the provinces. The concert commenced with Rossini's overture to *Guillaume Tell*, which was dashing played. A new set of quadrilles, "The Hungarians," is very pretty, and abounds with those sparkling effects with which Julien so well knows how to charm the ears and the understandings of the novelty-seeking public. The variations were played by Collins (violin), Jennings (oboe), Collinet (raginet), Sonnenberg (clarinet), and Koenig (cornet), who exhibited the talent which has won for each his respective eminence. "The Cossack Polka," "Raw Polka," "Chataine Polka," "Wild Flower Waltz," with a selection from *Don Juan*, were the other principal features of the instrumental part of the concert. There has been great curiosity amongst the musical and non-musical inhabitants of Glasgow to hear and see Madlle. Jetty Treffz. She was greeted on her appearance in the orchestra with several rounds of applause. But as all things must come to an end, so at last did the applause; and as one thing begins as soon as another ends, when the applause subsided, Madlle. Jetty Treffz began to sing. Mozart's *aria* "Vedrai carino" was selected for her first *morceau*, which *chef d'œuvre* of vocal melody she sung so delightfully that she at once enlisted all hands and all hearts in her favour. Kücken's characteristic *lied*, "Trab, trab, trab," next announced, was sung next accordingly, and enthusiastically encored, and one of our most popular national ditties, "Coming through the rye," substituted. If ever you have attended a concert in the "Land o' Cakes," you can easily picture to yourself the sensation produced on us when we were made aware (by the introductory symphony) that we were going to hear one of our most favourite "tunes" from the lips of such a pretty foreign warbler as Madlle. Jetty Treffz. Wholly un-

prepared for such a compliment to our nationality, we were not a little flattered by the sympathy which had prompted Madlle. Treffz to study our Scottish melody and dialect—a task not to be accomplished by a stranger without considerable difficulty. In the second part, a new ballad, "My bright Savoy," by "Angelina," a clever and touching composition, which I hope to hear frequently, was most favourably received. After this came a Venetian air, "Io voglio"—another uncompromising encore. The audience were determined to have something more. They did not care what so that Madlle. Jetty Treffz was the singer. The gifted little German is certainly the most good-natured "prima donna" in the world. Although she had already sung no less than five times, she cheerfully came forward for the sixth, and gave Sir Henry Bishop's Anglo-Spanish ballad "Home, sweet home." The public fully appreciated her kindness, and evinced their appreciation in a manner that I think must have been thoroughly satisfactory to the artist. If it would not be drawing too largely on your time, would you be kind enough to give an old Scot, a hearty lover of national songs of every clime, some idea of the number of languages Madlle. Jetty Treffz is prepared to sing in? I observe that upon every occasion of an encore, a song in another language is substituted, of course in quite another style. During this concert she sang in English, Scotch, Italian, and German. Can she sing in Irish and Welsh? I hardly doubt it. She appears to be able to do everything. The songs of Mozart, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Spohr, and other great masters, appear to be as much at her command as the natural ballads to which she gives a physiognomy at once so national and simple; she has quite established her reputation in this town, as I have no doubt she will in every other that she may visit in Scotland, as one of the most unaffected and charming singers we have heard. The Concert Hall was crowded in every part, and was attended by the most respectable families in this part of the country. M. Julien was immensely applauded on his entrance and at the conclusion of the concert. M. Julien has announced another concert to take place on Saturday evening. Should anything occur worthy your notice I will inform you of it.

MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

(Continued from page 4.)

Cor. Where had you this black?

Jac. I bought him at the Porto Santo.

Cor. Methinks he is a better-favoured Moor than ordinary.

Jac. Aye, sir,—his nose is not so flat as most of theirs, and he has not altogether such a black mossy pate. *Old Play.*

Facile divinam non fuisse Poetam.

ERASMUS. *Controversium Poeticum.*

La plupart des hommes sont riches d'une suffisance étrangère.

MONTAIGNE, *lib. cap. 8.*

ΗΘΑΙ. Εωρακα εν Απολλωνι το της Μαιας Βριφος το αρι τεχθεν, δι καλον τι εντι και προγαλα πασι, και δελοι τι ηδη δι μαγα αγαθον αποδοσωμεν!

ΑΠΙ. Εκαστο γε φυ Βριφος, εν Ηοσιετι, ε' μαγα αγαθον ε' του Ιασητου προεβητορον αστιν οταν εν τη πασηοριε. * * * οντας ολχηρη εντι πασηοριε εν τη γαστρι εκμελεσται της κλαυτιγης. *LUCIAN.*

If, to pull off the mask from an *Impositor*, and detect him in his native colours to the view of a long-deluded public, may be looked upon as a service to mankind (as it certainly is), a better opportunity never can offer itself. *SMART. Preface to the Hiliad.*

Fur avare librorum.—*MARTIAL.*

Scriptores nostri quovia è genere librorum, etiam non optimorum, aucupantur uttalem aliquam, et omnes undique foscules delibant que ferè pacto principes olim poetarum legere se gemmas ex Enniano stercore dicebat.—*VATARIO. De lud. dict.*

His vaine in verse was such,
so stately eke his style,

His feat in forging sugred songs

with clean and curious file,

As all the learned Greeks

and Romaines would repine

If they did live again to view

his verse with careful eye.

[*G. TURBENVILLE. Songs and Sonnets, 1570.*

What trick, what device, what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV.*

The third rule of plagiarism is short and simple. It consists in merely copying entire lines from your predecessor, without hesitation, acknowledgment, or thanks. Sam Rogers is potent in this line. *Ex. gra.*

ROGERS.

In him the rays of virtue shine.

Evidently copied from Pope's reflection on Wolsey:—

Through him the rays of regal bounty shine.

ROGERS.

The sage's and the poet's theme,

In every clime, in every age.

PORR. *Universal Prayer.*

In every age,

In every clime adored,

By assist, by savage, and by sage.

ROGERS.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch,

Shall twitter from her clay-built nest.

GRAY.—*Elegy.*

The swallow twittering from her clay-built nest.

The author of *Tam O'Shanter*, too, has a thought of rather doubtful origin, which may be almost classed under this rule:—

BUANS.

Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,

And then she made the laases, O.

Boccaccio.—*Nov. vi. 6th Day.*

I have only to show, in order to gain my question, that the Barocci family is the most ancient of all others. You must understand, therefore, that they were formed when *Nature was in its infancy, and before she was perfect at her work*; and that the rest of mankind were all created afterwards.

Let us see how Tommy deals with this rule of priggling.

MOORE. *Corruption.*

And the duped people hourly doomed to pay,

The sums that bribe their liberties away,

Like a young eagle who has lent his plume;

To pludge the shaft by which he meets his doom;

See their own feathers plucked to wing the dart,

That rank corruption destined for their heart.

HOWELL. *On Master Fletcher.*

England, like Lucian's eagle with an arrow,

Of her own plumes piercing her heart quick throw.

GILES FLETCHER. *Christ's Victory.*

How many darts made fowls in his side,

When she, that out of his own side was made,

Gave feather to their fight.

K. PHILLIPS. *On Controversies in Religion.*

Religion, which true policy befriends,

Designed by God to serve man's noblest ends,

Is, by that old deceiver's subtle play,

Made the chief party in its own decay;

And meets that eagle's destiny, whose breast

Felt the same shaft which his own feathers dress'd.

WALLER.

The eagle's fate and mine are one,

On the shaft that made him die,

Escap'd a feather of his own,

Wherewith he went to soar on high.

BYRON.—*English Bards.*

So the struck eagle stretched upon the plain,

No more through rolling clouds to soar again,

View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,

And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart;

Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel

He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,

While the same plumage that had warmed his nest

Drank the last life drop of his bleeding breast.

This is cool robbing, no doubt. But here are two more instances.

MOORE.—*Little's Poems.*
The angels shall help me to sheelde
I'll swear upon every one
That e'er danced on the point of a needle.

The little chap cannot even swear an oath without stealing it. This is from—

BUTLER.—*Satires.*
 And hangs his soul upon as nice
 And subtle curiosities,
 As one of that vast multitude
 That on a needle's point have stood.

MOORE.—*Of Fox.*
Thou on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom, hung.

The authoress of *Psyche* wrote the original of these lines in a copy of that work which had once belonged to Fox.

MR. TIGHE.
 And still delighted fancy loves to see
 The flattering smile which prompt indulgence might
 (Even when he read what lowliest muse could write)
 Have hung upon that lip whose melody
Truth, sense, and liberty, have called their own.

The fourth rule of plagiarism is to give the converse of the stolen thought;—a safe enough way of pillaging an unfortunate man of genius. Thus Pope tells us,

Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen.

This is the thought inverted of

CICERO.—*De Officiis.*
Formam quidem ipsam et faciem honesti vides, quæ si oculis cerneretur
mirabilis amoris excitaret sapientiam.

The fifth rule of plagiarism is to amplify an original thought into sonorous verses, as beaten gold may be spread into an acre of leaf. A very good example of this may be found in Tommy's verses in the *Veiled Prophet*, which commence,

Oh, who could even in bondage tread the plains, &c., &c.

The sixth rule of plagiarism is to contract the thought. Thus a stanza of Cowley is crushed into a hemistich, for the propounding of which Wordsworth has been extolled far above the sun and moon:

WORDSWORTH.
The child is father to the man.

COWLEY.
 Youth, what man's age is like to be, doth show;
 We may our ends by their beginnings know.

Thomas has added this sin also to the myriads of other "little sinnings," for which he shall never get absolution from open us, until he shall have made "open confession."

MOORE.—*Melodies.*
We're fallen on gloomy days,
Star after star decays.

Something like this was said by our Irish orator—

BURKE.

So many and such great revolutions had happened of late, that he was not much surprised to hear the Rt. Hon. Gentleman (Mr. Jenkinson) treat the loss of the supremacy of this country over Ireland as a matter of very little consequence. Thus one star, and that the brightest of our arery, having been suffered to be lost, those who were accustomed to inspect and watch our political heaven might not wonder that it should be followed by the loss of another.

So star would follow star, and light, light,
 Till all was darkness and eternal night.

These are the Six Rules of Plagiarism!

And now let us see how scrupulously they have been

followed in *Lalla Rookh*. Of that swindling production I do not feel called on to give any lengthened criticism. Moore himself has done it ample justice in the criticisms of *Failladeen*. To an impartial reader of this *Encomium* it will be clear that Moore wrote the work somewhat in the following fashion. Be it remembered, that according to his own confession, he devoted three years and upwards to its composition. I suppose that he gave up two entire years of that period to close and constant study of books of poetry, and authors who have treated of Oriental scenery, history, customs, and antiquities. The best thoughts and most shining passages in every volume which he read, he transcribed carefully, after the manner of Mr. Bayes, into an immense common-place book. He then tossed up, head or harp, for a subject arranged all the stolen thoughts into what may be called chronological order, sat down to his writing desk, and by the help of *Byshe's Art of Poetry* and *Walker's Rhyming Dictionary* (which to such poets as flourish in this Age of Brass are as indispensable as a goose to tailors, slasher to the excommunicated priest —, and dirt and filth to his comogue —), rewrote those noble fancies of the Elders in his own style, paraphrased, plagiarised, translated, inverted, converted, retroverted, amplified, contracted, and emaculated. The palm of skill, in disguising his thefts, I cheerfully award him. He has done it so successfully that many an honest man will give him credit for originality and invention. Be it so. But let me whisper softly into the ears of those fair and easy gentlemen, that plagiarism ever has been, must be, and will be, disguised with dexterity; that the greatest talent is frequently displayed in the trickeries of authors; that the forgeries of Ireland for many a long year baffled the researches and examination of the most learned and philosophic; that the impositions of Paulmannazar deceived the world so completely, that had he not confessed himself to be the knave he was, the fraud would be, perhaps, undetected now; that the Ossianic fictions of Macpherson have even still their disciples; and that it is only the lapse of years, and frequently mere chance, which reveals to the astounded world the audacious villainies of many who have descended to the grave with a bright halo of fame encircling their brows, and the reputation, too, of unsullied honesty and virtue. Rogues are not generally men of dull intellect. Their adroitness has often won the wonder of the jury who condemned, and the judge who sentenced them. And why should we imagine literary rogues less cautious and cunning than their brethren of Newgate University? Lord Byron, who may be supposed to have known something of the art and mystery of thought-stealing, shows in a half-dozen words how dextrously Poets manage the thoughts of their predecessors in rhyme. "And here a word *en passant* to Mr. Campbell.

"As yon summits soft and fair
 Clad in colours of the air,
 Which to those who journey near,
 Barren, brown, and rough appear,
 Still we tread the same coarse way,
 The present still a cloudy day."

DYER.

'Is not this the original," asks his lordship, "of the far-famed

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
 And clothes the mountain in its azure hue?"

Moore's plagiarisms have all been disguised with equal cunning. But I will keep the reader no longer from them. Let me begin therefore with *Lalla Rookh*—

A work that almost makes me puke.—TENNYSON.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

STEPHEN HELLER and ENST.—The musical inhabitants of Brighton will have the opportunity of hearing both these celebrated artists, at a morning concert, on Saturday, the 26th. The programme offers many attractions. We shall receive a letter on the subject from one of our correspondents.

MADLLES. DANHAUSER.—Among Mr. Mitchell's operatic engagements are two promising young artists, pupils of the celebrated Madame Cinti-Damoreau. The Madlles. Danhauser are very young, very good looking, and very intelligent. Their voices are agreeable, and their musical aptitude seems to indicate future excellence. They could not be in better hands than those of the clever and enterprising Mr. Mitchell.

GODEFROID, the admirable performer on the harp, is at present at Boulogne, but will be in London at the beginning of the season.

LONDON SACRED HARMONY SOCIETY.—Last night, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was performed by the members of this society, under the direction of Mr. Surman, when the hall was crammed to suffocation.

MASSOL, the popular barytone, has been singing at Havre, with great success, in *Charles VI.*, the *Favorite*, and other operas. The journals speak in high terms of his performance; we shall give some extracts in our next number. Mr. Massol is engaged at the Royal Italian Opera for the forthcoming season.

MADAME FLETCHER, the Queen of pianists, is "lying upon her oars" at Brussels; but a rumour is abroad that she has determined to outshine all the stars of the London musical season in the present year of our Lord 1850. Let us hope that Mr. Rumour lies not.

SVEN.—This eminent violinist, having ransacked the Americans of their gold pieces, and thoroughly enchanted the ears of the Yankees, is about to revisit us. He is now at New York, and early in May will be in London.

METZGER.—The celebrated composer of the *Prophète* has left Paris, but will return in a few weeks.

LEICESTER MONTHLY CONCERTS.—(From a Correspondent.)—We much rejoice at the resuscitation of the noblest of all schools of musical writing in Leicester, the oratorio; it is more than twenty years since the public performance of any similar work in this town. Why, it is difficult to say, since the *Messiah*, on Monday evening, supported, with few exceptions, entirely by local musical talent, was altogether a most creditable performance. The vocal solo parts were well sustained by Mr. Parkes of Sheffield, Miss Whitnall of Liverpool, and Messrs. Benson and Lawler of the Exeter Hall Concerts. The chorus was efficient with few exceptions. Mozart's accompaniments were also well sustained by his Grace the Duke land's private band. The band was led with great skill by Mr. Henry Gill, and if any deficiencies could be pointed out, it was in the want of brilliancy and effect of the strings. For the projectors it was a great triumph, the Wellington Rooms being literally crammed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Dando's, Mr. Wills's, and Mr. Alcock's Concerts, with other notices and articles of importance, are unavoidably postponed until next week. We must also defer our answers to various Correspondents till our next—begging pardon for the delay.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Friday January 25 (by desire), "LE DOMINO NOIR," and Monday, January 28 (for the first time in this country), an entirely new Opera, by AMBROSE THOMAS, entitled "LE CAID," with new Scenery, Costumes, &c. Boxes and Stalls for these attractive performances may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; and at the Box Office of the Theatre, which is open daily from 11 till 5.

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EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR Mr. COSTA.

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Tickets, 3s., 2s., and 10s., 6d. each, at the Society's sole Office, No. 6, Exeter Hall; or of Mr. BOWLEY, 53, Charing Cross.

Sims Reeves, Formes, Ernst, and Thalberg.
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No. 4.—Vol. XXV.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1850.

{PRICE THREEPENCE.
{STAMPED FOURPENCE

STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)*

We have omitted Tomaszek, Worsiehek, Berger, and a host of other pianoforte writers from our catalogue *raisonnée* of the epoch immediately preceding the our own, for the same reason that we have not spoken of Louis Adam and some other composers of the time of Dussek. Though clever men, and the authors of a large variety of works, some of which have unquestionable merit, we cannot find that they have had much influence on their co-temporaries; nor have any of them left examples of the sonata, to shew their acquaintance with and attachment to that grand form of musical composition. But there is one, who, though we name last, perhaps merits the very first place among all those who were his cotemporaries. We mean Carl Maria Von Weber, one of the greatest geniuses and one of the most original and distinguished musicians of all time. The gifted author of *Der Freischütz*, as our readers well know, ranked among the remarkable pianists of his age. He wrote a great number of works for the pianoforte, in many of which the peculiar characteristics of his genius are prominently displayed. Perhaps the most generally popular concert-piece ever written is the fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra, in F, denominated *Concert-stück*. This *morceau* has been for many years the *cheval de bataille* of numberless players, from Madame Pleyel and Liszt to Litloff and Alexandre Billet. We have heard almost every pianist of fame execute the *Concert-stück*, Thalberg alone excepted. Weber also wrote a grand concerto in E flat, a brilliant effort, in which, besides a number of passages entirely new, there are orchestral effects of great originality and excellence. The variations and miscellaneous pieces† of Weber are well known, as are his quartet in B flat and other compositions for the chamber—the latter not by any means his best works, while the former are in their way incomparable. But after the *Concertstück* the most highly esteemed of Weber's productions are the four grand sonatas for piano solus, in C major, D minor, A flat, and E minor. All of these contain movements as remarkable for their freshness as for their ingenuity—as, for example, the *rondo finale* ("Moto Continuo") of the first, the *andante* with variations of the second, and the *allegretto and finale* (*Tarantella*) of the fourth. But most perfect of all, in every respect, is the third, in A flat, a work of romantic loveliness—a masterpiece, which every pianist who loves his art should know and profit by. The fault of Weber's sonatas (we say it with deference) is a certain diffuseness which damages the regularity of their form, and an occasional monotony, arising from the

frequent employment of passages strongly resembling each other in character. But the movements we have specialised are almost free from these, while in the sonata in A flat, from the exquisite grace of the principal themes and the captivating luxuriance of the subordinate passages, they become an absolute beauty. Weber, as everybody knows, has had numberless imitators, but fewer copyists of his pianoforte works than of his dramatic compositions and orchestral overtures, to which, and above all to his *Der Freischütz*, he owes his universal popularity. He may therefore be placed apart from the rest of his cotemporaries, like Beethoven—a lesser star, but still of the first magnitude.

We are approaching the end of our digression. A few words about the modern pianoforte composers—a large number of whom are included in what has been very questionably designated the "Romantic School"—and we shall at once proceed to examine the works of M. Stephen Heller, by whom we have inadvertently been tempted to make this short and unsatisfactory sketch of the principal writers for the piano since the time of Haydn, which has occupied so unreasonable a quantity of columns. In considering those of the present day we shall be compelled to pass over altogether, or with a simple catalogue of their names, a vast number of composers, followers in the footsteps of the more celebrated men who have at once influenced the progress of the instrument and invented what is actually new.

Of Mendelssohn we may say, as of Beethoven, that he shines apart from the rest of his cotemporaries. He was, beyond comparison, the greatest genius and the most learned musician of the age in which he lived, and which he has undoubtedly influenced more than any other man, Spohr himself not excepted. The number of Mendelssohn's imitators are legion; the shelves of the music-publishers groan under the heavy weight of their productions; you cannot see a new catalogue without observing at least fifty compositions which you may safely swear, without once looking at them, are little better than parodies of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* (the most popular type), or of something else equally his and equally not theirs. But these copyists of a great original, like the other copyists of another great original—Dussek—chiefly occupied themselves with his mannerisms; being, as we have already said, wholly incompetent to emulate his beauties or his scientific acquirements. The best of them are those who began to write before Mendelssohn and were afterwards carried away in the vortex of his fascinating style. The most eminent, and justly so, are Ferdinand Hiller and Tanbert. Whether either of these wrote sonatas we are unable to say; we have seen many specimens of their works, but not a single sonata,—although some stringed quartets, a pianoforte quintet, and a few orchestral essays of Hiller, who is a very able musician, show that he had cultivated the form, however inclined to develop it with undue exuberance. Hiller chiefly owes his influence to his *Etudes*, which have been assiduously

* We are happy to learn from a correspondent, who appears to be well-informed, that M. Pixis is not dead. A report in the French *Journal*, some months ago, led us into this error, which we need not say it gives us much pleasure to correct.

† Need we mention the *Pélocos*, in E flat and E major, the latter of which was so great a favourite with Mendelssohn.

practised by pianists and have facilitated several peculiarities of mechanism. Most of Taubert's pieces that we have had the opportunity of perusing are caprices, fantasias, *et cetera*.

(To be continued.)

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From our own Reporter).

THE seventeenth annual meeting of the Sacred Harmonic Society was held at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday last, the President, Mr. Harrison, in the chair. The following Report from the Committee was read and unanimously adopted:—

THE recurrence of an occasion like the present, when the Committee have to render to their fellow members an account of their proceedings for a period of twelve months; to bring under review the various operations which, through their instrumentality, the Society has been engaged in; and to exhibit, without concealment or reservation, the results of the labours of the whole year, must obviously awaken in their minds a sense of the important responsibilities which rest upon them, and an anxiety to be able to present such a statement as will commend itself to the approval of those to whom it is addressed. It is with feelings such as these that the Committee have prepared themselves for the discharge of the duty which now lies before them, of presenting "a Report of the state of the Society, and an Abstract of its Accounts," for the year which has just expired. And it is a source of much pleasure to them, that the occasion for performing that duty has at length arrived, because it affords to the members at large an opportunity of becoming conversant with the actual condition and prospects of the Society, and of sharing with the Committee the gratification of knowing that the labours of the year show a result highly satisfactory and encouraging, and a degree of success which warrants much congratulation.

With regard to "the state of the Society," so far as relates to the number of persons connected with it as members and subscribers during the past year, the Committee have to report that the numbers in the respective quarters were as follow, viz.—*Lady Day*, 614; *Midsummer*, 649; *Michaelmas*, 638; *Christmas*, 689.

On comparing these numbers with those of the preceding year, it is gratifying to observe that in every quarter the numbers of last year very much exceeded those of 1848. It is also worthy of remark, that, taking an average of the four quarters, last year will appear to have been distinguished by a higher average than any one of the seven years which preceded it. Thus:—In 1842 the average was 616; 1843, 540; 1844, 561; 1845, 637; 1846, 652; 1847, 626; 1848, 590; 1849, 638.

The increase in the average of last year, as compared with 1848, is, therefore, as many as 63. If, again, the actual numbers at the close, or last quarter, of each year, are compared, it will appear that last year they not only much exceeded the numbers at the end of 1848, but that there are only two instances (and both of them are several years back) in which the number of 689 members and subscribers, existing at Christmas last, has been equalled at the close of any year since the Society was first established.

The number of new members and subscribers received during the past year has been as follows, viz.:—

In the first quarter	•	•	•	•	34
" second ditto	•	•	•	•	18
" third ditto	•	•	•	•	5
" fourth ditto	•	•	•	•	235
					292

The periods at which the subscriptions of the several persons belonging to the Society at Christmas expire, are given in the following statement, viz.:—

At Christmas, 1849	•	•	•	•	103
" Lady-day, 1850	•	•	•	•	105
" Midsummer, 1850	•	•	•	•	36
" Michaelmas, 1850	•	•	•	•	415
					689

The rehearsals during the past year have been kept up with

the regularity which has always been customary in this Society, and it has afforded the Committee much pleasure to observe the continued interest in these meetings which has been manifested on the part of the members and assistants; at the same time, their undoubted importance renders it allowable for the Committee to take this opportunity of urging upon all who expect to take part in the public performances a habit of a regular and punctual attendance at the rehearsals.

The music brought under the notice of the Society at the rehearsals, independently of that intended for immediate performance at the concerts, has included the following works:—

Handel's *Oratorio, Saul; Federal Anthem; and Chorus from Semeus, "Righteous Heavens;" Haydn's Oratorio, The Seasons; and Mass No. 3; Mozart's Motet, "Splendete Te Deus;" Mendelssohn's Oratorio, Saint Paul; and Cantata, "Praise Jehovah;" being an adaptation to English words of the music composed by him for the Hymn "Lauda Sine;" Spohr's Oratorio, The Last Judgment; and Mr. Costa's Motet, "In te Sinitum."*

The public performances of the Society, from Christmas, 1848 to Christmas, 1849, have been as follow, viz.:—

Monday, Jan. 8, and Friday, Jan. 19, Handel's *Judas Macabeus*; Friday, Feb. 9, Beethoven's *Mass in G; a selection from the works of Marcellus, Mozart, Hummel, and Loebner, and Mendelssohn's Lohengrin, or Hymn of Praise*; Friday, Feb. 23, Thursday, March 1, and Friday, March 16, Handel's *Israel in Egypt*; Friday, March 20, Mendelssohn's *Lohengrin*, and music to Racine's *Athalie*; Wednesday, April 4, Handel's *Messiah*; Monday, April 13, Friday, April 27, and Friday, May 18, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; Friday, May 5, and Friday, June 8, Haydn's *Creation*; Friday, June 22, Mendelssohn's music to Racine's *Athalie* and Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*; Monday, Nov. 12, Handel's *Solomon*; Friday, Nov. 30th, Friday, Dec. 7, Friday, Dec. 14, Friday, Dec. 21, Handel's *Messiah*.

From this list it appears that there have been nineteen concerts during the past year, a number which has never been exceeded in any one year, and has only once before been equalled. Of those nineteen concerts, ten were subscription and the remainder repetition performances. In the year preceding, the subscription concerts were but nine.

As a proof of the endeavours to introduce due variety and novelty into the preceding list, it may be observed, that Handel's *Judas Macabeus* and *Solomon* had neither of them been performed since 1840—a period of three years; that Beethoven's *Mass in C* had been laid aside for nearly six years, having been last performed in March, 1843; and that Mendelssohn's *Athalie* had never before been performed by the Society, and only twice previously been publicly performed in England.

It is also worthy of being mentioned, as an interesting feature in the performances of last year, that none of the works produced at them (with the exception of the *Messiah* and the *Elijah*) had been previously performed by the Society, since it has enjoyed the advantage of the orchestra being under the able direction of its highly talented, and much esteemed conductor, Mr. Costa: this circumstance gave a peculiar interest to the performance of nearly every one of the works brought forward at the concerts of the past year. His superior judgment and taste, combined with that remarkable ability and tact, which never fail to gain the entire confidence, and ensure the ready obedience of every individual in any orchestra over which he presides, effected such an improvement in the general style of the performance, that even works which had grown familiar by frequent repetition, presented beauties which had been before comparatively hidden and unobserved, and yielded new satisfaction and delight, both to performers and auditory. In corroboration of these remarks, the Committee would refer to the recollections of those who had the gratification of being present on these occasions, and also to the critical account of the performances which appeared in the public journals, many of which are particularly noticeable for the ability and care with which they are written, and are well worthy of an attentive and thoughtful perusal.

The Committee have the gratification of recording the honour done to the Society in receiving two Royal Visits in the course of the year: the first on the 1st of March, when His Royal Highness Prince Albert attended a performance of Handel's "Israel in Egypt" (the seat next to him being occupied by the viceroy and illustrious Duke of Wellington, who was present for the first time as one of the Society's Concerts); and the other occasion being on the 22nd of June, when Her Majesty The Queen and the Prince

Albert, attended by a distinguished suite, were pleased to witness the second performance of Mendelssohn's music to "Athalie."

The following is a list of the principal vocal performers who have appeared at the concerts during the past year, containing, as usual, the names of several who had not before been engaged at the Society's performances:

Miss Birch, Madlle. Jetty de Treff, Miss A. Williams, Miss Louisa Frye, Miss Stewart, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams, Mrs. Noble, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lockey, Mr. T. Williams, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Machin, Mr. Rodda, Mr. J. A. Novello, Mr. Lawler.

The Committee also obtained the assistance of Mr. Vandenhoff, on the first, and Mr. Bartley on the second performance of Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, in reciting the illustrative verses by which the several portions of the music are connected; and it is due to those gentlemen to acknowledge, that the effective manner in which they discharged the duties undertaken by them, contributed much to the general admiration excited by the performances. With respect, however, to Mr. Bartley, the Committee have felt themselves under peculiar obligations. Although long retired from his profession, and accustomed only to resume his duties on rare occasions, to meet the wishes of royalty, he most kindly and courteously acceded to the request of the Committee to afford his assistance at the performance which was attended by Her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert; having generously declined receiving any remuneration for his valuable services, the Committee thought it right, in addition to returning him their best thanks, to mark their grateful sense of his kindness by electing him as an honorary member of the Society, a compliment which they have much pleasure in knowing has afforded him great gratification.

The Donations to the Library, which the Committee have had the pleasure to receive during the past year, are as follow; viz.:

William Bartholomew, Esq. A full score of Mendelssohn's Music to the Hymn, "Lauda Sion," as adapted by Mr. Bartholomew to a Cantata, entitled "Fraise Jehorah," (MS.)

Henry Phillips, Esq. Marcello's Psalm, as adapted to English words by Gutch, 8 vols. (A very fine copy, formerly in Mr. Bartlem's Library.)

Edward Buxton, Esq. a subscriber. Three Psalm, composed for the Cathedral at Berlin, by Mendelssohn.

Vincent Novello, Esq. (Second donation). Beethoven's Mass in D, full score. Haydn's Passion, full score. Cherubini's Mass in F, full score. Cherubini's Six Sacred Pieces of Sacred Music, full score. Pergolesi's Stabat Mater, and Salve Regina, full score. (MS.) A Selection from the Works of Palestrina.

Mr. Henry Lealie, a member. A Festival Psalm of his composition, "Let God arise," vocal score.

Pursuing the course adopted in 1848, the Committee have purchased all the music required for the use of the orchestra during the past year, instead of hiring the same as formerly. The expenditure for this purpose has amounted to the sum of £184 10s. 3d., being less by £76 1s. 6d. than the sum required for the like purpose in 1848; and the amount of the total outlay, for the two years, has been considerably less than the charge for the hire would have been under the old system. It is to be observed, also, that the charge for the past year includes the purchase of a considerable number of extra copies of the works performed in 1848, which were rendered necessary by the increase in the numbers of the band and chorus, consequent on the enlargement of the orchestra at the latter end of that year. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to remark, that as the stock of orchestral music accumulates, the annual charge for purchase of music for the orchestra, will, of course, diminish.

The accounts for the year ending at Christmas last have, at the request of the Committee, been carefully examined and audited, as usual, by three of the members, who were nominated at the last annual general meeting, viz. Mr. Thomas Dix, Mr. G. P. Bawtree, and Mr. William Reid. From the abstract which has been signed by these gentlemen, and which is appended to this Report, it appears that the aggregate receipts and payments of the year were as follow, viz.:

RECEIPTS.	
Balance in hand at Christmas, 1848	£159 14 11
Dividends on Stock	23 9 11
Subscriptions	957 9 0
Cash Receipts	9 9 0
Proceeds of Concerts	4065 7 8
	£3225 10 1

* First time.

PAYMENTS.	
General Expenses	£813 13 2
Expenses of Concerts	4354 13 5
	£5168 6 7
Balance in hand	£37 3 6

It is worthy of remark upon this statement, that the amount of receipts for subscriptions, and for proceeds of concerts, are each of them larger than has occurred under those respective heads in any former year. By the last annual report it appears that the subscriptions received in 1848 amounted to £805 9s., an amount which was stated to have exceeded any previous year since the society had been in existence, and to have been nearly £100 beyond the amount in the year immediately preceding. It will be seen, however, that the subscriptions in the last year have further exceeded those of 1848 by a sum of £54.

With respect to payments, it is right to point out that one of the principal items, independent of the expenditure for Concerts, is the amount which has already been mentioned as having been expended in the purchase of music, required for the performances of the year, beyond what was previously in the possession of the Society; this amount and the sum disbursed for the library of reference will be found to be, together, about £210. As the Society possesses an equivalent for this amount in the purchases which were made with it, it is evident, that although the money balance in hand at the close of the year is less by about £100 than it was at the commencement, yet as property in another shape has been acquired to the extent of upwards of £200, there has been an actual profit realized of above £100 during the year.

The amount of property of which the Society is possessed at the present time may be stated to be as follows:—

Stock in the Public Funds (3 per cent. Consols)	£1000 0 0
Estimated value of Library, Stock of Music, Instruments, Fittings, &c.	1000 0 0
	£2000 0 0

In drawing their Report to a conclusion, the Committee indulged in a confident expectation that the details which they have been enabled to furnish, of the proceedings and actual condition of the Society, will be considered as highly satisfactory, and as furnishing occasion for well-grounded congratulation. It affords them sincere pleasure to be able to render so favourable an account; and they trust that with undiminished confidence in the principles which regulate its affairs, and unabated zeal and unanimity on the part of its members and supporters, it may be the happy destiny of the Sacred Harmonic Society to preserve for many years to come a course of well-merited prosperity and usefulness.

The election of Officers then took place, and on proposing the re-election of the four members of the Committee, who retired by rotation, Mr. Vaughan remarked, that the Committee during the past year had served the Society so faithfully and so well, that there could not be the least hesitation in continuing to confide its interests to their hands. They had brought the Society through a year of great difficulty with the utmost success, and deserved their warmest thanks. The usual votes of thanks were then passed, and the meeting broke up.

There was a very full attendance of Members.

ERNST.

We reproduce the following notice of a recent performance of this celebrated player, from the columns of the *Morning Herald*:—

"Ernst fascinated his myriad of hearers by performing a new violin solo and his inimitable variations on the *Carnaval de Venise*—the last an achievement of measureless whim and humour, and, although so often repeated, of inexhaustible variety. His new solo, entitled 'Ludovic,' had not been heard before in this country, but promises to be in great future demand. The theme is not his own, but the adaptation is, and few violinists know so well as Ernst how to put a slight and unimportant

subject in an orchestral setting, and develop in the meanwhile the capacities and resources of the instrument of which he is such a consummate master. The opening movement, as well as a variation in the minor key, preceding the closing coda, were exquisite specimens of adagio playing, a branch of the art in which we sincerely believe Ernst never had an equal, so poetically coloured is his style, and so passionately intense is his expression. But the "Ludoric" fantasia displayed his skill in all its varied aspects; and among the best feats of dexterity which it brought forth were some passages of double-stopping, which were amazing instances of a species of skill which few can accomplish perfectly, partly owing to manual limitation and partly to constitutional inaptitude. Ernst's octaves and tenths are as truly and as firmly delivered as if two players were present instead of one; and this, too, in passages of the greatest velocity and the most irregular sequence. The applause which followed the solo was of the usual vociferous kind, and had it not been so long as it was, it would unquestionably have been re-demanded."

Few critics have appreciated more delicately or more vividly described their impressions of the original and attractive talent of Ernst.

STEPHEN HELLER.

[We follow up our extracts from the contemporary press by an article from the *Athenæum*, on Stephen Heller's *Seconde Grande Sonata* for the pianoforte, Op. 65. Some of the critic's objections are not very easy to be understood—and, indeed, the article is more to be admired for its feeling than for the technical knowledge it displays—but the good intention is evident, and fully justifies us in reproducing it.—Ed. M. W.]

"*Seconde Grande Sonata, pour la Pianoforte.* Par Stephen Heller. Op. 65.—This is a noticeable production: full of thought, full of energy—original in style, and excessively difficult: as highly-finished an example of the new manner of composition applied to the old forms as occurs to us. There are chords in it which would have made the timid hearts of our grandfathers ache,—extensions of hand (to be commanded at a moment's warning) such as the Mozarts, Clementis, and even Hummels never dreamed of,—passages of melody as richly laden with accompaniment as if every player possessed the composure, force, and tone of Thalberg; but also, throughout the entire composition there is that *je ne sais quoi* of picturesque and romantic taste which reminds us that we are living in a time when Music runs some danger of being pushed across the boundaries which separate it from Poetry and Picture. To specify more precisely:—the first movement is an *allegro con fuoco*, in B minor $\frac{3}{4}$ tempo, demanding power, readiness, and precision, which shall never flag, and the effect of which is dependent on these conditions. The second movement is a *balade* in B major, tempo $\frac{3}{4}$ *moderato*: in which there is as much melody as peculiarity of idea. It is full of new-fashioned touches. Throughout the first page, for instance, the obstinacy of the chord of B major in the accompaniment (producing an effect, though piquant, somewhat *bizarre*), belongs to our own audacious days. As the *balade* flows on, the treatment becomes less mannered. The close is delightful, and the movement may be generally described as one of great beauty. We less like the following *intermezzo moderato* in E minor $\frac{3}{4}$. This appears to us to fall to the ground betwixt a *menuetto* and a *scherzo*: it is further relieved only in seeming, not in reality, by what may be called the trio in E flat major. Lastly comes the *finale*, here miscalled an *epilogue*,—that is, a thing superfluous and appendical to the drama, a discourse after the curtain has fallen. Now, this *molto risce* (in B minor common time) is the fiery energetic fourth act, exceeding in grandeur and interest all that has gone before it, which, according to old canonical rule, is demanded to bring the

sonata to its close. The difficulty of this *finale* is enormous, but its subject is large and bold, and it is excellent matter for practice to those whom no difficulty repels. As a whole, this sonata is too symphonic in style: and not merely so, but also, for a symphonic work, it is too little relieved by contrast and episode. This characteristic is generic to the new school of writers. When they arrange a score, they never seem weary of the *fuldest* orchestra. When they produce a sonata, they never appear to lose the notion that they are about a *toccata*,—or a *study* in which time is lost and interest suspended,—should they fail for a single dozen bars to employ the eight fingers and two thumbs. Their works are apt to sound monotonous, owing to this false manner of loading every detail, of strangling every idea, of rendering climax impossible by beginning from the first with a full peal of thunder. To many of the new musical composers, or *dis-composers*, our speculations would be merely *caviare*,—but among these is not M. Heller. In this ambitious work (as also in the shorter essays by him recently noticed) so much genius and science are evidenced, such unmistakable traces of individuality present themselves, that he well merits strict truth and plain remonstrance conjointly with high praise."

MRS. CLOVER.

(From the Morning Post.)

We have heard with regret that this lady intends to quit the stage, whose glories she was born to augment. Her parents belonged to the profession, and the infant was taken from the cradle to appear upon the boards. The descendant of the great Betterton did not, like the majority of our present performers, "take to the stage" to please the vanity of riper years; but the child's mind was from the earliest period impressed with the magnificence and splendour of the scenic art. Before the child knew how to question, the playhouse became her reality, and she grew up amidst its excitements. The girl heard the plaudits of crowded audiences, and the woman had no power of escape from the fascinations which her early destiny seemed to have twined around her.

It was thus that formerly our stage was supplied. The parent gave the impetus to the ideas of the child, and within the sphere which the future life was meant to grace the youth was passed. When the actor could boast of his art, and the drama was not confounded with noise and show, our players were a race almost separate and distinct from every other class. Uneducated persons did occasionally enter the ranks of the isolated order, but recruits of this kind did not, as at present, constitute the principal supply of the profession. Traditions were, by the system we have alluded to, preserved. The pride was generated which no adversity could quench. There were treasured within the circle of the stage recollections which repaid the sufferings of poverty, and the glories of the imagination kept alive the wanderer's ambition amidst the cold and want which in his peregrinations the actor frequently endured.

Miss Julia Betterton, now better known as Mrs. Glover, was born before the stage had lost its brightness. She knew and played with the greatest and the best of the good old time. Her career has been a long-sustained and uniform success. No actress ever lived more thoroughly endowed with the genius of her art; no actress probably ever lived so peculiarly gifted with the power of impersonation. There is no line or cast of characters in which Mrs. Glover has not appeared; and it would be difficult to say in which she gained the greatest applause. So admirable is she in each that the

part we last beheld her in she seems to be best fitted to sustain. Other performers have possessed a more absolute ability of disguise, for Mrs. Glover never aims at mere surprise; but with an ease that is natural to her, she slides into the character which she undertakes, and without an effort wins our admiration. There are upon the stage persons who can more startle the galleries by louder declamation and more violent action than Mrs. Glover has ever exhibited, but there is not one who, through a long five-act play, can half so well sustain a difficult personation, or with anything like equal delicacy and truth depict the subtleties and changes that give life to histrionic assumptions.

The public, we fear, have not sufficiently prized this admirable actress. She was, as far as popularity is concerned, unfortunate in not possessing that coarseness of feeling and of manner in which the bad taste of the present age delights. Her pathos is not agonising—her rage is not horror; but we have seen Mrs. Glover in the heroines and queens of tragedy, and the impression which her acting excited time has not yet effaced. To the living generation, however, she is better known as a comic actress. We can remember her as the leading lady of fashionable comedy, and as the lively chambermaid of farce; and she sustained such parts when the managers of our theatres were not narrowed to the competition of a single favourite to represent them.

Of late years, however, Mrs. Glover has confined herself to the representation of old women. Her rich sense of the humour, and her natural enjoyment of the fun of the scene, make her all to nothing the best supporter of this cast of characters the stage ever beheld. She has no living rival, neither does there live the actress worthy of being named as her successor. When she has retired, her place will be with difficulty supplied. She is the best, the most easy and tasteful actress of our time, and the most genuine artist of the day in which we live. She is the last representative of an ancient and worthy race. The spirit which the elder dramatists wrote to and for, in her survives; and before this excellent actress is lost to us for ever, we trust the public will testify that approbation which, throughout a long and arduous career, she has so deservedly won. It is not Mrs. Glover's least merit that her private life has been as amiable and excellent as her public course has been distinguished. "Take her for all in all, we shall not look upon her like again!"

JULLIEN IN EDINBURGH.

(From a Correspondent.)

MY DEAR —, As a subscriber to your worthy journal, and as an humble lover of the art to which you devote your energies and your talents, I take the liberty of notifying the late musical doings in this, our famed capital of Edinburgh, yeelpit in courtesy, the modern Athens, and dubbed in the vernacular, Auld Reekie. Our sometimes dull and spiritless city has received a new infusion of life and animation from the advent of Monsieur Jullien, and his famous band. The sombre cloud which covered our streets, even from Arthur's Seat to the Water of Leith, has disappeared before the waive of Monsieur Jullien's baton, as the morning vapours before the sun. Where late was sluggishness, all is motion—where darkness, light. Scotland has been termed the "land of song," but, of a verity, we are still but tyros in music, at least in the knowledge thereof; and, furthermore, than in a reverence for tunes, ballads, and psalms, forbye the operas *Rob Roy*, *Guy Mannering*, and such like, recommended to our affections by our nationality and Sir Walter, we have

mickle love or respect for the art. Not, honoured sir, but that we are capable of being indoctrinated therein; but our prejudices are stumbling-blocks in the way, and must be removed by frequent and fair teaching. Now, Monsieur Jullien is just the man to lead us in the right path. He commingles the popular music, which we can all appreciate, with the lofty and profound, by the knowledge of which alone we can entertain a true feeling for the most delightful of all the Arts. He reaches our heads by aiming at our hearts, and thus discovers an acquaintance with his kind, which is not always referable to the mere artist. He is, in a word, a metaphysician as well as a musician. Just such a man do we require in this metropolis of leeches and lawyers, to render us lovers of music and proficients therein.

I have myself an indifferent passion for music. I like, even to the sound of the oaten reed, or the shrill bagpipe,

"To flare it in the jaunty day
With laddies daft and lassies gay;"

but I have a soul beyond jigs and reels and strathspeys, and can feel moved by a sonata or a symphony. I like a ballad, especially when warbled, *ma-via-like*, from the sweet throat of Jetty Treffz, who has won all our hearts here—and let me whisper it in your ear, sir, has surpassed in pure Scottish singing all our pure Scottish lassies. But I can also receive delectation from Mozart's intenser strains when sung by the same sweet and captivating artist. Yes, honoured sir, I can feel music, albeit I do not much understand it. I know its powers of healing sorrow, of winning remembrance, of purifying the soul, of enlarging the mind, of cheering up the countenance, of expelling austerity, of reforming our manners, of mitigating anger, of preparing for a better world. For what says Giraldus Cambrensis:—"Animos tristes subito exhilarat, nubilos vultus serenat, austeritatem reponit, jucunditatem exponit, barbariemque facit deponere gentes, mores instituit, iracundiam mitigat." For the effects of which Sealiger thus accounts:—"Quod spiritus, qui in corde agitant, tremulum et subsaltantem recipient aerem in pectus, edeinde excitantur, a spiritu musculi moventur," &c.

But I fear me, sir, I weary you, and do not appear "wise-like," as we Scotch say, in your estimation; so shall proceed direct forthright to the matter under immediate consideration—viz., the performances of Monsieur Jullien's company, praying you to overlook any blunder I may happen to fall into from my lack of erudition in music and the criticism thereof.

Monsieur Jullien announced four concerts at the Music Hall, for Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, in last week. The first night was a great night for M. Jullien, and a great night for his visitors. M. Jullien was received with such thunders of applause that the reverberations might have awakened the echoes of the Carstorphen and Pentland Hills; and the Castle, shaken to its rocky foundation, might have bowed its head, in fear, to its old friend, St. Arthur's Seat. But happily nothing of the kind took place. Jullien merely acknowledged his reception as became him; The hall was crowded, and thus had M. Jullien double cause for rejoicing. The visitors, also, had their two-fold reasons for satisfaction: the three famous conductor had not only deigned to visit their city and preside in the orchestra, but had set before them a musical feast of excellent quality and variety. And now to describe the entertainment with what capacity I may.

The concert began with the favourite overture to *Guillaume Tell*, by Rossini—a very dashing and brilliant composition. It was a capital performance, and the bits of solo for the flute,

clarinet and hautboy (moderately spelt *oboe*), pleased the audience mightily.

A new quadrille, on Macfarren's opera, *King Charles the Second*, followed next. The tunes are very charming, and Jullien has arranged them in first-rate style. A solo on the cornet-a-piston was played by the celebrated Koenig, and excited great surprise and delight. Koenig is a very splendid performer; but somehow I never could give my heart to his instrument. It smacks of bastardy, as though it were an offshoot between a Kent bugle and a trumpet, and is unsuited to all legitimate purposes. By which I mean to say that it is out of place in the orchestra, and should only be used after the fashion of Herr Koenig, who plays on it to perfection.

After a polka of Jullien's—a sparkling composition by the way, called "The Cossack"—the band played the *Allegretto* movement in B flat from Beethoven's symphony in F. It was so well executed as to make me regret not hearing the entire symphony. I must own I cannot very heartily sympathise with Monsieur Jullien in this sort of scrap-giving from the works of the great masters; but, no doubt, he has long ago tried the efficacy of playing whole symphonies, and has found his provincial audiences as yet unprepared to receive them.*

Jetty Treffz is a most delightful person, even to look upon. Her countenance is at once arch and benignant, and her smile is like the dimple of an Italian lake, shut out from the winds by high hills. She captivates all hearts with a look, and then fascinates them with a note. Her voice is quite delicious. It has a natural expression, or, more properly, an expression of nature in its tone I have heard in few educated singers. But she is an educated singer, and one, too, who essays and can master the most intense and profound as well as the most simple and playful music. Jetty Treffz gave an example of these two styles in the first part. She sang Mozart's "Vedrai carino," and the German ballad, or *lied*, "Trab, trab, trab." Each was perfect in its way. The first was given with an expression of half sorrow and half expectancy, quite indescribable; and the latter was dashed off with the utmost spirit and a quaintness quite charming. I am inclined, nevertheless, to think that tender and expressive music is Jetty's Treffz's peculiar forte. The crowd, however, seemed to differ from me, for the fair Jetty was rapturously encored in the "Trab, trab, trab;" and returning to the orchestra, sang our own ballad, "Gin a body meet a body," with winning simplicity.

A *valse à deux temps*, called "Wild Flowers," and a quadrille on Hungarian airs, concluded the first part.

Part II. opened with a fantasia on some of the most popular airs in *Dun Gioranni*, which have been effectively arranged and combined by Monsieur Jullien. The instrumental obligato solos for various instruments were admirably played. This was followed by a merry sparkling polka, termed "La Chatelaine," the composition of Herr Koenig.

Jetty Treffz came next, and sang one of the most plaintive and original ballads I have heard for some time, "My bright Savoy," by Angelina, a composer quite new to me by name; after which, being encored, she introduced the ballad of "Home, sweet home," which she sang most delightfully and was applauded to the echo. Nothing could have been more unpretending—nothing more graceful, touching, and pretty.

In the course of the evening Jetty Treffz gave us a Neapolitan canzonet, called "Io te voglio bene," with a new

charm and a new effect. It was quite surprising to hear this delightful singer so much at home in so many different languages. Italian, German, English, and even Scotch! were mastered with the ease of a native, and a grace peculiarly her own. In conclusion, touching this celebrated songstress, I have merely to add that her success was unmistakable and universal, and that there was not an individual in the crowded assembly who did not depart deeply impressed with the attractions of Jetty Treffz and the genuine originality of her vocal talent.

Mr. Viotti Collins, who played Ernst's *Carnaval de Venise*, on the violin, is a young man and a brilliant player. The piece is one of the most difficult he could have chosen, but he was nevertheless highly successful.

The "Row Polka," a humorous burlesque, concluded the concert in the most animated manner possible. This polka is certain to become popular in Edinburgh, since it has a capital tune and is admirably varied. The entire audience remained to the end, and Jullien was once more hailed with loud and prolonged cheering.

On Wednesday Jullien gave his Mendelssohn night, and the Music-hall was again crowded in every part. The whole of the A minor symphony was given, and was listened to with the greatest attention by the audience.* The band played splendidly, and the *scherzo* created a powerful sensation. Two of Mendelssohn's most beautiful songs were sung by Jetty Treffz with infinite depth of feeling, showing her a perfect mistress of the eloquent vocal style of the master. Mr. V. Collins played Mendelssohn's only concerto for the violin in a highly creditable manner, and was greatly applauded. The overture and a selection from the music in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* concluded the first part, and was received with thunders of applause.

In the second part Mr. Pratten played a solo on the flute with complete success; Jetty Treffz was encored in "Trab, trab," and repeated the pleasing song by Angelina, "My bright Savoy;" and the performance wound up with Jullien's Drum Polka, which sent all the visitors away in excellent humour.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

THERE was a veritable "crammer" at the fourteenth concert, on Wednesday night. On few occasions have we seen Exeter Hall so densely crowded. The programme, it must be admitted, was an attractive one.

The concert commenced with a very spirited performance of Beethoven's fine overture to *Leonora*, which was well directed by Herr Anschuetz. It appears that our hints have not been thrown away. The band played on Wednesday night in the same efficient manner which won almost unqualified approbation at the first concert. We were, therefore, correct in saying *Verbum sat, sap.*—"a word to Stammers is enough." The fact cannot be denied, that a good orchestral piece well rendered invariably puts an audience in the right sort of humour for what follows; which was indisputably the case on the present occasion.

The selection was the old one from the *Lucia*, the principal point in which was the "Fra poco" (in English, "Tombs of my fathers,") of Mr. Sims Reeves, who was enthusiastically welcomed. Our great tenor was in fine voice. Everyone knows how nobly he sings this popular composition of poor Donizetti, and therefore no one will be surprised that he was compelled, by the unanimous wish of the audience, to repeat

* Our correspondent should have been at Manchester, Liverpool or Birmingham, and he would have altered his opinion.—Ed. M. W.

* It appears that a whole symphony is possible,—even in Edinburgh.—Ed.

the final movement. Of the next important feature of the selection, Miss Lucombe's "Regnava nel silenzio," (in Italian—Miss Lucombe prefers Italian) we have also frequently spoken in terms of praise, which were perhaps never better merited than on Wednesday night. Miss Lucombe, though an experienced singer, does not think it useless to improve, and we rarely have the pleasure of hearing her without having also the gratification of observing the progress she continually makes. The "Regnava nel silenzio" is one of the pieces which best suit her voice and style.

What is there new to say of Thalberg and his *Don Giovanni*—we mean of the *fantasia* in which he has so effectively treated the serenade and the *minuetto*? There is nothing new to say, and we shall not attempt impossibilities by seeking for a novel mode of apostrophising the wonderful perfection with which he plays it. He was greatly applauded, and made his bow on being recalled—a climax which might almost be stereotyped where Thalberg's playing is in question. In the second part Thalberg gave his *Don Pasquale* with a similar result. Mrs. Newton was very successful, and obtained a vocal, in "O Luce di quest'anima;" but we like to hear this clever lady in better music. Herr Formes gained the usual encore in "Qui s'addio," which he sang with even more than his usual gravity of voice and solemnity of manner.

Ernst introduced a new *fantasia*—that is to say, a *fantasia* new to the Wednesday Concerts—the subject from Herold's opera of *Ludoric*, which, judging from the effect it produced, is likely to rival all the others in popularity. One of the principal things that impart so great an interest to the *fantasias* of this admirable musician, and make them as acceptable to the cultivated as to the popular ear, is the extreme clearness of the orchestral accompaniments. Ernst has evidently studied deeply the art of writing for instruments. His variations are enriched by accompaniments remarkable both for their marked character and the ingenuity of their management. He treats the wind instruments with continual variety of effect, and though he uses them with the utmost freedom never in such a manner as to impair the clearness of the passages. But this is not all. The *fantasias* of Ernst—which can rarely be said of *fantasias* in general—are well constructed; one passage succeeds another naturally, without the intervention of unmeaning *remplissage*, while the themes are happily contrasted and consistently used. In the *fantasia* on *Ludoric* these excellencies are always observable, in consequence of which the interest never flags from the commencement to the conclusion. Ernst was in glorious play. Everything succeeded with him and the most extraordinary difficulties were mastered—or rather played with—as easily as the simplest passages. The theme was delivered with exquisite playfulness and each variation obtained a hearty round of applause. The variations are all clever and effective, but that which struck us most was the *arpeggio* played with the *staccato* bow, while the theme is distributed among the instruments of the orchestra, the execution of which was the very perfection of neatness and brilliancy. The *Ludoric* was a complete hit and is to be repeated at the next concert. Among the most attentive hearers and loudest applauders of Ernst and his *fantasia* we were pleased to observe our countryman, Mr. Hayward (of Wolverhampton), himself one of the most gifted violinists of the day, and therefore the more capable of appreciating excellence in others. In the second part Ernst played the *Carnaval*, which created the accustomed *shower*, although it is worth noting that he introduced scarcely one of the more brilliant and showy variations—a strong proof of the audience's entire appreciation of the more refined

qualities of his playing. Although unanimously encored, Ernst was satisfied to return and bow to the audience and when again recalled did not again make his appearance, which was hardly to be wondered at, since it was much past eleven before he commenced his second piece. This reminds us of what we have already intended to hint to Mr. Stammers—that the original and judicious plan of bringing his concerts to a termination before eleven o'clock appears to have been abandoned. We hope this is inadvertent, and not intentional. We are aware that the encores must frequently overturn the calculations of the director in the construction of his programmes; but this does not palliate, in the eyes of the public, an undue prolongation of the time originally assigned to the performance. Either the programmes must be shortened, or the singers and players must resolutely decline encores. Much might be effected if a rule were enforced that no encore whatever accompanied by the slightest signs of opposition should be accepted by the artist. This, in fact, would do away with at least one-half of them. *Verbum sat, sapienti*—"a word to Stammers is enough," which we have said before, and hope not to be compelled to say again on many future occasions.

The plaintive ballad of "The last rose of summer," finely sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, was vociferously re-demanded; and Miss Poole obtained loud applause for her sweet singing of that sweetest of canzonets, "My mother bids me bind my hair." Another encore was awarded to Mr. T. Harper's exceedingly clever execution of "The soldier tired" upon the trumpet. The compliment was thoroughly deserved. Miss Eyles showed progress and feeling in Mercadante's aria, "Se m'abbandoni," but hardly showed judgment in selecting so long and difficult a piece. After a duet from *L'Elisir* ("Fairest maiden") by Mrs. A. Newton and Herr Formes—not well suited to a concert-room—the first part came brilliantly to a close with a really admirable performance of Auber's animated and splendid overture to *Masaniello*.

The second part must be briefly dismissed. The most interesting feature was an overture in E minor, called *Marie du Bois*, by Sterndale Bennett, so rarely given in public that it was quite a boon to hear it. This is the shortest and least ambitious of Bennett's overtures; but it is a little gem—a quiet bit of pastoral, symmetrical in form and perfectly original in style. The hand played it well, but might have played it better. Herr Anschuetz should give this overture an extra rehearsal another time; it is well worth the pains.

The "Largo al factotum" of Herr Formes, a prodigiously animated piece of vocal execution, created, as it did on a previous occasion, a great sensation among the audience, and was uproariously encored. Those who have not heard Herr Formes in this glorious *buffo* air would scarcely credit the ease and rapidity of utterance with which he sings it. Few efforts of the popular German basso have been received with more decided favor. Wallace's charming ballad, "Alas! those chimneys," in which Miss Poole produced so great an impression on the first production of *Maritana*, was sung by that lady as well as ever; and we must confess to be surprised, where encores are so plentiful, and so often indiscriminate, that one—and a hearty one, too—was not accorded to this. Mr. Sims Reeves had a third encore in "The White Squall," in obedience to which, he gave "My pretty Jane," judiciously substituting a lively song for a dull one. The rest of the vocal pieces we did not hear, but we know that Bishop's "Chough and Crow" would not be the worst.

If the audience could only be persuaded how they *emblem*—we cannot find a more expressive word—how they *emblem*

themselves, unconsciously, by those eternal encroaches there might be some chance of a reform. Mr. Sims Reeves or Herr Formes should make a speech and tell them so.

DEATH OF MADAME GRASSINI.

MADAME GRASSINI, one of the most celebrated Italian singers, and the most beautiful woman, of her day, died lately at Milan, at the advanced age of seventy-five. Few of her profession ever boasted of a career so long and so brilliant as hers. In Italy, France, Germany, and England, she achieved for herself the highest reputation, and for many years ruled in undisputed possession on the throne of song. A reign so prolonged and so glorious must needs present some features of interest; we shall accordingly render a brief account of her life, and offer some critical remarks on her talents and capabilities.

Madame Grassini was born at Varese, in Lombardy, in 1775. From her earliest age she displayed an extraordinary aptitude and predilection for music. Struck with these manifestations, and the singular beauty of her voice, General Belgiojoso undertook the charge of her education. The progress of the young cantatrice surpassed the most ardent expectations of her patron. Mademoiselle Grassini became an accomplished singer at an age when other candidates for the profession are in their novitiate. She made her *début* at La Scala, in Milan, in 1794. She sang with Marehesi, and the tenor Lazzarini, in the *Artaserse* of Zingarelli; and in the *Demofone* of Portogallo. She was overwhelmed with applauses, and the beauty, power, and quality of her voice, produced an immense effect. Her lower notes were more especially admired. Madame Grassini's voice was in fact a contralto; but, like Malibran, she had worked it up into the soprano register. This was hardly to be wondered at. The contralto voice was not known at the time, at least no composer until Rossini wrote expressly for it. It was therefore absolutely necessary to master the soprano register to sing in opera at all. Madame Grassini, by all accounts, did not improve the quality and beauty of her voice by departing from its natural compass.

From the moment of her first appearance Madlle. Grassini created an unprecedented sensation, which soon spread throughout all Italy. The managers of all the principal theatres hastened to offer her the most magnificent engagements. Her journey to Venice, to Naples, to Rome, was marked by a series of triumphs. Recalled to Milan in 1796 she sang with Crescentini in Zingarelli's *Romeo et Giulietta*, and excited the utmost enthusiasm. The following year she appeared at Venice, at the La Fenice theatre, where she played Orazia in Cimarosa's opera, *Gli Orsini e i Curiali*. Again she awakened the same *furore*, each performance confirming more and more the fiat of public opinion. Shortly afterwards she returned to Naples, and performed during the fêtes which were given on the occasion of the marriage of the hereditary prince.

In 1800 we again find Madlle. Grassini singing in Milan, at the Scala. After the battle of Marengo she was heard at a concert in presence of Napoleon, then First Consul. Napoleon was in raptures with her, and took her to Paris. On the 22nd of July, in the same year, she assisted at the grand national festival, celebrated at the Champ de Mars, at which eight hundred musicians performed. At this period her voice had attained all its power, and was in full possession of its freshness and beauty. The sensation she created, according to some critics of the day, was perfectly indescribable. Still, we must attribute the enthusiasm, amounting to idolatry, which Madlle. Grassini excited, in part to the peculiar occasion of

the fête, since we cannot fancy one in a thousand could have heard her, and those who did hear her, must have heard her to a great disadvantage, considering the place in which she sang.

In two concerts, which she gave soon after at the Opera, Madlle. Grassini achieved an unmistakable and legitimate success. There was at that time no Italian Opera in Paris, and she was obliged to restrict her performance to concerts and private *soirées*. Madlle. Grassini, in consequence, did not remain long in the French capital. She proceeded to Germany, where the same brilliant success awaited her as in Italy and France.

In 1803 she came to London, and was engaged at the King's Theatre. At this time Mrs. Billington was the reigning favourite with the English public. She had debuted for the first time at the Italian Opera House but a short time previous to Grassini's appearance; and, from the favouritism bestowed on the one—and justly bestowed—and the immense reputation which preceded the other, expectation was wound up to the highest pitch. But expectation, as it always is, was somehow disappointed. Madame Grassini at first did not move Mrs. Billington from her popularity. It was owing entirely to a peculiar occasion that she established herself as a great favourite with the London public; and this occasion, and several matters connected therewith, we shall take leave to refer to in the words of another, as we cannot be supposed individually to know anything of the matter, not having been horn for many years after.

In Lord Mount Edgumbe's "Reminiscences of Italian Opera in England," we find the following account of Madame Grassini in the first period of her engagement at the King's Theatre, and the cause of her sudden uprise into popular favour. We do not pledge our faith to the fidelity of his lordship's strictures, nor to the weight of his lordship's critical judgment; but we transcribe his remarks, as they savour of impartiality and appear conscientious.

"The event to which I allude was the arrival of Grassini, who was engaged for the next season as first woman alternately with Mrs. Billington. This very handsome woman was in every thing the direct contrary of her rival. With a beautiful form, and a grace peculiarly her own, she was an excellent actress, and her style of singing was exclusively the cantabile, which became heavy *à la longue*, and bordered a little on the monotonous: for her voice, which it was said had been a high soprano, was by some accident reduced to a low and confined contralto. She had entirely lost all its upper tones, and possessed little more than one octave of good natural pitch; if she attempted to go higher, she produced only a shriek, quite unnatural, and almost painful to the ear. Her first appearance was in *La Vierge du Sole*, an opera of Meyer's, well suited to her peculiar talents: but her success was not very decisive as a singer, though her acting and her beauty could not fail of exciting high admiration. So equivocal was her reception, that when her benefit was to take place she did not dare encounter it alone, but called in Mrs. Billington to her aid, and she, ever willing to oblige, readily consented to appear with her. The opera composed for the occasion by Winter was *Il Ratto di Proserpina*, in which Mrs. Billington acted Ceres, and Grassini Proserpine. And now the tide of favour suddenly turned; the performance of the latter carried all the applause, and her graceful figure, her fine expression of face, together with the sweet manner in which she sang several easy, simple airs, stamped her at once the reigning diva. Her deep tone was undoubtedly fine, and had a particularly good effect when joined with the brilliant voice of Mrs. Billington: but though, from its great success, this opera was frequently repeated, they never sang together in any other. Grassini having attained the summit of the ladder, kicked down the steps by which she had risen, and henceforth stood alone. Not only was she rapturously applauded in public, but she was taken up by the first society, *fêtes*, carousals, and introduced as a regular guest in most of the fashionable assemblies. Of her private claims to that distinction it is best to be silent, but her manners and exterior behaviour were proper and genteel.

"As I before observed, it was the comparison of these two rival performers that discovered to me the great superiority of Mrs. Billington, as a musician and as a singer. But as every one has eyes, and but few

musical ears, the superior beauty was the most generally admired; and no doubt the deaf would have been charmed with Grassini, while the blind must have been delighted with Mrs. Billington."

Madame Grassini remained in England for two years. By the way, the French and Italian accounts differ from Lord Mount Edgumbe's as to the year of her coming to London. The former makes it the year of Lord 1802—his lordship sets it down as 1803. His lordship, we believe, is right. This would scarcely be worth mentioning, were it not that it recalls the first year in which our own great tenor, the immortal Braham—may he live a thousand years! and that is exactly nine hundred and ninety-nine years longer than the Spanish Cortez constitution—made his first appearance at the Italian Opera.

An order from Napoleon, then emperor, in 1804 or 1805, recalled Madame Grassini to Paris. Specially attached to the theatre and the concerts of the court, she sang for several years with Crescentini, Brizzi, Tacchinardi, and Madame Paer. Paer wrote the *Didone* expressly for her, in which her acting has been represented as equally fine with her singing. Madame Grassini, it is said, made a veritable creation of this character, which was pronounced a *chef-d'œuvre*, as well for dramatic force and expression, as for the perfection of style and vocalisation.

The fall of Napoleon lost to Madame Grassini all the brilliant advantages she possessed at the court. But her voice no longer retained its freshness and purity, and she could not seek elsewhere to establish a new reign of power and absolutism. She left Paris for Italy, where she sang for some years, and then retired into private life.

BOIARDO.

*Io vidi quel bel viso impallidire
Per la crudel partita, come suole
Da sera o da mattino avanti il Sole
La luce un nuvoletto ricoprire.
Vidi il color di rose rivenire
Di bianchi gigli e pallide viole,
E vidi (e quel veder me giova e duole)
Cristallo e perle da quegli occhi uscire.
Dolce parole, e dolce lacrimare
Che dolcemente m' addolcì il core
E di dolcezza il fate lamentare;
Con voi piangendo sospirava Amore
Tanto suavo che nel rammentare
Non mi par doglia ancor il mio dolere.*

I saw her shining face grow pale as snow,
When we two parted, and a sorrowing cloud
Grew o'er her cheeks, as when thick mist enshrouds
The saffron down, or Evening's golden glow.
I saw the rosate beauties of her cheek
Melt into lilies, and big tears start
From her sweet violet eyes, wherewith my heart
Such transports felt, as never tongue could speak;
Sweet words, sweet tears, that soothed my saddest woe,
And gave a wild sweet charm to melancholy:
'Twas Love stood by their weeping—Love made flow
Those tears of passionate fondness pure and holy.
Though dark my fate, those tears can charm me still,
And chase from memory's page each sombre trace of ill.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ITALIAN OPERA AT HAVANNAH.—(From a Correspondent.)
—The Théâtre Tacón, far from feeling that state of torpor that pervades so many institutions of the kind, even in the great cities of Europe, is made by its spirited and enterprising director (the Cavaliere de Marti) a vehicle of ever fresh attractions, and a theme of ever fresh applauses from the intellectual public of the capital of Cuba. The footing on which theatrical matters are carried by Signor de Marti is such as to entitle

the establishment, he directs to the well-earned appellation of "Temple of Harmony,"—an appellation which throws much credit on its director, whose perseverance under difficulties of all kinds is the more laudable.

Let us peruse now the repertory of a theatre which shames the torpid apathy of so many others of greater magnitude and resources. The happy selection of operas speaks loudly for the taste and zeal of all those who are entrusted with their interpretation. The operas successively performed since October have been *Lucia*, *Foscari*, *Borgia*, *Norma*, *Sonnambula*, *Barbiere*, *Semiramide*, and *Attila*. Madlle. Steffanoni, the prima donna, earns fresh laurels every time she appears. Her interpretation of *Lucia* is excellent. Beauty combined with grace makes its charm. Madame Bosis has been much liked, and is of great use to the company. Signor Salvi, the well-known tenor, easily found the way to the hearts of his audience. He is an impassioned singer and a skilful actor. Signor Badiali and Signor Marini have repeatedly been encoined in several *morceaux* in *Attila*. Signor Cesare Badiali (*Esio*) has great command of voice, and is a good actor. The duet with Signor Marini is a trial of skill from which both singers come off victorious, and receive the loud applause of the audience. The *Attila* of Marini, for whom the part was written, is a fine performance. Indeed, it is curious to see a part like *Attila* interpreted with so much truth by Marini. No one can be more unlike that regal brigand of the Visigoths than the mild, warm-hearted artist. Signor Bottesini, who met with so great a success last summer in London, contributed greatly as a leader in the orchestra to the deserved success of the undertaking; and if to his being a first-rate double bass-player and a clever pianiste, we add that the man is quite as admirable as the artist, we cannot be surprised at his being a general favourite amongst the Havannese. Signor Frederico Badiali, the stage-manager, is to be highly commended for his exertions. He is equally active and intelligent.

Several operas are now in rehearsal, namely, *Roberto il Diavolo*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Pietro l'Eremita*, and others. The company will leave for New York towards the end of February, where, no doubt, success awaits them. So that, promising ourselves to keep the public on this side of the Atlantic well informed of the progress of music on the other, we shall close our account of the performances for the present. Owing to the firm and liberal administration of Cavaliere de Marti, it has pleased her Spanish Majesty to appoint him one of her privy council, to the great satisfaction of all who are acquainted with the amiable and zealous director.

MR. THOMAS'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

We subjoin the programme of the second of the series of Mr. Thomas's Quartet and Solo Concerts held at the Literary and Scientific Institution, Edward Street, Portman Square, which will be found to be of the same calibre from the first.

PART I.

Quartet in E flat, No. 4.—Two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Mori and E. W. Thomas, Mr. Westlake and Mr. Guest. *Morart.*
"La Cracovienne"—Pianoforte, Miss Kate Loder. *Wallace.*
Quartet in D, No. 2.—Two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. E. W. Thomas and Mori, Mr. Westlake and Mr. Guest. *C. E. Horsley.*

PART II.

Trio, in B flat, No. 4.—Pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Miss Kate Loder, Mr. Mori, and Mr. Guest. *Beethoven.*
Danish Air with variations—Violin, Mr. E. W. Thomas. *Mayseder.*
Quartet, in F, No. 82.—Two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. E. W. Thomas and Mori, Mr. Westlake and Mr. Guest. *Haydn.*

The principal novelty was Horsley's quartet, of which we gave a lengthened notice when it was first performed at the Society of British Musicians. The performers all acquitted themselves admirably. Mr. Thomas played his violin solo with the most correct tone and fine execution. In the quartet and trio he was ably assisted by his conjutors. The "Craevienne" is one of Kate Loder's most brilliant achievements; but the fair pianiste was heard to far more advantage in Beethoven's trio. The concert was well attended.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

A concert at the Assembly Rooms took place on Wednesday evening the 16th inst. The artists were Miss Dolby; another lady, whose name at first appeared in stars, but was afterwards disclosed as Miss Balfo; and the Robinson family. It is almost unnecessary to state the enthusiastic reception accorded to that popular vocalist Miss Dolby, who sang with her usual brilliancy and taste. She was rapturously encored in "Scenes of my childhood" and "Auntie Lizzie." Miss Balfo is evidently a novice, but possesses a voice of some power, and will no doubt improve as she gains confidence. The room, I regret to say, was anything but full, there being scarcely more than sixty persons present. Although music is making great progress at Plymouth, a moderate scale of prices, as I stated on the occasion of the last concert given here, is absolutely necessary in these days, when we can hear such men as Ernst and Vivier at Exeter Hall for an almost nominal admission. The *Plymouth Journal* (by far the most widely circulated of the local press) adds to a notice of some length on the merits of the artists on this occasion.

"We shall be glad if the director of the concert will take care in future, that the card he sends us, will admit us to the first seats. On this occasion we had to pay the difference of price between the reserved seats and those in the body of the room. Had we been alone we should have declined doing this, and returned the tickets."

Mr. Newcombe, at the Theatre, continues to do excellent business. On Tuesday evening the 15th, *Macbeth* attracted a full and fashionable audience, the public no doubt being anxious to see Mr. Wilmarth Waller in a new character. Macbeth is equal to anything I have seen him play. It was full of energy and free from mannerism. His acting throughout was that of a scholar and a gentleman, and the warm reception he encountered must have been most gratifying to his feelings. The Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Dyas was an able performance. Mr. Newcombe is fortunate in having such an excellent juvenile tragedian as Mr. Bedford, who on this occasion was the Macduff. Mr. J. F. Young, as Banquo, gave new proofs of his ability. The piece was well put upon the stage, and praise is due to Mr. Dodsworth, musical director, for the satisfactory manner in which the choruses were sung.

Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Wilmarth, and Miss Lauza make their appearance at a concert on Monday the 28th.

On Friday *Romeo and Juliet* was performed to a good house, the attraction being Mr. Wilmarth Waller in a new character. The expectations of the audience were in a way disappointed. Mr. Waller's impersonation of Romeo was quite equal to his Hamlet. His great scene with Friar Lawrence (well played by Mr. J. F. Young) was forcible and impassioned, and all the best "points" were given with felicity. The Juliet of Mrs. Dyas, full of natural feeling, was an intelligent piece of acting throughout, and Mr. Bedford's Mercutio was dashing and spirited.

On Monday evening the house was crowded by a fashionable audience to witness the amateur performance of Tobin's admirable comedy, *The Honeymoon*. Gallantry suggests that I should begin with the ladies; I have rarely seen the three parts better played in a provincial theatre. Mrs. Dyas, as Juliana, was graceful and animated. The scene with the Duke, when she arrives at the cottage after her marriage, was excellent; and again that with Lopez, where Juliana is gradually subdued by the firmness of her husband, was equally good. Miss Jauo Tyrer's Volante was remarkable for lady-like ease, her personal attractions adding a

peculiar interest to her performance. Miss Clare, as Zamora, delivered the text with simplicity and earnestness. Captain Disney Roebuck was the Duke Aranza. Often as I have heard my old friend, the original Juliana, say, "Ah, you should have seen Eliston play the Duke," it is my humble conviction that the Captain's conception and execution of the part would have encountered her entire approval. It was sensibly, gentlemanly, energetic, and effective. The Mock Duke, by Lieut. Phillis, a really artistic performance, convulsed the house with laughter. He invoked the part with genuine humour, without the obtrusive "gagging" which so often degrades it into mere buffoonery. Captain Austen was excellent as Rolando; the pretended woman-hater seldom meets with so careful a representative. The Count Montalban of Mr. Macnamara was also a clever performance, although the best actor on the stage could hardly make the part a prominent one. The little part of Lopez was done to perfection by Mr. A. Stewart, R.N. The dance went off admirably, and elicited warm applause. At the end of the comedy, a pupil of Balfe's, Miss Emily Eardley, sang Linley's popular ballad, "Thou art gone from my gaze," with much feeling, and a *pas grotesque*, à la Flexmore, by Mr. Cave, was encored. After a sparkling set of waltzes, "The Portobello," by Lieut. Phillips, R.A., was played by the band, the farce of *Perfection* followed, which brought Miss Eardley, Captain Roebuck, and Mr. Phillis again before the audience. Miss Eardley's Kate O'Brien was in all respects good; and Captain Roebuck's Charles Paragon excellent. He mistook the author's intentions, however, in the sofa scene. Instead of playing with the stick intended for Kate's assumed lameness he should have been mute with admiration and astonishment at the discovery of her new accomplishment. Mr. Phillis's Sam deserves favourable mention, and the Sir Laurence Paragon of Mr. Marston was the model of a testy old bachelor. The "Portobello Waltz" of Lieut. Phillips, R.A., would, I think, if published, become as popular in London as it is already in Dublin and Plymouth. The farce was succeeded by a nigger melody, sang in character by a gentleman amateur (native of Bermuda), and Miss Clare danced the "Cachues" very prettily. The amateurs have lost one of their most talented auxiliaries in Mr. Martin, who was to have played in the farce of *Done on both Sides*, but professional business compelled his absence, which was a subject of general regret. Mr. Wheeler, under these circumstances, studied the part at a short notice, and acquitted himself to the satisfaction of all parties. Mrs. Garthwaite, as Mrs. Whiffles, played with her usual spirit. Altogether, I have never seen an amateur performance go off so well. There was, indeed, little to particularise it from a company of professional artists. T. E. B.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I will preface this letter by stating that I have read a musical article on the *Progress and Influence of Music*, from the columns of the *Morning Post*, which you inserted in your last week's impression, that has given me the greatest pleasure. Such an article could emanate only from the pen of a musician who has diligently studied the science of music, for the opinions therein entertained are not the mere babblings of a feeble scribbler, capable only of writing smoothly in the vulgar tongue. If the Editors of every paper would follow the example of the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, and one or two others, the hour would soon arrive when the pretenders of music would lose their hold on the public. The babbling scribe may be placed in juxtaposition with the musical pretender; both are incompetent of deep reflection, and both are capable of vicious dealing in their respective callings. These results will ever be encouraged, so long as such persons receive the countenance of the world. There are four kinds of musicians:—1st, The cultivated genius; 2nd, The uncultivated genius; 3rd, The cultivated without genius; 4th, The pretender, or uncultivated, without genius. Unfortunately the fourth kind is most common, and most thirly, and I will now show that the Royal Academy of Music sends before the public a greater number of pretenders than there would otherwise be if it had never been established, on account of the mismanagement of the Committee. The Royal Academy of Music was pro-

has been instituted to afford liberal education on moderate terms to such persons as in early life evinced uncommon musical abilities. Such a restriction is just, as it deters many from entering a profession which by nature they are not able honorably to preserve. The Committee, not being interested to abide by this restriction, have departed from it, and thus mere pretenders are admitted into the Academy. This is not the worst evil I shall name. It is customary to present certificates to the Academicians on leaving the institution, and they are often presented to mere pretenders. Thus, then, the Committee sanction and nominally patronise mere pretenders. This I can prove in more instances than one, and one instance I will give. The principal singing master of the Royal Academy of Music presented a certificate to a gentleman who did not so much as know the nature of his own voice; and he was sent to teach others the art of vocalization! This very master has been nearly thirty years in full practice, and has not brought out one great singer; but the Committee still patronise him at the expense of English vocalists. I have often heard our vocalists struggling to produce great and dramatic effects, which for want of proper schooling they have failed in accomplishing, and too often third-rate foreign singers with inferior voices to our vocalists have taken away public applause, and placed these injured vocalists in the back ground. The Academicians are led to believe, when life is in its spring, that the Committee will support them because they are kind, and give paternal smiles to them, so long as they remain in the Academy; but they learn, later in life, that Foreigners receive their money. He who has attended the exhibitions shown at the R. A. M. concerts, will see some affluent gentleman taking a most lively interest in the welfare of the debutants, and he would be surprised to be told that they were members of the committee, puffing off some students, so that they can leave the academy creditably, knowing, at the same time, that third-rate Foreign talent will surpass them. Why is this practised? To get rid of old pupils, to supply the academy with new ones, so that more money may come into the hands of the committee? I will not answer this question; but am satisfied by remarking that the committee are peculiarly interested in obtaining pupils, and the less they have to learn the sooner this object is effected! The public may judge whether all I have advanced does not look like trading with musicians or pretenders. Of this I am certain, that the mismanagement of the R. A. M. reflects discredit to our noble land, and is especially hurtful to public vocalists.—I am, sir, yours obliged,

FRANK FLOWERS.

P.S.—All personal attacks I shall not notice; but if any misstatements occur in the above letter, I shall be glad to acknowledge them.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

STRAND.

THE announcement that Mrs. Glover is about to take her farewell of the stage at the close of her present engagement has filled the theatre every night. This great actress is going through a series of her favourite performances, and lately has appeared in one of her greatest, the *Willow Green* in the *Love Chase*, which she played with consummate art and immense effect. To criticise a performance in detail so generally known is not requisite. We certainly never saw Mrs. Glover play it better. Now that we are about to lose our greatest living actress, we would not willingly part with her without beholding her in one of her most remarkable characters, viz., *Lady Wishfort*, in Congreve's comedy of *The Way of the World*, in which she created so great a sensation a few years ago at the Haymarket. Nor should Mrs. Glover quit the stage without permitting her admirers to witness her *Nurse* in *Romeo and Juliet*, and Mrs. Quickly in *Henry the Fourth*. We throw out these hints to the management, as we have heard frequent declarations of a desire to see the great artist in these, two of her very finest assumptions.

The *Love Chase* has been very well performed at the Strand.

Besides Mrs. Glover's inimitable *Willow Green*, and Mr. W. Farren's *Sir William Fondlove*, a most finished and artistic piece of comic acting, Mrs. Sterling's *Neighbour Constance* is entitled to much praise, as is also Mr. Henry Farren's *Wil-drake*, and Mrs. Leigh Murray's *Lydia*.

MARYLEBONE.

THIS theatre prospers under its new management. On Monday, a drama (we believe new) was produced, called the *Road of Life*, in three acts, or, as the bills express it, in three stages. The object of the writer has been to exhibit his dramatic personae under the influence of different circumstances, and to shew the effect of the freaks of fortune on them. The grouping of the characters, and the contrast of the situations are managed with considerable skill and tact. We have a dandy and spendthrift transformed in the last act into a street hawker; a vulgar moneyed cit is turned into a common labourer, and an ambitious *soubrette* becomes his wife. There is a wealthy and villainous banker, who has disinherited a nephew in order to purchase a title for his daughter, but who is detected by a returned convict, whom he has first made the tool of his iniquities, and then got sent to the Hulks. The dialogue is well written, and the comic portions filled with the usual quantity of fun and double entendre. Mr. G. Wild, as the cit, and Miss Fanny Williams, as the *soubrette*, two debutantes at this theatre, were very well received, and the piece was entirely successful.

Mr. Stirling's new farce, called *Wild Ducks* followed, and is one of the best that has come from the author's prolific pen. The idea is equally extravagant and happy. A village coquette punishes the husbands of three of her friends—each of whom is trying to establish a *liaison* with her—by inducing them to hide themselves, for fear of detection, under three hen-coops, and while they are in this dignified posture, exhibiting their wives to them, supping and flirting with three officers. The idea is as well wrought out as it is conceived, and the pretty face and graceful vivacity of Miss Jane Corveny, as the heroine, stamps her a decided acquisition to the theatre. The house was well filled.

MACREADY'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES AT BRISTOL

(From *Felix Farley's Journal*, January 19.)

THE pieces acted during the past week have enabled the Bristol citizens to take a last farewell of Macready in some of his best-fitted and most successful personations—Iago, *Virginius*, *Lear*, and *Lord Townly*. Of all the living and speaking pictures that this greatest of present actors has ever rendered, it may perhaps be said that his Iago comes the very nearest to that perfection, the complete attainment whereof, in palpable figure, speech and gesture—so as to realise to the mind, through eye and ear, the conceptions of the master—is, one may say, by the superhuman vastness of Shakspeare's genius made impossible to any—the most accomplished and gifted—of the human kind. It is recorded that William Shakspeare, as an actor, was but a poor exponent of his own mental creations; he had too much of thought and too little of time to learn the business of an interpreter. How seldom do they who spend their evening at a play reflect upon the midnight hours of lives that have necessarily been wasted and worn to minister to their brief instruction! If we could achieve the human impossibility of squeezing into one living being the inspired soul of Shakspeare, with the perceptive genius and the life's practical toil-won experience of Macready, we should have that perfect embodiment.

But to Iago:—The conception of this part as realised by

Macready bars effectually the critical objection made to almost all the actors of it. The great art of acting is to conceal the art—and so move an audience to lose all sense of the mimicry of the scene in a feeling of art-bred reality; and it is but to repeat a backhanded stricture to note that your Iago in most hands is but a clumsy villain, scowling and growling in the presence of the man around whom he is supposed to be weaving his subtle meshes—and thus destroying the fine conception of the author, and making the auditory wonder how Othello could be such an ass as to be taken in by such a palpable and transparent rogue. Macready does not treat it thus:—he follows the author's intent. Alone—soliloquising his own thoughts, you see the deep designing knave broadly painted; while with the victims of his malice you have just so much, and no more, of his real nature, as will lead you, but not them, to a perception of his motives. The actor shows you, in short, that he has discovered more of the "comedy" of Iago's character and the versatility of his villainous shrewdness than are conventionally worked out of it, accommodating his demeanour "excellent well" to each of his dupes according to their several qualities; the cozening of silly Roderigo, the jovial rollicking temptation of the open-hearted Cassio, the subtle instilling of poisoned thoughts into the brain of the noble Moor—are all portrayed with such consummate skill as to give the spectators but a mere shadowy direction to the foregone conclusion of his distinct and, to them, ascertained malignancy.

Yet, as we have said, no Shaksperian actor can be absolutely perfect; and even Macready has—(we may say—at this last stage of his professional career—"has had")—his faults, as what great artist has not? and the greater the artist the greater his pet errors. Least venial of all, in the actor we have now hidden adieu to, most firmly fixed, as the pertinacity that growing years will fix a habit in men's minds, is that strange fashion of pausing most unnaturally at some particular crisis, ere he proceeds with the business of the play. In the last scene of the fifth act this statuesque stillness of his was most painful. People began to wonder whether it was Macready wilfully, or one of the city tragedians by lack of memory, that kept back the poet's words so long. Actors cannot see themselves act, and lookers-on can perceive effects, good or bad, better than those engaged in the business of the piece; and we may, therefore, not in conceit, deprecate this mannerism, and wholesomely advise all young aspirants to high honours in the art, including some of our Bristol players, "to avoid it altogether," though Macready be the prototype.

The great actor was not well supported in the tragedy—nor, on the other hand, had he any thing very good to support, seeing that Mr. Coleman's Othello, though loudly correct in stage business, perfect in words, and not ungraceful in action, wanted just the noble dignity and intense feeling that can only preserve the actor, in certain portions of the play, from unfavourable comparisons with the representative of his "ancient;" so Mr. Macready did not perhaps shine the less brilliantly in Iago because James Wallace, or Gustavus Brooke, was not the Othello of the night. Miss Edwards rendered Desdemona with a true feeling of the gentleness and abiding love of her who "loved him for the dangers he had passed;" and the Emilia of Mrs. Saville was well declaimed. Brabantio, too, was read with sound emphasis and good discretion by Mr. Maddocks. The Roderigo of Mr. J. Davis was somewhat overmuch tinged with the low-comedy colour, but in its predominant "greenness" a good accessory, by contrast, to an Iago in this particular style. For the rest of the *dramatis personæ* the less that might be said the better.

On Tuesday was played *Virginus*, and on Wednesday *Lear*, in both of which characters we have so often had occasion to notice Mr. Macready, that any criticism therein would be but the repetition of an oft-told tale.

Last night Mr. Macready played in the last act of *Henry the Fourth*, and afterwards Lord Townly, in the *Provoked Husband*.

As the curtain was falling Mr. Macready came forward, and, after the hearty approbation had subsided, spoke as follows:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, I have not waited to night for the summons with which you have usually honoured me. As this is the last time I shall ever appear on this stage before you, I would beg leave to offer a few parting words, and would wish them to be beyond all question from the spontaneous tribute of my respect. I shall not—it is not my intention to trespass for any length of time on your attention. The little that I have to say may be briefly said; indeed, attempt at display or effect seems to me scarcely in accordance with the occasion,—to me, in truth, a melancholy one,—and certainly would very imperfectly interpret the feelings which prompt me to address you. For a long course of years, indeed, from the period of my early youth, I have been welcomed by you in my professional capacity with demonstrations of favour so fervent and so constant that they, in some measure, have seemed in their nature almost to partake of a personal interest. Under the influence of this impression, sentiments of deep and strong regard have taken firm root in my mind; and therefore it is really little other than a natural impulse for me to wish to leave with you the assurance that, as I have never been insensible to your kindness, so I never shall be forgetful of it. (Loud cheers.) I have, really, ladies and gentlemen, vainly tasked myself to find due expressions for those emotions which I shall ever cherish towards you; and therefore let me at once and for all proffer you, to-night, my warmest thanks with my regretful adieus, as in my profession as an actor, I most gratefully and respectfully bid you a last farewell." Mr. Macready then retired amidst bursts of applause, renewed again and again.

While speaking the address, Mr. Macready was evidently much affected, the appearance of the house, which presented one mass of human beings, evidently awaking feelings of pure emotion.

MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

(Continued from page 42.)

Outro, s'era y'all'at'us y'ap'ur.
This is a gallant old fox.

MEMORANDUM.

Nas qui sequimur probabili, nec ultra quam id quod verisimile occurrere progredi possumus, et recte sine pertinacit, et recte sine iracundia parati sumus.

Cic. Tusc. Quæst. li.

So little was Tasso ashamed of these casual imitations of other poets, which are so often branded as plagiarisms, that in his Commentary on his Rime, he takes pains to point out whatever coincidences of this kind occur in his own verses.

MOORE.

Thus when a good housewife sees a rat
In her trap in the morning taken,
With pleasure her heart goes pit-a-pat,
In revenge for her loss of bacon;
Then she throws him to the dog or cat,
To be worried, crushed, and shaken.

Beggar's Opera.

Plagiarism the First.

Groups of beautiful children went strewing the most delicious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called the Scattering of the Roses, till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Khoten had passed through it.

This is stolen either directly from

SIR W. JONES.—*Grammar of the Persian*, li. 168.

I said, is the Zephyr breathing from the garden? or is a caravan of musk coming from Khotan?
Or from a poetical work of the same author, in which the same thought is more fully expressed:—

SIA W. JONES.—*The Seven Fountains*, iv., 439.

As when at eve an Eastern merchant roves,
From Hadramut to Eden's spikenard groves,
Where some rich caravan not long before
Had passed, with cassia fragrant, and balmi store,
Charmed with the scents that hills and dales diffuse,
His grateful journey gaily he pursues.

Plagiarism the Second.

He was youth about Lalla Rookh's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, CHRISTINA, such as he appears to their young imaginations—heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes.

This is little better than a new version of

SIA W. JONES.—*On the Gods of Greece*, l., 266.

The princesses of Hindostan, as well as the damsels of Nanda's farm, were passionately in love with CHRISTINA, who continues to this hour the darling god of the Indian women.

So many of the poets have made drum-heads, tin trumpets, and other musical instruments, of their ladies' eyes and faces, that novelty on the theme is quite hopeless. With the moon-struck gentlemen of Parnassus, a Jew's-harp is not half so melodious as a fair countenance. Here we have Christina breathing music from his eyes, as systematically as if he were only breathing the common air of life through his nostrils. The only wonder is, that even this abominable rubbish is not original, but is copied by Tommy from that hackneyed line of

LOVELACE.

The melody and music of her face.

The same thought is in

LANSBOWNE.—*British Enchanters*, act i., sc., 1.

When with adoring looks we gaze
On bright Oriana's heavenly face,
In every glance and every grace

What is it that we see,

But harmony—

Celestial harmony?

Our ravished hearts leap up to meet

The music of her eyes—

The music of her eyes—

And dance around her feet.

It was pilfered first by

BYRON.—*Bride of Abydos*.

The light of love, the purity of grace—

The mind, the music breathing from her face.

Plagiarism the Third.

Where all the loveliest children of his beam,
Flow'rets and fruits blush over every stream.

SIA W. JONES.

Cheremion in *Idyllos* εἶπεν τέκνα jucundissimè vocat, cum dicit Ἀνθρον τέκνα εἶπεν τῷ τῷ ἀνδρὶ.

In Athenæus, (Deipnosoph. xiii., cap. xi.) ivy is called the daughter of the year.

Χαῖρον ἐρατὲς κύριος ἐκείνου δε καί.

Anacreon likewise, in his fifth ode to the Rose, thus apostrophises it:—

Ρόδον μὲ φέρωντον ἄρθος,

Ρόδον εἶπεν μέλιμα.

In the emblems of Quarles, we read:—

Oh, do not, children of the spring,

Hither your charming odours bring,

And in

COWLEY.—*Hymn to Light*.

The violet, spring's little infant stands,

Girt in thy purple swaddling bands.

It may seem scarcely worth while to quote such trifles, but in plagiarism, as well as in jealousy, trifles light as air

Are to the critics confirmation strong
As proofs of Holy Writ.

Plagiarism the Fourth.

Over his features hung

The veil—the silver veil which he had flung,

In mercy, there, to hide from mortal sight

His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light;

For far less luminous, his votaries said,

Were e'en the gleams miraculously shed

Over Moses's cheek, when down the mount he trod,

All glowing from the presence of his God.

This is taken from

DR. HERBERT.—*Bibliothèque Orientale*.

Les disciples assureroient qu'il se couvrait le visage, pour ne pas éblouir ceux qui l'approchoient, par l'éclat de son visage comme Moïse.

The same image occurs in two English authors.

DAYDEN.

Such was the saint who shone with every grace,

Reflecting, Moses-like, his Maker's face.

BACON.—*Epistle to Fenton*.

Such joys as none but sons of virtue know,

Shine in thy face, and in thy bosom glow;

So when the holy Mount the prophet trod,

And talked familiar as a friend with God,

Celestial radiance every feature shed,

And ambient glories dawned around his head.

Plagiarism the Fifth.

And as they wave aloft in morning's beam,
The milk-white plumage of their helms, they seem
Like a cedar-tree grove when winter throws
Over all its tufted heads its feathering snows.

This is pillaged from Homer, who compares Hector, rushing to battle with his large white plumes floating in the breeze, to a lofty mountain pinnacled with snow, and itself in motion:

HOMER, *Iliad* xiii. 754.

Ἦρα καὶ ἀνὰ πτερὰ σπῆν ὑποπόρπις ἐκαστος.

POTTS's Translation.

This said, the towering chief prepares to go,

Shakes his white plumes, that to the breezes flow,

And seems a moving mountain topt with snow.

Plagiarism the Sixth.

Aloft the Haram's curtained galleries rise,
Where through the silken network glancing eyes,
From time to time like sudden gleams that glow
Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp below.

And blushes swift and wild

As are the momentary meteors sent

Across the uncalm, but beauteous firmament—i.

BECKFORD.—*Vathek*.

Soon reaching the interior of the harem, where, through blinds of Persian, they perceived large soft eyes, dark and blue, that went and came like lightning.

The second image is stolen from an entire cluster of originals.

SHAKESPEARE.—*Venus and Adonis*.

But now her cheek was pale, and by and by

It flashed forth fire as lightning from the sky.

T. MIDDLETON.—*More Dissemblers than Women*.—Act i., sc. 2.

Aur. You make me blush, sir.

Lact. 'Tis like a star shot from a beauteous cheek.

SHAKESPEARE.—*The Maid's Revenge*.—Act i., scene 2.

From whose fair eyes love threw a thousand flames

Into Antonio's heart, her cheek bewraying

As many amorous blushes, which break out

Like a forced lightning from a troubled cloud.

SMART.

As those roguish eyes advance,

Let me catch their sidelong glance,

Soon, or they'll elude my sight

Quick as lightning, and as bright.

TIGHE.—*Psyche*.—Canto ii.

Oh! have you seen, when in the northern sky,
The transient flame of lambent lightning plays
In quick succession, lucid streamers fly,
Now flashing roscate, and now milky rays;
Thus o'er her cheek the fleeting signals move,
And thus it is that we moderns write poetry!

Plagiarism the Seventh.

*Creatures so bright, that the same lips and eyes
They wear on earth will serve in Paradise.*

When Lord Herbert, of Chisbury, beheld the beautiful
Nun at Murano, he addressed her in the following complimentary strain, worthy of a fantastic genius such as his.

"Moria pur quando vuol, non è bisogno mutar ni faccia, ni voce
per esser un Angelo."

A poet well known to Mr. Thomas Moore, thus translates it:—

Die when you will, you need not wear,
At Heaven's court, a form more fair;
Than Beauty here on earth has given;
Keep but the lovely looks we see,
The voice we hear—and you will be
An angel ready-made for Heaven.

Plagiarism the Eighth.

From Persia's eyes of full and fawn-like ray.

GANESA PURANA.—*Asiatic Res.* xi. 45.

The whole world gazed on her with astonishment. Her eyes
were more beautiful than of the antelope of the forest.

JAYADEVA.—*Songs of Gita Govinda.*

My heart is already pierced by arrows from Radha's eyes,
black and keen as those of an antelope.

Plagiarism the Ninth.

Yon warrior youth

*So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,
Like War's wild planet in a summer sky.*

This simile is almost as old as Moore's own friend, Sam Rogers. Homer compares Astyanax to a star. Apollonius Rhodius assimilates Jason, the robber of the Golden Fleece (it is from the example of this antique thief that the word *fleeing* has been recently introduced among us), to the Star of Evening, which love-sick maidens fondly love to contemplate. I am sure I could quote a thousand instances where romantic young gentlemen have been dubbed "stars;" and so common is the fashion that a fiddler on one string,—a clown that stands on his head,—a clown that "stands on his head, or walks out of a quart bottle, or a juggler who pulls a score yards of ribbon out of his throat (query leave?)—is now designated a "star of the first order." The finest description that I just now remember is that by the old monks, who have imposed upon us their own verses for those of Virgil.

Qualis ubi Oceanus perfusus Lucifer undia,
Quem Vexus ante alios asirorum diligit ignes
Extulit os sacrum, cuncto tenebrasque resolvit.

DAVID.

So from the skies exerts his radiant head,
The star by whom the lights of heaven are led,
Shakes from his ray locks the pearly dew,
Disperses the darkness, and the day renews.

What a poor figure "War's Wild Planet" cuts after this!

Plagiarism the Tenth.

*Oh! who could even in bondage tread the plains
Of glorious Greece, nor feel his spirit rise,
Kindling within him.*

* Did Virgil know anatomy? Why did Lucifer present his os sacrum first to the world?

This is Dr. Samuel Johnson's prose twaddle, *redivivus* in poetry.

Tour to the Hebrides.

Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy, as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved, over any ground which had been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

I remember these ruins well, but as *warmers* they are not to be compared to hot brandy and water.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN APPEAL TO THE BENEVOLENT.—A Grand Miscellaneous Concert, under distinguished public and private patronage, will be given at the Concert Room of the Princess's Theatre, on Tuesday, the 26th of February next, on behalf of Mrs. George and her children, whose cruel desertion by the composer, F. N. Crouch, is reported in the *Times* paper of the 19th September last, at which the following distinguished and popular artists have most promptly volunteered their services; namely, the Misses Williams, Bassano, Clarissa Enock, Lecombe, Messent, O'Connor, Pyne, Poole, Roe, and Ransford. Messrs. Binge, P. Bodda, Genge, Lyon, Phillips, Ransford, F. Smith, Spörle, &c. Instrumentalists—Miss Kate Loder, Messrs. Distin, Nicholson, Cooper, Patey, &c. Messrs. W. S. Rockstro and John Roe will officiate as conductors.

Mrs. Mowatt's New Comedy.—The morning papers differ in their opinions of this production. The *Times* encourages it by a kind and gentlemanly notice, the *Post* cruelly denies it all merit, the *Herald* takes a middle course, and the *Chronicle* apostrophises it in metaphor. From such variety of opinion, the *Examiner*, with its accustomed swagger, has failed to point out the truth.

"LE CAID."—*Opera Bouffe*, by Ambroise Thomas. This very popular opera, which obtained so great a success last year at the *Opera Comique*, Paris, will be produced on Monday evening next, at the St. James's Theatre; Madlle. Charton sustaining the part of Virginie. Paer's opera of *Le Maître de Chappelle* will also be revived on the same night; M. Chollet playing Barnabé.

MR. ALEXANDER BILLET's second *Soiree Musicale* takes place on Tuesday next at the Beethovens Rooms, Harley Street. The great feature of the performance will be a sonata by Pinto, a novelty as well as a feature, none of the music of that gifted young composer having been heard in public for a long time.

THE SOCIETY OF BALTIC MUSICIANS give their first concert for the season to-night at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acne. Among the performances worthy of note will be a Quintet by G. A. Macfarren, and a Sonata by Kate Loder.

VIVIER AND BENEDET.—It is understood in musical circles that Mr. Benedict and M. Vivier are engaged in the joint composition of an opera. We do not remember an instance of like collaboration in music. For the opera houses at Paris a *libretto* has more than once been divided into acts, to be set by different masters, but rarely with happy results. M. Vivier's remarkable originality of melody, however, justifies us in expecting something interesting and beautiful.—*Athenaeum*.

SIGNOR ROMAGNOLI, formerly a very popular writer of romances and ballads, died within the last few days at Paris. The funeral service was performed over his remains in the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette. Two of his romances were sung to the words of a "Lachrymosa," and a "Pie Jesu," by a number of his pupils. Verily the French exhibit a strange mode of paying homage to their celebrities, as they display a strange judgment in their choice of what is great!

LOD JOHN RUSSELL'S PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—The members of the Premier's family are all busy studying the various parts they will shortly have to act in Woburn Abbey. The performances will be got up in first-rate style, under the superintendence of Mr. W. J. Hurlstone, an amateur actor of considerable talent and experience.

MISS DURLACHER (one of Balfe's best and most favourite pupils) has, we are happy to say, recovered from her late indisposition; we hope to hear her often at the concerts of the ensuing season.

MADAME DULCKEN.—The concert given by this distinguished performer on Thursday evening passed off very successfully. During her stay in this city Madame Dulcken visited the Musical Academy of Mrs. E. C. Allen, Gardiner's Row, and expressed herself much pleased at the style in which a variety of overtures were played, in concert, by eighteen of Mrs. Allen's pupils. Madame Dulcken passed flattering encomiums on Mrs. Allen's system.—*Dublin Paper.*

THE WHITTINGTON CLUB.—The annual *soirée* of this institution took place on Tuesday evening week, and attracted a vast concourse of the subscribers and their friends. The entertainments commenced with an address by C. Lushington, Esq., M.P., relating to the condition and attractions of the club. A concert succeeded the address, and shortly after dancing was commenced, and kept up with much animation to an advanced hour on Wednesday morning. The drawing and reading rooms of the establishment were appropriated for an exhibition of pictures and works of art.

DEATH OF MRS. BARTLEY.—This lady, who was for many years a brilliant ornament of the tragic stage, died on Monday week, at her residence, Woburn Square, after a severe and protracted illness, which lasted for seven years. Her disorder was a general paralysis, but her consciousness was perfect up to the moment of her dissolution. The deceased was formerly Miss Smith, who, in 1806, made her first curtsy to a London audience in old Covent Garden. During the very first season of her prosperous career, Mrs. Siddons returned to the stage, and on the same boards; and the best proof of Mrs. Bartley's genius that can be given is, that they played alternately Alicia and Jane Shore, without detriment to the fame of the younger actress. On the destruction by fire of Covent Garden Theatre, in 1808, Miss Smith accepted an engagement on London terms in Dublin. She remained in Ireland for three years, at the end of which period she made her second appearance at Covent Garden in 1811. Here she remained, first, foremost, and without a rival, until 1814, when she transferred her services to new Drury Lane. Soon after she became Mrs. Bartley, the wife of the excellent comedian. Mrs. Bartley died in the 65th year of her age. She who numbered Joanna Bailie and Sir Walter Scott among her warmest friends and most ardent admirers, and who was summoned to Windsor Castle and Buckingham House to charm the ear of royalty with her incomparable elocution, can have been no ordinary woman—no ordinary actress.

WASHINGTON.—On Friday the Musical Society gave an andrross concert at the Music Hall. There was a numerous audience. The principal vocalists were Miss Milligan, of Liverpool; Mrs. Thomas, and Mr. W. Pigot, of Manchester. The programme contained a judicious selection of songs, duets, and choruses. This was the first appearance of Miss Milligan, and she was very well received. She is a pleasing singer, and is likely to become a favourite. Mr. Pigot was encored in some of Parry's favourite pieces.

GRANTHAM.—(From a Correspondent).—Miss Cobb gave her morning and evening concerts at the Guildhall, on Tuesday, January 15, assisted by Miss Wykes, Mr. Wykes, Mr. Handscomb, Mr. Adeock, and Mr. Nicholson (Bautist). Miss Cobb's singing gave great satisfaction to the company. Her song "Lo, here the gentle Lark" (with flute *obligato* by Mr. Nicholson, who also performed a new solo with great success) was deservedly encored. The performance of Miss Wykes on the pianoforte displayed feeling as well as taste. The company in the morning was fashionable, though not numerous. In the evening the room was full.—*Lincolnshire Chronicle.*

MR. HUDSON, THE COMEDIAN.—We perceive by the *New York Press* that an error has crept into the English papers, and among others the *Illustrated London News*, respecting this gentleman. It has been stated that on his impersonation of "O'Flanagan," he was hissed off the stage, at the Broadway, New York. We have authority for stating that this report is totally without foundation. Certain parties did hiss at a certain portion of the play, but it was at the words of the author, and not at the actor. Mr. Hudson has become a great favourite with the Yankees.

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WEDNESDAY next, January 30th, will be held the

Fifteenth of the LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS,

(and will be the last of the Series.)

Vocal Performers:—Mrs. Alex. Newton, Madlle. Maguer (her first appearance), Miss Eyles, and Miss Foote, Mr. Bridge Frodham, Mr. Land, and Herr FORMIS.

Instrumentalists:—Violin, Herr ERNST; Flute, Mr. RICHARDSON; Clarinet, Mr. MAYCOCK; Horn, Mr. JARRETT; and Pianoforte, M. THALBERG. Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; Reserved Seats, 4s.; Stalls, 7s. (reserved throughout the evening.) May be had of Mr. STAMMERS, at the Office of the Concerts, No. 4, in Exeter Hall, and of all Musicellers.

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(Author of "Torrington Hall," "The Council of Four," &c.)

WILL GIVE A

LITERARY & MUSICAL EVENING

AT THE ABOVE ROOMS,

ON TUESDAY, JANUARY 29TH, 1850,

COMMENCING AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, AND TERMINATING AT TEN.

The whole written (expressly for the occasion) by ARTHUR WALLBRIDGE LUNN. The Music composed (also expressly for the occasion) by HENRY C. LUNN, and JOHN ASHMORE.

Vocalist, Miss THORNTON.

Accompanyist at the Piano-forte, Mr. HENRY C. LUNN.

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PROGRAMME.

Quartet (No. 2), Mozart.—Quartet (No. 1, op. 41), Mendelssohn.—Trio, Piano, Violin, Violoncello, Messrs. SLOPER, BLAGROVE, and HANCOCK, (Op. 37), Beethoven.—Quartet (Pachelbel) in A minor, Beethoven. Tickets and programmes, containing full particulars, may be had at the music shops.

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Has the honour to announce that the Second of the series of his

INSTRUMENTAL SEANCES MUSICALES

Will take place on

TUESDAY NEXT, JANUARY 29TH,

When the following pieces will be performed, viz.:—Trio in C minor, Op. 1, piano, violin, and violoncello, MM. Billet, Delloffe, and Rousselot; *Rehearsal*, Air from *Le Nezze di Figaro*, Madlle. Magner, Mazari. Sonata in A major, Op. 3, piano, M. Billet, G. F. Piazzi. Trio in D minor, piano, violin, and violoncello, MM. Billet, Delloffe, et Rousselot, Mendelssohn. German Song, Madlle. Magner, Mendelssohn. English Song, Madlle. Magner, Maurice Levy. La voix au bord du lac—2nd Notturne Etude in F major, M. Billet, Billet. Duo for piano à quatre mains, Op. 23, MM. Maurice Levy and Billet, Mazarin.

To commence at half-past eight o'clock precisely.

These Seances will consist of INSTRUMENTAL QUARTETS and TRIOS, interspersed with Piano-forte Solos and Duets, performed by the under-named celebrated Artists: Piano-forte, MM. M. LEVY and A. BILLET; Violin, M. SAINVOY; Tenor, Mr. HILL; Violoncello, M. ROUSSELOT.

Madlle. THERESE MAGNER (of the Grand Ducal Court Theatre at Mannheim), will make her first appearance in this country at these Seances.

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FRENCH PLAYS AND OPERA COMIQUE,

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

First Night of a new Opera Bouffon, the Music by Ambrose Thomas, entitled "LE CAID," in addition to Paer's Opera of "LE MAITRE DE CHAPELLE."

Mr. Mitchell respectfully announces that the performance of French Plays will be continued at this Theatre.

ON MONDAY, JANUARY 26th, 1850,

Commencing at Eight o'clock precisely, when will be presented PAER'S popular Opera, in One Act,

LE MAITRE DE CHAPELLE; OU, LE SOUPER IMPREVU,

The Character of Barnabe by Mons. CHOLLET.

After which, first time in this Country, a New Opera Bouffon, entitled

LE CAID,

Virginie (lingère et modiste) Madlle. CHARTON.

WEDNESDAY next, January 30, will be repeated, the new Opera of "Le Caid," and "Le Maître de Chapelle."

The following Operas are in preparation, and will be produced forthwith:—"Lully et Quinault," Petite Opera, an *Un Acte*, Musique de Nicolo; "Le Roi d'Yvetot," Opera, in Trois Actes, Musique de Adolphe Adam; and, in answer to numerous applications, Mr. Mitchell respectfully announces that the popular Opera of "Le Postillon de Lonjumeau," as originally performed by M. CHOLLET upon the production of the Opera in Paris, will be produced, (for the first time in this country,) previously to the termination of that eminent Artist's engagement.

Boxes and Stalls for these attractive performances may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; and at the Box Office of the Theatre, which is open daily from 11 till 5.

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

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No. 5.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1850.

PRICE THREEPENCE.
STAMPED FOURPENCE.

MENDELSSOHN.

(From the *Athenæum*.)

It is at the request of the executors and surviving relatives of Dr. Mendelssohn Bartholdy, that we announce their desire to collect his letters, to serve, at a future period, as materials for an authentic memorial of the deceased. It is to be hoped that this announcement—being formal—will preclude the publication of such letters in any other way; and will induce the many friends of Dr. Mendelssohn in England to communicate copies of the letters which they may possess to any of the members of his family: such communications to be directed to the deceased's brother, Mr. Paul Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)

We have omitted to name a distinguished and voluminous composer for the piano, belonging to the Moscheles period—Ferdinand Ries. Ries was one of the few who enjoyed the honour and advantage of Beethoven's counsel. A man of great industry and talent, he wanted nothing but genius to conduct him to the highest results. But invention and imagination were denied, and Ries, like others before him, strove to make up in quantity for what was lacking in quality. He composed in every style. Oratorios, operas, symphonies, quartets, and chamber music of all forms and varieties came from his pen with equal readiness. It was a matter of indifference to Ries what he undertook. He would set about an oratorio, a symphony, or an air with variations with the greatest *nonchalance*. He possessed the facility which is mistaken for genius by those who have not the gift of analysis, to so great a degree that it led him into twaddle and prolixity almost as often as it enabled him to accomplish good things. His amazing ease of production militated against his fame. Nevertheless, being a cultivated musician, whatever Ries gave to the world would stand the test of critical examination, and if accused of exuberance and insipidity, could not be condemned for clumsiness. Thoughtful and ambitious, much and fast as he wrote for the publishers, Ries had always time to devote to a class of compositions for which those gentlemen are known to entertain an instinctive aversion. In the midst of his teaching, his public playing, his occupations as *Kapellmeister* and conductor at some of the great musical meetings in Germany,* symphonies, concertos, quartets, would issue from his portfolio as regularly, and in as quick succession, as though his whole time had been taken up in manufacturing them. Ries loved his art, and it was no fault of his that he did not influence it in a greater degree. He had all the will to do great things,

and entertained a full conviction that what he wrote was for all time and would entitle him to a place beside the greatest masters. But unhappily it was not for him to decide upon this matter; his contemporaries thought differently of the merits and influence of his works, and now that he is no more, posterity has put the seal upon their verdict.

The pianoforte compositions of Ferdinand Ries are very numerous, and may serve as well as anything else to help us to a general estimate of his talent. He wrote concertos, sonatas, trios, duets, and smaller pieces of almost every denomination. He was a first-rate pianist, and his music naturally presents much that is interesting and more that is eminently useful to the student of the pianoforte. He was thoroughly acquainted with the sonata form, and has left many excellent proofs of his knowledge. But there is a certain dryness about his work which prevented them from being popular while he lived, and has since consigned the greater part of them to oblivion, although Ries has not been dead many years. The most celebrated of his larger compositions for the pianoforte is the concerto in C sharp minor, which is even now frequently used as a piece for display. There are some very fine ideas in this concerto, which abounds in difficult *bravura* passages that require a great command of the instrument to play effectively. The opening is grand and passionate, and the whole of the first movement good—perhaps the best effort of the composer. The slow movement and *rondo* are much inferior, and the instrumentation, after the first *tutti*, presents very few points of interest. The studies of Ries are admissible as manual exercises,* and for a brilliant *morceau* in the popular style, his fantasia on "Those Evening Bells" is, perhaps, as good in its way as anything of the kind that has been produced. The sonatas of Ries are all well written, and in spite of a tendency to redundant detail may be consulted with advantage both by pianist and composer. In none of them, however, do we find indications of those high qualities which entitle their possessor to rank among the composers of real genius.

Aloys Schmidt, a German musician, who has lived many years at Frankfurt, and Kuhlau, a flute-player and composer, both deserve mention among the pianoforte writers of the epoch just expired. The former, a professor of deserved eminence, is chiefly known by his studies, which should be diligently practised by all who wish to acquire mechanical proficiency. The latter, in some duets for flute and piano (the best things of the kind extant), has shown a great familiarity with the sonata form, in which he writes with fluency, clearness, and effect.

Marschner, a popular and well-known dramatic composer, has written some sonatas for the pianoforte, which, like his operatic music, smells strongly of Weber, whose mannerisms are even exaggerated by the composer of *Der Vampyr*. These

* Ries was conductor of the Triennial Festival of the Rhenish cities of Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and Düsseldorf, for some years. In 1835-6 he shared that office with Mendelssohn, who selected Düsseldorf, while Ries chose Cologne.

* A set of Six is published at Chappell's, in Bond-street.

sonatas, nevertheless, are worth perusal, although they are written so awkwardly for the instrument that we are led to conclude Marschner is not a pianist.

Reissiger, and his trios, are well known enough by all amateurs to save 'us the necessity of dilating on their merits, which are not very deep beneath the surface. They are good show-pieces, and that is all. Pianist, violinist, and violoncellist, can each shine in his heart's content, without any prodigious amount of exertion, or any extraordinary display of skill. Hence their extensive popularity. Their form, however, is clear, and though the ideas are poor and the general style common-place the interest attached to the sonata-form is so inevitable that even musicians can listen to these trios with some degree of interest. This must be our excuse for mentioning Reissiger, who, except as a manufacturer of easy pieces for amateurs, has had very little influence on the art and has no claim to be ranked among the great composers for the pianoforte.

Among the successful imitators of Mendelssohn we should have cited Kufferath, a pianist and composer of some distinction, resident at Brussels. Kufferath has written some excellent studies, which develop with great success many of the peculiarities of the modern style. Their practice cannot fail to promote the acquirement of that mechanical facility which is indispensable to those who desire to excel as public players.

We have still to speak of a composer who for originality of talent stood as much apart from his contemporaries as Beethoven, Weber and Mendelssohn, and who, moreover, has contributed a large number of works to the pianoforte. We mean Franz Schubert.

(To be continued.)

MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

(Continued from page 61.)

Multum in PARVO.—Old Saying.

A long yarn about Mr. Little.

Doll. Truly you are a most sweet old man as ever I saw. By my troth you have a face able to make any woman in love with you. • • • Ah! those sweet grey locks! By my troth, they are most lovely! • • • Oh, you are an old boy! You have a wanton eye of your own. Ah! you sweet, sugar-lipped wanton, you shall win as many women's hearts as come into your company.—*First Part of Sir John Oldcastle*, Act II, Sc. 1.

What he read he could transcribe, but as what he thought—if ever he did, think—he could ill express, so he read on. • • • And this is his real merit, and the whole of it.—*Warburton's Preface to Shakspeare*.

He not prigs yet isn't 'im.

Yen he's cocht must go to prin'. Leigh Hunt.

Hos ego vericulos feci, tulisti alteri honores,
Sic vos non vobis, nudiſcatis aves,
Sic vos non vobis vellera feris aves,
Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.

Leigh Hunt.

Virgil.

Hic liber est, conglutinat us iam multas libris, quot unus pinguis coctus ovis, boves, sues, græci, ænerei, coquere, aut unus fumosus calcator centum magna hypocausta, ex illis calcitrare possit.

Ejusdem Obsecro Viror.

Du soli nichi stichien.

Mos. das 2 Buch. 20 Cap.

La manière dont il composoit ses ouvrages, méritoient bien que j'en fasse une glorieuse mention. Il passoit presque toute la journée à lire les Auteurs Hébreux, Grecs, et Latins, et à mettre sur un petit corré de papier chaque apophthegme ou pensée brillante qu'il y trouvoit. A mesure qu'il remplissoit des cartés il m'employoit à les enſermer dans un fil de fer en forme de guirlande et chaque guirlande faisoit un tome. Que nous faisions de mauvais Livres! Il ne se passoit gueres de mois que nous ne finissions pour le moins deux volumes, et aussitôt la presse en demandoit; ce qu'il y a de plus surprenant, c'est que ces compilations, se donnaient pour des nouveautés; et si les Critiques s'avisèrent de reprocher à l'Auteur qu'il pillait les Anciens, il leur répondoit avec une orgueilleuse érudition, *jurto scitatur in ipso*.—*Old Blot*, liv. 1, c. 10.

Plagiarism the Eleventh.

Full of those dreams of good that vainly grand
Hound the young heart—*proud dreams of human kind—*
Of men to Gods exalted and reborn—
False visions, like that heron's fair deceit,
Where earth and heaven but seem, alas! to meet.

These are taken from that noble compliment to Lord Chancellor Hyde:—

DAYTON.

In open prospect nothing bounds our eye
Until the earth seems joined unto the sky;
So, in this hemisphere, our utmost view,
Is only bounded by our King and you.

Plagiarism the Twelfth.

On the white flag Mahanna's hat unfurled,
Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the world!"

Poor Shirley has been savagely plucked. His writings, which scarcely procured a clean shirt to his back once in the month, have helped to clothe our Milesian malefactor in many a fine doublet. *Eccc signum primum.*

SHIRLEY.—*The Gentleman of Venice*, Act V, Sc. 1.

Urs. Giovanni,

Sweet Giovanni!—there's a sunshine word.

In one of Tom's melodies we have a similar thought—

"'Twas sunshine spoken,"

exclaims the wretched dwarf. "Poba si eposas," "you have spoken roses to me," says Aristophanes, in his beautiful comedy of *The Clouds*, v. 907. Suidas, in his Lexicon, prettily explains it, "Αὐτοῦ τοῦ ποῦ τα ῥοσὰ εὐ σπινγερα ποβα εἶπον." This perhaps is the original of Shirley.

Plagiarism the Thirteenth.

From behind

Those Persian hangings, that but ill could screen
The harem's iocundness, white hands were seen
Waving embroidered scarves, whose motion gave
A perfume forth, like those the Hours gave,
When beckoning to their bowers the immortal brace.

These are pretty lines, God wot! and I gladly award Moore the praise of having transplanted them from Lord Byron, who, more poetical, translated them beforehand from Gibbon's glorious history, chap. li.

Givour.

But him, the mads of Paradise
Impatient to their halls invite,
And the dark heaven of Hours' eyes
On him shall gleam for ever bright.
They come—their kerchiefs green they wave,
And welcome with a kiss the brave!
Who falls in battle 'gainst a gigour
Is worthiest an immortal bower.

GIBBON—*Decline and Fall*.

Methinks I see the black-eyed girls looking upon me; one of whom should she appear in the world, all mankind would die for love of her. And I see in the hand of one of them a handkerchief of green silk, and a cup of precious stones, and she beckons me, and calls me, "Come hither quickly, for I love thee."

Plagiarism the Fourteenth.

Too happy day! when, if he touched a flower
Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour,
When thou didst study him till every tone
And gesture and dear look became thy own,
Thy voice like his, the changes of thy face,
In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,
Like echo wounding back sweet music, fraught
With thine the aerial sweetness it had brought.

Even for so simple an act as the consecration of a flower, he resorts to poor

SAM ROGERS—*Human Life*.

At length he goes a pilgrim to the shrine,
And for a relic would a world resign;
A glove, a shoe-tye, or a flower let fall—
What though the least, *Love consecrates them all*.

And albeit all his prate about music—"sweet music"—he is obliged to steal one of his very best thoughts in the same passage from

EDWARD MOORE—*Fable XV*.

The bridal partners thus ally'd,
And thus in sweet accordance ty'd,
One body, heart, and spirit live,
Enriched by every joy they give;
Like echo from her vocal hold
Returned in music twenty fold.

Plagiarism the Fifteenth.

No: dread, unlooked for, like a visitant
From the other world, he comes as if to haunt
The guilty soul with dreams of lost delight—
Long lost to all but Memory's aching sight.

The very same image is used by

LORD ROCHESTER.

All my past life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone,
Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

Plagiarism the Sixteenth.

There on the banks of that bright river born
The flowers that hung above its waves at morn,
Bird not the waters as they murmured by
With holier scent and lustre than the sigh
And virgin glance of first affection cast
Upon thy youth's sweet current as it past.

Browne, author of *Britannia's Pastorals*, gave this thought to the lover and mail-coach companion of sweet Fanny yet Timmol.

The rose which by this morning spread her leaves
Kist not her neighbour flowers more chaste than we.

This is not the chaste kind of kissing the author of *Little's Poems* likes best.

Plagiarism the Seventeenth.

Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll
Their suns away—but, ah! how cold and dim
Ev'n summer suns when not eclipsed by him.

In one of his mawkish melodies, our author gives a new hash of this thought, e. g.

I only know that without thee
The sun himself is dark to me.

I believe I once read in an obscure author, named Horace, some lines very like the foregoing. They ran somewhat thus:

Ode vi., st. 4.

Insular veris enim vultus ubi tuus
Affluat populo, gratior ille dies,
Et soles melius nitent.

Which one Mr. Francis has very well translated—

For in thy countenance the spring
Shines forth to cheer thy people's sight;
Then hasten thy return, for thou away
Nor lustre has the sun, nor joy the day.

The same thought occurs also in a Latin epistle of Hippolitus to her husband, Baltazar, printed in the appendix to Roscoe's *Leo the Tenth*, vol. vi., page 260.

Nec mihi displicant, quæ sunt tibi gratæ, sed ipsa est
Te sine lux oculis penè inimica meis.

It is odd that Tom, Horace, and the lady should have hit upon the same fancy.

Plagiarism the Eighteenth.

Oh grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it toiled to live, or feared to die;
Lorn as the hung up lute that ne'er hath spoken
Since the sad day its master chord was broken.

Poor Ned Quillinan! I knew him well. A better man at brandishing a broadsword, or reining in a steed, or disciplining a troop, or mauling a dun, or hiding sixteen tumblers of punch under his belt, never lived. These were his virtues. Why, alas! did he meddle with poetry? Scarcely had he entered the literary lists, when one of his finest thoughts became the prey of the Old Dragon. Not the fact of his being a brother Irishman, nor his own well-established reputation as a duellist and fire-eater, saved him from the pellet-loading antagonist of Frank Jeffrey. Mark how coolly Tom has taken to his work; and how unmercifully he slices away the fine metaphors of

CAPTAIN QUILLINAN.—*Poems*.

Oft in romantic fantasy of thought,
When holding strange communion with my heart
I think it is a harp. * * * * *
One string there was upon this injured harp
Whence music of sublimest influence woke,
'Twould soothe my cares when most my cares were sharp,
For with a noble melody it spoke.
'Twas friendship's string, but that is long since broke:
The hand of Falsehood snapt the chord in twain.
And my whole soul so harrowed with the stroke,
That now, when other hands would try again
To find that broken string, it spurns them with disdain.

These lines are ludicrous enough, Heaven knows, but the gallant Captain himself has little reason to complain. He stole the thought from Tom Campion, in

DAVISON'S *Poetical Rhapsody*.

And as her lute doth live or die,
Led by her passions, so must I.
For when of pleasure she doth sing
My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring,
But if she do of sorrow speak,
Even from my heart the strings do break.

(To be continued.)

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

(From an occasional Contributor.)

THE last of the winter series of fifteen concerts took place this week, and appeared to be no less successful than the most successful of the preceding ones. The directors may now look upon this undertaking as established. There were many reasons for doubting the permanent success of such a speculation. The novelty was sufficient to carry it through one season; but the popular article of attraction, ballads, must soon be "used up." There is a tedious monotony in this class of music, of which every one must be heartily sensible in a very short time. In the present manner of writing these compositions there is so little worth even first hearing that a second becomes an infliction. The music is generally of so consumptive a nature, that, from humane motives alone, one wishes it dead outright, that it may be relieved from its misery. There are exceptions to the rule, but not sufficiently numerous for the weekly sustenance of nearly three thousand persons, which we believe to be the average number of visitors to the Wednesday Concerts. For some of the old ballads the English public still and ever will retain an affection; but they do not care to hear them every week, and the novelty of their being sung by some favourite singer can alone excuse their frequent introduction in our concert

rooms. During the last season, Mr. Braham and Mr. Sims Reeves disinterested many of the old British songs; but we do not think those songs have much to be thankful for. Mr. Braham appears to have retired, and Mr. Reeves does not seem to think it necessary to trouble the manes of the departed oftener than necessary. Whether convenient or inconvenient, Mr. Reeves has adopted another style—which leads us to suppose that he finds the public in a mood to have something better. The generality of old ballads are very well in their way, and doubtless answer the purposes of authors, singers, and publishers; but the present generation regard them with about the same kind of curiosity as one bestows upon an ancient mummy—useful to look at, as forming a link in a certain history, but of no further consequence. All agree that they should be taken great care of in the Museum, but that on no consideration should permission be given to remove them.

The directors of the Wednesday Concerts are evidently aware that the existence of those entertainments would be at best but ephemeral if they did not diverge from the path which, in the commencement, they intended to pursue. We can discover indications of improvement. There has been no lack of spirit on the part of the directors in the engagements they have made. The orchestra is very superior to what it was last season; and, considering its numbers, we do not know where it could be improved, unless by a little more attention. Mr. Ansehuex, the conductor, is well qualified for his situation, and we hope that during the next series we may have to mention him more frequently than we have hitherto had occasion to do. The engagement of the celebrated violinist, Ernst, has been of great importance, not only on account of the attraction of his name and talents, but also from the increased consequence and higher position the concerts have obtained, through his means, among the better informed amateurs, without whose support neither these nor any other public concerts can hope to prosper in the long run. On each succeeding night the attention paid to Herr Ernst's performance has increased, until his appearance on the platform has been the signal for applause frequently of several minutes' duration. It is a common error to assume, in speaking of a great musical work, or the performance of a true artist, that "it is too good for the general public," "they do not understand it," &c., &c. Among the most successful performances of the season have been a selection from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Ernst's solos on the violin, Beethoven's "Adelaide," by Mr. Sims Reeves, the "Qui s'égno," from *Zauberflöte*, by Herr Fornes, and the song of "The Queen of Night," from the same opera, by Mrs. Newton. These are compositions of the highest order, but the public did not think they were too good for their appreciation. On the contrary, they appeared to have a strong liking for them, and never allowed them to pass without soliciting a more intimate acquaintance. The assumptions about the public not liking this and not appreciating that are pure nonsense and pure calumny. Certainly they have few opportunities of showing their taste, since few will take the pains to guide them; but those who have the courage to do so never fail to derive profit by it. *Israel in Egypt*, *The Messiah*, *Elijah*, *St. Paul*, the *Choral Symphony* of Beethoven, *Don Juan*, cannot be pronounced light works, nor in their production have the composers given themselves any great concern about "tickling the popular ear;" yet when great receipts are indispensable, these or such as these, if other such exist, are presented to replenish the treasury which has been exhausted by the attraction of the "pleasing" works. It is altogether a mis-

take to suppose that the public do not know how to appreciate between good and bad. Give them what is good; they will understand it well enough. But it must not be forgotten that, to be understood, good music requires to be well executed, and this part of the arrangement is too frequently neglected.

But we are losing sight of our subject. What has *St. Paul* to do with the Directors of the Wednesday Concerts, or the Directors with *St. Paul*? We must return to our duty, and narrate the events at Exeter Hall. We repeat that the engagement of Herr Ernst has been of the greatest advantage. His compositions are entirely original, and written in such a manner as to prove him an accomplished musician. In many points of his playing, Herr Ernst stands quite alone. There are other violinists whose facility may equal his, although no one has ever surpassed him; but that is the end of the competition. For fine expression and singing on the instrument he is unrivalled. His talent is universal. In the quartet, concerto, fantasia, caprice, sonata, &c., he is equally at home, and has the power more than any other known artist of imparting variety to his style. The hackneyed *Carnival* and *Mayseder's Air Varié*, after having endured all kinds of indignities from a host of candidates for public favour, become quite new under Ernst's protection. He has played the first at nearly every concert during his engagement, and on each occasion has introduced new variations, many of them of such elegance that the public have been as much charmed by the fancy as astonished by the skill of the artist. We do not remember any instrumentalist having so firmly established himself with the public as Herr Ernst. We hope that Ernst will long remain with us. His presence cannot but have a beneficial influence on professors and amateurs of the violin in this country.

The permanent engagement of Herr Fornes has also been of great advantage to these concerts. His first appearance was in a selection from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. His magnificent voice, and perfect acquaintance with that noble style of music, immediately won for him a high position with the audience. Good judgment has not been shown on all occasions in the selections of songs for Fornes, to whose style such compositions as the "Bay of Biscay" are unsuited. Many of the public still remember Inledon, Braham, and other popular English singers, in this healthy nautical ballad, and it could not be expected that Herr Fornes would be able to give a proper version of the song in the short time that he has been in this country. It cannot be expected that any one should enter into the true spirit of that which he does not understand. However, great praise is due to Herr Fornes for the pains he has taken, and for the progress he has made in our language. His declamation in the recitative to "Ruddier than the cherry," and "The Wolf," were as fine as anything we have heard. His pronunciation of the English was as correct as that of an Englishman. Herr Fornes is engaged as *primo basso* at the Royal Italian Opera. The managers will find immense advantage in his services. He is one of the best actors on the stage, and those who have seen him in Leporello, Marcel, Mephistopheles, Roberto, and Caspar, will be delighted to have an opportunity to see him on the stage again. We do not know whether he is engaged at Mr. Stammers' second series of concerts, but we trust he is. The public would not willingly part with him.

Mr. Sims Reeves came late in the season, but received a hearty welcome from all parties. Our great tenor never sang better, although he has had a fatiguing campaign of some months in the country.

Amongst the successful first appearances may be mentioned

that of Miss Eyles, who has an excellent voice and a naturally good manner of singing. With time and study she will take a good position. The Misses Cole also made a favourable impression by their singing in some duets of Mendelssohn, &c. Mr. Frodsham was announced in the prospectus as one of the "stars." He is a good singer, although not a "star." If he had been made less of in the announcement he would have been made more of by the public. It is seldom we meet with a voice of such a high register as his. There is no pretension to power, but what he undertakes he does well. That the public were led to expect something more was not Mr. Frodsham's fault. If he perseveres he will be a favorite. He has all the requisites. There were several others whose appearance it would be kind to forget; but we should not like to leave Mrs. Newton without according a word of strong praise. She has been long known to the public, but never so favorably as this season. Her excellent singing in the elaborate song from the *Zauberflöte*, and other difficult pieces, will not soon be forgotten. Mrs. Newton must be a good-natured little body, for she is ready to sing everything, and in any part of the programme. She has frequently come on in such pieces, and at such late hours, that she might with reason have declined. But she has established herself by this really artistic conduct as one of the most general favorites.

Mr. Thalberg's engagement was, as a matter of course, successful. He has long been acknowledged unrivalled in his style, and was never in greater force than this season. The Distin family made their first appearance here since their return from America. Although they had suffered much from illness and fatigue they played in their best style, and were applauded to the echo. Mr. Richardson's solos on the flute have been no less successful than usual, and he is as popular as ever with the public.

It will not be necessary to give a detailed account of the last concert. The selection was from Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*. Ernst played his fantasia on "Hungarian airs," and Mayeseder's *Air Varié*, with his own *cadenza*, one of the most brilliant and astonishing ever written for the violin. Both of his solos were re-demanded; but he only complied with the second encore, in which the audience obstinately persisted. He substituted some variations of the *Carnaval*. Herr Formes introduced a new song, "The Wanderer's Home," the composition of Herr Anschütz. It is cleverly and tastefully written, and the violoncello obligato (Mr. L. Phillips) was very effective. Mr. Thalberg was greatly applauded for his fantasias on *Mosé in Egitto*, and *Norma*, and was obliged to repeat the former. Mr. Bridge Frodsham was warmly applauded in "Viv! tu" and two ballads. Madlle. Wagner was favorably received in Weber's difficult scena, "Softly sighs," and a German lied; and Messrs. Richardson and Maycock received great applause for their clever execution of Bishop's "Lo! hear the gentle lark." Mr. Richardson's flute solo was encored. The band played three overtures with great spirit. The concert finished with "God save the Queen," sung by all the company, in a variety of keys at once original and unpleasant.

An extra night is announced for next Wednesday, for the benefit of Herr Ernst, who will perform four times during the evening, and begin with Mendelssohn's violin concerto. The amateurs of the violin may expect a rare treat from this performance.

DRURY LANE.—An English adaptation of Schiller's play, *Fiesco*, has been made for this theatre, and will be given on Monday next. The cast comprises the entire strength of the company.

GABRIEL FIAMMA.

*Non s'è vago a la stagion novella
L'ape di puri ed odorati fiori
Altor che i novi pretiosi humori
Indurre porta ad arricchir la cella.
Ne creverla giamai leggadra il molle
Diansi vaglia nel rapoti horrori
Di fiori veltri, di suppetti fuori
Si ratto corse all'acqua chiara e bella.
Com'io son vago d'un fuoco humore
Che versan gli occhi, allor che temo o zelo
Od altro affeto più m'accende in Dio:
Dice allor ch'è di dolcezza il core:
Quanto felice quel ch'alberga in cielo
S'egli ha gioja maggior del piante mio!*

TRANSLATION.

Sweeter than Summer's fair face
To the bee which wanders from flower to flower,
To eul from each resting place
A treasure to store in her wild honey bower:
Sweeter than founts crystal clear
To the bound-chased hind when at length she resteth
In her covert, and sought is near
Which her timid and panting spirit molesteth;
Are those burning tears I shed,
Thy grandeur and goodness, O sweet God! adoring;
And my soul with pinion outspread
Like an eagle, unto thy heaven in thought is soaring.
Oh! it is not their lot divine,
Who bask in the untold bliss of thy presence?
When mere passing tears of mine
Can charm my soul more than aught of earthly pleasure.
E. K.

M. BILLET'S CLASSICAL SOIREEs.

THE second of these performances took place on Tuesday, at the Beethoven Rooms, in presence of a crowded and fashionable audience. The following was the programme: j

PART I.			
Trio in C minor, Op. 1—Piano, violin, and violoncello,			
MM. Billet, Deloffre, and Rousselot			Beethoven.
Grand Air, "Le Nozze di Figaro"—Madlle. Wagner			Mozart.
Sonata in A, Op. 3—Piano, M. Billet (for the first time in public)			G. F. Pinto.
PART II.			
Grand Trio in D minor—Piano, violin, and violoncello,			
MM. Billet, Deloffre, and Rousselot			Mendelssohn.
German Song, } Madlle. Wagner			Mendelssohn.
English Song, }			Maurice Levy.
Le Soir au bord du Lac, 2d Nocturne; Etude in F			
Major; Margaret, Etude in A major—Piano, M. Billet			A. Billet.
Grand Duo, Piano, Op. 28—MM. Levy and Billet			Mozart.
Conductor, M. Levy.			

M. Billet proved himself a pianist in the truest acceptance of the word. He played the trios of Beethoven and Mendelssohn in such a manner as to show his intimate acquaintance with the style of both composers. His execution of the brilliant *traits de bravoure* in the latter was masterly and correct. He was ably supported by M. M. Deloffre and Rousselot. Mozart's duet was also an excellent performance, in which M. Levy, who played the first part, came in for his share of the honours. M. Billet played his own compositions, which are agreeable, clever, and brilliant, in first-rate style, and was warmly applauded. But the greatest treat of the whole programme was the beautiful sonata of Pinto, the introduction of which confers no little credit on the taste and judgment of M. Billet, who played it in a chaste and graceful manner, suited to its unpretending character. The sonata was so well received that M. Billet will be encouraged to persevere in resuscitating works almost forgotten that well deserve to be remembered.

Madlle. Wagner confirmed the favourable impression she

produced at the first concert of M. Billet. The "German song" of Mendelssohn (or rather of Mendelssohn's sister, for it was composed by her), ought to have been sung faster; but still there was a feeling in Mdlle. Magner's interpretation which made us overlook all minor faults. M. Maurice Levy's song is pretty and well written, and Mdlle. Magner rendered it full justice.

The concert gave entire satisfaction. At the third and last M. Billet is to play Dussek's sonata, *L'Invocation*, and Sterndale Bennett's trio in A major.

MUSIC AT BRIGHTON.

(From a Correspondent.)

OUR great music-speculator, Fred. Wright, gave a concert on Saturday at the Newburgh Rooms. The bill was an attractive one and secured a full attendance. The performers were Ernst (violin), Stephen Heller (pianoforte), Mdlle. Graumann and Herr Formes (vocalists). The following was the programme—

PART I.

Sonate pour piano et violon, Op. 30—Stephen Heller and Ernst	Beethoven.
Air, "Il Barbiere di Siviglia"—Herr Formes	Rossini.
German Song, "Siedelndes Nachlied," Madlle. Graumann	Eiser and Burgmüller.
Serenade Espagnole, "Chi godere"—	Ernst.
Fantasia, violin, "Othello"—Ernst	Ernst.
"O God, have mercy upon me" (from St. Paul) Herr Formes	Mendelssohn.
Etudes pour le piano, "Romance, Lied, Pastorale, and La Chasse"—Stephen Heller	Heller.
"Das Fischer Lied"—Herr Formes	Küchen.

PART II.

Duet, "La ci darem" (Don Giovanni)—Madlle. Graumann and Herr Formes	Mozart.
Etude in F major, and "La Truite de Schubert," caprice brilliant—Piano, Stephen Heller	Heller.
Ballad, "Come when the morn is breaking" Madlle. Graumann	Linley.
Pensées fugitives, for piano and violin—Heller and Ernst	Heller and Ernst.
"1. Romance. 2. Intermezzo. 3. Lied."—	Ernst.
Song, "In diesen heiligen"—Herr Formes	Mozart.
German Song, "Volklied" Madlle. Graumann	Otto Dreier.
Andante, and the "Carnival of Venice," violin—Ernst	Ernst.

Conductor, Herr Kühn.

Ernst is certainly the first of modern violinists. His style is as varied, and impassioned as his execution is marvellous. Stephen Heller, whom I only knew through his delicious compositions, quite surprised me by his playing which is as elegant and refined as his music. I was indeed charmed to hear some of those pieces which I have always so much admired executed by their talented author. The *Pensées Fugitives* by Heller and Ernst, played by the two authors together, in the most masterly style, was one of the greatest treats I ever experienced. Their success was complete.

Madlle. Graumann sings with great purity and feeling, besides having a very agreeable voice; but I was not struck by her choice of compositions. I never heard of Otte Dreser before, nor do I like his *Folklied*. Linley's ballad was encored.

Formes I have often heard before. He produced a great effect in Schubert's "Wanderer," which was redemanded.

The *Carnival of Venice*, played with extraordinary esprit, produced a furore and an encore; but Ernst would not be persuaded to accede.

Herr Kühn presided as accompanist at the piano forte in a very able manner. The concert gave the utmost satisfaction.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES is re-engaged at the Royal Italian Opera.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRINCESS'S.

ON Monday evening an English version of Halevy's *Val d'Andorre*, was produced with complete success. The whole strength of Mr. Maddox's company, with the exception of Madame Macfarren, was included in the cast, and Madame Macfarren was not included only because there was no contralto part.

We have, already, in the notice of the performance of the *Val d'Andorre* at the St. James's Theatre, given the argument of the piece and spoken of the music. It is unnecessary to recapitulate. The manager of the Princess's has taken care to depart very little from the original score, or the original book. A few apparently requisite alterations, or rather omissions, were made, but the opera, in the main, was rendered in its integrity and its entirety.

The cast of parts was as follows:—Mademoiselle Nau, Georgette; Mrs. Weiss, Therese; Miss Louisa Pyne, Rose de Mai; Mr. Harrison, Captain Lejoyeux; Mr. Allen, Stephan; Mr. Barker, Satairni (or he is termed in the English version, Tête-de-bois, why we know not); and Mr. Weiss, Jacques.

Mr. Maddox has done everything that could possibly be done, at his theatre and with his materials, for Halevy's opera, and if it fail to have a long run, it is none of his fault. The scenery is very splendid—the first scene, "a picturesque site in the valley of Andorre," quite a *chef d'œuvre* of scenic painting—and the dresses rich and magnificent.

The piece, we have said, was highly successful, but the success was owing to the completeness of the performance, the popularity of the several vocalists, the excellence of the singing, the beauty of the story, and the general feeling conveyed by the music, rather than to any enthusiasm awakened in parts of the opera by solos, duets, or other ensemble morceaux. Indeed, if we except the "Drum song" and chorus, which commences the third act, there was not a single hearty encore awarded during the evening. There were two applause certainly, and both right well merited, but the applause was partial, and was met by considerable opposition.

All the singers acquitted themselves well. Mademoiselle Nau had a part that suited her admirably, in Georgette. The music is very Frenchified and very florid, and the vocalist, with her native talent, and her great agility, could do no less than prove effective in the part. Her first song, a regular Italian cavatina, was given with much brilliancy, although it failed to produce any great effect. The theme of the cavatina is insipid to a degree, and the composer appears to have done all he could to cover its weakness by an exuberance of *figure*. This song must depend entirely on the singer's accomplishment for its success. The words will convey a shrewd notion of the merits of the literary portion of the work, and will save us the trouble of alluding any further to the poetry; we, therefore, print them:—

Sono.—Georgette.

Now go, and if awhile at your labor
Two lovers quarrelling you should view;
Return and fetch your royal sovereign,
For she is queen of lovers too.
And in the field, for the poor gleaners,
You'll now and then some ears let fall:
Unto yourselves 'twill bring good fortune,
'Tis commanded by the "Lord of all"
For with cold winter then comes suffering,
Whilst 'tis our duty to relieve;
Thrice happy he who hath the power,
For "more bless'd 'tis to give than to receive!"

This, my fair empire,
Nor care, nor sorrow,
Doth e'er invade,
My crown I gather,
Its gems I borrow
From Flora's glade.

My throne the cornfield lustre lends,
And all my subjects are my friends.

Mlle. Nau acted in a very spirited manner.

Mr. Harrison made a dashing, lively recruiting captain. The character is an imitable sketch, and in the hands of Choulet is irresistibly humorous. Mr. Harrison deserves still more credit for his singing. He obtained the only genuine encore of the evening in the "Drum song," which he gave with great energy and animation.

Mr. Allen we have seen act with more spirit, and perhaps, have heard in better voice; but we never heard him sing better, and Halvey himself must have been pleased with his admirable style and method. Unfortunately the music Mr. Allen has to sing was not particularly interesting, and so the applause elicited was bestowed entirely on the singer.

Mr. Weiss took an original view of the part of Jacques. It was, however, not wanting in effect. He sang the chansonette, "Here's the Sorecerer bold," with vigor and point. This chansonette, by the way, is one of the most characteristic pieces in the opera.

The music written for Rose de Mai, is of the simplest kind. This, in some respects, militated against Miss Louisa Pynce's vocal performances, neatness of execution being among the most remarkable qualities of that lady's voice. Rose's two romances are very charming. The latter especially, in F sharp minor, "Ah! should some dreadful chance reveal it," is very tender and beautiful, and was well sung by Miss Pynce, whose purity of style was manifest in the absence of embellishment, cadence, shake, or otherwise. Miss Pynce showed that she had taken pains with her part, and acted with unusual earnestness. We are not, however, of opinion with those who consider Rose de Mai Miss Louisa Pynce's best performance.

Mrs. Weiss and Mr. Barker were useful and effective in the subordinate parts of Therese and Front-de-Bœuf. Mr. Wynn was obtrusively active in the part of L'Endormi, which should be played with scarcely any action at all.

Mr. Edward Loder's good discipline was manifested in the orchestral part of the performance. The band played well and carefully, and will, no doubt, play better after a few nights. The chorus is also entitled to praise.

In conclusion, we should say that the manager of the Princess's never before produced a lyric work more completely at all points.

The *Valley of Andorra* has been played during the week, and has been announced for every night until further notice.

OLYMPIC.

THE *Ariane* of Thomas Corneille, brother to the celebrated Pierre Corneille, has always kept its place on the French stage, from the fact that it contains a show-part for a tragic actress. On this account it was played at the Opera House here, during the engagement of Mlle. Rachel.

The story of Ariadne and Theseus must be familiar to all our readers. According to the common version, the Cretan damsel, when deserted, becomes the wife of the God Bacchus, but as according to modern notions there is but little that is tragical in such a catastrophe, Thomas Corneille has made his heroine fall on a sword. The desert island would have afforded small opportunity to a poet of the "Grande Monarque" school, and, therefore, in the mind's eye of the said Thomas, Naxos is governed by a most urbane monarch, who

holds a very comfortable Court. For the purpose of the "intrigue," as the French call it, Theseus is made to desert Ariadne on account of his predilection for her sister Phædra, and an ingenious position is gained by the latter being made the confidant of Ariadne, while she is, in fact, her betrayer. When Theseus flies from the island with Phædra, Ariadne finds that she is deserted not only by her lover, but by her sister likewise.

In the version produced last night at the Olympic, Mr. Oxenford, the adapter, has evidently endeavoured to render the language more impassioned and less epigrammatic than in the French original. He has also altered the catastrophe, by making Ariadne leap from a rock, while the ship of Theseus is disappearing in the distance. This gives opportunity for a very clever scenic effect, in which by the judicious management of a lay figure, the actress really seems to throw herself from the top of the stage into an abyss.

The excellent acting of Mrs. Mowatt, as Ariadne, will advance her reputation considerably in the estimation of the public. The play has scarcely any incidents, according to the English notion, but the phases of character are highly elaborated, and a large field of detail is laid open for an intellectual actress. The dignity of a princess—daughter of the great Minos—is assumed by Mrs. Mowatt as the basis of the whole, and the passages of grief, anger, tenderness, and irony are given with the greatest degree of refinement. The old French school of drama is eminently suited to this actress, and she is evidently playing *con amore* when she enters into all the subtleties of declamation. The other parts are very inferior to Ariadne. Phædra is not in a very amiable position; but the touch of remorse which was given by Miss Fanny Vining as she was supposed to be quitting the island produced much effect in the fourth act. Theseus is a sad fellow, and King Cénarus, who has a sneaking kindness for Ariadne, is somewhat of a whining gentleman; but they were played with great tact by Mr. Davenport and Mr. Ryder. Nerina, a confidant of the true French school, was very well acted by Miss M. Oliver, a young and rising actress. The bye-play, of which the part chiefly consists, was graceful and expressive.

The scenery, painted by Mr. Daves, was very beautiful, though an antiquarian might object to the arches in the palace of King Cénarus. The last scene was one of the most elaborate "sets" ever constructed, and the "business" of the situation is admirably arranged by Mr. Ellis. In the whole *mise en scène* there is a tone of classicism.

The success of the piece was unequivocal. First Mrs. Mowatt was called, and was led on by Mr. Davenport; and then a call was raised for Miss F. Vining. The "author" was then summoned, and bowed from a private box.

A farce, which followed the tragedy, and which was called *Wanted a Husband*, proved a failure.

ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS—OPERA COMIQUE.—The spirited manager of this theatre has given us three new operas in as many weeks—a no small feat, and which we should be glad to see imitated in other establishments, which boast of their extraordinary efforts to satisfy the love of novelty inherent in the London public. What is still more surprising, all three have been in every respect successful, and calculated to bear the ordeal of at least half a dozen representations, even before an audience consisting mostly of subscribers. *Le Val d'Andorre* and the *Caid* had never before been produced in England, and *Zampa* not having been played for at least sixteen years, except once at Her Majesty's Theatre, may consequently be considered a novelty. Add to these a revival of Auber's

most sparkling of operas, *Le Domino Noir*, and we shall form an idea of what Mr. Mitchell's notions are as regards the management of his theatre.

On Monday last was produced a new opera bouffon, entitled *Le Caïd*, the music by M. Ambrose Thomas, already favourably known by several operas performed at the *Opéra Comique* in Paris; the book is by M. T. Sauvage. It will naturally be asked what is meant by an opera bouffon, more especially as the English have nothing to which we can compare it? We shall answer, that an opera bouffon is something between an opera buffa of the Italian school and the *burlesque* of the English theatres—a sort of broad farce, elevated on the stilts of tragedy, and speaking the language of Melpomene from beneath the mask of Thalia—pompous even to drollery, ludicrous from its super-abundance of pathos—an exhibition, or rather, as it is called over the water, an *exposition*, which we have occasionally witnessed when we have seen an indifferent actor grappling with the language of the best authors, which he had not sense enough to understand, and which he consequently interpreted exactly the reverse of what he should have done, and producing an effect more ludicrous than affecting. The libretto of the *Caïd* is a fair specimen of this style of composition: it contains a good sprinkling of wit, without ever descending to vulgarity; the allusions are occasionally smart and pertinent; and the characters well conceived and sustained throughout. Of course there is neither *rime nor raison* in the plot, not even the remotest approach to probability, or even possibility (although there is no supernatural agency); but the groundwork of the story once accepted, and the author's argument understood, you go on laughing from beginning to end, and have no time to reason on the absurdity of the process, which winds up with a very monster of absurdity, as we shall show.

The story of the *Caïd* turns on the intrigues of Biroteau (M. Lac), a Parisian coiffeur, and Virginie (Mdlle. Charton), modiste, who have wandered to Algeria in search of fortune. Aboul-y-Far (M. Buguet), the Caïd or magistrate, has a natural dread of the bastinado, of which he has occasionally tasted the bitter flavour when he has tested the forbearance of his parishioners beyond their powers of endurance, or extorted the last farthing of their money by arbitrary fines; for our Caïd is at the same time a miser and a coward. Biroteau appears before him, and offers to sell him a talisman, which shall preserve him for ever from the disagreeable inflictions which frequent habit has not as yet made a second nature to him. Of course the Caïd is delighted at the proposals but the enormous price set on the secret by the coiffeur touches his avarice to the quick, and he hits upon the idea of bestowing on him his daughter in marriage, instead of paying down 20,000 *boudjans*. (Not knowing what may be the value of the coin in question, we are unable to let our readers into the secret.) Biroteau is flattered at the proposal, and consents, forgetting his plighted faith to the amiable Virginie. In the meanwhile another plot has been going on under the superintendence of Ali-Bajon (M. Chateaufort), the Caïd's steward and factotum. He also feels the necessity of protecting his master from the bastinado, in his own interests, and uses his influence to bring about a marriage between his master's daughter Fathma (Mdlle. Danhausser), and a Tambour-major, Michel (M. Nathan), a tall, brave, broad-shouldered colossus. We must not omit to mention, that the lady has conceived a violent passion for the latter. Biroteau is, however, brought to his sober senses by the Hercules, who threatens to cut off his rival's ears, if he refuse to do battle, and by Virginie, who vows vengeance on her faithless lover. He at last contents

to refuse the hand of the Caïd's daughter, the Caïd consenting to pay 20,000 *boudjans* for the talisman, which turns out to be the original receipt for the famous *pomade du Lion*, a sort of French Macassar, or Balm of Columbia, or any recipe warranted to promote the growth of the hair (*style de perrier*!) Michel marries the Caïd's daughter and becomes his body-guard, and Biroteau marries Virginie; the Caïd has only one regret, which is for his money, and the drunken old intendant triumphs. All this is very absurd, but it is also very droll and, as we said before, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*—when once you begin to laugh, you must go on to the end.

The music of the *Caïd* is even superior to the libretto, and is as original as this species of composition will fairly admit. There is an obvious attempt to ridicule the mannerisms of the modern Italian composers, the more phrasing, as it is done with so much good humour that Verdi himself could not but laugh at the quizz upon his "nnisons." Our operatic favourites came in for their share of castigation, and the exuberance of their action and phrasing was well hit off. The overture, light, pretty, and sparkling, but wholly without pretension, prepares us for the quality of the music we are to expect. Mdlle. Charton's first air, "Comme la favette," is pretty, and contains some happy imitations of the "Rutaplan" in *La Fille du Régiment*. "Quittons cette ville d'intrigues," a duo between Mdlle. Charton and M. Lac, is a very good specimen of the composer's style, and enabled the lady to display her powers of vocalisation and agility to great advantage, and was warmly applauded. The comic scene, "Je suis gourmand comme une chatte" was most diverting in the hands of M. Chateaufort. This was followed by a duet between M. Lac and M. Buguet, "O toi de l'Algérie," in which both gentlemen highly distinguished themselves. In the second act, Mdlle. Danhausser sang a very pretty air, "Je veux lui plaire," with much expression. This lady is a *débütante*, and promises favourably. She has a sweet voice, sings with great feeling, and acts gracefully; she was warmly encouraged by the audience, and when she has conquered her timidity will get on still better. The most brilliant air in the opera, however, is a charming scene, admirably rendered by Mdlle. Charton, "Plaignez, plaignez, la pauvre demoiselle." The allegro, "Vive le mariage," is a bravura, and requires extraordinary powers of execution. Mdlle. Charton surpassed herself, and went through the ordeal most triumphantly. The most difficult passages were done with the greatest apparent ease, and the most daring flights of vocalisation accomplished without any seeming effort. A unanimous and enthusiastic encore was the consequence, in which the lady most cheerfully acquiesced. The scene in which the imitations of the Italian vocalists take place was admirably done by all engaged in it. We must not omit to mention M. Chateaufort's song, "Tra, la, la, l'en plaira," when he enters, having almost emptied his bottle of *Parfait amour*, and consequently rather the worse for liquor; it was richly humorous.

On the whole, we have rarely seen an opera in which the actors more highly distinguished themselves. Mdlle. Charton never sang so well, and we were far from expecting to find her so excellent an actress. Mdlle. Danhausser (sister of a young lady of the same name, who made a successful *débüt* as the Abbess in *Le Domino Noir*) looked very pretty in her Moorish costume, and made a highly favourable impression. M. Chateaufort is decidedly one of the best *buff comici* that we have heard; his drunken scene was the perfection of drollery. M. Lac acquitted himself very creditably of his part, although he has much to acquire and much to avoid as a

singer. M. Buguet is an old favourite: his acting and singing were both excellent. M. Nathan has humour in him, as he testified in the quintet of the second act, and a good bass voice; but he is afraid to give his humour full play, and, forcing his voice at times, sings sharp. The decorations were in excellent keeping; the scenery of Mr. Muir was excellent; and both chorus and orchestra are entitled to our warmest approbation. The success of the piece was triumphant, and will no doubt continue to fill the house as on Monday, when it was crowded in every part.

The comic scene from Pær's opera, *Le Maître de Chapelle*, was admirably done by Mdlle. Guichard and M. Chollet. Mdlle. Guichard sang and acted better than we have ever heard her; and M. Chollet, as the old master, was inimitable, and showed how different the same part will appear when portrayed by a finished artiste like M. Chollet, instead of a common-place, like M. Beauce of last year. J. DE C—.

BALFE AT BERLIN.

(From the Times.)

MR. BALFE's opera, the *Bend Sin*, under the name of *Der Mulatte*, was produced last night at the Royal Theatre with complete success. Berlin is (musically) the most fastidious capital of Europe; to have passed its ordeal triumphantly, therefore, puts the seal on the continental reputation of the composer. In Vienna, Frankfurt, and other German cities, the works of Mr. Balfé have long been popular; Berlin is the last to become acquainted with them; but the heartiness of the reception accorded to the work selected atones for the delay, which has in a great measure been caused by the political confusions of the past two years. The audience last night was one of the most numerous and brilliant ever assembled within the walls of the theatre. The King and Queen, the Princess Charlotte and her royal bridegroom, the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, were present; in fact, all the royal *loges*, including the state box, were occupied—an event of rare occurrence. Every part of the house was filled; the tickets had been disposed of for several days previously, and were only to be obtained on the morning of performance at a premium. Mr. Balfé conducted the orchestra, which is not excelled even by that of the opera of Paris. The overture was enthusiastically applauded; and it was well deserved, for the instrumentation was executed with spirit, delicacy, and perfect precision throughout. As the opera is well known in England, it is unnecessary to notice all the different motives of the libretto. Ardenford (the Mulatto) was performed by M. Mantius; and Corinna by Madame Köster, who was decidedly the star of the night; her first air, "Afrika's Sohn" ("Child of the Sun" in the English version), was beautifully given, as well as the cavatina, "Nicht immer ist's das Angesicht" ("It is not form, it is not face"); but she was most applauded in a new aria introduced for her in the third act, "O! Gott, lass es gelingen," in which her execution was really wonderful. M. Mantius has to struggle against the disadvantage of a small figure, and not very powerful voice; and the choruses might have been stronger; but on the whole the opera was beautifully given; the ballet of the second act, and the whole *mise en scène*, were perfect. M. Balfé was called for at the close of the second act, and again at the fall of the curtain, when he was greeted by the audience with the most cordial and hearty applause. M. Mantius and Madame Köster received a similar ovation. His Majesty was evidently highly pleased with the music, and frequently joined in the general expression of approval. When leaving, he stated to M. Kustner, the

director of the theatre, that he hoped soon to see the *Bohemian Girl* produced in the same efficient style. Mr. Balfé was congratulated during the evening on his success by most of the musical and literary celebrities of Berlin.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. CHARLES HALLE's fifth Classical Chamber Concert went off with great éclat. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, in D minor, Op. 49, Mendelssohn. Song, Mrs. Winterbottom, "Why do I weep," Wallace, Sonata, pianoforte and violoncello, in E flat, Op. 45, Mendelssohn. PART II.—Trio, pianoforte, tenor, and clarinet, in E flat, Mozart, Song, Mrs. Winterbottom, "Phyllis is my only joy," F. W. Harris. Miscellaneous Selection, pianoforte—"Eloge des Larmes," and "Barcarole," F. Schubert; "Adeleine," Berlioz.

The room was more crowded than at any of the preceding concerts. An excellent concert it was, both in the quality of the fare set before the audience in the above *recherché* programme, and in the perfection of its performance. It appears Mr. Halle's appointment as conductor of the Concert Hall orchestra is confirmed, and that considerable changes and additions are being made in the orchestral forces, and the concert we are now noticing afforded an opportunity to those present of forming an opinion as to the quality of some of the recent importations. Herr Lidel—who is henceforth to take rank as principal at the Concert Hall—being the violoncellist; a M. Bachens (query, a Belgian or a Frenchman?) being the tenor (to be principal second violin at the Concert Hall, we believe); and a pupil of the Royal Academy, a Mr. Sorge, clarinet, who is to be first clarinet at the Concert Hall. Mr. Hallé has no easy or pleasant task in hand—so to remodel the Concert Hall band as to increase its efficiency and bring more talented performers on particular instruments into it without injuring or doing injustice to those who have held their posts, to the best of their ability, for years. Let us hope he will accomplish his purpose in as delicate a manner as possible, and with all kindly feeling towards the old members. Already we see the first bassoon has been blurring out some notes of dissatisfaction, in a letter (paid for as an advertisement) in the *Manchester Guardian*. We sincerely trust that Mr. Hallé will give the preference, where there is efficient talent, to English residents; and show no undue preference to his countrymen, or any other foreigners whatever. We have been led into these remarks by the circumstance of no less than three new members of the band being on this occasion brought before the Manchester public as soloists. Herr Lidel is a fine player, although a long way behind Piatti for exquisite finish and refinement, and we do not think his tone is equal in roundness and fullness to more than one English violoncellist we could name (Lucas and Lindley for instance); still he is far superior in flush to our Mr. Thorley, and will doubtless be an acquisition to the Concert Hall band. Of M. Bachens we cannot speak so favourably; he seems certainly to have great facility of execution, but his tone on the tenor is not to be compared, in our opinion, with that of the talented amateur who has from time to time appeared at Hallé's concerts. Mr. Sorge is a very decided card—a more pure tone or a better style of playing we could not wish to listen to; no clarinet at the Hall can object to give place to so superior a performer, although apparently so young a man. But to the performance itself—the trio (op. 49) in D minor of Mendelssohn is a splendid work of art, one that it is almost impossible to appreciate fully on a first hearing. The first movement, *molto allegro agitato*, was so characteristically 'agitated,' that it was difficult to appreciate it entirely on a first hearing. Yet amidst it all there was here and there a strain of melody—quite à la Mendelssohn—that made us regret that we were not better acquainted with the movement. The *andante tranquillo* was forely throughout, and closed with a passage most beautifully given by first violin, flowing into one by the violoncello, uniting them as if you were listening to one instrument; this was most loudly and rapturously applauded. The *schizzo leggiero vivace* abounds in beauties, and was finely rendered, as was the *finale allegro assai*

appassionato. The three executants seemed to vie with and play to each other, so as to render the performance of this most difficult trio as perfect as possible. Mr. Hallé was, as he always is, in classical chamber music, admirable; it was a capital *début* for Herr Lidel, and we never heard Mr. C. A. Seymour acquit himself better. We wished most heartily your correspondent of the three stars signature, had been present; we think even he would have been willing to have admitted that Mr. Seymour was something more than a competent second violin. We thought it not quite as judicious in the same part with the trio, to give a sonata also of Mendelssohn. We should have preferred, both for variety and contrast, one of Beethoven's; with this exception, we have not a word to say against the composition itself, or its efficient rendering, in such hands as Lidel and Hallé; it was much applauded. The second part opened with a novelty to us—a trio for pianoforte, tenor, and clarinet—a daring combination to place before ordinary performers. Who that has heard the clarinet in the open air or the street, but remembers, painfully, the alternate peacock-like screaming and harsh growling that it emitted by that instrument? But to hear it in a room like the Assembly Rooms, seemed all but impossible that the sited Mozart could write a trio that would make such an instrument bearable. Not so, however, for in Mr. Sorge's hands it was made to discourse most elegant music, and with a purity and singing quality of tone that was truly delightful; some of the harmonies produced by the three instruments together, were heavenly, and were evidently received with intense interest by the entire audience. The wind up of the concert was, as usual, a selection of three pieces to display Hallé's own peculiar talent, in as many styles of pianoforte music, the first two being a plaintive *adagio* and merry *barcarole*—both by Schubert; the last Beethoven's *Adelaide* sung and accompanied obligato, both on the pianoforte; the last was most tastefully and expressively done, the air being heard all through, yet not so as to mar the beautiful accompaniment; the talented artist was loudly cheered as he rose from the instrument. The vocalist was Mrs. Winterbottom, who gave in the first part, Wallace's song with nice feeling and expression. Hobbs's song we did not like so well, the shake, especially, had been better omitted. It was a charming concert. The next, and alas! the last for the present season, is on Thursday the 7th instant.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. MACREARY has been giving a few of his farewell performances this week, during which he has played King Lear, Richeieu, Shylock, and Othello. Next week he really appears for the last time here—a circumstance which will be unanimously regretted by the great actor's numerous admirers in Liverpool. I will not enter into any details of his performances, as they have so lately, and so ably, been criticised in the *Musical World*. I thought his King Lear was in some respects different from what it used to be, though undoubtedly one of the finest exhibitions of dramatic genius that the present age has witnessed. Mrs. Warner played Goneril, and Mr. Pearson appeared to considerable advantage as the Duke of Kent. Mr. James Browne also made much of a small part by his excellent free-play and discrimination. In Othello Mr. Macreary was efficiently supported by Mr. Barry Sullivan as Iago, and Mrs. Warner as Emilia. Mr. Sullivan's performance—as on a former occasion, of which I wrote you an account—admirable. He is one of the most promising of our young tragedians, and will I fancy make a hit when he appears in the metropolis. To-morrow the pantomime is to be played as a first piece, for the satisfaction of the little folks. There was a juvenile night last week, on which occasion the house was crowded by the rising generation, whose merry laughter showed that they thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment.

Mr. Templeton sang at the Saturday Evening Concerts last week, and to a crowded audience, who enored several of his most popular songs. These concerts have now been established in Liverpool, with the utmost success, for several years, and have been instrumental in affording an innocent relaxation for the working people, to whom the small charge for admittance (6d.) has facilitated the entry. A local writer, in speaking of them, says:

"The body of the room, as is usually the case on a Saturday evening, was occupied by working men—few females sitting in that part of the house the large area being densely filled with the labouring classes. It is not uninteresting to look down upon a mass of probably a thousand human beings, and to reflect that most of these men have been saved from expending their earnings in the public-house by the cheap and rational entertainment thus placed within their reach. At the price of one pint of ale, a good concert is provided, and, in many cases, family comforts are insured which could not otherwise be realised. It is easy to see that the body of the hall is filled by working men. The red coat of the soldier, the straw hat and blue jacket of the sailor, and the fustian jacket and peculiar bearing of the artisan, are easily traced in this part of the hall. The people who attend the Concert-hall are also remarkably well-behaved. The doors are opened at seven o'clock and the concert commences at eight. The men, for the most part, come early to secure their seats, and to fill up the time till the performance commences, numbers of them have newspapers or pamphlets, which they quietly read till eight o'clock. Great attention is paid to the singer, or whatever entertainment may be provided for them, and no little discrimination is shown in distinguishing merit. *Vox populi vox suprema* is a dangerous affirmation when applied in its unlimited bearing, but a great deal of attention is due to the judgment of the people in fixing a value upon talent. There is also another feature in the Saturday evening concert which is worthy of imitation, and that is the consideration exercised to a vocalist. There is none of that unreasonable expectation from a vocalist which is too common in assemblies of a higher class, and it is much to their credit that they seek not enjoyment from the unfair demands upon the exertions of those who minister to it."

The Saturday concert has usually paid their expenses. They have been the means of putting hundreds of pounds in the way of the profession, who will find that they benefit themselves, and their humbler fellow-creatures, by doing all in their power to promote the success of performances so cheap and so judiciously managed. Mr. G. Buckland gives one of his entertainments next Saturday. Our Welsh Choral Society gave a grand performance of sacred music on Wednesday. The subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society will take place on the 12th February, for which Madlle. Charton, Signor Marras, M. Demeur, and M. Weble are engaged. I am exceedingly anxious to hear Charton, in whose praise the critics are so unanimous. I shall decidedly make an effort to hear the French *contralto*, who, like a true Orphoeus, seems to charm the world. There is a report that we are to have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Mitchell's opera *troupe* in April, at our Theatre Royal. I hope the news is not too good to be true. We have had German, Italian, and English operas in Liverpool, but never the French *Opera Comique*, which, to us poor provincials, will be a rare treat. The attempt would be sure of success in a pecuniary sense. The second subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society will take place on the 4th of March, when Formos is to sing in *Elphaz*. As you heard both him and our chorus when you were down here last September, you can be sure that it will be an interesting performance. J. H. N.

Liverpool, Jan. 31, 1850.

JULLIAN AT CHELTENHAM.

(From a Correspondent.)

AN evening and a morning concert were given during the week, under the management of Messrs. Hale and Son, at which M. Jullien was his hand, and the charming Jetty Treffz, were engaged. The rooms were crammed to suffocation on both occasions. So dense indeed was the crowd, that many of the visitors had to retire to make room for Jetty Treffz each time she appeared. The orchestra seats were occupied in every spare place by ladies, who could not obtain accommodation elsewhere; and, on the whole, a more elegant and crowded assembly has seldom congregated within the walls of any concert room. Upwards of seven hundred visitors attended at the evening concert, and not less than six hundred and fifty at the morning.

To speak of the programme is scarcely necessary. The performances were of the same calibre as those which Jullien has been recently giving. Everything passed off with the utmost enthusiasm. Jetty Treffz created a powerful sensation. She sang most delightfully, and was encored in all her songs, and in one three times. Nothing could have been more satisfactory to all concerned in the concert than the manner in which they went off.

THE PROGRESS AND INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

NO. II.

(From the Morning Post.)

One of the branches of musical art least understood, and upon which the most uneducated consider themselves qualified to give an opinion, is melody. It is the fancied stronghold of the amateur critic; and even our budding misses venture to lip molodical judgments. Melody, properly understood, answers to the single-figure principle in the sister art, in regard to which Sir Joshua Reynolds has left us the following precepts:—"When the picture consists of a single figure only, that figure must be contrasted in its limbs and drapery with great variety of lines. It should be as much as possible a composition in itself. It may be remarked that such a complete figure will never unite or make part of a group; so, on the other hand, no figure of a well-constructed group will stand by itself." These principles, applied to music, will furnish us with a complete definition of melody. A strongly marked musical figure will no more admit of great variety in the accompanying parts, redundancy of accessory ideas, or contrapuntal development, than will the single figure in drawing of complicated grouping or undue prominence of the component parts. The principles of fine melody are as fixed and immutable as those which regulate the many convolutions of counterpoint and fugue, or the progressions and modulations of harmony. It is not to be produced by chance. It is the result of knowledge, as distinguished from mere intuition. Its fundamental laws are rhythmical symmetry, a natural succession of intervals, and tonal consistency. Harsh and extreme distances are as contrary to its nature as is a vague and indistinct style of rhythm. The excellent precepts transmitted to us from the ancient contrapuntists for the carriage of voices form the basis of our laws respecting the production of pure melody. Diatonic intervals should ever be preferred to chromatic, monotony avoided, and "variety in unity" never lost sight of. The principle laid down by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that the single figure should form a composition in itself, means, when applied to music, that a well-constructed melody should, even without the accompanying parts, be gratifying and satisfactory to the ear. If this condition be fulfilled, its general popularity will be inevitable. By general popularity, however, we must be understood to convey a much more extended meaning than a mere bar-room circulation. The indiscriminate zeal with which the unlettered crowd occasionally adopts a vulgar tune can be admitted as a proof of its excellence. The ascendancy of such productions over the public mind is invariably of short duration, and generally to be ascribed to local influence, or their popular association with some passing event, and *always* to the absence of something better. The truly popular airs are those which have stood the test of ages. The compositions of those inspired writers who, like all true poets, are the exponents of those eternal ideas of the true and beautiful implanted in the human breast, and who, as they tell of things already known and felt by all, though never so well expressed, have but to speak to be understood. The true poet, whether of words, tones, or colours, is an oracle to which the undying spirit of truth finds a voice. It is for him alone to "strike the electric chain with which we are darkly bound," causing it to vibrate through all time. An idea prevails that the national tunes of various countries are evidences that melody is the offspring rather of nature than art; but to establish this theory it will be necessary to prove that uncouth distances and rhythmical deformity are as agreeable as the opposite qualities; that a defective scale is equal to a perfect one; that monotony and mannerism are as admirable as variety in unity—in short, that melodies composed by a barbarous and ignorant people are as excellent as those invented by the great writers. The most rabid admirer of those interesting old acquaintances will, we opine, scarcely go so far. Far be it from us to evince any lack of reverence for antique and time-honoured melodies. They are entwined with our earliest recollections; they surprised us into admiration before the reign of judgment commenced; they are associated in our minds with thoughts of hope and dreams of happiness; some of our best poets have wedded to them their worthiest inspirations; they are endeared by a thousand ties to our memory; and we cannot listen unmoved to—

"The melody of youthful days

"Which steals the trembling tear of speechless praise."

These, however, are adventitious circumstances, to which we have alluded merely because we feel convinced that they have much more influenced the public mind. People love to hear that which reminds them of the time when "pale pain" was unknown to them—hence the erroneous conclusions they arrive at. One peculiarity of melody is that it more easily takes the stamp of individuality than the more complex branches of the art; and we shall hazard the reproach of having made a trite observation when we remark that the native airs of various countries are impressed with the general features of the national mind and character. The conception of melody, owing to the singleness of its nature, is more immediate, and emanates more directly from the feelings and emotions, than the complexities of harmony and counterpoint, which demand more consideration and calm reflection. The mind, always subject to local and physical influences, takes its colour from surrounding objects; and its first musical impulse, which is melody, becomes naturally imbued with the circumambient spirit of the time and place. Hence the distinct character of national melodies. We must, however, warn the true student against giving undue importance to this fact, and urge him not to consider, because he may be an Englishman, that he is bound to imitate English composers. Let him rather reflect that great works are of no country, but are as universal as the immutable principles upon which they are constructed, and that it is better to strive to be great in art than to be merely national. These reflections lead us to a consideration of the Italian opera school, of which melody is commonly supposed to be the leading characteristic. That the Italian opera has greatly influenced the musical mind of Europe there can be no doubt. In Italy opera was invented, and for many years held an uncontested superiority over every other. The language which lends itself readily to musical accent, and the very marked vocal inflections which have ever characterised Italian declamation, gave rise in process of time to recitative. The favourable influence of the climate, together with the severe discipline to which Italian singers were subjected, tended to produce a race of executive artists superior to any at that time in Europe. This led to the migration of Italian *troupes* to various countries, whereby a taste and love for their opera was widely disseminated, and it thus became the model upon which foreign composers formed their style.

From the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries, from *Dafne* and *Euridice*, composed by Peri and Cavetti in 1590, to the charming operas of Paisiello and Cimarosa, Italian opera (which originated in an attempt to revive the ancient Greek system of singing dramatic poetry), was in a state of gradual development, and produced a multitude of composers, who may be regarded as respectable and indispensable links in the chain of musical events. The best points of the school were then adopted by Mozart, who carried it to perfection. It thus appears that the original influence of Italian opera was owing to its real excellence. Some of the finest works have been written to the Italian language—their voices and singers are pre-eminent; and we shall therefore always be glad to see at least one Italian Opera supported in England, provided, however, that the best works of the school, and not the *scorati*, be constantly performed. With Rossini commenced its degeneration. He is the father of the present school, in which he has had numerous followers, who have perpetuated his faults rather than his beauties. The immediate successor of Mozart, he was nearer to the good time, and could not wholly escape its influence. A man of vivacious and original genius, the novelty and brilliancy of his effects created a *surore*. Too indolent for serious study, and too gifted to produce anything wholly destitute of merit, he has accomplished as much as his limited knowledge would allow him, still leaving us more cause to regret than to admire. As a melodist, he holds an elevated rank; but many of his happy efforts are so disfigured by metrical ornaments that they already begin to appear antiquated and rancid. His music is generally distinguished by strong dramatic feeling (especially that of the *Barbieri* and *Gaetano Tell*), no less than by clever vocal treatment. His instrumentation is occasionally imaginative, but more frequently common-place and boisterous. His contrapuntal skill is very small, as the miserable school-boy attempt at a *fugue* in the *Stabat Mater* sufficiently proves. His harmonies, though sometimes rich and glowing, are too often elaborately chromatic, and of very questionable legitimacy.

t. We will now proceed to make some observations upon the style of melody at present in vogue, and which is supposed to form the staple commodity of all Italian operas. It is generally monotonous, vulgar, and inexpressive of the words to which it is wedded; and although there be occasional pathos and sentiment in the slow movements, the quick are almost always repulsive to the cultivated musician, from their extreme crassitude and frivolity. One air so closely resembles another, owing to the constants and infelicitous repetition of the same melody without any change of treatment, that the principles of variety and contrast are utterly lost sight of. The truly egotistical manner in which the modern Italian constantly copies and reproduces himself is as sorry a proof of the invention for which his friends give him credit as the frequent appropriation of other people's ideas is of his knowledge. It thus appears that his claims to melodic pre-eminence are very ill established. The fact is, that the modern Italians are as immeasurably inferior to the great men in melody as in everything else; and it would, indeed, be monstrous to admit Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, to be the greatest musicians the world has produced, and at the same time to pronounce them wanting in one of the greatest requisites of their art. Amid such contradictory statements, the judgment of the inquiring amateur must necessarily founder. After those reflections, we must be allowed to observe that we object *in toto* to the style of Italian opera at present fashionable; and, feeling convinced that it tends to corrupt the public taste, consider it our duty to oppose its influence. We are not "behind the scenes" of either of our Italian Operas; we see not the machinery upon which they work, neither do we know who influences the proceedings of the directors; but this we know—they are both public theatres devoted to the performance of music, possessing the best executive artists in the world, and that, with all their mighty resources, little homage has as yet been paid to the classic muse. To please whom, we would ask, are such operas as *La Sonnambula*, *Elisir d'Amore*, *Lucia*, *Linda*, *Don Pasquale*, *Figlia del Reggimento*, &c., repeated *ad nauseam*, while such works as the *Così fan tutti*, *Leopoldo*, *Clemenza di Tito*, *Plauto Magico*, *Idomeneo* of Mozart, the *Jeux* by Cherubini, and *Fidelio* by Beethoven, remain for the most part unknown to the British public? What would the public say to the manager of a great dramatic theatre who, having the greatest histrionic talent at his command, persisted in performing the works of some miserable playwright in preference to those of the great authors? Would there not be a formidable outcry for Shakspeare, Dryden, Otway, Sheridan, Goldsmith, &c.? To please whom, then, is a system pursued in regard to music which would be condemned when applied to the sister arts. Is it owing to the influence of the self-styled "connoisseur," who imagines he has a taste for music because he winters in Italy, and believes the right of condemning all that is great and good in art to be included in the purchase of his season ticket? Is it to please the "fast man," to whom the appreciation of the intellectual beauties of the great masters would cost too great an effort to afford him any entertainment, and by whose impaired mental vision, rendered dull by the constant contemplation of the gross and material, their bright effulgence would be too dazzling? The "fast man" must shut his eyes, and somnolence might follow, and who knows but that the slumber of "fast men" may be the final cause of great classical works of art? Is it to please the graver portion of the subscribers, amongst whom we number warriors, statesmen, lawyers, and churchmen, that the rapid and unmeaning strains of modern Italian composers are substituted for the sublime evidences of truth and beauty to be found in Mozart? Can they recognise and appreciate the grand immutable principles of all arts when manifested in poetry and painting, and fail to understand them in music? Do they love and reverence Sophocles, Euripides, Phidias, Michael Angelo, Shakspeare, Milton, and despise Mozart and Beethoven? Strange contradiction! Are they weak or vain enough to sit in judgment upon an art they do not understand; or, attending the opera merely because it is "the fashion," and without pretending to any fixed ideas respecting music and its influence, do they receive bad works merely because they have a continental reputation? In that case, we say to them that England is too far advanced in art to pay blind homage to foreign opinion, and that, even if the continental fiat of approval were necessary, the great works we have mentioned enjoy

a much higher reputation, acquired in the palmiest days of music in the once-favoured lands of song, than the poor trash which is now deemed worthy their patronage, and to which the epithet "fashionable" is applied. Our lady subscribers can do much towards effecting a reform in the opera, and if they will but turn their eyes for a time from the popular idols of the day to the contemplation of a purer school, they will there find evidences of the true and beautiful, of which they are a part, and with which they cannot fail to sympathise. Those admirers of modern Italianism who amuse themselves by groping about amid the dust and darkness of bygone ages to find a proof of modern excellence are, we fear, hopeless cases. They really must hit upon some happier method of establishing the excellence of their idols, than citing ancient authors of merit to prove that the moderns have not degenerated, if they wish their observations to meet with any attention.

That some of the great works of which we have spoken may be given next season at our Italian Operas is the earnest desire of all who love the art. The public mind is prepared for them, and we feel convinced the directors would have no cause to regret the production of works having all the charm of novelty for the millions, and every way calculated to aid the progress of music and improve the popular taste.

(To be continued.)

CHARLES E. HORN

(From the Critic.)

We have already offered some observations on the life and talents of the late Charles Horn; but as the following sketch comprised several particulars not generally known, it will, doubtless, be read with interest:—

"Charles Edward Horn, the subject of the following memoir, who died at Boston, U. S., on the 21st Oct., was born in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-fields, London, on the 21st of June, 1786. His father, Charles Frederick Horn, who was a native of Nordhausen, in Germany, came over to England as an adventurer in 1780, and shortly after his arrival in London he got good fortune to be introduced by the Marquis of Suffolk, and appointed musical instructor to the royal family of George the Third. He was an excellent theorist and practical pianist, and wrote a number of pianoforte sonatas, and other pieces, with accompaniments for flute, violin, &c. He continued his instruction to the royal family until 1811. During his long attendance on his illustrious pupils, he was frequently urged by his sons to solicit situations for them, but he always silenced their importunities by saying, 'If you knew how many favours are asked of that kind family, you would not desire me to add to the number of their applicants.' This delicacy led his royal patrons to conclude that he had amassed a considerable fortune.

"In 1810 he composed some military divertimentos, by desire of the Duke of Cambridge, to whom he dedicated them. Also, twelve themes, with accompaniments for violin and violoncello; and a treatise on thorough-bass. He, in conjunction with Mr. S. Wesley, was the first to introduce and publish the celebrated fugues of Sebastian Bach in this country.

"In 1823, his Majesty George the Fourth, in a very flattering manner, appointed him organist to the Royal Chapel at Windsor. This brought him again continually into the presence of the King and the Princesses, by whom he was often commanded to perform the various lessons he had taught him thirty years before. The great and condescending attention which he received on these occasions rendered the latter part of his life completely happy, and he devoted the whole of his time and thought to the services of those illustrious personages, to whose favours he was so much indebted. The death of his Majesty produced an immediate and very perceptible effect upon his health, which from that moment began to decline. He in vain attempted to rally; occasionally he visited his relatives and a few particular friends, but always under the most obvious depression of spirits. On the 3rd of August, 1830, to the delight of his family, he appeared much better, and at half-past nine retired to bed. At half past ten he expired—without a groan, without a sigh!

"During the early period of his first occupation as teacher to the royal family, he frequently met a lady of French extraction, who was employed as general instructress to the same august family, and, after a period, a closer and more tender intimacy sprang up between them, which ultimately ended in their union, the first fruit of which was Charles Edward, who had for his sponsors the celebrated Solomon and Edward Stephenson, the banker. From his earliest childhood Charles Edward imbibed a love for the 'divine art,' which was directed by his father into the pro-

per channel. At the age of six he showed evident signs of a precocious taste for composition, declaring that he could produce an appropriate melody to any kind of words, and his skill at improvisation was often put to the test, both by his father and the friends who were his frequent visitors, to the no small amusement of both. They would endeavour to puzzle Charles with poetry of an uneven versification, but he always contrived to extricate himself from these difficulties, and boasted that he could set a newspaper to music if requisite.

"The great Haydn, during his sojourn in the English metropolis, was a frequent guest of the father of Charles, upon which occasions Charles was allowed to display his versatile talents, which attracted the attention of that master mind, who would take him on his knee and fondle him, and predict that he would one day turn out a clever musician. As the table of the elder Horn was constantly surrounded with the most distinguished musicians of the day, Charles heard the best instrumental music, and as he loved music much better than literature, he soon endeavoured to make himself master of all the instruments his father possessed, and set about in good earnest to study and practice them. Finding that Charles required more attention to his studies than he had time to bestow on them, his father engaged with the celebrated Baumann, the German musical theorist, to instruct him in the science of harmony and composition, remarking at the same time to Charles, 'you are so rapid at invention that you will not give yourself time to think; a stranger may, therefore, have more control over you than I have, and I can explain to you any difficulties which may not be clear to your comprehension during your lessons.' This rapidity of invention was, perhaps, rather his bane than his good fortune, for it induced him to depend more upon his genius than his well-grounded and steady pursuit of the science. But, notwithstanding this drawback, he continued to make rapid progress in his art, mastering first one instrument, and then another; and it is well known that he was an excellent violinist, as well as a violoncellist and pianist. Hearing his father praise Braham, who had made a great sensation in public as a singer, and his father having taught that eminent vocalist the piano in his younger days, Charles felt exceedingly desirous of witnessing his operatic performance. He was accordingly taken to Covent Garden, where he was introduced to Charles, by whom he was so strongly impressed with the singer and the opera, that it gave him a decided taste for that species of music, and he took every opportunity in his power of being present at operatic performances, feeling a great desire to join in them. This was not long wanting in the opportunity of doing, for his father's friend, Dolman, the second violinist of the opera, being taken seriously ill, Charles earnestly pleaded to become his deputy, which was readily assented to by Dolman. As he was a long and severe one, Charles enjoyed the gratification of performing his part for a whole season, and to his generosity of character he it recorded, he insisted upon Dolman's taking the whole of the salary, knowing, as he did, that Dolman's pecuniary circumstances were anything but in a prosperous condition.

"Soon after this, the late lamented T. Alsinger, Esq., a great patron of music and musicians, and G. E. Griffin (the composer of Griffin's Coccostes and other works for the piano), joined Charles and some amateurs of the city in an attempt at performing one of Mozart's operas; one of the party having a score of the *Don Juan*, it was agreed that they should copy the parts among them, which was accordingly done, and they performed it, for the first time in England, at Hayward's floor cloth manufactory, near the Borough, and afterwards, by way of experiment, at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street. It having been discovered that Charles had a fine baritone voice, he was awarded the part of Don Juan; and with Bellamy as Masetto, Seboni as Commendatore, Naldi as Ottavio, Miss Haynes (afterwards Mrs. Gattie), as Leporello, Madame Feron as Donna Anna, Miss Feron as Flavia, &c., and Spagnolotti as leader; among the band being Lindley and Dragoneggi; the opera was performed and completely successful in its reception. This led Mrs. Billington to suggest the translation and adaptation to the English stage of Mozart's *La Clemenza di Tito*, which was done for her benefit; this was the fame of Mozart's opera first established in England. Horn's voice having much improved, Mr. (now Sir Henry) Bishop recommended, on the opening of the English Opera House, by S. J. Arnold, Esq., the engagement of Horn as second tenor, T. Phillips, or Irish Phillips as he was called, being the first. His first essay was in a new opera, composed by M. F. King, called *Up all Night*, in which he was associated with Mrs. Mountain, Mrs. H. R. Bishop, and Miss Kelly, and in which he shared the public favour with the first singers of the day. Mr. Arnold, who might well be called the foster father of English artists, determining to try Horn's powers as a composer as well as a singer, gave him a melo-drama to write the music to, which contained only one chorus. This he set about earnestly; it was produced and condemned the first night. Horn says of this, 'My young conceit led me to think that this work would establish me as the third composer of my day.'—Haydn and Mozart being the two others. His disappointment may therefore be well conceived, and it cost him

many tears, and induced him to absent himself from the theatre the next day in order to avoid Mr. Arnold, thinking, in his simplicity, that the people only came to hear the music. But meeting Mr. Arnold in the evening, he called him into his room, saying, 'I have something more for you to compose, young gentleman.' Horn thanked him, but said, 'I will never write anything more for the English public.'—'You young puppy,' rejoined Mr. Arnold, 'do you think to command success on a first appearance?' This struck Horn as a very reasonable idea, and cured him of his conceit; and taking the farce of the *Be-see*, which was the piece Mr. Arnold held out to him, he went to work again with all the excitement of a youthful and ardent mind, and produced the most successful musical piece that had been performed for years, writing songs for Mrs. Mountain, Miss Kelly, Matthews, &c., which were exceedingly popular. Thus did Horn commence his career, both as a singer and composer.

"At the end of the season he went to Bath, where he received some instruction in singing from Rauzzini, the most popular master of his day, whose pupils were Braham, Inceledon, and indeed all others who wished to appear with any *décor* before the public, or who expected to be great. On his return to London, he added to his double occupation of singer and composer, that of teacher also, and mingled with the smart men of his day, being frequently associated with royalty itself, to which, from the position long occupied by his father, and his own gentlemanly bearing, he had an easy introduction. But instead of husbanding his resources, and apportioning a part of his time to study and improvement, he gave way to all the fashionable folly of the time.

"Finding his voice impaired, by the advice and assistance of his father's and his own friend T. Welsh, he retired from public life for twelve months, during which period, by severe study and application, he prepared himself to enter the lists with Braham, Inceledon, and others, who were then carrying all before them; and in 1814 he came out at the English Opera House, as the Seraskier in Storace's opera of the *Siege of Belgrade*, in which he fully established his fame and took his stand as one of the first singers of the period. Nor was he idle with his pen, as the following list of musical pieces will witness:—*vie.—The Magic Bride, Tric-trac Solers, The Broomstick House, The Lion of the North, Rick and Poor, The Statue, Charles the Bold, The Woodman's Hut, Dido, Annette, Elections, Nowjakah, M. P., Lallah Rookh, The Wizard, Phalaris, and the best of his operatic works, Peveril of the Peak*. He was many years director of the music under Elliston's management at Drury Lane Theatre, and wrote, besides the above, a portion of the opera of the *Devil's Bridge*, with a set of canzonets dedicated to the Princess Anna, 'The Soldiers' dedication to Queen Adelaide, and some 300 or 400 songs and duets, &c., some of which have been for many years as popular as anything of the kind ever produced in England; among which we may particularise 'He loves and rides away,' 'Cherry Ripe,' 'I've been roasting,' 'Child of Earth,' 'Even as the Sun,' 'The Mermaid's Cave,' 'The Deep, Deep Sea,' and the never-to-be-worn-out duet, 'I know a bank,' and a host of others, than which no other English composer has written so many of a popular character, which have been sung to the delight of millions!

"There has been a cantata of a half-sacred character, called the *Christmas Bella*, republished here; but it does not seem to have made its way into much publicity; an oratorio called the *Fall of Satan*, originally produced in America, under the cognomen of the *Remission of Sin*, was but once, and that very imperfectly, performed by the Melopoeic Society. The words selected from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, a cavatina for soprano from which is the only thing yet published. These, in addition to several popular songs, and a trio or two, are all that have found their way to England. It was reserved for him to produce his most classical work at his last sojourn in England, in 1817; and the one that will give a lasting reputation to his name, whenever it shall have proper justice done to it in performance, viz., *Daniel's Predication*, a sacred drama of high character, in which, besides some remarkably elegant morceaux, there are one or two choruses of great merit and strength, which, with the resources of Exeter Hall, might be made most effective.

Appropos of the above, we are pleased to see that His Royal Highness Prince Albert, a magnificent patron of talent, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, have graciously signified their intention of patronising a concert for the benefit of the sisters of Charles Horn. A selection from the various works of the celebrated composer, together with his oratorio, the *Predication*, will be given at the Hanover Rooms, and is to take place the second week in February.

Mr. G. V. Baocox is engaged at the Olympic, and is announced to appear in 'Othello on Monday night.' Mr. Devonport will play Iago, and Mrs. Mowatt Desdemona, both for the first time.

REVIEWS.

"Polka Tremola."—WESSER, and Co. 229, Regent Street.

This may be considered as companion to the "Polka Glissante," which we had occasion to notice some weeks since, and is one of the most attractive little trifles we have seen during the season, combining as it does so agreeably instruction with amusement—instruction in the shape of a very useful and not difficult study of reiterated notes, amusement in that of a very elegant and danceable polka, which we can conscientiously recommend.

"Oh bid me love;" Ballad.—E. REINHOLD.—CHAMER, BEAL and Co.

The words of this ballad express the devotion of a lover with pretty epithets and images appropriate to the theme. The melody is natural and expressive, and admirably adapted for a *contralto* voice. The accompaniment is carefully written, and presents some nice points of harmony, which raise it above the ordinary routine of compositions of this kind. Altogether this ballad presents more attractions, both vocal and poetical, than the great mass of ephemeral productions under which the shelves of the music-publishers groan.

THE PURCELL CLUB.

(From our own Reporter).

THE anniversary meeting of this Society was held at the Freemasons' Tavern. Professor Taylor, the president, was in the chair, and the meeting was more fully attended, as it appeared to us, than on any former occasion; many of the most distinguished members of the musical profession, as well as amateurs, being present. The selection of music was calculated, as usual, to show the supremacy of the great English master in secular as well as ecclesiastical music. It consisted, in the first place, of three of his finest anthems, one of which was that which is remarkable for containing some of the most striking texts of scripture, afterwards introduced by Handel into the *Messiah*—"He was despised and rejected of men," "With his stripes we are healed," and "All we like sheep have gone astray." And no one who compares the music of the two masters can hesitate in thinking that the passages in Purcell's anthem yield in no respect to the parallel passages in the *Messiah*—nay, that Purcell has the advantage in truth and depth of expression.* This fine anthem was sung in a most artistic manner by Mr. Barnby, Mr. Benson, and Mr. W. H. Seguin.

The sacred piece was followed by the Ode on the birthday of Queen Mary, the Consort of William the Third; a composition of great magnitude, in a joyous and festive style, with passages of grandeur rising to sublimity. It is a work full of merit, and was done full justice to by Mr. Barnby, Mr. Benson, and W. H. Seguin, assisted by some of Mr. Turle's boys, A bass solo. "While for a righteous cause he arms," sung by Mr. W. H. Seguin, created great applause, as also Mr. Barnby's careful staging in a solo "Return fond Music." The music in the first part of D'Urley's *Don Quixote* was then performed, including the inimitable song—or what would now be called *scena*—"Let the dreadful engines of eternal will," the frantic soliloquy of Cardenio in the wilds of the Sierra Morena—a burst of passion surpassing any thing to be found in dramatic music from Purcell's day to our own.† This

* We beg leave to differ altogether from our zealous reporter. We cannot imagine how a sane man and a musician can think for one instant of making a comparison between the author of a few anthems and the inspired composer of the *Messiah*.—Ed.

† Our good reporter is surely beside himself. Has he ever heard of Mozart and Beethoven?—Ed.

scene was admirably given by Mr. Machin. An excellent song was also sung by Mr. W. H. Seguin, called "When the world first knew Creation," which was warmly applauded, and deservedly so.

The concluding piece was the exquisite cantata for a tenor voice, "Amidst the shades and cool refreshing streams," sung by Mr. Benson. The other singers were Messrs. Coward, Gear, Lawler, Wilkinson, Fitzwilliam, G. King, Hopkins, Roe, and Gledhill; and the conductor was Mr. Turle, organist of Westminster Abbey.

It appeared from the statements made from the chair in the course of the evening, that the society is in a flourishing condition, its funds being able, besides defraying all its annual expenses, to enlarge its library, and to furnish complete sets of books for the performance. It is evident that this society has now established itself on a solid and permanent footing; and it has the prospect of a longevity equal to that of the great old Madrigal Society.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALBONI has been singing at Geneva and Lyons with her accustomed success. She will return to Paris shortly, after a tour equally brilliant and lucrative. The French "provincials" have shown themselves real judges.

YORK.—Julien's ball and concert here last week were the most successful his ever given at York. There were 1700 persons at the concert, and all the aristocracy of the county were at the ball. Jetty Treffz has created quite a *furore*.

OXFORD, JAN. 23.—An exercise for the degree of Bachelor of Music, composed by Charles Danvers Hackett, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, organist of the parish church of Liverpool, was performed in the Music School (which was crowded to excess) this afternoon. The composition displayed great talent, and gave the highest satisfaction to a large audience, consisting chiefly of members of the university, amongst whom were the Professor of Music, Sir Henry R. Bishop, the Vice-Chancellor, &c. &c. At the conclusion of this performance, the composer was loudly cheered by the audience. The degree of Mus. Bac. was conferred on Mr. Hackett at the Convocation the following day.—*Oxford Journal and Chronicle*.

MISS ANNE ROMER has been offered an engagement by Mr. Knowles, of the Theatre Royal Manchester for six months, on very liberal terms. We hear that she has also been offered an engagement to sing in Dublin in the Easter week.

Mrs. GEORGE'S CONCERT, announced by us for the 26th instant, is, from unavoidable circumstances, postponed until after the 10th of March. To the ladies and gentlemen who have so kindly volunteered their services we are authorised to add Miss Catherine Hayes, Mrs. Balair Chatterton, and Mr. Richardson.

MISS KATE LONER intends to give a concert on the 9th instant at Bath, in which she will be assisted in the vocal department by Miss Annie Loder, Miss Amalia Hill, Mr. Frank Bodda, &c.

MR. ARTHUR WALBRIDGE LUNN gave a literary and musical evening, at Blagrove's Concert Rooms, on Tuesday. The entertainment was written entirely by Mr. Lunn, and the musical illustrations composed conjointly by Mr. Henry C. Lunn and Mr. John Ashmore. Miss Thornton sang the songs, and Mr. H. C. Lunn accompanied on the pianoforte. The introductory address, the sketches and illustrations were both interesting and amusing. The songs were all favourably received. We have not room to enter into details, but shall speak more fully at the next entertainment, as we have no doubt, but that, from its success, Mr. Lunn's literary and musical evening will be repeated.

MELODIST'S CLUB.—At the last meeting of the members of this society, Mr. Osborne, the well-known pianist and composer, played several pieces, written by himself. Both the performance and the compositions of Mr. Osborne were unanimously admired. The evening passed off with great hilarity.

MR. SIMS KAVES, Miss Lacombe, &c., have been giving operas at Bath during the last week, in the intervals of the Wednesday Concerts. The week before they were at Brighton. The present week they are at Plymouth.

THE MESSRS. DISTINS have given concerts lately at Stafford, Derby, Loughboro', Leicester, Boston, Lincoln, Lynn, and Swaffham, and have met with great success. They return to town next week.

MUSIC AND COOKERY.—The most singular spit in the world is that of the Count de Castel Maria, one of the most opulent lords of Treviso. This spit turns 130 different roasts at once, and plays 24 tunes, and whatever it plays corresponds to a certain degree of cooking, which is perfectly understood by the cook. Thus a leg of mutton, à l'Anglaise, will be excellent at the twelfth air; and a fowl, à l'Flamande, will be full of gravy at the eighteenth, and so on. It would be difficult, perhaps, to carry farther the love of music and gourmandising.—*Cock's Musical Almanac* for 1850.

SACRO HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's oratorio, *Saul*, is to be revived at Exeter Hall, on Friday next, the 8th inst. Although not so frequently performed as some other of the great composer's oratorios, it contains many of his finest choruses. Amongst these may be mentioned the opening hymn, "How excellent Thy name," "It is a Welcome, mighty king," with its quaint accompaniment of bells, "Envy, eldest born of Hell," the lamentations for Saul and Jonathan, and "Gird on thy sword." Among the remarkable solos are, "O Lord! whose mercies numberless," "In sweetest harmony," "Fell rage," and "Sin not, O King," the duet "O, fairest of ten thousand," and the scene between Saul and the Witch of Endor. The overture and the famous "Dead march" are also among Handel's best instrumental pieces.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The operas of *Le Domino Noir*, *Zampa*, and *Le Caid*, will form the attractions at the St. James's Theatre during the ensuing week.

MR. THOMAS, the violinist, has been appointed leader of the Philharmonic Concerts, at Liverpool. The choice of so excellent an artist reflects credit on the judgment of the directors.

MR. HULLAN intends to open the large room in St. Martin's Hall—or rather so much of it as is completed (about two-thirds)—on Monday, the 11th inst., with a miscellaneous concert. The performances will include the "Linda Sion" of Mendelssohn, a new psalm by Mr. Henry Leslie, and a miscellaneous selection. Among other attractions will be a sonata of Beethoven, for piano and violin, by Sterndale Bennett and Ernst.

MOLIÈRE.—Among the greatest attractions of the season, will be a series of three concerts at St. Martin's Hall, to be given by this eminent violinist and composer.

MISS VAN MILLINGEN has returned to England, after a successful professional tour on the Continent during the last four years. She sang in Wallachia, Hungary, Bohemia, Prussia, and several of the German states. She played Pierrot, in *Linda di Chamouni*, and Orsini, in *Lucretia Borgia*, at the theatre, in Pesth, in the German language, and was very favourably received.

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL.—Mr. J. O'Hallivell has addressed to the *Times* a letter, in which he deplors the anticipated gradual destruction of this valuable document, in consequence of the strict rules in force at the Prerogative Office, an exception to which he pleads for in the case of Shakespeare's last testamentary papers. They form, it seems, three sheets of foolscap, and being tied together at the top by a bond of parchment or whipcord, they cannot be examined without injurious handling, in consequence of which manipulation the final c in Shakespeare has (he asserts) disappeared. The officials look on the connecting whipcord with such scrupulous awe that they necessarily will bring about the ultimate wasting away of the relic, and he suggests that some authority be obtained for placing the three separate sheets under plate glass, whereby they may be inspected without being handled.

THE ROYAL THEATRICALS.—In consequence of the death of Mrs. Bartley, whose decease we announce in another part of our paper, the Queen has graciously excused Mr. Bartley from appearing in the forthcoming dramatic performances at Windsor

Castle. Her Majesty had previously commanded the representation of Henry IV., partly with the view of witnessing Mr. Bartley in Sir John Falstaff. That play, in compliance with Her Majesty's express wish, will not now be performed, but in its place will be given the comedietta, *Charles the Twelfth*, and the Hon. Colonel Phipps's translation of *King René's*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keen will appear.

THE RUSSIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.—At the usual Monday Evening Concert, in the Town Hall of Birmingham, last Monday week, the performance was announced to conclude with the Russian National Anthem. This the audience, which was very numerous and respectable, refused to hear; and though the organist taxed the power of his noble instrument to the utmost, the *voz populi* airily overpowered it, and would not hear it at any rate.

GARRISON THEATRICALS.—Mr. Harry Lee Carter (late of the 7th Fusiliers) has just sent from England, where he is now residing, a clever original Prologue, which is to be spoken before the commencement of the new light comedy, which is to be acted on the 9th instant by the officers of the garrison, for the benefit of the Blind Asylum. It was for the benefit of this same institution, in October, 1848, (on the occasion of the first garrison theatricals in Cork,) that Mr. Carter charmed a crowded and fashionable audience, not only by his talents as an actor, but by his first-rate musical powers. It appears that Mr. Carter was one of the first persons who read and approved of the new comedy. He has now volunteered to identify himself with its first performance, by forwarding to the author a prologue, written by himself expressly for the occasion.—*Cork Constitution*.

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Which will be

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And will be

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Boxes, Stalls, Tickets, and Season Prospectuses, may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Broad Street; and at the Box Office of the Theatre, which is open daily from 11 till 5.

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No. 6.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1850.

{PRICE THREEPENCE.
STAMPED FOURPENCE.

STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)

THE pianoforte works of Franz Schubert have much of the romantic character which distinguishes his well-known songs. They are numerous and embrace a large variety of styles. Although less popular than his vocal compositions they are quite equal to them in genius and originality. We shall shock the prejudices of many in avowing our opinion that Schubert was an overrated man. That he had "a spark of the divine fire" in him is not to be doubted. The concession, wrung with such difficulty from the jealous and contemptuous Beethoven, may be accepted as an epigrammatic expression of the exact truth. "A spark of the divine fire" was what Schubert possessed—nor more nor less. He was neither a universal nor a commanding genius. He was, moreover, a musician of no great learning. He belonged to that class of composers and poets, so numerous in Germany of whom Carl Maria Von Weber, the most gifted of them all, may be taken as the great type and model. These men, from their peculiarity of temperament and intellect, would have attained a certain degree of eminence in any pursuit to which circumstances and education might have conducted them. But their organisations were not, as those of Handel, Mozart and the great musicians, so happily attuned to music that it were almost impiety to deny them to be the instruments selected by Providence to fill the earth with melody. Morbid and enthusiastic natures, they seem to be continually lamenting their incapacity to tell the world their thoughts in plain and convincing language. Never common-place or vulgar, they are for ever in trammels. Such men will always meet with many ardent worshippers—natures like their own, yearning for the impossible, disdaining common truths, whose minds are attuned to theirs in sympathetic discord. These will proclaim them the only true prophets: these will ascribe their preeminent superiority to all others. What is called the "Romantic School" is really to be traced to Weber, Schubert and the rest, who in their eager search for original modes of expression have unconsciously given birth to a world of mannerisms, which have been seized upon by a vulgar tribe of music-mongers to conceal the emptiness of their own ideas. But such men as Schubert must not be confounded with the impostors who have made art subservient to the double end of show and commerce. Schubert neither held out his wares for sale in a bazaar, nor exhibited them as a picture-monger, or a *polichinello*, to the vacant gaze of the mob. He was a man of genius, mind, and conscience. That he was not a great musician was partly the fault of his education, but chiefly of his organic development. As a painter, or a poet, or a novelist,—as everything, indeed, but an arithmetician, logician, mathematician,—Schubert would have obtained quite as much celebrity and quite as great an individuality as that which awaited him in his career of musical composer.

But to leave *æsthetics*. Schubert, in some symphonies, overtures, quartets, &c., has evinced a great desire to excel in the sonata form; but he was not entirely successful. He either disdained or failed to understand thoroughly the indispensable elements of that form—clearness, consistency, and symmetrical arrangement of themes, and keys, and episodes. Schubert, though gifted with an abundant flow of ideas, was greatly wanting in the power of concentration and arrangement. He accepted all that came to him, and rejected nothing. Thus while he is rarely listless, almost always interesting, he is diffuse, obscure, and exaggerated. He rarely attempts to develop a principal idea; but often conducts an accidental figure, a mere passage of ornament, or a fragment of *remplissage*, through a labyrinth of modulation and progression, until the ear and the attention are fatigued and satiety is succeeded by revulsion. In six grand sonatas for the pianoforte *solus*, which, if length and attempt were alone necessary to constitute perfection, would claim a place by the side of the finest of Beethoven and Dussek, the tendencies to exuberance of detail, want of connection, superfluous modulation, redundancy of episode, excessive use of strange and unnatural harmonies, are remarkably prominent. They are more diffuse and rambling than those of Weber, to which they are in all other respects far inferior. A grand duet in A minor, for the pianoforte, has the same faults in a lesser degree, but is much more interesting and beautiful than any of the six sonatas. Many of the smaller works of Schubert for the pianoforte—and especially some marches and other characteristic pieces for four hands—are charming from beginning to end; but in these he was not confined to any particular forms, and his ideas are allowed to present themselves in their primitive simplicity, without development of any kind. In such minor pieces, for the reasons we have briefly stated, Schubert was quite as successful as in the best of his songs for the voice. To those who have a tinge of romance in their temperaments, the pianoforte compositions of Schubert, like everything he wrote, must always have a great degree of interest. There is something irresistibly attractive in the melancholy that is never absent from his smallest efforts, while the indisputable originality of his ideas places him far out of the pale of ordinary thinkers, and extorts forgiveness for much that is wanting in the form and symmetrical arrangement that have given durability as well as charm to the imperishable models which the great masters have bequeathed us. We have said enough to explain why we place Schubert—like Beethoven, Weber, and Mendelssohn,—apart from his contemporaries; but the peculiarities that have gained him this distinction have equally prevented his work from exercising any palpable influence on the progress of the pianoforte, and on the art of composing for that universal instrument.

It is not our intention to enter into long details about the composers of our own time. Nor is it necessary, since in the

course of our review of the works of M. Stephen Heller, we shall be compelled very frequently to make allusion to the most distinguished of them. Nearly the whole may be dismissed, as followers more or less successful, of Mendelssohn, Thalberg, Henri Herz, or Liszt, according to their respective tastes and styles. Of Mendelssohn we need say no more at present. Of Henri Herz we have said enough. Of Thalberg and Liszt we shall have to speak at length in our *resumé*, when M. Heller and his works have been duly considered. Since neither of these have demonstrated an attachment to the sonata-form it is not requisite to introduce them now, and our task hereafter will be merely to discuss the influence they have exercised upon the pianoforte as the originals of particular schools—schools of execution rather than of composition. Chopin, Stephen Heller, Sterndale Bennett—the three most distinguished composers for the pianoforte of our own times, with the single exception of Mendelssohn—will of course each be noticed in the proper place. Henselt and a crowd of others, romantic, unromantic and “middling,” will come in for their share of attention. Macfarren, Reber, and other thoughtful writers whose pianoforte compositions, highly as they must be rated, only occupy a subordinate position to their other works, will be reviewed with the care and attention due to their eminent merit. Meanwhile, without further preliminary, we shall proceed to examine the numerous compositions of Stephen Heller, which, we may at once declare, only require to be generally known to be sure of general appreciation.

(To be continued.)

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

THE sixteenth concert—the first of the two extra performances—was the very best ever given under the management of Mr. Stammers. It was professedly for the benefit of Ernst, whose influence may be easily detected in the following almost irreproachable programme:—

PART I.		
Overture, Scherzo, and Wedding March: Selection from Mendelssohn's Music to <i>A Midsummer Night's Dream</i> .		
Canzonetta, “In Infancy our hopes and fears”—Miss Eyles		Arne.
Berenade, “Weary Flowers”—Mr. B. Frodsham		Schubert.
Aria, “Ah! perfido”—Mrs. A. Newton		Beethoven.
Concerto, Violin—Herr Ernst (by desire)		Mendelssohn.
War Song, “Pif, paf,” (from <i>Les Huguenots</i>)—Herr Fomes		Meyerbeer.
Song, “Solitude”—Miss Poole		Angelina.
Grand Fantasia, <i>Ludovic</i> —Herr Ernst		Ernst.
Aria Buffo, “Largo al Factotum”—Herr Fomes		Rossini.
Overture, <i>Oberon</i>		Weter.

PART II.		
Aria, “O cara imagine”—Mr. B. Frodsham		Aria.
“Qui adegno”—Mrs. A. Newton		Canzonetta.
“Qui adegno”—Herr Fomes: Selection from Mozart's Opera, <i>Il Flauto Magico</i> .		
Fantasia, <i>Il Pirata</i> —Herr Ernst		Ernst.
Song, “Kathleen Mavourneen”—Miss Poole		Crouch.
Aria Buffo, “Non piu andrai”—Herr Fomes		Mozart.
Duet, “The Way tells”—Miss Eyles and Mrs. A. Newton		Mendelssohn.
Andante and Corneal de Vreize		Ernst.
Trio, “Star mildly gleaming”—Miss A. Newton, Miss Eyles, and Miss Poole		Cherninski.
Overture, <i>La Dame Blanche</i>		Boieldieu.

Take away “Kathleen Mavourneen” (as a cotemporary also remarks) and the above selection would have been faultless.

Ernst was welcomed by acclamations of applause, and a few bars of the *allegro* of the concerto were enough to show that he was in his best mood. A grander performance was never heard upon the violin. The first movement was intensely

passionate, wayward, capricious and sublime; the second exquisitely tender and expressive; the *rondo* impetuous, playful and humorous by turns, as Mendelssohn himself would have thought it, and as Mendelssohn himself would have played it on the piano, had that instrument been the medium of its interpretation to the public. The concerto is without any exception the finest ever written for the instrument, and the execution was the finest we ever listened to of a violin concerto. It created the same excitement, the same enthusiasm, the same breathless attention, the same ever varying emotions that Mendelssohn was wont to create when playing one of the concertos of Beethoven, or one of his own immortal inspirations. To criticise such a performance were superfluous; it was beyond criticism; it was a splendid and faultless display of power, uniting the loftiest manifestations of intellect with a mechanical facility before which all difficulties vanished. The applause at the end of each movement was unanimous and unbounded. Who will say now that Mendelssohn's concerto is too long and too elaborate for the crowded audience of the Wednesday Concerts? Ernst, with his magic bow, has for ever laid at rest this objection of the unbeliever. Ernst has shown that the noblest inspirations of the musical art may be made acceptable to the “mob,” as it is styled by those whose commercial interests are better served by the encouragement of tinsel and trash than by the popularisation of the most perfect works of art.

The two fantasias were prodigies of manual dexterity combined with exquisite sentiment and feeling. In the *Ludovic* the *arpeggio* variation with the *staccato* bow was encored, and in the *Pirata* a similar compliment was paid to the variation of full chords. The *Carnaval* was re-demanded, and, though fairly tired out, Ernst returned to the orchestra and achieved new wonders, in some of the variations mingling the theme of the “Non piu andrai” (which Fomes had just been singing) with that of the *Carnaval*—an effect as ingeniously conceived as it was capitally executed. It was a complete triumph for Ernst, who surpassed himself on the occasion. He is indisputably the “King of Fiddlers,” and never more firmly maintained the prerogatives of royalty—never more thoroughly established his supremacy.

The band was in fine force and played the overtures and the selection from Mendelssohn's fairy poem in first-rate style. The Wedding March was encored. In the *Oberon* overture Jarrett's mellow singing tone, and perfect intonation, were of high importance to the introduction. The orchestras of France and Germany together cannot boast of such a “first horn” as Jarrett. Herr Anschuetz, having evidently had the benefit of careful rehearsals, directed the orchestra with double confidence and effect. Mr. Willy must also be mentioned particularly for the skilful manner in which he conducted, with his violin bow, the elaborate accompaniments to Mendelssohn's concerto, which we have never heard so well in this country. Ernst was perfectly at his ease. The moral is, that wit efficient rehearsals anything may be effected.

Although indulgence was asked for Fomes, on the plea of severe cold, he sang very finely, and was loudly encored in the “Qui adegno.” In the “Pif paf,” “Non piu andrai,” and “Largo al factotum,” his spirit and energy were indomitable.

Mrs. A. Newton sang the song of the Queen of Night in first-rate style, and was deservedly encored. Her reading of “Ah, perfido” was full of feeling, and showed that she entirely understood the meaning of that glowing burst of passion. In such music as this Mrs. Newton is always at home, which is the highest compliment we can pay her. Angelina's charming romance of “Solitude” found a competent interpreter in Miss

Poole, who well deserved the encore she received. Miss Eyles gave a very intelligent reading of Arne's pleasing air, and, with Mrs. Newton, did every justice to Mendelssohn's sparkling duet. Mr. Bridge Frodsham is decidedly improving. He gave both his songs with much intelligence, and, with a little more energy, the air from *Zeubert's* would have left little to desire.

And thus much for a really excellent concert, which was fully appreciated and thoroughly relished by the crowded audience that filled Exeter Hall. Ernst's benefit will long be remembered by those who are in the habit of attending the London Wednesday Concerts.

ERNST.

The following notices have appeared, in the morning papers, of the performances of this great violinist at his benefit on Wednesday:—

(From the Morning Herald.)

"The sixteenth Wednesday Concert was given, as the bills described it, 'for the benefit of Herr Ernst.' The unparalleled violinist had an abundant amount of patronage, for every part of the immense area was filled, as well as the galleries and the choral seats of the orchestra. The chief interest of the evening was naturally centred in the performances of the benefactor, who played four times, and never without approbation and masterly excellence. His first piece, the only violin concerto of poor Mendelssohn, was a musical repeat of no ordinary kind. It has been played in this country both by Sivori and Sainon; but in neither case with anything like the delicacy and finish of Ernst. The *Andante* in C, one of the most exquisite movements that ever emanated from the gifted composer, was developed with a grace and feeling that no eulogy can do justice to; while the opening allegro in E minor, and the fantastic *Andante* in E major, were signal examples of rich and brilliant exuberance. In the latter the difficulties are enormous, but Ernst overcame them with a degree of ease that quite deceived the listener as to the mechanical complexity of the texture, and the accomplishment that was required to realise the passages in their real and perfect accuracy. The unrivalled skill of Ernst is, however, well known, and it is superfluous to allude to it now. It is the poetical spirit which he infuses into his playing that challenges remark, and his reading of the inspired concerto of Mendelssohn was one of the best monuments to the memory of the author which could possibly have been displayed. His second performance was the 'Ludovic' fantasia, of which we have already spoken in a recent notice. He rendered this clever and ingenious work with undiminished ability, and was encored in the pizzicato variation, which, although it is addressed to the popular taste, possesses vast constructive merit. The progression of tremolos in the finale, as he delivered them, is a wondrous exhibition of dexterity, combined with a melodic purpose, and closes the fantasia with an effect no less broad than picturesque. In the second part he performed his *Pirata* solo, and the whimsical variations on the *Carnaval de Venise*. He was throughout the evening applauded to the echo; and who could help participating in the acclamation?"

(From the Times.)

"The performance was professedly for the benefit of Herr Ernst, and that distinguished artist played no less than four times in the course of the concert. His first piece was the concerto in E minor, for violin and orchestra, by Mendelssohn, which he executed without curtailment. We have seldom listened to a performance more intellectual and perfect, and the enthusiasm it excited was a guarantee that the oftener such music is placed before the public the better it is understood, and the more highly it is relished. The first movement of the concerto—generally omitted under the erroneous notion that it is too long for a mixed audience—created quite as favourable an impression as the *Andante* and *Rondo*, which were introduced by M. Sainon at the concerts of M. Jullien on the Mendelssohn nights. This passionate movement brings out the finest qualities of Ernst's playing. His large and open phrasing, his tone, which claims as much by its variety as by its inherent beauty, and his grand delivery of the brasses, had ample field for display. The *Andante* in C, a song to which no words could give a more expressive meaning, and the *fondo* in E major, in which the most sparkling of themes is refined by a crowd of ingenious and delicate touches, confided to the orchestra, were executed in a style no less masterly. It is due to the band to add that, under Mr. Willy's direction, the accompaniments, more than usually elaborate, were played with such nicety and precision as to afford continual support without ever embarrassing the principal per-

former, and enabled Ernst to give free scope to all the impulses that swayed him. The other pieces played by Ernst were his fantasias on *Ludovic* and *Il Pirata*, with the *Carnaval de Venise*. In the first he was compelled to repeat the variation of staccato appoggiato, and in the second the variation of full chords on the theme of 'Tu vedrai s'avventurati'—both of them surprising evidences of mechanical dexterity. The *Carnaval* was unanimously encored, and in the repetition Ernst introduced some reminiscences of the air, 'Non più andrai,' from *Pique*, which Herr Forner had previously sung, using them with great readiness and ingenuity as an accompaniment to two of the variations. Another variation, in which both the first and second parts of the theme were played in harmonics, brought down such loud applause that for some time the performer could not be heard. Altogether, perhaps, Ernst has never played better in this country than last night, and on no occasion have his efforts been more thoroughly appreciated."

(From the Morning Post.)

"The memory of last night's concert will long be cherished, by all who were fortunate enough to be present, as one of those bright and glowing moments of enjoyment whose genial influence revives the drooping fibres of the heart, and renders life a blessing. Esquisitely as we have on former occasions spoken of Herr Ernst, no terms of praise can convey an adequate idea of the marvellous executive genius he last night displayed. To those who did not hear him our panegyric will appear extravagant; while those who did feel that it is feeble and insufficient; for no words can do justice to his exquisite performance. There are times when it is impossible for us to give verbal expressions to our feelings—when the 'd'er-fraught heart' fears to trust the tongue with its secret, lest the revelation should lessen the exquisite joy that fills it; and we dread to mould our thoughts into form, lest their beauty should be destroyed or their spirit evaporate in the process. Herr Ernst's performance of last night was a thing to be loved and dreamed of, and not talked about. It was a bright piece of loveliness, whose lustre the long shadows of coming years, with all their possible cares and anxieties, will fail to dim. It will be an eternal pleasure to those who heard it, for 'a thing'—this beauty is a joy for ever."

"This extraordinary violinist's grandest effort was Mendelssohn's concerto. It is a remarkably fine work, and was played to perfection. All the nuances of expression were admirably brought out; the passages were gloriously executed; and the reading of the piece throughout was characterized by classical taste and a reverence for, and appreciation of, the author's intention, alike creditable to the modesty and intelligence of the performer. We have also to remark that Herr Ernst produced a more full-toned sound than we ever before heard him draw from his instrument, an advantage which proved especially serviceable in this concerto. We admire the work more than any violin concerto with which we are acquainted, excepting Beethoven's. We consider it finer than any of Louis Spohr's, although that composer possesses the advantage of being a violin player, which Mendelssohn was not. (Our contemporary is in error. Mendelssohn was an excellent player on the violin—most probably a more perfect one than we have seen.) "The enthusiastic reception of Mendelssohn's fine composition by the Exeter-Hall public was truly gratifying to all who labour to disseminate a taste for good music. Not a point seemed to escape the appreciation of the audience; the work was listened to throughout with breathless attention, and applauded to the echo."

"Herr Ernst subsequently played his fantasias upon themes from *Ludovic* and *Il Pirata*, concluding with the popular 'Carnaval de Venise.' Two variations on the *Ludovic* and *Pirata* were encored, as well as the whole of the 'Carnaval'; and the performer, excited and elated by the enthusiasm he created, fairly outshone his former self, and effected more marvels than we ever believed him to be capable of. On this occasion there really was a *furor* such as we have rarely seen equalled, even on the Continent."

(To be continued in our next.)

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

This society, now in its seventeenth year, rose from its sleep on Saturday evening week, and commenced a series of chamber concerts, in the old style, but in a new room. The *focle* on this occasion was the small room in St. Martin's Hall, where Mr. Willy holds his classical concerts. The following selection of vocal and instrumental music was performed:—

Quartet in C. Op. 76—Two violins, tenor, and violon-

cello, Messrs. Diargro, Watson, R. Diargro, and

W. L. Phillips

Cantata—"If sometimes in the haunts of men," Mr.

Lockey

Cantata—"Fidelity," Miss Thornton

Haydn.

W. L. Phillips.

Haydn.

Sonata—Pianoforte and violin, Miss Kate Loder and Mr. W. Watson. *Kate Loder.*
 Quintet—Pianoforte, violin, tenor, violoncello, and contra-basso, Messrs. W. Dorrel, H. Blagrove, R. Blagrove, W. L. Phillips, and C. Severn. *G. A. Macfarren.*
 Duet—Lute, dearest, list," Miss Thornton and Mr. Lockey (*Kreolanka*). *Balf.*
 Song—"To the vine feast," Miss Thornton. *Rosie.*
 Nonetto—Violin, viola, violoncello, contra-basso, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn, Messrs. H. Blagrove, R. Blagrove, W. L. Phillips, C. Severn, Clinton, Nicholson, Lazarus, Larkin, and C. Harper. *Spahr.*
 Accompanist. *Mr. Cooke.*
 Director. *Mr. C. E. Horley.*

On Saturday last the second concert took place. The programme was as follows:—

Quartet in D, Op. 44, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. H. C. Cooper, Zerbini, H. Blagrove, and Lucas. *Mendelssohn.*
 Song, Miss Seguin.
 Song, Miss Cubitt.
 Duet in E flat, pianoforte and clarinet, Messrs. Lindsay Sloper and Lazarus. *W'ber.*
 Trio in C minor, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, F. W. Thomas, and Lucas, (first time of performance). *Lindsay Sloper.*
 Song, Miss Cubitt.
 Duet, Miss Cubitt and Mr. Seguin.
 Quintet in E flat, two violins, two violas, and violoncello, Messrs. H. C. Cooper, Zerbini, Blagrove, Walslake, and Lucas. *Berthoz.*
 Accompanist, Mr. W. S. Rockstro. Director, Mr. J. S. Bowley.

The third concert takes place to night.

THE WINDSOR THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

On Friday, the 1st inst., these entertainments were commenced. The spirit in which they will be maintained accords with the taste displayed and developed last year. The following is a copy of the bill placed before Her Majesty and her visitors at Windsor:—

ROYAL ENTERTAINMENT.

BY COMMAND.

Her Majesty's servants will perform, at Windsor Castle, on Friday, Feb. 1, 1850, Shakspeare's tragedy of

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Julius Cæsar..	Mr. Charles Fisher.
Octavius Cæsar	Mr. Leigh Murray.
Marcus Antonius	Mr. Charles Keen.
Popilius Lena	Mr. Harris.
Marcus Brutus	Mr. Macready.
Cassius ..	(Conspirators	..	Mr. James Wallack.
Casca	Mr. Cooper.
Trebonius	Mr. Cathcart.
Decius	Mr. Cullenford.
Metellus Cimber	Mr. Causfield.
Cinna ..	(Julius Cæsar)	..	Mr. Worrell.
Flavius ..	(a Tribune)	..	Mr. W. Davidge.
Seutobayer	Mr. W. Davidge.
Servius ..	(Servant to Antonius)	..	Mr. Everett.
Titinius (Friend to Brutus and Cassius)	Mr. F. Cooke.
Varro ..	{ (Servants to	..	Mr. Coe.
Lucius ..	{ Brutus	..	Mr. George Webster.
Pindarus ..	(Servant to Cassius)	..	Mr. Blinge.
First Citizen	Mr. Ray.
Second Citizen	Mr. Addison.
Third Citizen	Mr. Clarke.
Calphurnia ..	(Wife to Cæsar)	..	Mrs. F. Saville.
Portia ..	(Wife of Brutus)	..	Mrs. Warner.

Ladies in attendance on Calphurnia, Miss Woods and Miss A. Woods. Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

Scene, during a great part of the play, at Rome; afterwards at Sardis, and near Philippi.

Director Mr. Charles Keen,
 Assistant-Director Mr. George Ellis.
 The theatre arranged, and the scenery painted, by Mr. Thomas Grieve.

After the performance, Her Majesty sent a message to Mr. Charles Keen, expressive of the pleasure she felt at the manner in which the tragedy was represented.

MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

(Continued from page 63.)

WHILE my eyes were fixed on that monarch, a very small spirit came up to me, shook me heartily by the hand, and told me his name was TOM THUMB. I expressed great satisfaction in seeing him, nor could I help speaking my resentment against the historian who had done such injustice to the stature of this great little man, which he represented to be no bigger than a span, whereas I plainly perceived at first sight he was full a foot and a half (and the 37th part of an inch more, as he himself informed me), being indeed little shorter than some considerable beggars of the present age.

FIELDING. *A Journey from this World to the next.*

Regards cet animal, / considère ce néant, / vois une belle ame pour être immortelle.

LORD HEAVY to Lady M. W. Montagu.

Phil. I'll venture all—'sfoot all!

Come tread upon me, so that Moore(s) shall fall

Cardinal. By heaven that Moore(s) shall fall!

MARLOW. *Luc's Dominion*, act iv. sc. 5.

With deserved applause

Against the Moore(s) his well-fleshed sword he draws.

DRYDEN. *On Sir P. Fairbairn.*

God forgive him—but not till he puts himself in a state to be forgiven.

SWIFT.

Sue. Haven't I heard that line before?

Pa. No, I fancy not—where, pray?

Dag. Yes, I think there is something like it in Othello.

Pa. God! now you put me in mind on't, I believe there is—but that's of no consequence; I all that can be said is that two people happened to hit on the same thought—and Shakspeare made use of it first, that's all.

Sue. Very true. *The Critic*, act iii. sc. 1.

Plagiarism the Ninetenth.

*A wandering hawk, upon whose pathway shone
 All stars of heaven except the guiding one.*

It was a favourite expression of my poor grandmother, "set a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil." So with friend Thomas. Give him a good thought once, and he will repeat it *ad nauseam*. We have the above image newly devilled up, thus:—

*Think in her own still tower she waits thee now,
 With the same glow of heart and bloom of brow,
 Yet shrouded in solitude—thine all, thine only—
 Like the one star above thee, bright and lonely.*

And again—

*When I heard frightful voices round me say,
 "Aton is dead," 'tis wretched brain gave way,
 And I became a wretch, at random driven,
 Without one glimpse of reason or of heaven.*

And again—

FIRE WORSHIPPERS.

*One only thought, one lingering beam,
 Now broke across his dizzy dream
 Of pain and weariness—'twas she,
 His heart's pure planet, shining yet,
 Above the waste of misery,
 When all life's other lights were set.*

And again—

THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM.

*The one whose smile shone out alone,
 Amidst a world the only one,—
 Whose light among so many lights
 Was like the star on starry nights
 The seaman singles from the sky
 To steer his bark for ever by.*

together with half a dozen instances in the Melodies and his other poems. Moore is evidently pluming himself on these original thoughts. I shall test their genuineness by a cloud of witnesses:—

PARK'S *Heliconia*, vol. 1. p. 93.

And as the stars to mariners
 to guide unto the port,
 So is this M a heavenly joy
 to lovers that resort.

PARK'S *Heliconia*, vol. ii. page 118.
The firmament with golden stars adorned,
The sailor's watchful eyes full well contenteth,
And afterwards with tempest overspread,
The absent light of heaven he sore lamenteth.
Your face the firmament of my repose
Long time has kept my waking thoughts delighted,
But now the cloud of sorrow overgoes,
Your glorious skies, where-with I am affrighted.
For I that have my life and fortune placed
Within the ship that by those planets saileth,
By anxious chance am overmatch disgraced,
Seeing the loadstar of my courses faileth.

Poems of Perseus's daughters. (CHALMERS, li. 408.)
In whose calm streams I baid so farre,
No raging storm had in respect,
Until I raide a goodly starre,
Wherto my course I did direct.
In whose prospect in doleful wyse,
My tackie say'd, my course brake,
Through hot desires such stormes did rise
That stem and top went all to walk.

TURNERVILLE'S *Poems.* (CHALMERS, li. 612.)
She from hence is led
Who was the guide and giver of my breath,
By whom I was with wished pleasure fed,
And have escaped the ruthless hand of death.
Who was the key and cable of my life,
That made me scape Charybdis careful clyfe,
A star whereby to steer my body's bark
And ship of soule to shore in safety bring.

TURNERVILLE. (*Ibid.*, 635.)
And as those wofull wightes
That saile on swelling seas,
When winds and wrathful waves conspire
To banish all their ease,

When heavenly lampes are hid
From shipmen's hungry eyes,
And lodestars are in covert kept
Within the cloudie skies.

Lo, I (unhappy man)
Have followed Love a space,
And felt the hottest of his flame
And flashing fierie blast.

EDMUND SPANER.
He that is of Reason's skill bereft
And wants the staffe of wisdom him to stay
Is like a subject midst of tempest left
Withouten helm or pilot her to sway;
Full sad and dreadful is that ship's event,
So is the man that wants intendment.

THOMAS CAREW.
Thou art my star—shin't in my skies.
SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet.*

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
Oh no! it is an ever fixed mark
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.
It is the star to every wandering bark.

SHIRLEY. *Narcissus.*
How could she trace his brow? or see those lids
Whose either ivory-box shot up a light,
To travellers more cheerful than the star
That ushers in the day, but brighter far.

MISS BROOKE. *Reliques of Irish Poetry*, p. 22.
As the lone skiff is tow'd from wave to wave,
No pilot's hand to save,
Thus, thus, my devious soul is borne,
Wild with the woes I only live to mourn.

SIR GEORGE ETHERAGE.
The twin beauties of the skies,
When the half-sunk sailors baste
To rend sail and cut the mast,
Shine not welcome as her eyes.

SHIRLEY.—*The Cardinal*, act v., sc. 3.
In vain—the mist is risen, and there's none
To steer my wandering bark.

SHIRLEY.—*The Duke's Mistress*, act v., sc. 1.
Oh, my heart! Poor Benivoglio,
On what high-going waves do we two sail,
Without a star or pilot to direct
Our reeling bark.

DECKKAR.—*The Wonder of a Kingdom*, act i., sc. 1.
Alph. Well, brother, since you will needs sail by
Such a star as I shall point out.

DECKKAR.—*Same play*, act v., sc. 1.
Flor. Way for my daughter—look you, there's Angelo.
Fra. Ha!—yes, 'tis the star I sail by.

DECKKAR.—*Fathek.*

The fond monarch pursued her with his eyes until she was gone out of his sight, and then continued, like a bewildered and benighted traveller, from whom the clouds had obscured the constellation that guided his way.

BYRON.—*The Giaour.*

She was a form of life and light
That soon became a past of sight,
And rose when'er I turn'd mine eye,
The Morning Star of memory.

She was my life's unerring light
That quenched, what beam shall break my night?

Plagiarism the Twentieth.

And when she sung to his lute's touching strain,
'Twas like the notes—half ecstasy, half pain,
The bulbul utters ere her soul depart
When vanguard'd by some minstrel's powerful art,
She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her heart.

I have already admitted, that Mr. Moore is a great proficient in changing prose into poetry, and when it suits him, poetry into prose. I am able again, to bear testimony to his merits in that department. From the following passages, any Grub Street graduate may compose such lines as those above.

SIR W. JONES.—*On the Musical Modes of the Hindus.*
"An intelligent Persian, who repeated his story again and again, and permitted me to write it down from his lips, declared that he had more than once been present when a celebrated lutenist, Mirza Mohammed, surnamed Bulbul, was playing to a large company in a grove near Shiraz, where he distinctly saw the nightingales singing to vie with the musician, sometimes warbling on the trees, sometimes fluttering from branch to branch, as if they wished to approach the instrument whence the melody proceeded, and at length dropping on the ground in a kind of ecstasy."

A similar story is related somewhere in the fifth volume of Hawkins's History of Music.

SPANER.—*Fairies Queen*, Book ii., Canto vi.
And she more sweet than any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes amongst them bear a part,
And strive to pass, as she could well enow,
Their native music by her skillful art.

SHIRLEY.—*The Wifling Fair One*, Act I., Scene ii.

When she seats herself
Within some bower, the feathered quoristers
Shall play their music to her, and take pride
To warble airy notes till she be weary;
Which, when she shall but with one accent of
Her own express, an hundred nightingales
Shall fall down dead from the soft boughs before her
For grief to be o'ercharmed.

COWLEY.—*On the Praise of Poetry.*

Nightingales, harmless syrens of the air,
And muses of the place, were there,
Who, when their little windpipes they had found
Unequal to so strange a sound,
O'ercome by art and grief, they did expire,
And fell upon the conquering lyre.

LION.

The nightingale, as story goes,
 Fain'd for the music of his woes,
 In vain against the artist try'd,
 But strained his tuneful throat, and dy'd.

Who shall dare to say Master Moore is not an original writer? Who? Show me the man. He must have a triple breast and face of brass.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.

On Monday, Schiller's celebrated tragedy, *Fiesco*; or, *the Revolt of Genoa*, was produced at this theatre; we are sorry to say, with no complete success. The comparative failure of one of the most popular plays on the German stage must not be laid to the charge of the management. The parts were strongly supported; the scenery and dresses were all that taste and fancy could suggest, or exactness and propriety demand; the minutest details were carefully attended to; and, more than all, the translator had done his work admirably; yet, spite of all, Schiller's great play fell dull and listless on the ears of the audience. From first to last no enthusiasm was awakened; and the applause, brief and far between, was bestowed on a scene well painted, or a speech spoken with point and emphasis, rather than on a startling incident or a surprising turn of thought in the language. *Fiesco*, nevertheless, is replete with poetic beauties, displays considerable insight into human nature, and is not deficient in stirring situations. Its great fault, and that to which we may attribute its want of success on our stage, is the uninteresting nature of the chief characters, and the little hold they take on our sympathies. *Fiesco* possesses every element of the hero, but he does nothing which strikes our affections or moves our passions. We listen and applaud, approve, admire, do everything but feel. He is too much the slave of political intrigue to become a universally-loved or even a commendable person on the stage. His feelings are under too much control. He has no impetuosity, no impulse. His friendship is cold and calculating—his very love is without fire. When he tells Leonora he is devoted to her and her alone, we accord him our instant belief—we know he has not time to entertain a second passion, nor feeling to indulge in one. His goodness excites no surprise in us, because we are conscious he is incapable of anything mean or little. When he saves Andrea Doria's life from the conspirators—when he spares the Moresco, we are certain the mercy in both cases is extended by reason of some moral calculation, rather than from any generous warmth of nature. *Fiesco* is, in short, above us, and not of us, and thus he becomes a character more appropriate for an epic than a dramatic poem.

Verrina, the republican, is more naturally drawn—is endowed with more flesh and blood than *Fiesco*; and yet he does not excite our sympathy in any great degree. The character is an amalgamation of Brutus and Virginius. His awe of country urges Verrina to kill the man who aims at the sovereign power; and he has equal motive with the Roman centurion in devoting Giannettino and his "serpent seed to the infernal gods." But the attempt of Doria's nephew on Verrina's daughter has nothing to do with the development of the plot, and might be omitted without loss. Indeed, so much has this incident been mitigated in the Drury Lane version of *Fiesco*, that we apprehend it would have been more satisfactory to have left it out altogether. The most interesting feature of Verrina's character is certainly blended with this incident, and perhaps it would have been injurious to the

play not to have retained as much of the circumstance as would have exhibited the noble old republican's rage and horror at his daughter's dishonour. Still the character wants variety, or dramatic colouring, or something else, for we are as little interested in Verrina's fate as we are in that of *Fiesco*.

Leonora, *Fiesco's* wife, is a truly charming person, a very pattern of love, devotion, and duty. Strange it is, however,—even Leonora fails to interest us deeply. Perhaps it may arise from the fact that we know her wrongs are all imaginary; but then, why does not her death move us? There is a reason for this in the recent performance. In the Drury Lane play we merely learn by narration of Leonora's fate: in the original she receives her death from the hand of her husband, who meets her in the battle, disguised in the habiliments of Giannettino. What a scene, and what an omission! Poor Leonora is hardly treated at Drury Lane.

Upon reviewing the entire play we do not find one single character which deeply interests us, nor one incident which greatly moves us; and we fail to discover that felicity of construction and development so indispensable to the great dramatist. That the tragedy of *Fiesco* is one of the most frequently performed in Germany demonstrates the profound reverence which reigns throughout the country for the name of Schiller, or we must infer that the Germans are pleased with nature in forms and moods different from those in which we love to see her represented, and that their dramas are constructed on a principle totally distinct from that of our own dramatists.

Schiller's *Fiesco* was written shortly after the *Robbers*, his dramatic masterpiece, and the immense success of the latter no doubt paved the way for its favourable reception. Both these plays were in prose, the author not having adapted the blank verse metre for some time after. The story of *Fiesco* is partly taken from the account of the revolt of Genoa in Robertson's *Charles the Fifth*. The catastrophe is altered. The plot of the play may be told very briefly.

Fiesco, Count de Levagna (Mr. Anderson), is a nobleman of great mental endowments, and of the most captivating exterior and engaging address. He endears himself to the people of Genoa by his condescending manners, no less than his munificence. But *Fiesco* conceals a deep design under all his condescension. Ambition is his master passion. He builds his hopes of obtaining the regal power upon the people's love for himself, and the mal-administration of the Senatorial government. He finds some of the nobles plotting a revolution, and allows himself to be induced, with seeming difficulty, to join the conspiracy. A sudden out-break of the people favours his views of ambition still more fortunately. In one of the best scenes of the play, evidently taken from *Coriolanus*,—the scene where Menenius Agrippa addresses the mob in pithy parable,—*Fiesco* works upon the fears and passions of the multitude, and in an allegorical speech persuades them that no form of government is so fitted for them as monarchy, and dismisses them, enjoining them to go home and consider whom they will choose for their king. Among the conspirators is Verrina (Mr. Vanderhoff), a man swayed entirely by pure motives to serve his country. *Fiesco* is chosen leader of the conspiracy. Verrina discovers that *Fiesco's* motives in heading the revolt is to induct himself into the sovereign power, and registers an oath to kill him. These are the leading outlines of the plot, up to the end of the fourth act. The revolt is successful; *Fiesco* assumes the insignia of Duke of Genoa, and is thrown into the sea by Verrina and drowned, after which Verrina stabs himself.

The catastrophe is anything but dignified. The author, who has departed from history in so many other respects, need not have shrunk from dismissing his hero in a manner more becoming a tragedy. The dagger of Verrina would have made a fitter ending for Fiesco, than the waters of the Gulf of Genoa.

The other characters of the play are merely subordinate, if we except Hassan, the Moor (Mr. Emery), who plays a conspicuous part. He is employed by Giannettino to murder Fiesco, but is defeated in the attempt by Fiesco himself, who forgives him on his acknowledging the truth, and takes him into his service. The Moor serves Fiesco with fidelity for some time, but at length turns traitor and meets his doom.

The play was admirably got up, and comprised in its cast the *élite* of the company. Mr. Anderson's Fiesco was an excellent performance—one of his very best. He looked the gallant and chivalric Count de Levagua to the life, and preserved the different phases of the character with fine judgment. His most effective scene was that in which he relates the "politic convocation" of the beasts to the mob. Mr. Anderson's dresses were magnificent.

Mr. Vandenhoff played Verrina with great fidelity. The part has some telling points, and the actor made the most of them.

Miss Laura Addison performed Leonora. We cannot say whether the character is suited to her or not. For this young lady's talents we have much respect, but we fear, she endeavours too much to make the most of them. Miss Laura Addison may have been informed that in reciting it is necessary that not only every word should be heard, but every syllable, nay, every letter; and so the fair actress takes such pains to render her words distinct and articulated, that her declamation degenerates into a drawl, and her speaking is as far as possible removed from nature. It is to be lamented that a fault so easily remedied should be a bar to the success of Miss Laura Addison's performance, since she possesses both energy and feeling in no small degree, together with a large share of personal attractions.

One of the best acted characters in the play, if not the very best, was the Lemellino of Mr. Cathcart. The part is not prominent in the tragedy, but the skill and talent of the actor rendered it conspicuous in every scene in which he appeared. Mr. Cathcart has for many years been distinguished as an actor in the provinces. Previous to Mrs. Warner and Mr. Phelps's management of Sadlers' Wells, he was engaged at that theatre, and played leading characters with much success; but the audiences were not as select as they are at present, and Mr. Cathcart was but half known, and left London unrecognized, save by a few of the more observant among the audience, as a good and legitimate actor. We have no doubt but that Mr. Cathcart will have an opportunity at Drury Lane of appearing in parts in which his talents will be at once acknowledged.

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, Shakspeare's *Richard the Second* and *Julius Caesar*, are in rehearsal. We have our doubts about the success of Fletcher's play. *Richard the Second* is difficult to act. *Julius Caesar* we expect to see well done.

The *Beggar's Opera* will be shortly produced, and various novelties are in preparation. Mr. Anderson is bestirring himself, and is reaping the benefit of his exertions.

Fiesco has been played every night during the week, and has brought good houses.

PRINCESS'S.

The *Val d'Andorre* has run a successful career up to the

present time. The music goes much better than it did at first, and the artists now feel more at home in their parts. The attraction of the opera, combined with the pantomime, remains undiminished.

Next week *Charles the Second* will be again revived. Loder's *Giselle* is in rehearsal, and will be brought out shortly. This looks like doing business in the right way.

Auber's *Gustavus* will be produced before *Easter*, not in the hotch-potch way it was given at Drury Lane, but as the author wrote it. *Gustavus* will be played by Mr. Harrison. The scenery and dresses, we understand, will be appropriate and splendid.

An early visit of the Royal Family is talked of to witness *King Charles the Second*.

OLYMPIC.

MR. GUSTAVUS V. BROOKE commenced his second engagement at the Olympic Theatre, on Monday evening, in his favourite part of *Othello*—the part in which he made his first appearance in London, and created such a sensation. Mr. Brooke was received with great warmth, and by a very crowded audience. We cannot on the present occasion enter into an analysis of his performance, as he was labouring under the effects of a severe cold, and went through the character with evident distress. We shall take an early opportunity of noticing the popular actor.

Mr. Davenport was the Iago, and Mrs. Mowatt the Desdemona, both, as the bills stated, the first time of performance. It is no easy task to jump into one of Shakspeare's characters, and imbue it with vitality and power in a moment; more especially a character like that of Iago, which demands such variety of powers in the actor; nevertheless, we have seen much that we admired in Mr. Davenport's Iago, and more that held out great promise of future excellence.

Mrs. Mowatt's Desdemona was exceedingly graceful and captivating. In the earlier scenes she was particularly happy, the gentleness and feminine softness of the character fitting her admirably, both in look and feeling. As much as we have seen of this charming actress, we look upon Desdemona as her most excellent performance. Both Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport were loudly applauded.

The tragedy was got up in a most careful and effective manner; the scenery being appropriate and the dresses splendid.

ST. PAUL AT MANCHESTER.

(Abridged from the *Manchester Examiner*.)

ALTHOUGH the concerts usually given in our Concert Hall are generally of the fashionable order, once a-year the subscribers are presented with a choral performance of respectable character. On Thursday evening, the 10th inst., it was evident that more than ordinary pains had been taken in rehearsal. The oratorio selected was Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, to conduct which Mr. Benedict had been judiciously selected. We know of no orchestral director at present in England whose sympathies are more entirely with the great composer, or whose own professional knowledge is more sterling. To those possessing a musical education, we need not point out the importance of such a man on such an occasion; nor do we think his value could pass unobserved even by many less competent to form a correct judgment.

St. Paul was first performed at Dusseldorf, on the 22nd of May, 1836; it was the first oratorio of Mendelssohn, and fully realised the high expectations his previous fame had raised. Like most important works, however, the publishers put upon it an important price, and thus prevented its circulation among that class of people who are always the most eager to encourage what is sterling in quality. This system of high prices in reference to music has perhaps done more than anything else to retard the progress of an

improved taste among the English people. There is now, however, every reason to suppose that a new spirit has gone abroad: the cheap publications of Mr. J. A. Novello (among which we perceive this oratorio is announced), and others, are placing the best music in the hands of those best able to appreciate it; so that, in a few more years, we may find every village, as well as every town, sending forth its hundred amateurs (as on the occasion of the German festivals) to "swell the full chorus," and show that the true spirit, the pure love of music, and not a mere fashionable affectation, is that which animates our people. We believe it was Mendelssohn's wish to have gone through the leading histories of the Bible with a series of oratorios, had he been spared. The present text is almost literally taken from the Scriptures, the character of St. Paul often uttering the words given to him in the Bible. It is the story of the apostle's life, including the martyrdom of St. Stephen, and Saul's persecution of the Christians—"his conversion, his going forth to the Jews and heathens, and the persecutions he suffered, till the moment where, at last, he leaves his congregation at Ephesus to meet certain death." Rich, varied, and full of that unity of character and purpose which is among the best indications of a true artist, the oratorio moves forward with a still increasing interest to those who go to understand and to be instructed. Here and there the mind is relieved from excitement, by the beautiful chorales judiciously interspersed at resting places in the busy progress of the drama; a feature first presented to us by Bach, and occasionally resorted to by some of his successors. We hope that before long one or more of Bach's great choral works will be made known in England, through translation. The great work by Bach, on the subject of the Crucifixion, should it ever be placed before the people of this country, will, we venture to prophesy, experience a reception at which we have been accorded to any of those standard works of which we are so proud, and the performance of which has done so much to elevate our musical character.

Of the performance on Thursday evening last, we have little but praise to offer. Changes have been made in the orchestral arrangements, which we hope may prove beneficial eventually to all parties concerned. If superior talent in two or three instances has been introduced, it will soon discover its value, not only in the immediate advantages to the orchestra of the Concert Hall, but in giving to the musical status of Manchester a higher character generally, and thereby rendering service even to those who at present feel disturbed in what they might have considered a confirmed position. If the talent be not there, but a mere change of name has been introduced, evidence will be very soon given to this effect. Among the new comers are Mr. Lidel as obligato violoncello, Mr. Baxton as second violin, and Mr. Sarge as first clarinet—the last a very young professor, but exhibiting signs of considerable talent. The vocal principals engaged were Miss Birch, the Misses A. and M. Williams, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Joseph Robinson of Duhlin. The finest air for the leading *soprano* is "Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets," which we can imagine a wonderful piece of vocalisation with such a singer as Miss Lind. Nor did Miss Birch overlook its importance: she displayed a highly-refined taste and considerable expression in this great declamatory song. Miss M. Williams caused quite a sensation in the fine *arioso*, "But the Lord is mindful." This lady has two great requisites—a fine voice and true perception. Mr. Benson lost none of the reputation his recent efforts in Manchester have acquired for him. Mr. Lidel's violoncello obligato accompaniment to the tenor song in C, "Be thou faithful unto death," evinced an artistic expression, though perhaps not the highest class of tone. There was enough to indicate the value of his services in the situation he has been engaged to fulfil. Mr. Robinson is a musician and a vocalist of no ordinary talent. A trifle more energy in the air, "Consume them all," would have made the piece more effective; but, on the whole, his singing was of a refined and sterling order. The concerted pieces were well sung—a rare occurrence in this room. The choruses also went finely. Mr. Barlow, at the organ, played judiciously; and the whole was a performance adding to the musical character of Manchester. Mr. Benedict's conducting was always masterly, intelligent, and clear. The attendance was very good.

[Both our Manchester correspondents having disappointed us in not sending an account of this highly interesting performance, we gladly avail ourselves of the above, even at this late hour.—En.]

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MESSES. SIMS REEVES, Whitworth, Horncliffe, Delavanti, Miss E. Lucombe, and Miss Lanza, with Mr. Lavenue as conductor, commenced an engagement with the popular lessee, Mr. Newcombe, at the Theatre Royal, on Monday night. Operas, particularly when presented in the liberal manner of this occasion, are more attractive here than any other kind of amusement. The moderate scale of prices (from one shilling to five) gave every class of society an opportunity of enjoying an entertainment which was worthy of the high patronage it obtained. There was an immense crowd; five hundred persons in the gallery alone listened with breathless attention to the plaintive strains of Bellini and the noisy unions of Verdi. The *Lucia* was the first of the series of operas. Sims Reeves was never in better voice. His *finale* was really exquisite. Whitworth's Colonel Ashton is perhaps the best at present on the English stage, and left the most favourable impression on the audience. Lucy Ashton is hardly suited to Miss E. Lucombe, who, nevertheless, except in the more pathetic passages, created a good impression. The little Miss Lanza had to do, as Alice, was done correctly and effectively. All the *artistes* were called for at the fall of the curtain, and the house presented a brilliant appearance. The farce of *Raising the Wind* finished the evening's entertainment. Mr. Newcombe keeping the people in rars of laughter until the fall of the curtain.

On Tuesday, the *Sonnambula*, which, from the appearance the house presented, seems to be as popular as ever, was received with the warmest enthusiasm. Although it has been executed over and over again by distinguished artists, this opera has never been presented at Plymouth with such satisfactory completeness. Elvino and the Count, played by Reeves and Whitworth, are too well known to demand criticism at my hands, having been long stamped with the approval of a London audience. Miss E. Lucombe sang the music of Amina with much taste, and at times with great brilliancy of execution. Miss Lanza, as Lisa, was remarkable for her judicious acting and careful singing. *Free and Easy*, an excellent farce by the way, in which the principal character was acted with great humour by Mr. Newcombe, sent every one home in high spirits. *Erani*, the first of Verdi's operas, which has never been played here, was not, I think, so successful as the *Lucia* and the *Sonnambula*, although, as on the other nights, the house was quite full. The *mise en scene* and the costumes were appropriate and complete. Whitworth's dress and "make-up" as Kuy Gomez was quite a picture. The concerted pieces were remarkable for their precision, and the artists were called for at the fall of the curtain. Friday night, Reeves's benefit, *The Puritans* and the *Beggars' Opera* were given. It was the most crowded house I ever witnessed within the walls of the Plymouth theatre, and the reception of all the *artistes* was marked with a warmth I have seldom seen. The opera went off well from beginning to end. Whitworth and Delavanti were vehemently encored in "Suoni la tromba," which was received with immense cheering. *The Beggars' Opera*, ever popular from its charming melodies, was capital played throughout. Reeves, whom I had never seen before in the part, played *Macbeth* with a rollicking spirit which told immensely; and the *Polly* of Miss Lanza was really a charming performance. She was encored in "Ponder well," "Cease your funning," and played and sang throughout as an accomplished artist. *Fitch*, by Horncliffe, was excellent, one of the best on the stage, I should say. Miss Emily Enderby, as Lucy, supported the character with much skill, and near the end was allotted to her with faultless precision, while the Mrs. Peachum of Mrs. Garthwaite distinguished her as an actress of sterling ability, and of the real good school of "Old Women" which daily becomes more rare. Mr. Delavanti has a voice of great power, and during the week added materially to the effect of the operas.

Altogether the engagement of the Sims Reeves party, has been entirely successful, and has created a new taste for operatic performances in this town.

T. E. B.

Julien comes here on the 12th of March, and the Montenegro Italian Opera party on the 1st of April.

JULIEN AT BRISTOL.
(From Felix Farley.)

THE indefatigable *maristo*, Julien, caused a full muster at the Victoria-rooms, on Friday, the last instant, although the advent of "February Filly-dyke" was accompanied by its proverbial adjuncts of wind and storm.

Jetty Treffs was, of course, the main attraction, and public expectation was not disappointed as to the remarkable richness and versatility of talent which had been the heralds of her fame.

M. Julien brought with him an excellent band, though we missed from it several talented performers who heretofore bowed to his way in his provincial tours. At eight o'clock, when the concert commenced, M. Julien must have cast a delighted glance over the spacious hall, every inch of which was occupied by an expectant multitude, not less, we should suppose, than 2000 persons being present. The programme was worthy the fame of the able caterer. In the first part Herr König played "The Exile's Lament," of which the words were placed before us; and with the truthfulness of Mendelssohn's "Songs without words" in our recollection, we could easily interpret König's mellifluous tones.

Miss Jetty Treffs was introduced to us in "Trab, trab," those words being the burden of a German song, which she shall not attempt to translate; suffice it to say (to use a conventional phrase) its execution convinced us that the fair vocalist's capabilities had not been over-rated. In perfect tune, with admirable judgment, with delicate feeling, were her notes delivered. An encore was of course called for, *was* voce, with which she kindly complied—by singing something else, we forget what, but it was well received.

In the second part, we had a selection from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, in which we were treated with *obligato* on the bassoon, oboe, and flute, cleverly played. We had also a violin concerto, by Mr. V. Collins. The "Row Polka"—(what a row!)—concluded a very agreeable performance.

JULIEN AT BATH.

(Abridged from the Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.)

ON Saturday evening, the 2nd instant, M. Julien, that old friend of the concert-going portion of the public, again made his bow to a Bath audience, at the Assembly Rooms. A vast concourse, numbering, we should think, about 900 persons, filled the noble saloon to its utmost capacity. The excellence of the entertainment, coupled with the moderate price of the tickets, led to this desirable result. The concert opened well with Rossini's overture to *Guillaume Tell*, which was played with great spirit. A quadrille, entitled "Charles the Second," (from Macfarlane's highly popular new opera) and containing some good specimens of music in the old English style, followed, and was well received. The new "Cossack polka," composed on Russian and Siberian melodies, and the "Hungarian quadrille," also performed for the first time, are each deserving of favourable mention. Such pieces undoubtedly "please for the nonce," though we doubt if, to quote M. Julien's own words, "they will greatly enhance the musical taste of the United Kingdom." It was a pleasing instance of discrimination, on the part of the audience, to demand a repetition of the *allegretto* from Beethoven's symphony in F. This charming composition, being rendered with that nice attention to its lights and shadows which its effectiveness demands, afforded to all who heard it a great treat. Herr König had, in usual, a novelty to present, a composition by Roch-Albert ("The Exile's Lament.") König might have chosen a better theme for exhibiting his powers on the cornet-a-piston. The effect of the "echo," though somewhat stale, was pleasing and well managed, and drew down much applause.

But the great attraction of the evening still remains to be described. Madlle Jetty Treffs, the last star which has risen on the musical horizon, certainly shone on Saturday evening with a brilliance which completely dazzled the quiet folk of Bath; and often as it has been our hap to hear the first vocalists of the day, we must say that few have left on our mind more pleasing reminiscences. To considerable personal advantages and a lady-like deportment, this pleasing songstress adds, to complete the charm, a voice of exquisite richness and almost metallic brilliancy—an organ, in short, combining all the excellences which can be

demanding by the most fastidious critic. It is true that the pieces set down for her in the programme were not such as to call forth the highest requirements of the art: they depended for their effect on their capability of bestowing pleasure, rather than of producing astonishment. Still, we have yet to learn that the real end of music is to excite the wonder of an audience, though we have often heard performances which were evidently the offspring of such an idea. We hold, therefore, that the lady did wisely when she chose the simple ballad rather than the more elaborate compositions of the Continental school, wherewith to indulge her English audience. There was good taste, for instance, in her choice of that pretty composition, "Home, sweet home," and we doubt if the *prima donna* of the Imperial Theatre of Vienna was ever listened to with more real delight than Jetty Treffs, while she warbled this unassuming, but almost national, canonzo.

There is one feature of the concert which remains to be noticed. Mr. Collins's solos on the violin, in which he exhibited a respectable proportion of talent. The programme concluded with one of Julien's most extravagant extravaganzas, denominated (appropriately enough) the "Row Polka."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

REISSIGER.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I would beg a small space in your journal this week to express my sentiments on a long article in the form of essay on the sonata, as well as of the various contributors to that most interesting form of composition, which has appeared during several weeks in the *Musical World*; and whilst I cannot but admit the truth of a great part of the essay, yet I think the author displays so great a degree of partiality for some composers, and treats others with so much contempt,—such, for instance, as when he awards so much genius to Moscheles (unquestionably a clever man), whilst he totally denies any amount of it either to poor Hummel or Kalkbrenner (peace to their names!)—that I am really inclined to think he has been trained in some particular school, and by such an education has become so bigoted, as to disentitle him from acting the proper character of critic. I have thought this during the perusal of the article in question almost from the commencement of its appearance in the pages of your journal; but the number of last week so confirms this idea, that I cannot help stating my mind on what I consider his unjust remarks on certain composers, and especially concerning one whose reputation is, I think (fortunately for himself), beyond the reach of injury from him who appears to think himself possessed of that gift of analysis of which he speaks so confidently. I here allude to C. G. Reissiger, a man who enjoys (and deservedly so) a great reputation among musicians in his native country (and I believe also in England) as a composer for the pianoforte, and whose works (especially his latter productions) are acknowledged to be of a sterling character. I imagine, however, that because he has not displayed those complicated eccentricities which are not understood (nor in my humble opinion ever will be) in some of the works of the great masters, not even exceeding Beethoven, or, in other words, because, as this critic admits, Reissiger's works are clear in form, and do not contain those outrageous transitions, discordant harmonies, and manifold difficulties of execution, which are indulged in to such an extent by some of this gentleman's favourites, he is to be treated with the most perfect courtesy as a contributor to the pianoforte, and considered as a man whose ideas are poor and commonplace. Now, as the author of these opinions mentions Reissiger's Piano-forte Trios in particular, as an example, I suppose, of his poor ideas, I would beg him to peruse his 6th, 10th, 12th, 15th, and 16th trios; and if after this he is still of the same opinion with respect to the merits of Reissiger as a writer for the pianoforte, I can only say that I think he had better give the world an undoubted proof of his own superior mind by either producing something better from his own pen (if he can), or quoting some compositions of this class from any other author whom he considers superior to them: for I confess, until I am convinced to the contrary, I entertain a very high opinion of this author's works, both for elegance of ideas and general style.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

W. C. HEMMINGES.

Perance, Feb. 6, 1850.

[The writer of the essay entitled "Stephen Heller" will, perhaps, answer Mr. Hemmings himself. As far as we are concerned, we entirely coincide with our contributor in his estimate of Reissiger's merits, and, indeed, with all the opinions he has advanced in his view of the pianoforte writers; we should not otherwise have admitted the essay into our columns as an editorial article.—Ed. M. W.]

ROSSINI AND THE MORNING POST.
(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—I have read in your Journal two papers on the "Progress of Music," extracted from the *Morning Post*, containing opinions in which I cannot suppose you entirely acquiesce. The writer has evidently written earnestly; but I apprehend he has fallen into a great mistake, when, in his remarks upon the Italian School of Operatic Music, he says that "with Rossini commenced its degeneration." This implies that there were composers of opera in Italy greater than Rossini before his time; and that, at the period when Rossini commenced writing, Italian opera had reached its culminating point. Let us consider who were the composers, and what were their operas.

I am not learned enough to know anything about the "*Dafne* and *Euridice*," composed by Peri and Caccini, in 1590," but I know something of "the operas of Paisiello and Cimarosa," and am old enough to remember the *Armida* and *Montezuma*, of Sacchini, produced in London, about the year 1793. From that period to the present time, partly from choice, partly from professional occupation, I have attended the Italian Opera House every season, and may be allowed to know something of the different operas produced, and the reputation gained by the several composers.

In vain I search my memory to recall the great composers for the Italian Opera, who brought the lyric drama to such perfection, and to whom Rossini was but a degenerate successor. I know all their names, but I know nothing of their superior merit. Who could the writer mean? The favourite composers at the Italian Opera previous to Rossini's time, were Sacchini, Sarti, Marini, Piccini, Portogallo, Bianchi, Salieri, Nasolini, Guglielmi, Paisiello, and Cimarosa, among the Italians; and Gluck, Paer, and Winter among the Germans. I omit Mozart, as his operas were not performed at the King's Theatre until somewhere about Rossini's time—more shame for the King's Theatre!

Now, we must look either among the Italians or Germans above named for the composers who brought the opera to such perfection before Rossini wrote. I think we may dismiss in one fell swoop all the Italians, with the exception of Piccini, Paisiello, and Cimarosa. These composers wrote voluminously, but of all their works only one has retained possession of the stage, viz., Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*.

Piccini is principally remembered by his *Buona Figliola*, a pretty and sparkling opera, which was much liked in its time. He cannot be said, however, to have effected much towards the advancement of the lyric drama.

Paisiello was undoubtedly a most fanciful and charming writer, and full of melody; but, while his melodies have survived, his operas have died a natural death. The *Nina*, *Alfida*, *Armida*, and other operas of this composer, were much admired in their time, from the simple and touching beauty of their tunes, but the poverty of the score and the want of sustained dramatic power soon dismissed them from the stage when something more than simple melody was found necessary in lyric drama. Paisiello rarely introduced a choral or elaborate concerted piece into his operas. He depended chiefly on solos or duets for his effect.

Cimarosa wrote more than a hundred operas, and, as we have said above, only one has lived. It may be bold in me to assert such a thing, but I do not hesitate to give it as my opinion that one of the most overrated works in existence is the *Matrimonio Segreto*. The public had a good opportunity of judging for themselves of this production last season, when it was performed with such perfect casts at both the Italian houses; and will any one who heard it venture to say it achieved a success either in the Haymarket or at Covent Garden? For my own part, any work more dull and spiritless I never listened to, and when next it is played in London, although a confirmed opera goer, I shall sedulously avoid being

present. As the *Matrimonio Segreto* is the only opera of the composer ever now performed, and as nobody ever cares to hear it when it is performed, I think we may dismiss Cimarosa from the category of those who have been instrumental in bringing the lyric drama to perfection.

We must now look among the Germans I have mentioned, for those who have raised opera to the lofty position insisted on by the writer in the *Morning Post*.

And first of all comes Gluck—a great name undoubtedly, and one which I approach with all due deference and respect. The author of *Alceste* and *Iphigenia in Aulide* must not be treated with levity. Nevertheless, I must confess that Gluck's operas never entirely pleased me, and what is more to the purpose of this letter, they never entirely pleased the public. With great musical feeling and much dramatic power, there is an evident want of variety and contrast in Gluck's music; and the subjects he has chosen seem to point to a particular state of mind. Nor do I think that the invention of this composer was always remarkable. At any rate, whatever he may have been, his works have gone the way of all flesh, and Cimarosa is the more fortunate of the two, for while he has left one work which is occasionally raked from the ashes of oblivion, poor Gluck has not one. Surely it is not too much to assume that what has not survived the lapse of time, must needs have been deficient in extraordinary merit. I learn, by the way, that one of Gluck's operas is to be produced at Her Majesty's Theatre during the approaching season. If so, I feel certain that it will achieve no lasting success.

Winter was an imitator of Mozart, but *longo intervallo*. I do not think the Italian opera is indebted for much to this composer. His *Camilla*, *Zaira*, *Castors e Pollux*, and *Il Ratto di Proserpina*, were played at the King's Theatre. I have heard them all, and they produced little or no impression on me or anybody else. They were indebted for any success they obtained to such singers as Grassini, Catalani, Foder, &c. Winter appeared to me as dry as a chip, as uninteresting as a hen fennel, and as insipid as the white of an egg without salt. To be sure, he was praised by a lot of old musicians, who found something congruous with their own dullness in his deliberate nothings and learned platitudes; but he never was popular, and never can be. Defend me from Winter! I would wish my directors every a greater punishment than to be compelled to hear one of his operas throughout.

In our catalogue of the Italian writers I have omitted mentioning Guasco, Mayer, and Pucitta. The former is known as the author of *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*, a very lively scene from which is sometimes given at the Opera House. Meyer was the composer of *Medea*—Pasta's *Medea*, a heavy and dull work, but possessing some fine dramatic situations—and *La Vergine del Sole*. These, long since, have had their day, and are now remembered only as a dream. Pucitta was not devoid of comic power, or, more properly, comic fancy. I only heard one of his operas, the *Caccin di Enrico*, but recollect no other about it than that it was light and amusing.

And these are the composers who, according to the writer in the *Morning Post*, have built high the temple of art, the foundation of which Rossini has been the first to undermine. I can only appeal to facts. I well remember the sensation Rossini's music created when it was first heard in this country. His operas, infamously done, when compared to the manner in which they have been produced for years past, were listened to with intense delight and admiration. Rossini was in everybody's mouth. The novelty and freshness of his ideas, his fancy, invention, and the melodic facility which seemed inexhaustible in him, were the universal themes of conversation. In one might be might be said, "like an eagle in a dove-cot, to have flattered away the reputations" of all his predecessors. I forget what composer, or composers, was or were in favour when Rossini's first opera came out. Indeed, I do not remember that any composer was in particular vogue. The singers were the great features of opera at that time, and the music was but a secondary consideration. Rossini caused music to be loved for its own sake, and for a long period he was by no means the "carled darling" of the vocalists, which he subsequently proved to be.

But I fear I am trespassing too much on your valuable time, and my letter has already spun itself out to an unimaginable length. I trust I have proved satisfactorily that, antecedent to Rossini's

time, the Italian opera had not arrived at perfection, by showing that there was no composer of genius sufficient to have achieved that object. It is not my intention here to maintain that Rossini's genius was of an order superior to those who had gone before. It is enough for me if I have confuted the extraordinary statement of the writer in the *Post*, who says, "that with Rossini commenced the degeneracy of the Italian opera." Having on this point differed from him in *toto*, I shall, with your permission, in an early number, join him hand-in-hand in endeavouring to expose a grievance under which our own opera labours at present. This grievance is nothing more nor less than the predominating influence the musical publishers have established over the composers. This pernicious influence strikes both the writer and myself in the same light, and on this subject I shall lend him all the assistance in my power, and endeavour to eradicate an evil which should never have been allowed to exist.

Returning you my sincerest thanks for affording me the opportunity of speaking out my thought, I remain, Sir, yours obliged,
SENEX.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

"*The Anglican Chant Book*," a collection of single chants, chiefly by composers of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, appropriated to the *Daily Psalms, Canticles, and Hymns*, in the *Book of Common Prayer*, edited by EDWIN GEORGE MOYE, M.B. Oxon, Fellow and Precentor of St. Peter's College, Radley.—NOVELLO.

THE title of this valuable little work explains its purport, namely, to supply a complete series of single chants, adapted to the ritual of the Church of England, such chants being expressly selected with a view to the carrying out of those principles which especially distinguish the music of the English Church. The attention of those interested in the promotion of ecclesiastical music in this country, has been, of late, greatly excited by the absurd efforts of a somewhat numerous party, to force into the service of the church, a barbarous style of music, which, from the prodigious advances the art has made during the last three centuries, has become obsolete, and which, as it is based on principles entirely different from, and wholly opposed to those that the accumulated discoveries of modern genius have introduced, is not only strange and unusual, but absolutely offensive to cultivated ears. The present work, whose object is to furnish a complete series of Anglican Chants, or a collection of music, the spirit and form of which is in perfect keeping with the character and the requisitions of the English Church Service, is one of such high merit, evincing so great zeal and judgment and care in its compilation, as to deserve the attention of all whom the subject concerns; and those are not alone the musical profession, but equally with them the whole body of clergy, and equally with them the entire mass of their congregation. The Editor has in a carefully written preface, set forth, not the barbarously ungrammatical improprieties of the Ancient Ecclesiastical modes, but the utter inconsistency of the bigoted attempt to introduce them into modern use, and his arguments are so sound in themselves, and so temperately and effectively urged, that we quote them as a clear and satisfactory exposition of our matured opinion—an opinion which cannot but have the coincidence of all well-studied musicians, and of all who are unprejudiced on the subject:—

"The Editor does not wish to disguise for a moment that he is entirely opposed to the restoration of the Gregorian Tones. He does not believe that a single tenable argument can be adduced in their favour. Why should the Gregorian system be selected, unless upon the very principles of eclecticism? It cannot be because it has the suffrage of the earliest times, for it is really much more modern than a former one—the Ambrosian: for, although it seems to be agreed upon all hands that we are in ignorance of what the 'Cantus Ambrosianus' precisely was, yet there

is no doubt that the unbending Bishop, who was the author of it, would admit only the form of 'authentic modes,' as they are called, and would tolerate no 'plagal.' This imposed such restriction, that Gregory relaxed the rigid rule which had been observed in the Church for above two hundred years before his time, and established the 'Cantus Gregorianus.' But the Church of England does not bow to the dicta of the Pope, any more than did the Western Church at that time, which retained the Ambrosian form till long after Gregory's death. The fact is, that the old system was only got rid of by secular influence, and something that looks very like mock miracle, the very conclusion from which one would think had been ingeniously perverted.

"Yet Gregory was right to substitute in his own diocese the new for the old scheme, which had been followed by his predecessors in the See of Rome. Music had advanced in the interim, and God's Church should have had the benefit of that progress. Why should not the Church of England reap a similar advantage in much later ages, when the science has reached, as it would appear, the utmost perfection of which it is capable? Why are we to be bound by the trammels of any system, only because it is antiquated? Why are we now to submit to crudities, which the great Pope himself would have expelled from his 'Cantus,' if he had known more than he could have known in the age when he flourished? Gregory chose,—why should not the Church of England choose? The advocates of Gregory's music chose,—why should not the opponents of Gregory's music choose too? In religion doctrine the highest antiquity is of golden value—in music it is curious but worthless. Such a principle is not tolerated when applied to the kindred arts, Architecture and Painting. Who would maintain that our churches should be built in the Doric style, (or to put the case more fairly, in the Cyclopean,) rather than in the Decorated? Or that Raffaele was to be abandoned for Van Eyck? To use the expressive but severe language of a vigorous writer of the present day, 'These men would look a Michelangelo in the face, and tell that Michelangelo was the perfection of architecture.'

"If, moreover, the exclusive use of the Gregorian Tones be contended for upon this ground, to be consistent, we must abandon all harmonies and instrumental accompaniments whatever, for these are utter novelties. (*vid. Bingham, Orig. Ecc. 8, 14*.) And yet those who have argued most strenuously in their favor are not disinclined to avail themselves of these aids to devotion and praise, though they are bound to consider that the Catholic Church has been led to forsake the purest melodies and to dry without them; for the tones are continually harmonized in Gregorian publications. Thus we find the latest, and not the least resolute writer upon this subject, compelled to bow to the necessities of the Church, and to print accompanying harmonies for voice and organ. In fact, the whole view seems to be based upon a sentiment rather than upon a truth.

"But the Editor has committed himself to the term 'Anglican,' thus venturing to stamp the collection, which he offers to the Church, with that high and precious name. However, he does not anticipate any very serious difficulty in vindicating the application of it. To make this clear, a brief historical detail will be unavoidable.

"When the English Church first cast off the claims of the Papa supremacy, one of the earliest of her privileges which she asserted was the reformation of her Ritual, and the purging it from the superstitions and superfluities which marred its good, and as far as it was Catholic, perilled its truth. Now, at this point the whole service was sung or chanted. Reading, in the popular sense, was unknown in the public offices; reading meant intoning, according to a certain recognized course. But when the Ritual was changed, it was necessary to vary the music at the same time; not, indeed, in character, but in detail. Here a fresh difficulty stood in the way. The partial alteration of the services was accompanied by a total alteration of the language—English for Latin, and Latin for English. Hence it can readily be imagined that endless embarrassment must have been the consequence: doubts, differences, and errors must have been of perpetual occurrence. It is evident that this state of things could not last long, and so an early effort was made, within two years after the compilation of King Edward's Liturgy, to reduce the disorder to rule. In the year 1550 a work was composed by John Mairbeck, and printed by Richard Grafton, entitled '*The Booke of Common Prayer Notes*.' This most valuable production, the foundation of our Choral Service as it exists at the present day, undoubtedly contains an adaptation of a Gregorian Tone to the 'Venite,' and the following Psalms. This would seem to militate against the principle now contended for; but so far from this, it helps to establish it. For there seems little doubt that this mode of singing the Psalter did not long survive the attempt to maintain it. The effort to preserve the Gregorian system was tried, and failed. Very soon afterwards, the celebrated Thomas Tallis, at that time one of the gentlemen in the King's Chapel, gave to the world his sublime harmonies to the Versicles and Responses of Edward's book. In this work the 'Venite' is set to an artificial form, now commonly known by the name of the 'Single Chant,' and divisible into bars in common time. From this in-

novation it may fairly be gathered that the want of rhythm in the Gregorian scheme had begun to be felt. But further,—that great Musician wrote several Chants similar in character and form with this, yet not derived from the Gregorian melodies.

"Further, we find the same kind of chant issuing from the tender pen of Richard Farrant, who was a contemporary of Tallis, and no associate of his, as a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal. In later times, when the school of cathedral music seems to have attained its highest perfection, the great church composers exercised their genius upon the same form and with the same object. Byrd, Child, Purcell, Blow, and Croft, with many others,—all wrote single chants on the ordinary plan.

"Now what induced them to devote their time to such a species of composition? It must have been because people had found it either too difficult or too dull, or both, to sing the ancient tunes. This was natural enough; for as the knowledge of the present scale, and the harmonies of which it is susceptible, had become fixed and extended, the ineffectual tones—for many of them are so—would be sure to sink in estimation, and a longing would be felt for the grandeur of counterpoint. Several of them are almost incapable of harmony, and so the old masters would be led, if it were for this reason alone, to write original chants, avoiding their clumsiness, while taking pattern from their gravity. This growing dissatisfaction was no doubt fostered by the noble music which was at this time applied to the metrical version of the Psalms. Some of the finest melodies had already been in use, having been put forth in the year 1562, and these were followed, in 1579, by harmonies composed by Damon. In 1594, Esté's book was published, which shows that they were already used in the churches, and therefore universally known.

"Further, the church writers above-mentioned would not have continued to write unless their compositions had met with a favourable reception. No doubt many of their chants have shared the same fate with their other works. Those that have survived the general wreck may be no criterion of the number that once existed. But whether more or fewer, wherever they were used the earlier forms must have given way; but could not have held their ground together.

"The only objection which appears to lie against this view of the practice of the Church of England, is derived from the fact, that Clifford, in a work published in 1664, gives the tunes as adapted to the Psalms in the Chapel Royal and St. Paul's Cathedral,—and these are said to be Gregorian. The editor has not seen Clifford's book, but no doubt it says nothing more unfavourable to his view than can be deduced from Edward Lowe's work, which was published at the same time, dedicated to the same person, Dr. Walter Jones, and professes to give an account of the existing state of things. He says, that the 'Single tunes of the Reading Psalms are exactly the same that were in use in the time of Edward the Sixth;' which statement, however, is modified by the words—'as many as we retain of them;' so that some of the tunes were now completely dropped. This is an important point. But more than this,—on reference to Lowe it will be found that the chants, which he gives, are not the Gregorian tones, but the tones greatly altered. Moreover, he gives four tunes in harmony, as used with the Psalms on solemn days, 'the first of which is the composition of Dr. Child, of Windsor.' It is not quite obvious, then, that the pure Gregorian Chant had disappeared at this time, as in every form it subsequently vanished altogether! If Lowe means to say that the tunes, which he gives for the Psalms, were identical with those used in Edward's time, then the disappearance was far earlier, and the chant to the 'Venite in Tallis' Service was a sample of the way in which the other tones had even then been treated. It must be remembered, too, that soon after Lowe's time the English cathedral style had reached its summit of grandeur and beauty. Contemporaneously with this the Gregorian tones were banished."

The chants are, as have been said, judiciously selected, and they comprise, we believe, only the best that have been written by the most approved composers. The editor has bound himself to one principle in the arrangement of these, which we consider of much importance; that is to place the *recitative note* always in such situation of the vocal compass as to ensure the natural and easy enunciation of the many syllables that occur on such note. To effect this some modifications of the parts have sometimes been necessary; and, though the improvement of his author's music belongs not, we think, to the province of an editor, we forgive in the present instance the questionable propriety of the means for the excellence of the end attained. There are also six chants of Mr. G. A. Macfarren, and one of Mr. Monk, the editor, which are introduced with the greatest

modesty, but which are well worthy a place beside the best in the work.

We confidently recommend the publication as in every respect fitted for general use.

"*The Home Circle*," a Weekly Periodical of Science, Art, and Literature.—PUBLISHED FOR, 604 St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

THIS admirable little serial work has now reached its first volume in a most attractive form and garb. Nothing can be prettier or more elegant than the pea-green and gold covers, with its neat device on both sides, while the size—the octavo, is the best possible for reading. No work of the class in London is written in better style, or conducted with more propriety than the "Home Circle." It comprises among its contributors some of the most accomplished writers of both sexes in the Metropolis, while it combines in its pages whatever could interest and amuse. The papers on Hungary are excellently penned, and display considerable research; and the essays by a contributor under the name of Copperpen are both sensible and acute. Among those who are employed in writing for the "Home Circle" we may specify the names of Miss Agnes Strickland, Miss Camilla Toulmin, John Oxenford, Henry Otley, F. W. N. Bayley, Charles Kenney, J. de Clairville, Pierre Egan, &c. We recommend this little work most warmly and honestly to our readers. It can be had of all Booksellers, weekly, monthly, or in half-yearly volumes.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

"*The Oriental Quadrilles*," by ELLEN L. GLASCOCK.—WREN, Boho Square.

THIS is a very pretty and tuneful set of quadrilles, and is by no means devoid of merit in a musical point of view. The figures are simple and clear, and exhibit a nice feeling and fancy in the fair composer. The Oriental Quadrilles must find favour with the patronisers of dancing.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

BERLIN, January 27.—(From a Berlin paper.)—On the 25th was given, at the Royal Opera, a new opera, and at the same time a work of a new composer but little known to the public—Mr. M. W. Balfe—entitled the *Mulatto*. The name of the composer is not unknown to the lovers of music; he is a native of Ireland, but he has completed, as we hear, his studies under Cherubini, and has dwelt a long time in Italy. His work proves that he is acquainted as well with the theory as the practice of his art. His facile and gracious rhythm leans towards the modern French school, while his flowing and agreeable melodies show that the composer has had also an excellent education as a singer. If we could find fault with Balfe's orchestration, it is his too frequent use of brass instruments—particularly the big drum and cymbals.—[We did not know the big drum was a brass instrument.—Ed.]—Madame Köster had frequent opportunities to display her beautiful voice to the greatest advantage in the opera. Herr Mantius was excellent, particularly in a duet (No. XI.) with Corinna. The ballet music also met with great applause. The quartet, in the third act, was excellently performed, and much applauded. The house was crowded. Their Majesties and family were present. After the second act, the singers and the composer were called before the curtain to receive the congratulations of the public.

[The criticism of a new opera appears to be an easy task in Berlin. An English paper would be ashamed to present its readers with such a bare account.—Ed.]

THE OLD MUSICIAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF J. F. LITZKE.

(From the Home Journal.)

IN a room in the upper story of a house in the Friedrichstadt of Berlin, sat an old man, reading musical notes, that lay on a table before him. From time to time he made observations with a pencil upon the margin, and seemed so intently occupied that he noticed nothing around him. The room was poorly furnished, and lighted only by a small lamp that flared in the currents of wind, flinging gloom and fitful shadows on the wall. A few coals glimmered in the grate; the loose panes clattered in the windows, shaken by the storm without; the weather-cocks creaked as they swung on the roof; and the moaning blast uttered a melancholy sound. It was a night of cold and tempest, and the last of the old year.

The figure of the old man was tall and stately, but emaciated; and his pale and furrowed visage showed the ravages of age and disease. His thin snow-white locks fell back from his temples; but his eyes were large and bright, and flashing with more than youthful enthusiasm, as he read the music.

The bell struck midnight. From the streets could be heard festive music and shouts of mirth blended in wild confusion; and the wind bore the chant of the *Te Deum* from a neighbouring church.

The old man looked up from his occupation, and listened earnestly. Presently the door was opened, and a young man entered the apartment. The paleness of his face appeared striking in contrast with his dark hair; his expression was that of deep melancholy; and his form even more emaciated than that of his companion.

"Did you hear the hour strike?" asked the old man.

"I heard it; it was midnight."

"Indeed!"

"You had better go to rest."

"To sleep, mean you? I do not need it. I have been reading this legacy of my father. Would that you had such a father, poor Theodore! What is the new year?"

"Eighty-four."

"Eighty-four! when it was thirty-seven—we will not speak of that."

"You always talk thus," said the young man. "Am I never to know who you are?"

"You might have asked that the day we first met; the day I found you—a madman—who had placed the deadly weapon against his own breast. I pulled it away; I said to you, Live! even if life hath nothing but woe to offer! Live, if thou canst believe and hope, if not bid defiance to thy fate; but live!"

"You have saved me; you see I live, old even in youth."

"You have many years to number yet."

"Perhaps not; I suffer too much! But tell me your name, perverse old man!"

"He who composed that noble work," said the old man, pointing to the music, "was my father."

"And have you not torn out the first leaf, on which was the title and name? You know I can guess nothing from the notes; they speak a language unknown to me. Speak, old friend; who are you?"

"The Old Musician."

"Thus you are called by the few who know you in this great city. But you have another name. Why not tell it me?"

"Let me be silent," entreated the old man. "I have sworn to reveal my name only to one initiated, if I meet such."

The youth answered with a bitter smile. There was a pause of a few moments; the old man looked anxiously at him, as if noticing for the first time his shaken cheek, and other evidences of extreme ill health. At length he said—

"And you have no better fortune, Theodore, for the new year?"

"Oh yes, fortune comes when we have no longer need of her."

He drew a roll of money from his vest pocket, and threw it upon the table.

"Gold!" exclaimed the old man.

Theodore produced a flask from the pocket of his cloak. "You have drank no wine," he said, "in a long while! Here is some, the best of Johannisberger! Let us greet the new year with revel!"

The old man turned away with a shudder, for recollections of pain were associated with the time.

The youth took a couple of glasses from the cupboard, drew another chair to the table, sat down while he uncorked the flask. As he filled the glasses, a rich fragrance floated through the room.

He drank to the old man, who responded; and the glasses were replenished.

"Ha, ha! you seem used to it!" cried Theodore, laughing. "It is good for you. Wine is better than Lethé; it teaches us not to forget pain, but to know it the frivolous thing it really is. What a pity that we find the philosopher's stone only in the bottom of the cup!"

"And how, I pray, came you by such luck?"

"I sold my work to a spendthrift lord, travelling through the city."

"It is a pity you had not a *replica*, for your work will never become known thus disposed of."

"Ay, but how much is lost that deserves to remain! Those sketches cost me seven years of more than labour; all I have thought, lived, suffered; the first dream of youth; the stern repose after the struggle with fate! I sacrificed all—I spared not even the spark of life; and I thought, when the work was finished, the laurel would at least deck the brow of the dead. Dreams, fantasies! Wherever I offered my work, I was repulsed. The publishers thought the undertaking too expensive; some said I might draw scenes from the seven years' war, like M. Chadowski; others shook their heads, and called my sketches wild and fantastic."

"Yes, yes!" murmured the old man, musingly. "Lest, who died three years ago, was right when he said to me, 'All the artist accomplishes beyond the appreciation of the multitude brings him neither profit nor honour.' Believe me, Theodore, I know well by experience what is meant by the saying, 'The highest must grovel with the worm.'"

"And I must grovel on, old friend! As long as I can remember, I have had but one passion—for my art! The beauty of woman moved me but with the artist's rapture! Yet must I degrade my art to the vain rabble; must paint apish faces, while visions of divine loveliness float before me; must feel the genius within me comprehended by none; must be driven to despair of myself! Gifted as few are, free from guilt, I must ask myself, at five-and-twenty, wherefore have I lived?"

"Live!—you will find the answer."

"Have you found it—at seventy-four? You cannot evade the question—it presses even on the happy. Had I obtained what I sought, the answer might be—I have lived, and wrought, to win the prize; to shine a clear star in the horizon. So shines Raphael to me; and to you, some old

master of your art; and we are doomed to insignificance and disappointment."

"Be silent!" exclaimed the old man; "that leads to madness, and madness is terrible! They tell me I was thus a long while."

"Have no fear of that, old friend! We are both too near a sure harbour! Come, finish the wine; welcome the new year! Hark! to the music and the revelry below in the streets; and we are exalted like the ancient gods on the top of Olympus, sipping the precious nectar, and laughing at the fools who rejoice in their being. Drink, as I do! Well, yonder is your bed, and here is mine. I am weary, and wish you a good night!"

The old man also retired to rest; the storm ceased to rage without. The music and ringing of bells continued throughout the night.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. STERNDAL BENNETT.—Our reader will be glad to learn that this accomplished musician has announced his sixth annual series of Classical Chamber Concerts, the first of which is fixed for Tuesday the 19th inst., when, among other interesting matters, a duet between Mr. Bennett and Herr Ernst stands prominent.

ALZARD.—The death of this popular singer, from a disease of the heart, has caused a great sensation at Paris. Alzard succeeded Lévassier as principal bass at the *Académie Royale de Musique*. He had one of the finest voices ever heard.

MR. SIMS REEVES, Miss LUCOME and company, have given three performances at Bristol during the past week.

M. ALEXANDER BILLET.—The programme of this gentleman's third *siéance*, on Tuesday evening next, contains some very interesting works which are rarely performed. Among the principal features may be mentioned Dussak's splendid sonata in F minor for *pianoforte solo*, *L'Inconnue*, and Sterndale Bennett's beautiful trio in A for *pianoforte*, *violin*, and *violoncello*. M. Billet's *soirées* have caused a more than ordinary sensation in the musical world, not less for the amount of novelty contained in the programmes than for the sterling character of M. Billet's execution.

CARLOTTA GAISI gave a series of performances the week before last at the Bristol Theatre. From Bristol the beautiful and accomplished *danseuse* was, we believe, bound for Dublin.

ERNST AT GREENWICH.—A grand vocal and instrumental concert is announced to take place at the above *locale* on Thursday next. Ernst, Sims Reeves, Miss Lucome, Mademoiselle Theresa Wagner (from the Grand Ducal Theatre, Mannheim), and Herr Kube, the pianist, are among the performers. The good folks of Greenwich will have an opportunity of hearing Ernst for the first time. The concert cannot fail of proving successful. Ernst will play his *Otello fantasia*, the famous *Elegie*, and his *Carnaval de Venise*. Herr Kube will conduct.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's *Saul* was performed last night. The hall was crowded. Full particulars in our next.

MANCHESTER.—M. Charles Hallé, whose chamber *soirées* have been so largely patronised here, has completed his arrangements for a series of eight more, four at Manchester, and four at Liverpool. The first will take place on the 21st inst. at Manchester, the second at Liverpool the evening after. A fortnight will elapse between each set of two concerts. Ernst is engaged to play at all of them.

MR. LOVE, the Polyphoist, has been exhibiting his singular powers at the Royal Albert Rooms, Bristol, during the last week. As a ventriloquist this gentleman has at present no rival.

MADLIE JULIAN VAN GELDER.—The French papers inform us that this lady is re-engaged by Mr. Lumley for the ensuing season.

MR. LUMLEY is still in Paris, where Madame Sontag has gone to join him. Rumours of a series of concerts, in which that celebrated lady will take a principal part both in Paris and Brussels, are abroad.

MISS ELLEN LYON and **SIGNOR NAPPI'S SOIRÉE MUSICALE** was given at Blagrove's Rooms on Tuesday last. Signor Nappi was, we believe, a debutant, and therefore among the performers claims

our first attention. He has a baritone voice of great sweetness, and he sings with excellent style, a proof of the judicious instruction he has received from Signor Crivelli. He appeared to suffer from excessive weakness in his first song ("Adelaide"), but in his second, a very graceful ballad of Mr. W. L. Phillips, he was deservedly encouraged. The other vocalists were Madame Macfarren, who sang a brilliant aria of Mercadante with great power of execution, and her favourite ballad from *King Charles the Second*, "She shines before me like a star," with a rapturous encore; and Miss Ellen Lyon, who sang "Lo, here the gentle lark," a charming new song of Mr. W. H. Holmes, called "Winter Eve," and with her sister the little duet from *King Charles the Second*, "How blist are young hearts," in which the careful attention to light and shade ensured an encore. Mr. Benson, Mr. Land, and Mr. Lawler, who sang a variety of songs with considerable effect. In the instrumental department a chief feature was a quartet for four pianists of Mr. W. H. Holmes, a pleasing and ingenious trifling which was so effectively rendered by Mrs. John Macfarren, Miss Rushforth, Mr. Holmes, and Mr. Noble as to be re-demanded. Messrs. H. Biagrove, Watkins, W. Biagrove, and Phillips, played Mozart's quartet in E flat with much applause; and Mr. R. Biagrove, Mr. J. Thomas, and Mr. Camus, played solos on the concertina, the harp, and the flute, with merited success. The room was well attended.

MADLIE. ERNESTA GAISI, sister of Carlotta Gaisi, appeared last week at the *Theatre Italien*, as Malcolm in *La Donna del Lago*. According to the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* she was exceedingly well received.

EXTRAORDINARY VOCAL PHENOMENON.—At a lecture delivered in the ordinary course of Physiology at the School of Medicine, adjoining St. George's Hospital, on Thursday afternoon, by Dr. W. Vesalius Pettigrew, the subject of which was "the voice," the lecturer took the opportunity of introducing Mr. Richmond, who possesses the wonderful power of producing two vocal sounds at a time, and these in harmony. Mr. Richmond commenced by producing a modulated bass tone, according to Dr. Pettigrew's opinion, in the upper part of the pharyngeal and nasal cavities, and almost instantly a treble accompaniment, which the lecturer had no doubt was produced by the vibration of air over the thin and expanded edges of the tongue, the vibrations being manipulated by the most skilful management of the muscles of the organ. The treble tones cannot be produced unless the tongue be fixed at its base to the hyoid bone, and by its apex to the root of the palate. The treble tones produced were of the sweetest and most melodious character, far surpassing, in softness, any musical instrument, or even vocal organ of the bird, and elicited the most enthusiastic applause from a most crowded theatre, consisting of students, many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons, and numerous scientific gentlemen, who had assembled to witness the performance.

JENNY LIND AT NEWCASTLE.—It appears from a statement made in the Newcastle District Court of Bankruptcy, on Thursday last in re Mr. Charles States, a bankrupt, formerly of the Royal Hotel, that Mr. Knowles and Mr. Lumley netted £906 13s. 4d. by the visit of Jenny Lind to this town. The agreement entered into with Mr. States was that these parties should receive the first £600 from the receipts, and two-thirds of the residue, Mr. States undertaking, out of his one-third, to pay a part of the band, and all the printing, advertising, rent of theatre, and other local expenses. The receipts for tickets were £1060, and the sum of £49 was raised in addition by Mr. States from the sale at a premium of tickets he had taken at his own risk. Mr. States's share thus amounted to £251 6s. 8d.—*Newcastle Journal*.

MR. LAND gave a morning concert, the second of the series, on Friday week, at the Shire Hall, Hertford, under the patronage of the Earl and Countess Cowper, and the Hon. Baroness Dimsdale. We had recently to speak in terms of praise of his first performance and the second demands from us even more decided approval. In addition to Miss Messent, Miss Pyne, Mr. Land, and Mr. Frank Bodde, who sang with their well-known skill and taste, Mr. G. H. Lako performed solos on the pianoforte and concertina, and elicited the warmest applause.—*Hertford Mercury*.

MR. FRADERICK GYE is gone to Paris, to engage (as we hear) a troupe for the opening of the Royal Italian Opera, in Aubert's *Gustave III*.

ALBONI has been singing at Geneva and Lyons to overflowing audiences with immense success.

MENDELSSOHN'S *Saint Paul* will be again performed on Friday, Feb. 15, at the special desire of H.R.H. Prince Albert. On this occasion, the Oratorio will commence at eight, in place of the usual hour, seven o'clock.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—This society commences its fourth season on Friday, the 22d inst., at the Hanover Square Rooms. There will be eight concerts given, and eight rehearsals. The Earl of Falmouth is the chairman. Many novelties are expected, and among the most interesting a new symphony (M.S.) by Mr. Macfarren. The amateurs seem determined to set a good example to the Philharmonic.

Mr. STAMMERS takes his benefit on Wednesday next at Exeter Hall, when an extra Wednesday Concert will be given. The spirited manager is entitled to the best support of the public, and we feel assured the public, who are so largely in his debt for many an evening's entertainment, will not hold back their support on the present occasion. Mr. Stammers has provided an attractive programme for his visitors on Wednesday.

M. JOLLIEK has returned to town with Mademoiselle Jetty Treffz, after the most successful tournee he ever had. The enterprising *chef d'orchestre* departs for the provinces on his second tournee almost immediately.

Miss HOLLINGSWORTH gave a concert at Blagrove's Rooms on Wednesday evening, in which she was assisted by Miss Poole, Madame Macfarren, Miss Thirwall (a daughter of the violinist), Miss Rafter, Madame Reich, Mr. Leiffer, Mr. Ramsford, and Mr. Herbert, among the most effective of whose performances were a ballad of Mr. Rorer's, sung by Miss Poole, the song "She shines before me," from *King Charles the Second*, sung by Madame Macfarren, and the ballad "My pretty Jane," sung by Mr. Herbert. Mr. W. Thirwall played a solo of his own on the violin, and Mr. Reginald accompanied the vocal music.

DEATH OF Mr. JOHN MATTHEWS.—This musician died at Edinburgh on the 20th of January ult., in the 69th year of his age. Mr. John Mather, who, it will be recollected by many of the inhabitants, resided in Doncaster for some years, was born at Sheffield on the 31st of March, 1781. He was the son of William Mather, the composer of a set of psalm and hymn tunes, now frequently used in the churches in England. He was first taught the organ and pianoforte by his father, and under him was assistant organist of St. Paul's Church in Sheffield. He played the organ in Barnsley church, when he sat on his father's knees, to enable him to reach the finger-board. When between the ages of eight and nine years, he played the organ at an oratorio performed in St. Paul's Church, Sheffield, at which the celebrated Cramer was the leader, assisted by several other eminent performers from London. On the evening of the same day, he presided at the pianoforte at a concert where the same performers were assisting. Mr. Cramer was anxious to take him to London with him, but his father would not permit him. During the succeeding year he was engaged at the great commemoration of Handel, in Westminster Abbey, on which occasion he led the treble boys. In 1805, he opened the organ at the parish church in Sheffield, when he was appointed first organist, which situation he held until he was induced by the persuasion of his Scottish pupils in Doncaster, to remove to Edinburgh in 1810. About the year 1814, he was appointed organist of Bishop Sandford's Chapel in Rose Street, and removed with him to St. John's Chapel. While residing in Hall-gate, Doncaster, in 1805, the Yorkshire Amateur Triennial Meeting was first established at his house. Among the projectors were himself, Mr. White, of Leeds, Dr. Camidge, of York, Counsellor Maude, of Wakefield, and a few others. He conducted the festivals in Edinburgh until Sir H. Bishop was appointed professor of music at the University, and then he was appointed chorus master. He projected with, we believe, George Thompson, Esq., George Hogarth, Esq.,—Bridges, Esq., and others, the Institution for Sacred Music in Edinburgh, of which for some time he was the solo instructor. Among the eminent masters he studied under, we may mention the names of Clementi, Cramer, and Dr. Arnold.—*Doncaster Gazette*.

THEATRICALS EXTRAORDINARY ON THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.—Who shall say that the English drama has gone to the —? It has certainly gone far enough, but who would have ever thought of its going so far as the Atlantic Ocean for an appearance? Such, however, is the case, as you shall see. The Medway steamer,

commanded by Captain Symons, left Southampton on the 17th of last October, and on the 2nd of November, between Madeira and Barbadoes, the following entertainment took place on board; and we need hardly observe that, between the sea and the sailors, there was a completely overflowing audience. We subjoin a copy of the play-bill, which may be looked upon as a perfect curiosity:—*"Royal Atlantic Theatre, Medway."* This evening, November 2, 1849, will be performed, by kind permission of Captain Symons, Sheridan's unrivalled comedy, the *Realist*. Sir Anthony Absolute, Mr. Blanshard, Captain Absolute, Mr. Clapperton; Falsland, Mr. Bright; Bob Acres, Mr. Smith; Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Mr. Hirst; Fag, Mr. Rowe; David, Mr. Clairmont; Boy, Master Young; Mrs. Malaprop, Miss Edwards; Lydia Languish, Miss Hayne; Julia, Miss Mackintosh; Luey, Miss Bunbury. An epilogue, written expressly for this performance by Mr. Freeman, will be spoken by Mr. Hayne (in the character of Lydia Languish). Stage managers, Dr. McLean, and Mr. Reynolds; Mechanist, Mr. Jellicoe. Performance to commence at half-past seven precisely. Between the acts, those distinguished vocalists, Messrs. Montgomery and E. P. Andre, will sing several popular songs. The Sailor's Hornpipe will be danced by Frederick Hopkins.—*Dublin Paper*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY,

CONDUCTOR **EXETER HALL.** MR. COSTA.

FRIDAY NEXT, 15th Inst., will be performed MENDELSSOHN'S "ST. PAUL." Vocalists:—Miss BIRCH, Miss DOLBY, Mr. LOCKEY, and MISS FORMER. Tickets, 3s, 5s, and 10s. 6d. each, at No. 6, Exeter Hall; or of Mr. BOWLEY, 83, Charing Cross.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.



THE COMMITTEE beg to acquaint the Subscribers, that in consequence of the interest excited by the recent Performances of MENDELSSOHN'S Oratorio, "ST. PAUL," they have considered it advisable to make arrangements for another Performance of that Work, on *Friday next, the 15th instant*, and have decided upon affording the Subscribers an opportunity of being present on that occasion.

THE COMMITTEE have further to announce, that having been favoured with an intimation that H. H. PRINCE ALBERT intends honouring the Society with his presence on the above evening they have arranged for the Performance to commence at *Eight o'clock* instead of Seven. The doors will be opened at *Half-past Seven o'clock*.

6, Exeter Hall, 8th February, 1850.

THOS. BREWER, Hon. Sec.

EXETER HALL.

WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

WEDNESDAY NEXT, FEBRUARY 13TH,

Will be held the

SEVENTEENTH CONCERT,

Which will be

AN EXTRA NIGHT,

AND

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. STAMMERS, Managing Director.

Vocal Performers:—Misses Lucombe, Magner, Eyles, Walls, Cole, J. Wells, C. Cole, Emily Macnamara, Rebecca Isaac, Madame Marie de Boleford, and Mrs. A. Newton; HETTY FORMER, Mr. H. Drayton, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Smythson, Mr. Land, and Mr. SIMS REVEY. Solo Instrumentalists:—Viola—HER EMMET; Trumpet—Mr. T. Harper; *Opelinde*—Mr. Prosper; Flute—Mr. Richardson. Mr. SIMS REVEY will sing—"Sons," "All is lost now," "Bellini," "Old Song," "Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me," "Carter," and "New Song," "Meet me, dear," "Lovers." Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; Reserved Seats, 4s. 1s. Stalls, 7s. (reserved throughout the evening.) May be had of MR. STAMMERS, at the Office of the Concerts, No. 4, in Exeter Hall (where a plan of the seats may be seen), and of all Musicians.

OPERA COMIQUE,

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

MONDAY NEXT, FEBRUARY 11TH.

Will be produced, (for the first time in this country,) a Comic Opera, by

ADOLPHUS ADAM, entitled,

LE ROI D'ÉVÉTOT.

The character of Josselin by Monsieur CHOLLET, as originally performed by him upon the production of the Opera in Paris.

WEDNESDAY NEXT, February 13th, being Ash-Wednesday, there will be no Performance; instead of which will be given the first and only Grand Morning Performance, on Thursday, February 14th; commencing at half-past Two o'clock, and terminating before Five o'clock, by the popular Opera, in Three Acts,

LE DOMINO NOIR.

Angelo .. Madlle. CHARTON,

Preceded by the *Aria Buffa*, by Monsieur CHOLLET, and the Duet with Madlle. GUICHARD, from Paer's Opera of

LE MAÎTRE DE CHAPELLE.

Doors will be open at Two o'clock.

Prices of Admission on this occasion:—

Orchestra Stalls, Half-a-Guinea; Dress Boxes, Five Shillings; Pit, Three Shillings; Amphitheatre, Two Shillings. Boxes and Stalls may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; and at the Box-office of the Theatre.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY'S CONCERTS,

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

The Subscribers are respectfully informed that the TICKETS for the ensuing season are now READY for delivery, at Messrs. AINSWORTH'S, 210, Regent Street, where a Plan of the Reserved Seats appropriated to Subscribers may be seen.

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PROGRAMME OF

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THIRD AND LAST

CLASSICAL SEANCE MUSICALE,

ON TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 12TH;

To commence at half-past Eight o'clock precisely.

Premiere Partie.

Chamber Trio in A. Op. 34, Piano, Violin, and Violoncello.	M. BILLET, DELONGER, and BOTTICELLI	W. F. Bennett.
Sacred Song, Madlle. MAGNER		Bethoven.
Prelude and Fugue in A minor, book 4th		S. Bach.
Presto in F major, and Fugue in F minor	Piano,	Scarlatti.
Gigue in G major, (executed for the first time in England)	M. BILLET,	Mozart.
Fugue in E minor		Handel.

2nd Partie.

L'Invocation, Grand Sonata, Op. 77, Piano, M. BILLET	Dussel.
German Song, Op. 57	Madlle. MAGNER.
English Song, Op. 7	M. LEVY.
Pensée d'Amour, 1 ^{re} Nocturne	
La Sylphide, Etude in F major (by desire)	Piano, M. BILLET.
La Circassienne, Etude d'Octave, in B major	
Ouverture Militaire, pour piano, 4 4 mains, executed par	M. LEVY, and A. BILLET.
Conductor,	M. LEVY.

Tickets to admit Three, One Guinea; Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each: may be had at all the principal Music Warehouses, and of M. ALEXANDRE BILLET, 13, North Bank, Regent's Park.

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The Musical World.

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No. 7.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1850.

PRICE THREEPENCE.
STAMPED FOURPENCE.

STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)

THE edition of M. Heller's compositions with which we have been furnished is published by Messrs. Wessel and Co., of Regent Street. Though the only one that exists in London it is not perfect. Many of the earlier and some of the later works are wanting, among which the first sonata may be named, as the most important omission. Nevertheless there are quite enough in every style to enable us to come to a very plain conclusion about the merits of M. Heller as a composer. These we esteem at a very high rate, and we shall endeavour to offer substantial reasons for our good opinion.

First in the collection before us we find two caprices on a melody by Reber. (*Deux Caprices sur une mélodie de Reber, Op. 19— dédiés à Mad. Jenny Montgolfier.*) Reber is one of the best resident composers in Paris, and one of the few that have dedicated their talents to the highest forms of art. The melody selected by M. Heller in the present instance is called "La Captive." In its original shape it may possibly be a vocal romance. It is pretty and piquant. M. Heller has first given the melody simply, in the key of A major, with a kind of pastoral accompaniment, most probably as it was written by the author himself. The first caprice contains little more than the tune again, in the same key but with an accompaniment of a totally different character—a syncopated *arpeggio*, divided between the two hands, and carried out in a very finished manner. This caprice is neither more nor less than a charming song without words, easy to play and easy to understand. The second caprice, *allegro vivo*, also in A major, is much more difficult, heads—being much longer. An imitation of the original theme is first given to the left hand, while the right plays some sparkling passages of semi-quavers. The order is then reversed, the right hand taking the melody and the left the semiquaver passages. The while is worked out into a brilliant and effective movement in which the florid passages are developed and varied throughout with masterly completeness. The first part is repeated, and in the second a graceful episode is introduced, in the key of F, of which good use is afterwards made. Among the fine points in this caprice may be mentioned the *pedale* on the dominant which introduces the *reprise* of the subject in the original key. There is a freshness of feeling about these caprices which lends an additional charm to their extremely musician-like character. They are admirably written for the pianoforte. M. Heller is notoriously a master of that instrument, and though his passages are as new as they are brilliant, they are always elegant and lie thoroughly well for the hand.

The next work consists of two short impromptus on another melody of Reber, "Hai Lullì," also, we presume, a vocal romance. (*Deux Impromptus sur une mélodie de Reber, Op. 20, dédiés à Eugène de Froberville.*) The theme is quite as pretty as the preceding one. The plan of this piece is similar.

First the theme is given simply; then a short impromptu in full harmony; and lastly an impromptu in the brilliant style, longer and more developed. The key of F is preserved in all three movements. Both the impromptus are clever and striking,—the last especially, an *allegretto con moto* of great fluency, in which there are many refined points of musician-hip. These impromptus are not difficult, being adapted to the means of ordinary players; but the *allegretto* requires both power and neatness in the left hand.

(To be continued.)

BALFE.

MR. BALFE has returned from abroad, to resume his professional duties in London. His successes at Frankfurt and Berlin have already been recorded. Perhaps the most critical and coldest public on the Continent is that of Berlin. Having passed its ordeal, Mr. Balfe's reputation in Germany may be considered established. The choice of the *Bondman* was judicious. It is the opera in which Mr. Balfe has shown his knowledge of the orchestra, and his dramatic feeling to the most advantage. The *finale* to the second act is the best piece of concerted music that has proceeded from his pen. The songs are carefully composed, and by their form rise above the ballad which addresses itself exclusively to the popular ear. The choruses are characteristic and effective; and, in short, the music generally is of that kind which is likely to please musicians as well as amateurs. The *Bondman* was, therefore, well suited to the Berlin audience, and its brilliant reception a natural consequence. We have received a letter from a correspondent in the Prussian capital, a few extracts from which may not be unacceptable.

"During his stay at Berlin, Mr. Balfe has succeeded in obtaining that universal popularity which awaits him wherever he appears. With the splendid orchestra of our Grand Opera he was perfectly at home, and though he does not speak German fluently he soon found means to make his wishes known to the members of the band and chorus, as well as to the principal singers. Taubert and Dorn, musical directors of the opera, were assiduous in their attentions at the rehearsals, the former especially."

[Taubert is a pianist and composer for the pianoforte, of considerable talent. Dorn has written a great deal of sacred music.]

"Graz and Ries (brother of the late Ferdinand Ries), the two *chefs d'attaque*, were equally anxious to serve Mr. Balfe. Thus, provided with four interpreters, his progress was easy enough, and the rehearsals went on smoothly. Mr. Balfe was delighted with the orchestra, and the orchestra was delighted with Mr. Balfe; nor did the cruel edict of the King, which enjoined the male chorists to shave off all their beards for the second performance of the *Bondman*, endanger his popularity for one instant. His Majesty found that the capillary

appendages of *La Jeune France* of 1850 assorted ill with the powdered wigs of the Louis XV. *réfime*."

(Were our beloved Queen to issue such an edict here, what a sensation it would create!)

"Madame Köster, the *prima donna*, gave equal satisfaction to the composer and the public. She is a beautiful woman and has a voice of great power and delicious quality. The part was first given to Madlle. Tüczek, the elder *prima donna*, but was afterwards taken from her and handed over to her rival. A great scandal was the result. The friends of the two singers waged a war of words in the streets, in the *cafés*, and in private houses. As far as I could learn, the facts were these:—Mr. Balfé heard Made. Köster sing in several operas,—among others *Der Freischütz* and *Iphigenia in Tauris*, and was so delighted with her, that, without knowing that the principal part in the *Bondman* had been delegated to Madlle. Tüczek, he wrote to the manager and insisted upon Madame Köster for his heroine. Of course his demand could not be refused. The manager was obliged to request Madame Köster to accept the part as a special favor. Madame Köster is very rich, very independent, and plays as often and as seldom as she pleases. She is a great favourite with the public and can do what she likes. Poor Madlle. Tüczek, who, though her voice is not so strong as it used to be, is a much more accomplished musician than her rival, was compelled to submit to her fate. She has lately had some unpleasantness with her family about a love-matrimon, which appears to be desperate on either side; and perhaps, on the whole it was as well for herself as for Mr. Balfé that she did not appear in the *Bondman*."

[Madlle. Tüczek, of whom our correspondent speaks, is the same Madlle. Tüczek with whose singing the English critics were so much pleased at the memorable Bonn Festival, in 1845, when the statue to Beethoven was inaugurated. Herr Mantius, who also appeared in Mr. Balfé's opera, was the principal tenor on the same occasion.]

"I need not tell you the particulars of the first performance of the *Bondman*, since the London papers have published full accounts in their Berlin correspondence. It has been played four times since and has drawn brilliant audiences on every occasion. The appearance of the King in public, for the first time since the revolution, was an event of enormous importance; for though the Berliners are a discontented set, and not altogether without reason, they love their king. The royal box in the centre of the house, which is capable of holding 150 persons, was filled with the Royal Family and the Court. The King sat in a private box by himself. It was not till half-past six o'clock on the evening itself that notice was sent to the theatre of the King's intended visit. It was the royal command that the orchestra should await his coming only six minutes. Six minutes passed—but no King. The overture played, immensely applauded—but no King. In the middle of the introduction, however, His Majesty appeared, and the whole audience rose to greet him. But after acknowledging the compliment, the King quietly took his seat and never raised his eyes from the book of the opera except at intervals to give the signal for applause, which he did frequently. After the second act the King sent for Mr. Balfé, but as the public had called him on, he requested that the "ovation" might not be disturbed, and postponed his intended felicitations. The evening was altogether a brilliant one and must have been highly gratifying to Mr. Balfé.

"During his stay in Berlin it has been one unceasing *fête* for Mr. Balfé. Received in the first society, courted by everybody, he has not had an instant's repose. The great families of the Mendelssohns and the Beers,* the Montagnos and

Capulets of moneyed Berlin, have received him with equal courtesy. At the English Ambassador's house he has been a frequent guest. There is not a kinder or a more liberal patron of the arts than the Earl of Westmoreland, and an Englishman of merit who goes to Berlin is sure of a hearty reception at his hands. The King and the Royal Family have been untiring in their attentions to Mr. Balfé, and besides a present from his Majesty of a magnificent emerald brooch set in diamonds, of great value, the Queen and the Princesses were most liberal in kindness and munificent in presents to the family of the popular composer. At the departure of the Balfés the railroad station was absolutely crowded with friends who had come to take leave of them. Their regret at losing their talented visitor did not seem greater than his own, at quitting a city where he had encountered so much hospitality and such warm appreciation of his merits as a composer. Mr. Balfé, indeed, will have cause to remember his short stay at Berlin as one of the most agreeable no less than as one of the most honor able events of his artistic life."

We need hardly say with how much pleasure we have printed these extracts. Mr. Balfé's success at Berlin has opened the door to other English composers who may come after him. May they meet with and deserve an equally generous welcome.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

AFTER a delay, much longer than usual, a semi-official document has been issued, in which the management of this great establishment discloses some of its arrangements for the forthcoming season. The circular which has reached our office is in manuscript, and must be regarded simply as the *avant courier* of the coming programme. The public curiosity about operatic doings is by this time so great, however, that any thing in the shape of news must be welcome, and though we are unable to publish the entire scheme of Mr. Lumley's engagements for the season the particulars we are in condition to give will serve to show that novelty, at least, is a prominent feature in his intentions. But, without further preliminary, let us briefly glance at the contents [of the semi-official notice with which we have been favored.

The theatre will open in the first week of March. "Arrangements and engagements are *still* pending, of the highest interest," says the document—which we are ready to believe, not merely from our reliance on the well-known enterprise of Mr. Lumley, but because, in regard to the *froppe*, nothing very comprehensive is stated in the preliminary announcement which lies before us.

"The monotony arising from the constant repetition of the same works, and from the absence of new compositions," is to be avoided. A more welcome piece of news could hardly be announced. It is those eternal changes on the same round of "*chef d'œuvres*" that have for some time endangered the prosperity of the Italian Opera in England, and it can hardly be doubted that the Royal Italian Opera owes half its patronage to the fact of its having broken through this tedious and venerable routine. We congratulate Mr. Lumley on having, like a wise enemy, benefited by the example of his opponents. This declares plainly that, in obedience to the signs of the times, which are unequivocally clear, he intends to dismiss every minor consideration, and advance onward in his career of management. His views in this respect, to use

* The Meyerbeers. Beer is Meyerbeer's family name. Meyer is his nom de baptême. So that his real title is Meyer Beer, not Meyerbeer.

the words of the document, "have been accomplished most triumphantly, and beyond all previous hope." Not only "the revival of neglected works" is promised, but works, hitherto unknown to this country, will be introduced—aud, best of all, new operas are to be composed expressly for the establishment. As an earnest of these promises, the following particulars may be adduced:—

The first revival is to be neither more nor less than Simon Mayr's *opera seria*, called *Medea*, in which our old favorite, Mdlle. Parodi, will play the principal part. But what is of far more importance, Madame Pasta herself "will come over purposely to watch the *mise en scene*, for the re-appearance of her great pupil," in a part which she has not hitherto attempted. It is scarcely necessary to dwell on the advantages that are likely to accrue from her superintendence. But, Madame Pasta once in London, the scene of her greatest triumphs, will the London public, which yet reckons thousands of her old admirers, allow the celebrated tragic vocalist—the "singing Ischeil," as she has been termed—to depart, without once more appearing before them, to receive their enthusiastic homage and listen to their applause? It is true that Madame Pasta has long virtually quitted the stage, but we doubt if she would be strong enough to resist the solicitations, the prayers—nay, the almost commands—that would besiege her from every side, on its being once known that she had honored this metropolis with a visit. Be this as it may, we should like to be present when Madame Pasta first makes her appearance, at the rehearsal, on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre—if only to join in the uproarious salutations from Mr. Balfe and the orchestra, from Signor Felice Ronconi and the chorus, from all the artists assembled on the stage, and from every privileged visitor to the theatre, that would show their sense of the honor conferred by the unexpected visit of so illustrious an artist, on whose fair fame Time itself has been unable to write one wrinkle. In regard to the *Medea* itself, we think the subject a good one for the promising Parodi; but we must confess that we should have hailed it with more unmitigated pleasure had the music of Cherubini, instead of that of Simon Mayr, been brought into request for this unique occasion. Mayr's music we do not estimate highly. The celebrity of his opera, in this country at least, was entirely made by Madame Pasta, who infused life into its cold formalities, as Frankenstein, the German alchemist, gave breath to a heap of old bones and sinews. Let us hope—and we do not doubt it—that the gifted young pupil, Mdlle. Parodi, for whose first essay in her own great part Madame Pasta is coming to "watch the *mise en scene*," may effect as much for the effete inspiration of old Simon Mayr as her more gifted mistress, and reinfuse into it a portion of that spirit which, since Pasta's retirement from the stage, has been altogether extinct.

The first opera "new to this country," although familiar in Italy, will be Frederic Ricci's *Prigioni di Edinburgo*.^{*} The document states that Frederic Ricci is the author of *Scaramuccia* and *Chiara di Rosenberg*; but this is a mistake; the author of those operas is Luigi Ricci. The brothers sometimes write their works together, one being a greater adept at scoring, the other a readier inventor of melody; but which is which we are not learned enough to say. Frederic Ricci, it is further stated, will visit London on the occasion, superintend the rehearsals, and conduct the first performance of his opera.

But the next item in the pre-prospectus is one of still greater musical interest. After Easter, one of the first works to be produced is an Italian version of an opera by Auber—a piece of news that will be heard with unanimous satisfaction. Every body has heard of the *Enfant Prodigue*, a grand serious opera about to be produced at the *Academie Royale de Musique*, (*Théâtre de la Nation*), in Paris, which has long been looked forward to with anxiety, as the last grand dramatic work the author of *Masaniello* intends writing. Everybody has heard that Auber has for some years cherished up his best ideas to serve for this production, intended to be his masterpiece. Everybody will, therefore, be pleased to know that Mr. Lumley has made arrangements for bringing out an Italian version of the *Enfant Prodigue* at Her Majesty's Theatre, during the forthcoming season. Signor Gionone, a poet of merit and distinction, has already prepared a translation of the *libretto*, and Auber has consented to "visit England during the production of the opera." This item alone is enough to invest the "preliminary announcement" with peculiar importance, and is a guarantee that the forthcoming season will be one of no ordinary interest. Auber has not, we believe, been in England since he was a member of one of our principal banking houses, many years ago, before he had written his first opera. His re-appearance here, now that he has obtained a European celebrity, will be, therefore, nothing less than a *fete* in our musical circles.

Another opera, new to this country, will be produced, for the *rentrée* of Lablache. This is neither an Italian nor a French work. It is the composition of a German musician of considerable note—Lortzing, whose *Cour und Zimmerman* has already waited his name across the Channel. This popular opera will be doubtless appreciated according to its deserts by the subscribers of Her Majesty's Theatre. "Invitations," says the document, "have been addressed to Herr Lortzing, and hopes are entertained that he will come to London and direct the production of his opera." We have very little doubt of these hopes being fulfilled. Such a stroke of good luck will be something that quite exceeds the expectations of Herr Lortzing, who has hitherto been anything but a prophet in his own country. Few artists, even among musicians, have experienced greater reverses than poor Lortzing, and few have had so many difficulties in trying to make head against the obdurate attacks of Fortune.

But the grandest promise of all, viewed as a novelty, is yet to come. Halévy, with all his French and German popularity, has never figured on the Italian stage. That he might have done so, had he desired it, there can be no question; but till now the temptations thrown out have doubtless not been sufficiently great to induce him to venture on the step. Mr. Lumley, however, has discovered the golden argument, and Halévy, author of the *Juive* and the *Val d'Andorre*, is about to write an opera for the Italian stage—in other words for Her Majesty's Theatre. M. Halévy is to prepare his opera with an express view to the capabilities of Mr. Lumley's *troupe*. The *libretto* of the opera is already written. The author is no less a person than Scribe himself. The subject is—guess what, reader—no less than Shakspeare's *Tempest*, which, as the document cogently remarks, "its immortal author palpably allied to a lyrical intention." The Italian poet is again to be Signor Gionone. Is this *Tempest* the same that was written by M. Scribe for poor Mendelssohn, in 1846? The document says nothing about it, but we are disposed to think yes. "This new opera, *La Tempesta*," adds the document, "in which M. Halévy has drunk deep of the inspiration of our great countryman, and

^{*} An English version of this opera was produced at the Princess Theatre last year; but the whole of the original music was not given, a great deal of Carafé, and some of Loder, being interpolated.

indited his strains with more than wonted enthusiasm,* will be produced early in May." May was the month in which Mendelssohn was to have brought out his opera of *La Tempesta*; but alas! he did not live to finish it! We hardly think that Halévy is the man to supply the place of Mendelssohn; but in these times we must put up with what we can get.

Moreover, Halévy is an eminent composer, and a popular to boot. Both the author and composer, it is added, "are engaged to come purposely to London for the occasion; the opera will be mounted with the utmost research, and new effects in harmony with its fairy-like conception." That the cast will be sufficiently powerful and attractive may be surmised from the fact that Lablache will rest faithful to Caliban, and that Jenny Lind is to be replaced by Madame Sontag in *Mirandula*.

Another novelty will be *Il Domino Nero*, an adaptation of Auber's *Domino Noir*. About the fitness of this opera for the Italian stage we have our doubts. Who is to put the dialogue into recitative? *Nous verrons*.

Still more important and interesting will be the *Iphigénia in Aulide* of Gluck, which, if Mr. Lumley holds to his word, will anticipate Covent Garden in the fulfilment of a three years' promise unfulfilled. How frequently we have recommended the trial of one of Gluck's operas at our Italian theatres our readers well know. If well put upon the stage, and sung by competent artists, with a good orchestra and chorus, success is certain—and a brilliant success, too. That Mr. Lumley will provide these indispensable requisites we have no good cause to doubt. Meanwhile the cast of the *Iphigénia* is not touched upon in the manuscript prospectus, which further promises a revival of as many other operas of the old *répertoire* as practicable, with some, more modern and familiar, calculated to display the capabilities of a *troupe* of well-known and distinguished artists, united to many younger ones—new engagements—confidently promised, though unspecified by name.

Madame Sontag will appear in those characters which last year gained her so much distinction, as well as in *Don Giovanni*, *Lucia*, *I Puritani*, *Elisir d'Amore*, and *Don Pasquale*.

"If time should allow, those favourite and long-neglected operas of Rossini, *Il Conte Ory* and *Matilda di Shabran*, will be revived." We shall be glad to hear both of these, but the first especially.

We are much pleased to learn that, at the end of last season, and without any demand for a programme of 1850, several new subscribers, persons of note and circumstance, presented themselves at the office of the theatre, eager to demonstrate their confidence in Mr. Lumley's management—a confidence founded on "the experience of past efforts and general conduct."

Thus Her Majesty's Theatre is first in the field—with promises at least. We must confess, however, that we would much rather have had to review the *bona fide* programme of the season; but anything is better than nothing, and there is quite enough in this *ante-prospectus* to allay for awhile the very general curiosity that prevails on the subject of our Italian Operas. In 1847 the programmes of both establishments were issued as early as December. Things are altered now.

We have forgotten the *ballad*. *N'importe*. The prospectus has forgotten it too.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

THE great hall was opened on Monday night to the public, and the occasion celebrated by a concert under the direction of Mr. Hullah. The audience numbered about a thousand persons. The length of the hall at present is between 70 and 80 feet, the width 55, and the height 40. But the design is not yet accomplished; 50 feet are to be added to the length of the room, which, when finished, will fulfil the conditions declared by those learned in acoustics to be most favourable to musical effect—viz., "the length something more than double the width, and the height the third of the length." The ceiling, flat in the middle, sloping at the sides, and laid out in framed compartments, will look very handsome when filled up and painted; while the walls, supplied with the galleries that are to stretch along the entire length of the north, south, and west sides, will be agreeably relieved of their naked aspect. It would be unfair to offer a decided opinion of its capabilities for the equal distribution of sound until the building is entirely completed; but what we heard last night was enough to justify the most flattering anticipations, and we are much mistaken if the public will not have to thank Mr. Hullah's enterprise for the best music hall in London, and one of the best in England. The orchestra is constructed on the principle of gradual elevation, but approaches much less nearly to the perpendicular than that of Exeter Hall. As there is no organ at present, some artifice of division is advisable, for the better effect of louche choruses; but in other respects the absence of that colossal obstruction has its advantages. The chorus, between 400 and 500 in number, summoned from the ranks of Mr. Hullah's upper singing-school, and the band, consisting of upwards of 70 performers, filled the orchestra to the extremities. The hall being also completely framed, and the whole brilliantly lighted by a double row of elegantly-formed chandeliers, suspended from the roof, the aspect presented to the eye was brilliant and animated. When Mr. Hullah took his place in the conductor's rostrum he was hailed by a burst of enthusiastic applause from every part of the building, a token of the high estimation in which he is held, as well by the general public as by his own pupils.

The programme was worthy of the occasion. The performances began with Mendelssohn's sacred cantata, the *Lauda Sion*, a history and analysis of which has already appeared in the *Musical World*. The execution of this fine work was such as to prove that, while unprovided with a *locale* for public performance, Mr. Hullah has not allowed his pupils to remain idle. The evidence of constant practice and progressing improvement was undeniable. The massive choral effects were produced with fulness and decision, while the lights and shadows of expression were successfully obtained. A new hearing discloses fresh beauties, and strengthens our first impression that the *Lauda Sion* is one of Mendelssohn's most perfect works. The *aria*, "Mea tormenta," from Haase's oratorio, *Magdalena*, was cleverly sung by Miss Dolby, and has been well scored for the orchestra by some modern hand. We scarcely think, however, that it was worth the trouble of rescuing from oblivion. Like much of Haase's sacred music, it is operatic in character, and as dry as it is antiquated. What can be more inappropriate than a *rolande* on the words, "Crucem quero, crucem dato; volo mori, O Deus, in Te!" A *motet* by Dr. Crotch, for bass solo (Mr. Seguin) and chorus, "Methinks I hear the full celestial choir," which followed, is a very poor specimen of that performer's talent. At the best it is a claspnet. But the feature of the evening was a new festival anthem, "Let God arise" (MS.), by Mr. Henry Leslie,

* The opera, then, is already written, we presume!

Mr. Leslie's Anthem, the words of which are wholly selected from the 68th psalm, is a work of more than ordinary promise. It opens with a grand full chorus in A major, "Let God arise," in which the young musician has proved himself capable of conducting a series of harmonies in eight vocal parts with great clearness. The *fugato* on the words, "Let them also that hate him," with its close answer and pointed accent, though recalling a theme in one of the choruses of the *Messiah*, is ingenious and effective. A short tenor solo introduces a chorus in D, "So let the ungodly perish," of no particular note, which, without finishing, leads to a *soprano* air in F, "But let the righteous be glad." This is flowing, vocal, and harmonised with much taste. A few bars of *adagio* for the full choir form the preface to a chorus in A minor, "The earth shook," which is highly dramatic and expressive, although the passage in the key of D flat, and the subsequent enharmonic modulation, are not easy for the chorus to sing in tune. Another *adagio* in three-four time, a pendant to this chorus, is less to our liking; there is too much modulation and too little tune. The tenor air in E major, "Thou, O God," which comes next, is very melodious; the character is strictly devotional, and the effect of the violoncello *obligato* beautiful. The next chorus, "The Lord gave the word," in G, is one of the best in the anthem. With Handel's version of the same words before him, Mr. Leslie has contrived to be quite original, and at the same time impressive. The second part of this chorus, "Kings with their armies," evinces a strong dramatic feeling, but towards the end the modulation is too redundant. A charming *dutline* in A minor, for soprano and tenor, "Give thanks O Israel," which, in addition to a plaintive melody, is to be noted for the extreme refinement of the accompaniments, brings us to the final chorus in A major, "Sing unto God," the most elaborate and skillfully written in the entire work. The fugue on the words "O sing praises," answered in the second bar, and varied by two episodic subjects, is conceived and carried out with remarkable ability. The instrumentation of this anthem, allowing for the modern tendency to make too liberal a use of trombones, trumpets, &c., is exceedingly clear and effective. The choruses are all double choruses, sometimes written in two alternate choirs, sometimes in eight pure parts—an achievement demanding no less facility than knowledge. Altogether, Mr. Leslie's composition does him infinite credit. The mere attempt augurs a highly laudable ambition; but a success such as Mr. Leslie has obtained implies the possession of gifts that are accorded to few. As far as the chorus was concerned, nothing could be more satisfactory than the execution of the anthem, but the unaccountable absence of the second clarinet spoiled some of the best of the instrumental combinations. The reception of the work by the audience was throughout most flattering.*

The second part of the concert was miscellaneous. The prominent feature was Beethoven's sonata in C minor, for violin and pianoforte, played to the utmost perfection by Herr Ernst and Mr. Sterndale Bennett, and received with enthusiasm. The rest was entirely vocal music, including a selection from Mozart's opera of *Idomeneo*, and a variety of well-known pieces by Mrs. Noble, Misses Lucombe, Ralnorfolk, and Dolby; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Whitworth, Lockey, Benson, &c. The performances concluded with the National Anthem. On retiring from the orchestra Mr. Hullah was loudly and unanimously cheered. The inauguration of St. Martin's Hall could not have passed off more auspiciously.

* We have received a copy of Mr. Leslie's anthem, on which we shall take an early opportunity of speaking at length.

M. BILLET'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

THE third and last of the present series took place on Tuesday, at the Beethoven Rooms. The attendance was more crowded and fashionable than at either of the two others. The concerts of M. Billet have produced a feeling of curiosity rarely excited by performances of chamber-music, which may be accounted for by the unusual number of comparatively unknown though highly interesting works which he has introduced in the course of the series. As the programme of the third *soirée* appeared in our advertisement sheet last week we need not repeat it here. Suffice it that it was equal if not superior in attraction to its predecessors.

The performance opened with Sterndale Bennett's chamber trio in A major, a work which, though unambitious in plan, is crowded with refined and delicate beauties. M. Billet perfectly understood the character of this lovely music, and executed it without fuss or ostentation. He was ably seconded by M. Deloffre and Rousselot, who in the *serenade*, a gem of unaffected grace, played the *pizzicato* passages with subdued and excellent effect. In the last movement the energetic playing of M. Billet produced exactly the required coloring. Nothing could be more thoroughly in character with the music. The trio was perfectly well understood by the audience and warmly received.

M. Billet's next performance was a series of pieces from Bach, Domenico Scarlatti, Mozart, and Handel. The selection included the prelude and fugue, in A flat, of Bach; a toccata in F major, and a fugue in F minor, of Scarlatti; a fugue, by Mozart, in G; and the fugue, in E minor, from the *Suites des Pièces* of Handel. In his performance of these M. Billet displayed a thorough acquaintance with the style of the elder masters. His most full-hed execution was manifested in the prelude and fugue of Bach, the *toccata* of Scarlatti, and the *gigue* of Mozart. We should have preferred the fugue of Scarlatti somewhat slower—that of Handel quicker and more pointed. The latter, however, is a composition of rare difficulty, and the mere attempt to execute it in public argues a laudable ambition on the part of a modern pianist, used to music of so different a character.

Dussek's magnificent sonata in F minor, *L'Invocation*, never before played publicly in our remembrance, was perhaps the most interesting feature in the entire concert. This work, as difficult and as grand as almost any sonata of Beethoven, brought out M. Billet's playing in a most favourable light. He gave the first *allegro* with great passion, and in the *adagio* the expression with which he rendered particular phrases was frequently applauded by the audience. The introduction of such a work as the *Invocation* was highly creditable to the taste of M. Billet, who in the arrangement of his programmes has shown a decided wish to eschew the conventional routine. It was thoroughly relished by the audience, and loudly applauded at the conclusion.

M. Billet's last solo performance consisted of a selection from his own studies—brilliant and elegant essays, admirably suited to exhibit to advantage the modern achievements of mechanical skill, and as good as most things of their kind. They were greatly applauded.

Meudelssohn's *Military Overture* in C, a work not half so well known as it deserves, arranged as a duet for the pianoforte, was executed vigorously and effectively by M. Maurice Levy and Billet, and wound up the first part of the concert with spirit.

Mlle. Wagner was again the vocalist, and appeared to

* Published by Cramer and Beale.

much advantage in a sacred song of Beethoven, a *lied* of Mendelssohn (from the set dedicated [to Miss Dolby, Op. 57]), and a very pleasing song by M. Levy, who officiated with much ability as pianoforte accompanist.

The concert passed off with great *éclat*. The series have proved so successful that we understand M. Billet intends to ressume them, shortly, in a more spacious *locale*—St. Martin's Hall.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

(From an occasional Contributor.)

MR. STAMMERS took his benefit on Wednesday, the last and 17th concert. We are pleased to record, that the zealous and industrious manager had a full Hall on the occasion. The performance was an appropriate "wind-up" to the season. Mr. Stammers' great guns—eighty-four pounders—were Ernst, Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes. His long twelves and cannonades, were the Misses Lucombe, Wagner, Eyles, Wells, J. Wells, Cole, C. Cole, Emily Macnamara, Rebecca Isaacs, Madame Marie de Boisfort, and Mr. Alexander Newton; together with Messrs. Drayton, Weiss, Smythson and Land.

The first overture was one raked from the dead, viz., Paer's *Sargina*. This alone proves that Mr. Stammers leaves no stone or clod unturned, to provide his subscribers and the public with novelty. The overture to *Sargina* was well played by the band, but did not create *sfuror*. Paer's music is not calculated to create a *furor*.

The operatic selection was more popular than novel; and here Mr. Stammers again displayed his usual tact in procuring the delectable to supply the place of the new. The selection was from the *Sonnambula*, the principal vocalists being Miss Lucombe, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Herr Formes, Sims Reeves, and Mrs. Alexander Newton. Miss Lucombe opened the selection with "Dearest companion," and Herr Formes followed close in "As I view those scenes so charming." The first was rendered with Miss Lucombe's customary ability; the second was a fine piece of vocalization on the part of the great German basso. Sims Reeves was as good as ever in "All is lost now," and Mrs. A. Newton more than usually happy in "O, do not mingle."

Mr. T. Harper was encored in his trumpet solo, "The soldier tired," as was also Mr. Richardson in a flute solo. Both well deserved the compliment. Madame Marie de Boisfort was hardly so successful in an air of Donizetti's, but Mr. Palmer (from last season) played a fantasia on the pianoforte with considerable effect.

Miss Emily Macnamara (pupil of Mr. Howard Glover) sang the lute song from *Anna Bolena*, "Dehl! non voler," with English words, very neatly, and with good sentiment; and Miss Eyles distinguished herself highly in Sterndale Bennett's exquisite song the "May Dew."

The first part concluded with Lindpaintner's overture to *La Traviata*, another novelty, and a further corroboration of Mr. Stammers' research. We do not greatly care, however, whether we ever hear either Paer's or Lindpaintner's overture again.

The second part was more interesting than the first. Ernst played. The great violinist introduced his *Canaval de Venise*, and as a matter of course excited the usual enthusiastic demonstrations. Being, as usual, tumultuously encored, he introduced new variations in the repeat, more original and more surprising than the first. He was again and again applauded

on retiring from the orchestra. The superb violinist was in excellent mood, and played to absolute perfection.

The *Isles of Fingal* overture of Mendelssohn, as splendid and poetical as those of Paer and Lindpaintner's are trivial and dull, was well executed by the band, though another rehearsal might have improved it. The "Bridesmaid's Chorus," from *Der Freischütz*, by the company of ladies, was encored. An encore was also awarded to Mr. Sims Reeves, in the ballad, "O, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me." The rest of the programme calls for no particular notification.

Mr. Stammers has issued his prospectus for the spring series. It is full of promise. Thalberg is re-engaged for a term of nights, and Herr Formes has been re-secured. The name of Sims Reeves also continues on the list. Braham could not be obtained for love or money, or the enterprising manager would have engaged him. In brief, it seems that Mr. Stammers has done every thing that could be done to command success. A second engagement with Ernst would, we are satisfied, be desirable; but nothing definite has transpired; nor does the name of the great violinist appear in the promissory part of the prospectus.

The band, we are informed, will be strengthened and reinforced, to give the fullest effect to the instrumental performances, and especially to the grand symphonies, one of which is to be given at each concert.

Among the operatic selections, which are to constitute a section of the nightly performances, we may mention those from the *Prophet* and the *Clemenza di Tito*, which the director is having expressly translated for the occasion.

In conclusion we wish Mr. Stammers all the success he merits, in the forthcoming series, which begins on Wednesday next.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE performance of Handel's *Saul* on Friday night was one of the best the society has given since Mr. Costa was appointed conductor. The interest of this oratorio is chiefly concentrated in the choruses, many of which are among the most effective of the composer. The song of triumph for David's victory over Goliath, with which the first part opens, consisting of a chain of five choruses, only once interrupted by an air for the *soprano*; the chorus that concludes the same part, "Preserve him for the glory of Thy name;" three choruses in Part II.; "Envy, eldest born of Hell," "Is there a man?" and "O fatal consequence of rage;" and two in the last part, "Mourn, Israel, mourn," and "Gird on thy sword," have not been surpassed in grandeur by Handel himself, except in the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*. These were executed with admirable precision, and were all the clearer and the more brilliant for the absence of certain additions to the instrumental score, to which until very recently we have been condemned to listen. To strengthen Handel's accompaniments by the aid of modern orchestral improvements demands no ordinary intelligence and skill. Mozart bestowed as much pains upon the additional accompaniments to the *Messiah* as he would have accorded to a work of his own; and Mendelssohn, had he lived, would have done as much for *Israel in Egypt*. But what those great musicians could undertake with a certainty of success should not be attempted lightly by inferior men, whose whole stock in trade may possibly consist of a tolerable knowledge of the nature of orchestral instruments, and of the art of combining them.

The solo airs, recitatives, and duets in *Saul* are for the most part not of the same high character as the choruses,

which in some degree is to be explained by the dulness of the book, surcharged with desultory and rambling dialogue—and in some degree by the necessity under which Handel laboured of supplying a certain number of songs for particular singers. The authorship is attributed to Dr. Thomas Morell, whose hand is, we think, plainly visible in the quantity of superfluous matter and the very inartificial conduct of the story. But for its association with Handel the name of Morell would in all probability have been long ago buried in obscurity. It required all Handel's genius to rise above the dead flat of the doctor's imagination, which was enough to prostrate the efforts of almost any other composer. The principal singers, Misses Birch, Dolby, and Stewart, Messrs. Benson, T. Williams, Lawler, and Phillips, did their best for the vocal solos, some few of which were effective, the recitatives and airs of David in the third part, declaimed and sung with great power by Miss Dolby, most especially. The band played the overture and the famous dead march exceedingly well; but the best execution must fail to rescue the instrumental interludes of the bells and the battle from insignificance. They are gone completely out of date.

The hall was very full, and at the conclusion of the oratorio there was a hearty and unanimous round of applause for Mr. Costa, who conducted the oratorio with his accustomed ability.

St. Paul was repeated last night at the express desire of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, who was present at the performance and remained to the end.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.

Julius Cæsar was produced on Thursday at this house for the first time for many years. The whole strength of the company and resources of the establishment were made available, and the getting up of the tragedy was, in consequence, most creditable to the manager. New dresses were provided, and new scenery was painted, and, in short, neither expense nor pains was spared to render the revival complete.

When *Julius Cæsar* was performed at Covent Garden under Macready's management—or Mr. Osbaldiston's, we forget which—Mr. Vaudenhoff performed Cassius. On Thursday evening this gentleman played Brutus—we are inclined to think the change was for the better. Mr. Vaudenhoff, in his acting, lacks the fire and irritability which are such marked features in the character of Cassius; whereas the calmness and thoughtfulness of Brutus are more in accordance with his powers of assumption. Mr. Vaudenhoff is a fine, solid declaimer, and all the speeches of Brutus told admirably. The scene with the ghost was excellent, as was also that with the boy Lucius, although we missed the fine touch of pathos, when Brutus removes the lyre from the sleeping boy.

We liked Mr. Cathcart's Cassius much, though he failed to realise to the utmost our idea of the character. Mr. Cathcart is not wanting in fire, but the flames are too nicely regulated; we want more sudden and quick flashes. For this reason, while he succeeded in all the earlier scenes of the play, more especially where he tempts Brutus to the assassination of Cæsar, he seemed to fall off in the grandest scene of the whole tragedy, the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius. In all other respects, Mr. Cathcart is entitled to considerable praise. Mr. Anderson played Marc Antony with admirable spirit and effect. He infused into the part a rough energy, which told well in the speeches addressed to the mobs. Mr. Anderson would make a first rate demagogue. The speech over the

dead body of Cæsar was an excellent piece of declamation, and was loudly applauded. Marc Antony is one of Mr. Anderson's best performances.

Mr. Cooper was Cæsar, Mr. Fisher was Julius Cæsar, Miss Laura Addison was Portia, and the rest of the parts were apportioned according to the best means of the company. Shakspeare's mobs are living mobs, and amusing mobs, and witty mobs, and should therefore be carefully regarded in the getting up of those plays wherein they are introduced. The mob in *Julius Cæsar* is the wittiest of the witty, and performs a prominent part in the tragedy. Mr. Anderson has his mob well trained, and it acts in a very roaring and mob-like manner.

We have not the least doubt but that *Julius Cæsar* will prove more attractive than *Fiesco*.

HAYMARKET.

On Monday night, *Charles XII.* was played at this house, most of the principal characters being sustained by the same actors as at Windsor. The Adam Brock of Mr. J. Wallack is a reading of the part different from that which has generally been adopted. The hearty honesty of the worthy farmer is plainly brought forward, but the comic side of the character, originated by Mr. Liston, is kept down. Mr. Webster's Charles, which is carefully dressed and acted, is based on the version of Mr. W. Farren. Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam is a pretty, unaffected Edgiva, and she sang "Rise, gentle moon," very nicely, though it loses somewhat of its character by its transposition from the contralto. The pompous officiousness of Mr. Tilbury as the Burgomaster created some amusement among the admirers of that peculiar actor.

On Thursday Her Majesty and Prince Alber attended the theatre, the performances being *Leap Year*, the *Serious Family*, and *Dax and Cox*.

OLYMPIC.

Mr. G. V. Brooke played Shylock in the *Merchant of Venice* on Thursday evening—his first appearance in the part this season. He was very favourably received by a full house, and acted with his customary force and intelligence. His voice has not yet regained its full strength, and this of course was a bar to some of his most powerful effects. The play was well cast, and included Compton as Launcelot Gobbo—an admirable bit of Shaksperian acting; Miss Fanny Vinling as Portia—very promising; Mr. Wigan as Gratiano—very light and uneasy; and Miss M. Oliver as Jessica—very pretty and seductive. The play was excellently got up in every respect.

SADLER'S WELLS.

A new play, by Mr. George Bennett, well-known as a histrionic veteran, has been produced with great and deserved success at this house. It is entitled *Retribution*, and with unusual discrimination is characterized in the bills as a "romantic play." To this category it certainly belongs, as it is, in fact, an interesting and intricate tale dramatically developed. To the classic drama belong simplicity of plot and distinctness of purpose. If people would but reflect that the antique drama was an expansion of a lyric song, and that the romantic drama appeared as the theatrical transcript of a novel, much confusion of terms would be avoided.

Sir Baldwin Brinary (Mr. George Bennett) is the wicked hero of the play. He has, like an Iago, made one Ralph Lacy jealous of his wife, and the latter, like an Othello, has murdered her in consequence, and fled the country as an outcast, leaving his estate in the hands of his false friend, and his child—no one knows where. All this has happened

years before the commencement of the drama, which opens with a friendly position between two families opposed in politics. Sir Robert Raby (Mr. A. Younge) is a staunch old Cavalier, with a beautiful daughter, Alice (Miss Glynn), betrothed to Philip (Mr. Marston), a young man who was mysteriously left at his house as an infant, and whom he has reared as his adopted son. The most intimate friend of the old Royalist is Sir Baldwin Briarly, who is an encephalic Roundhead, and whose sickly son Edwin (Mr. G. K. Dickinson) is unfortunately in love with Alice. The machinations of Sir Baldwin are employed to assassinate Lacy, who has re-appeared in the civil wars, and to promote a marriage between Alice and his son, for whom he has a sincere affection, which is the one redeeming point in his character. Everything seems to work in his favour. The Royalists are defeated in battle, the Raby family are consigned to his care as prisoners, and he is enabled, by the obscurity of Philip's birth, to make Alice suspect that the orphan is her own brother. However, a mysterious desperado (Mr. Phelps), who is employed by Sir Baldwin to murder Lacy, proves the destroyer of all his plans. He leads him on from one hope to another, till at last he comes forward as Lacy himself, and arrests Sir Baldwin, who is a double traitor to both the conflicting parties. This incident takes place just as Sir Baldwin, on a false charge of treason, is about to sacrifice Sir Robert to the hatred he feels on witnessing the death of his son Edwin, as a victim to hopeless love.

This very short statement of a very complicated plot will give little notion of the constructive merits of the author, but were we to go more into detail, we should merely lengthen the narrative, and still fail to exhibit the dramatic effect. The great skill of the author is shown in his use of surprise as a means of theatrical excitement. He does not let his story bit by bit, and that with such a careful avoidance of transparency, that till the very end of the piece it is impossible to see how the various problems will be solved. His third act, where the apparent ruffian is pursued by his own son, and then recognizes him, is a masterpiece of dramatic ingenuity.

Of the *dramatis personæ* no one stands in marked prominence above the rest, but still they are all drawn with distinctness. The jolly old Cavalier, Raby, singing snatches of songs, and defying ill-fortune, is well contrasted with the gloomy plotter Briarly, and the contrast is well preserved by Messrs. Younge and Bennett. The pretended villain, Lacy, is no usual character on the stage, but it is adapted to Mr. Phelps with a nicety that could only have been attained by a practical author, so well are the qualities of pathos and ruggedness counterbalanced. The story that Philip is the brother of Alice is perhaps introduced with a little too much obvious purpose of giving tragedy to the heroine; but it afforded an excellent opportunity for an intense display of the most fearful emotions on the part of Miss Glynn, an actress whose great qualification is her genuine tragic feeling. The most original creation is the sickly youth, Edwin, who stands out as an innocent being nurtured in the midst of wickedness, and whose love for Alice is marked by all the dreamy devotion of a boy. This part was exceedingly well acted by Mr. G. K. Dickinson, who successfully combined the several manifestations of passion, juvenility, and fragile health. The language throughout is vigorous and graceful, and though there is here and there a redundancy of metaphor, the metaphors themselves show a highly poetical feeling.

The *mise en scène* and costumes are in the best taste. There is no concenation in reproducing the dresses of Cromwell's epoch, but the various personages seem each to have been the

subject of a separate study, and come out distinctly like the pictorial illustrations of a historical work.

ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS.—*Opera Comique*.—On Monday last, M. Adolphe Adam's opera, *Le Roi d'Yvetot*, was produced for the first time at this theatre. We have already spoken favourably of M. Adam's compositions in our notice of *Le Châlet*, performed in the course of last season, and we have now every reason to reiterate our satisfaction. We have seldom been more delighted than we were on Monday last, and we promise a most pleasant evening of quiet and agreeable excitement to all lovers of *bufo* music, more especially those whose ears are not proof against the abuse of brass in orchestration. M. Adolphe Adam has a style peculiarly his own, and is more a conservator than an innovator in music; he avoids all imitation of the Italian school, particularly the moderns, although he has profited by modern acquirements, and carried the *opera comique* a step or two beyond his predecessors; but not so much as to endanger it as a speciality by merging it into the grand opera, as some of his contemporaries have done. He is seldom very brilliant, but he is always pleasing, his music falls easily on the ear, while he never attempts to astonish. He seldom attains any great or startling effect, and a sort of pleasing *nonchalance* comes over the mind as we listen to his music, rarely disturbed during the progress of the piece by loud declamation or noisy accompaniment. We hear a succession of musical phrases, frequently delicious hits of melody artlessly worked out, which, if not original, are borrowed from no one but himself. The treatment of the orchestra is always that of a musician.

The libretto of "*Le Roi d'Yvetot*" is taken from Béranger's admirable poem of that name. A sort of domestic drama has been erected upon the ideal of the poet, in which the peculiar characteristics of the hero have been preserved as far as was possible, and the result is a play, which, though deficient in dramatic interest, can hardly be appreciated so well in London as in Paris. The story is simple, and may be told in a few words. The small fief of Yvetot has lost its king, and the inhabitants are somewhat embarrassed about the choice of a successor, when a casket, which contains the will of the late monarch, together with his crown and sceptre, falls into the hands of Jeannotin, Madlle. Guichard, who is the servant of Josselyn, M. Chollet, a citizen of the principality. Josselyn is a quiet, good-natured, easy old man, highly respected for his benevolence and sound common-sense, diligently avoiding all party quarrels, and joining self-comfort with doing good to others. But his servant, Jeannotin, is of another stamp; she has ambition enough for herself and her master too; and having read the will in which her master is named successor to the vacant crown, she resolves that he shall be king whether he will or not. She discovers her designs to Josselyn's supposed daughter, Marguerite (Madlle. Danhauser,) and to Adalbert (M. Killy Leroy), who are betrothed to each other, and, with their assistance, the contents of the will are made public. Josselyn is unanimously elected to the throne during his sleep, and transported to the royal palace, where he awakes astonished to find himself crowned. Now all the discomforts of royalty suddenly burst upon him at once. He is threatened with a war by Reginald d'Houdeville (M. Nathan), a commander of Malta, who claims the restitution of his nephew. The latter has gained the affections of Marguerite, Josselyn's supposed daughter, under an assumed name. But Josselyn averts the threatened invasion by a discovery which makes all the parties happy; he finds out that the commander

the father of the orphan child whom he has brought up as his own daughter. There is an underplot in the shape of an intrigue between Jeanneton and Daniel (M. Soyér), a miller, in which Jeanneton's heart leans towards the man of flour, but her ambition prompts her to listen to the proposals of her master. This is cut short by the King of Yvetot, who has discovered how things stand, and resolves to live alone in his glory, and so occupy his time in relieving the sufferings of his subjects, as to leave no opening for any other affection or torment.

The principal interest of the piece is concentrated in M. Chollet, who was a most perfect representation of Béranger's hero. His antipathy to power, his resistance to the ambitious views of Jeanneton, his warm-hearted and kindly disposition, his appeal to the commander, and his duel, in which benevolence is made to triumph over sword and dagger, were in turns irresistibly comic and pathetic. Madame Guichard was also excellent as the intriguing, ambitious, war-loving servant, uniting in her own person the functions of first minister, privy-councillor, and *cuisinière*. Madame Danhauser made an interesting Marguerite. The part of the miller was well played by M. Soyér, whose making up on entering his functions as chief *panettier*, was a perfect study. M. Nathan and M. Killy Leroy did their best. The music is pretty, and among the pieces which most took our fancy, we may specify the following:—M. Chollet's first air, also repeated in the *finale*, "Le bonheur, il est là, voilà tout le mystère!" which is plaintive and melodious, and was loudly echoed; a sparkling chorus at the end of the first act; "Il dort, respectons son sommeil;" a few bars of melody in the second act; "Ce vain titre qu'on envie," which M. Chollet was obliged to repeat; and which is followed by another pretty chorus; a duet, well rendered by M. Chollet and Madame Guichard, "Tu ai entendu?" and a quartet which terminates the second act, "Dites lui, dites lui," sung by Madlle. Guichard, Danhauser, MM. Chollet and Killy Leroy. The principal song of the piece is on Béranger's famous ballad, "Il était un roi d'Yvetot," the burden of which is very simple and expressive. The opera was well got up, and the orchestra materially assisted in the decided success which it achieved. The house was well attended. J. DE C—.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE *Manchester Guardian* of Saturday, the 2nd instant, contained, besides the attractive programme for Hallé's Sixth Concert, given below, the no less attractive announcement, that, in consequence of the success of the first six, a supplementary series of four concerts are to be given, which will include string quartets, with Ernst as principal violin, to take place every alternate Thursday from the 21st of February to the 4th of April.

The following is the programme of the sixth concert, Feb. 7:—

PART I.—Sestet in E flat, Op. 39, pianoforte, two violins, tenor, violoncello, and double bass—Oswold. Vocal Quartet. Sonata in E flat, Op. 81, "Les Adieux," pianoforte—Beethoven.

PART II.—Quartet in B flat, pianoforte, violin, tenor, and violoncello—Wolfe. Vocal Quartet. Scherzo à Capriccio (E sharp minor)—Mendelssohn. Nocturne (B minor), and Capriccio (in F)—Hallé, pianoforte.

A glance at the above will show that the selection displays the usual good taste—Oswold, Beethoven, Wolfe, Mendelssohn, and, modestly at the close, two clever trifles by the selector (Hallé) himself. Of the entire performance we can speak in the highest terms, and only wish we had the power to convey intelligently to your readers the effect produced by, and a proper description of, the beauties of each individual composition performed. Oswald's

sestet interested us more than any instrumental work of his we ever yet listened to; one reason might be, that it was in such excellent hands. We think more highly both of M. Baetens (misprinted before Baetens) and Herr Lidel. Mr. Seymour was first violin; M. Baetens, second; the clever amateur, a friend of Hallé's (whom we have before alluded to so favourably) was the tenor; Lidel, violoncello; and a new member of the Concert Hall orchestra, a Mr. Waud, the contra-basso; Hallé, of course, being pianist. With such a six, it was not surprising to hear so fine a performance. We were much gratified, too, by the easy, gentlemanly style, if we may so term it, of the executants. Mr. Waud has a splendid tone, which he produces without those unseemly gestures and contortions of body one sometimes sees bestowed on his unwieldy instrument; and M. Baetens pleased us much by his method of bowing, and by his blending his second fiddle so well with his right and left-hand counterparts, aiming at a general in preference to an individual effect—the very first end to be arrived at in the interpretation of chamber music. There are many elegant and ingenious combinations in this work of Oswald's; each respective instrument is nicely brought out in turn, without injuring the effect of the *ensemble*, or depriving the leading instruments—that is, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—of their legitimate importance. There is a passage in unison for first violin and violoncello in the third movement—*minuetto allegro*—which comes in twice with charming effect. This movement and the next—*andante con variazioni*—were most rapturously applauded, as were the six artists most deservedly at the close of the sestet. There is more melody, a more clear, well-developed design, and less mere dry fiddling in this and the Quintet in D (Op. 18), given by Seymour last season, than in any quartet by the same writer we have had the pleasure of hearing. Beethoven's Sonata, (Op. 81), is the one in which he endeavours to depict, by a pianoforte solo, the ideas of "adieu," "absence," and "return." To those who know the sonata in question, we need not say one word as to how the great master has succeeded; to those who never heard it, it is quite impossible to describe by words the effect conveyed. We must dismiss the subject by simply saying Hallé's performance was worthy his lovely and interesting friend's. W. Ober's Quartet is an old and well-remembered favourite of years gone by, when poor Sudlow was tenor, William Lindley violoncello, and P. A. Johnson pianoforte—all three, alas! now lost to us; the first and last gone to "that last bourne whence no traveller returns;" the other still living, but equally lost to art and his admirers. The quartet was most exquisitely played on this occasion; the way the three stringed instruments blended in the *adagio* was truly delightful to listen to. We could not wish any one of the three more or less tone, so nicely did they seem adjusted and played to each other as it were. We could not help a sigh to poor William Lindley when Lidel commenced the well-known and anything but sad subject of the *minuetto*; it was well and finely played; but we could not applaud and encore as we did when we first heard Lindley play it some eight or ten years ago. The finale, with its charming bit of *fugue*, was admirably given, and the four executants received their due meed of applause. The closing selection for Hallé's solo on his instrument was, as usual, three well-contrasted pieces; the first, Mendelssohn's capriccio in F sharp minor; the last two, a nocturne in B minor and capriccio in F, by the concert giver; as usual, (i.e. besides being elegant examples of various schools of pianoforte music, they were not too long, and not of the stunning kind. If we prefer Hallé's playing more for one thing than another, it is because he seems to us to aim at pleasing and delighting his auditors, rather than astonishing them. The only astonishing thing about his performances is, how much he does from memory—that is truly wonderful. We have rarely, except when playing in concert with others, seen him use a copy, no matter whether his subject was a sonata of Beethoven's or a capriccio of Mendelssohn's. The vocal and least important part of these classical concertos, derived some interest on this occasion, by being the voluntary tribute of eight of Hallé's young countrymen, resident in Manchester, who are members of the German *Liedertafel* held in this city. They gave us two of their vocal quartets in German, the parts doubled, and some very fine harmonies they produced. The bass voices were remarkably good. The high tenor or leading voices had a tendency to flatten at the close, which slightly de-

tracted from an otherwise excellent performance, from a party consisting entirely of amateurs.

We shall look forward with no slight interest to Ernst's coming to appear amongst us, at the concerts. If they have been hitherto so eminently successful, what must they become with his powerful aid? and where can Hallé put any additional subscribers? Yet, to move into a larger room would destroy much of the charm of a chamber concert. Every seat was occupied on this last occasion, and many gentlemen had great difficulty in finding a place to stand in, without incommending those who were fortunate enough to have obtained seats. Even Mr. Seymour will not object, we should think, to become (as your mysterious correspondent with the *three-star* signature suggested) a competent second violin to such an artist as Ernst for a first. We shall see. Meantime, these classical chamber concerts really seem to have absorbed all musical matters of any public interest in Manchester.

You say that you were disappointed in not getting a report of the performances of St. Paul from either of your Manchester correspondents. The one with the three stars wishes it to be supposed that he has the privilege of attending the concerts at the Concert Hall, which your own correspondent has not; for that reason, we charge him to send you a report of the very concert in question. Why has he not done so? We should gladly have subscribed to the Concert Hall many years ago. The subscription is high, but that alone did not deter us. It was the knowledge of the fact that hundreds were down on the list for admission, many of them superior in station and wealth to your humble correspondent, and that many, after waiting for years, were after all, rejected by the exclusive and aristocratic (or *Bourgeois*, as "Three Stars" calls it) body of directors. We might of late years have been admitted as a half-subscriber, it is true, but we had no ambition to obtain such a privilege as admission to its concerts on any such humiliating conditions, viz., to pay two guineas and a half a year, and then to beg one of the two tickets issued to them from some one of the full subscribers of five guineas! consequently (passionately fond as we are of music), the Concert Hall remains hermetically closed to us, resident non-subscribers not being admitted on any terms. Seymour's quartet concert is postponed to the 28th instant. Hallé's first of his new series, with Ernst, took place on the 21st.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

On Monday evening last our Philharmonic Society gave the first of their subscription concerts, for which Madlle. Cherton, Signor Marras, Mr. Henry Drayton, M. Demeur, and M. Wheli, were engaged. This concert proved to be one of the most delightful the Society ever gave, though all the artists, with one exception, were perfect strangers to the audience, who on this occasion, though not quite so numerous as usual, consisted of the *élite* of the town and county.

Madlle. Cherton, in whose praises the London press have been so unanimous, excited great curiosity, and fully proved herself to be worthy of all that had been said and written about her. With a pure, clear, ringing voice, she combines exquisite taste and great execution; in fact, she is by far the best French vocalist we have ever heard in Liverpool. She possesses also much dramatic feeling, throwing proper spirit into everything she does. Her first effort was the *Ronde Aragonaise* from *Le Domino Noir*, which she dashed off with wonderful brilliancy and abandon; this was followed by an air from *Le Caid*, which was given by Madlle. Cherton with so much humour as to frequently excite the risible faculties of the audience, who thoroughly understood the meaning of the music, if they were not quite so *au fait* at the language—which struck me as being of a very superior description to the poetry in some of our Madlle. Cherton's vocal skill, however, was Le Bon's air, "Le Rossignol," with a flute *obbligato*, by M. Demeur, an astonishing and delightful example of finished *bravura* singing and vocal fluency. Like everything else she did, this great display was loudly applauded. Madlle. Cherton also sang the air from *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, "Ah! je veux briser ma chaîne," and with Mr. Drayton a duet from Boisselot's opera "Ne touchez pas à la Reine." She was not, I regret to say, encored in a single thing, but from

this you must not infer that the Madlle. Cherton did not excite a great sensation. The audience would have encored everything with enthusiasm, but their consideration for the fatigue of the charming vocalist overcame their desires—everything she sang was so long, and required so much exertion, that even the greatest musical *gourmand* present had not the heart to request a repetition. It is long since I have heard a vocalist who gave such unmitigated satisfaction; and I feel certain that if Mr. Mitchell's French opera company visit Liverpool, that we shall have a vocal and dramatic treat of the most enticing description.

Mr. Henry Drayton will, I think, be an acquisition to our native vocalists; he possesses a fine manly bass voice, which has been well cultivated, though it is yet rather rough. He was encored in the "Piff Paff," and Knight's "Rocked in the cradle of the deep." Signor Marras was encored in the *Pastorale*, from "Le Prophète," and the "Come gentil," both of which he sang with great taste. He also gave two airs by Donizetti and Pacini.

M. Demeur, *flautist*, to the King of the Belgians, played Bach's variations on the "Flaxen-headed Ploughboy." His tone is clear and limpid, and his execution exceedingly facile. He was much applauded.

M. Wheli played two solos; Mendelssohn's *Rondo Brillante*, with full orchestral accompaniments, and Osborne's *Marche Characteristique*, very effectively displaying great manual dexterity. M. Wheli's execution is brilliant, but would be much improved if he would play with a little more delicacy. Our chorus and band appeared to great advantage—both having lately much improved. The chorus were deservedly encored in the madrigal "Who shall in my lady fair," and Lord Mornington's "Here in cool grove," both of which were admirably sung.

The next performance of the Philharmonic Society will be Mendelssohn's *Elphig*, in which Herr Carl Fornes will sing.

Mr. Macready makes his last appearance in Liverpool next Monday and Tuesday, when he will appear in *Macbeth* and *Cardinal Wolsey*.

Ernst and Hallé give three chamber concerts in Liverpool, at the Royal Assembly Rooms, shortly.

A concert was given by Mr. Elsie Roberts, at the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson-street, on Monday evening; a large audience was assembled. A concerted piece, on six harps, entitled "Coliad yr Haul," or "Rising of the Sun," was executed. The performers were Miss M. A. Brewer, Mr. H. Green (Welsh harp), Miss Williams (vocals), and the "Pennillion" singers, as they are called.

Mr. George Holden gave his annual concert at the Royal Assembly-rooms, Great George-street, on Monday evening. The room was crowded. Mr. Holden was assisted by Mrs. Holden, Mrs. M. Dougall, Mr. Blewitt the buffo singer, Mr. Percival, *flautist*, and the members of the Apollo Glee Club. Mr. Holden presided at the piano-forte, assisted by his pupil, Master Skeef. The local press speaks highly of the performances of a Mr. Armstrong, a bass singer.

MUSIC AT BATH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Our accomplished townsman, Miss Kate Loder, gave a concert here at the Assembly Rooms on Monday evening, which excited very great interest from the circumstance, that the young artist, while she had been gaining the most solid and enviable reputation by her admirable performances before the most critical audiences in the country, has never until now appeared publicly in her native city.

On her entry Miss Kate Loder was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause, which was prolonged for a very considerable time with unabated fervor; this was a worthy welcome, and the sequel proved it not unworthily bestowed. Miss Loder's performance was, of course, the chief feature of the concert; she played Wallace's *fantasia* on the *Cracovienne*, and Leopold de Meyer's on *Lucresia Borgia*, which being both re-demanded with an expression of perfect rapture by the delighted audience, she substituted for the first, two of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, and for the second, the fantasia on *Guillaume Tell*. To offer our opinion upon Miss Loder's playing, after so very much has been said by the ablest critics, would be alike presumptuous and superfluous; let it suffice,

that she fully realised, if not surpassed, the exceedingly high expectations that had been raised of her and decidedly proved herself what she has been so often declared to be, the first lady pianist that this country has ever produced, and an artist of whom the whole musical world, and her fellow citizens of Bath in particular, have true reason to be proud. Besides this most favourable opportunity for us to appreciate Miss Loder's great executive talent, the present occasion afforded us also one of judging her powers as a composer, which are, indeed, very far above those of the generality of lady musicians; we had, in the course of the concert, two songs of her production, "The Blind Boy," and "So hab' ich wirklich dich verloren," sung respectively by Mr. F. Bodda, and Miss A. Hill, which both evince a very high order of musical feeling, tempered by most careful and judicious study; the latter song especially delighted us, and its merits were duly acknowledged by the audience.

The *Bath and Cheltenham Gazette* alludes to the fair pianist in the following enthusiastic manner:—

"On Monday evening, this talented young lady and eminent pianist made her debut before a Bath audience, by whom she was received with the most marked demonstrations of applause. Her playing was universally pronounced to be of the very first class of excellence; its devotion and firmness of her touch is perfect, and her execution is distinguished by the utmost rapidity and clearness. In fact, we feel that it would be impossible to speak too highly of her powers. She may be said, with truth, to combine every excellence of the modern pianoforte school. In the faultlessness of her execution she is unsurpassed by any pianist whom we remember to have heard, while in expression and feeling she is superior to most. She played two fantasias in the course of the evening,—one entitled, 'La Cracovienne' (by Wallace), the other, from 'Lucrezia Borgia,' composed by Meyer. Both these compositions, though abounding with the most difficult and elaborate passages, were played with an unassuming manner and a native grace which lent a double charm to the remarkable talent manifested by this youthful pianist. These fantasias were each covered with a hailstorm of approbation which attested the delight of the auditory. Instead of repeating the former, Miss Loder substituted two of the 'Lieder ohne Worte,' of Mendelssohn, which she had the honour of performing before Her Majesty, by Royal command. On being requested to repeat Meyer's fantasia, in the second part, she played a fantasia *ad libitum* from 'Guillaume Tell,' by Döhler. These pieces she performed with entire satisfaction to all who heard her."

Madame Macfarren, the extremely favourable reports of whose singing in her husband's opera had excited much interest, made also her first appearance in Bath at this concert; she sang Mendelssohn's exquisite little song "Das Veilchen," and the charming Lied of Gurechmann, "Sie ist mein," in her own language; the duet from *King Charles III.*, with Miss A. Loder, "Oh blest are young hearts," and her popular ballad from the same opera, "She shines before me," in English; and she proved herself to possess, besides an unusually beautiful contralto voice and great power of expression, a much more complete command of our language than any foreign singer we remember to have heard. Miss A. Hill, Miss A. Loder, Mrs. J. K. Pyne, Mr. Pyne, and Mr. F. Bodda, sang a variety of songs and concerted pieces, in which they all displayed their several talents to various advantage. Miss Hill pleased us in particular with her pure high soprano voice, and her admirably clear execution. M. Bianchi Taylor, our time-honoured professor, accompanied the vocal music.

MUSIC AT UXBRIDGE.

(From a Correspondent.)

MR. RICHARDSON'S Evening Concert, which had been announced for some weeks, took place on Thursday last, at the New Assembly Rooms, Uxbridge, in presence of a full and fashionable audience. An excellent bill of fare was put forth, and entrusted to the hands of first rate artists. Whether by this creditable step Mr. Richardson has reaped much benefit I greatly doubt; but I am certain the good folk of Uxbridge have not experienced such a musical treat for a long time, and will not be unmindful of it should "the great little man" determine to visit us again. I send you a programme, although I am aware it is against your general rule to give insertion to such articles. The whole performance went off well, and was highly relished by the audience. Miss Poole in every way supported her reputation, and well merited the warm reception that was given her. She was loudly encored in Balfe's "Zingari" song, and the "Cavalier." The Misses Williams were received with the strongest manifestations of satisfaction. Their chaste rendering of

poor Mendelssohn's exquisite two-part song "Oh! wert thou in the cauld blast," called forth a hearty and unanimous encore. They are great favourites in Uxbridge, as they are, or at all events deserve to be, everywhere. Kate Loder made her first bow to the inhabitants of this town, but I hope and believe, from the applause she won and the impression she has left behind, that it will not be her last. That she stands as a pianist in the first rank no one can deny. Her execution of Leopold de Meyer's difficult *Lucrezia Borgia* fantasia at once established her with her hearers, and in Bucher and Benedetti's brilliant duet for the flute and piano, she shared with Mr. Richardson the plaudits of the whole room. Frederick Lablache sang exceedingly well, and with a vast deal of humour. His "Largo al Faciotum" was loudly re-demanded. Mr. Benson, a rising artist, possesses a good voice, and has evidently studied carefully. Samton played twice. In the first part his own fantasia on the "Standard Bearer," and in the second the *Carnaval de Venise*. This excellent musician has now so long established his reputation among artists as one of the first of living violinists, that any detailed criticism on him were unnecessary. The "Standard Bearer" fantasia was most artistically played and vociferously applauded, and the "Carnaval" produced such a furore that Samton was obliged to return, although he had left the Concert Rooms, and repeat the variations. Richardson played two solos, Bucher and Benedetti's duet with Kate Loder, and the *obligato* flute part to Bishop's "Lo, here the gentle lark." He has long been acknowledged to be unrivalled as a solo player. I have heard most of the first rate flautists, both English and foreign, that have been before the public for the last fifteen years, but I never yet heard a solo played as Richardson can play it. His sweetness and perfect equality of tone and rapidity of intonation are marvellous. The public of M. Juillié's and the Wednesdays well appreciate his merits; and he is, as from his great talent he deserves to be, one of the most popular artists in England. Mr. F. B. Jowson was a most able conductor, and materially assisted in bringing the concert to a successful termination. And so ends my account of Mr. Richardson's Concert, which I, in common with others, hope will not be the last he means to give in Uxbridge.

MUSIC AT LIMERICK.

(From a Correspondent.)

MR. SAMUEL LOVER opened his Portfolio here on Monday evening to a fashionable and crowded audience, in the Philosophical Rooms. He afforded a rich treat to our citizens. His recitations were particularly good. His illustrations of Irish character were such as could be expected from the poet, song writer, dramatist, and novelist; now eliciting peals of laughter from his hearers, and afterwards exciting their sympathies with some tale of deeper interest. His trip to America has enriched his Portfolio with scenes of grandeur and specimens of the ludicrous. His song of "Sleighing the Deer" will become a great favourite; turning an interesting account of deer hunting, by a pretty conceit, into that universal pastime, sleighing. Mr. Lover elicited much laughter by his description of stump oratory. His invocation of the nymph who presides over Niagara Falls was poetical and graceful. His Irish songs were all happy, but in particular we would notice "I'm not myself at all." Mr. Lover was frequently encored, and responded to the calls most willingly. The audience appeared delighted throughout the evening, which they could not fail to be, since they were constantly kept on the *qui vive* with sketches of French manners, specimens of Irish character, and reminiscences of American scenes and persons, rendered in a style free from exaggeration and impregnated with true Irish humour. The evening's entertainment concluded with the laughable story of "Jimmy Hays" working his passage to America. T. D. S.

THE OLD MUSICIAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF J. F. LYSER.

(Concluded from our last.)

The first beams of the sun poured into the chamber, and awoke the old man. It was a clear and cold morning; the air was keen and bracing, the sky blue and cloudless, and the frost had wrought delicate tracery on the panes.

The old man looked out of the window for awhile, then went to awake his young companion. Alas! the hand that lay upon the bed-clothes was cold and stiff. Theodore's sorrows were ended. The spirit so nobly endowed had broken in the struggle with destiny.

Long did the old man gaze upon the pale remains, his features working with intense emotion. His last stay was broken, his only friend had departed; he was alone and forsaken in the world.

He sat down by the body, and remained motionless the whole day. As night came on, the woman who kept the house came to deliver a message to Theodore, and found the old man sitting by the corpse, exhausted and shivering with the cold. She led him into a warmer room, and gave him food.

The Old Musician and Theodore had lived together nearly two years. The youth supplied their wants by his small earnings as a portrait painter, and by his receipts now and then for a drawing. The old man had nothing; and the landlady, who saw that what Theodore had left would not last long, urged him to go to the overseer of the poor-house and seek an asylum. He repelled the idea, and answered, "No, I will go to Hamburg."

"To Hamburg!" replied the woman. "That you cannot do. Hamburg is a long way from Berlin, and before you reached there you would be on another journey."

But the next day the old man seemed to have forgotten his purpose. According to his custom before he met with his young friend, he wandered through the streets of Berlin, stopping to listen wherever he heard music. Sometimes he would go into the houses, being seldom prevented; for many remembered the Old Musician, whom they had concluded dead, and were glad to see him once more.

As he wandered, one evening, through the streets, he stopped in front of a palace brilliantly illuminated, from which came the sound of music. He was about to enter, according to his wont, but the Swiss porter pushed him rudely back; so he stood without and listened, and, in spite of the cutting night wind, he continued to stand and listen, murmuring often expressions of pleasure and admiration.

A lacquey in rich livery, running down the steps, encountered the old man, and cried in surprise, "Hal! is that you again, Old Musician? It is long since I have seen you. But why do you stand there shaking in the cold?"

"The Swiss would not let me pass," answered the old man.

"The Swiss is a shallow pate. Never heed, old friend, but come in with me, and I will bring you a glass of wine to thaw your old limbs. My lord gives a grand concert!" And he led the old man up the steps, saying to the porter, "You must never hinder him from coming in; it is no beggar but the Old Musician. He comes to hear the music, and my lord has given orders that he shall always be admitted."

The lacquey led the old man to a seat near the fire in the ante-room, and drew a folding screen before him. "Keep yourself quiet, my good friend," he said; "you are out of view here, and yet can hear everything. I will fetch you a glass of wine presently."

The old man sat still and listened to the music in the saloon; it thrilled through his inmost heart. He remained there many hours, till the lacquey, who had frequently visited him in his corner, came and said:

"It is time now to go, my friend; the company are dispersing; I will send my boy home with you."

"That was admirable music!" cried the old man, drawing a deep breath.

"I am glad you were pleased," replied the lacquey. "All you heard to-night was composed by the same master, who is now a guest of my lord."

"Who is he?"

"Master Naumann, chapel-master to the Elector of Saxony."

"A Saxon!" cried the old man. "Naumann! that is well, where is he?"

"Here, in the house."

"Let me speak with him."

"Certainly, if you want to ask anything."

"No, not to ask, I want to thank him."

"Well, you may come to-morrow morning."

"I will come."

Naumann was not a little surprised when the servant, the next morning, announced his strange visitor. To the question, Who was the Old Musician? the man could give no other answer than—"He is the Old Musician, and nobody in Berlin knows his name. He is sometimes half crazy, but is said to have a thorough knowledge of music."

"Let him come in," said Naumann; and the lacquey opened the door for the old man.

Naumann rose when he saw him, for in spite of his mean apparel, he had a dignity of mien that inspired with involuntary respect. Advancing to meet him, he said:

"You are welcome, my good sir, though I know not by what name to address you. But you are a lover of the art, and that is enough. Be seated, I pray you."

The old man, still standing, answered, "I come to thank you, sir chapel-master, for the pleasure of yesterday evening. I was privately a listener to the concert, in which were performed your latest compositions. I will not conceal from you my name; I am—FRIEDEMANN BACH."

Naumann stood petrified with astonishment. "Friedemann Bach!" he repeated at length, in a tone of deep and melancholy interest; "the great son of the great Sebastian Bach. It is strange indeed! Only last year I saw your brother Philip Emanuel at Hamburg. The excellent old man mourns you as dead."

"Let him do so," was the reply, "and all who knew me in better days; for the knowledge of my life, as it is, would make them unhappy. Even in Berlin none know that Friedemann Bach yet lives, not even Mendelssohn, the friend of Lessing, to whom I owed, that while he lived, I needed not to starve."

"What can I do for you?" asked Naumann. "Your brother told me your history. How shall I tell you all the admiration, the affection, the sorrow I have felt, and still feel for you? Tell me, what can I do?"

"Nothing," answered Bach; "you have done everything for me, in showing me what I could and should have done. I strove after that which you have accomplished. You know wherefore I failed, how my life was wasted, why I fell short in all my bold and burning schemes. But you heed not the warning of my history. You walk securely and cheerfully in the right path, and I can only thank you for your magnificent works. The blessing of God be with you! and now I feel that I have nothing more to do in this world."

The Old Musician departed, and Naumann, when he had collected his thoughts, inquired in vain where he could be found. Friedemann had not suffered the boy who went home with him the preceding evening to go to his door. At length Naumann happened to meet with Moses Mendelssohn, and mentioned what had occurred. Mendelssohn was amazed to hear that Friedemann Bach was yet living, and in Berlin.

The two made the appointment to go the next morning to the ancient abode of Lessing, where the Old Musician had lived.

They went together to the house of Lessing in Friedrichstadt. The Landlady opened the door.

"Does M. Friedeman Bach live here yet?" asked Mendelssohn.

"Ah, pardon me!" cried the woman, wiping her eyes with her apron; "just at this time yesterday they carried away my poor Old Musician. He died exactly three weeks after his young friend the painter, whom he loved so well." Her voice was interrupted by tears.

Mendelssohn and Naumann left the house in silence.

MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

(Continued from page 85.)

PARTE nec invidios. OVID. *Trist. Lib. I.*

Mr. LITTLE. I do not envy you.
Ridebis, deinde indignaberis, deinde ridebis at legeris non
potes crederes. FLENT, *Epist.*

Ω *verycurry.* EURIPID. *Med.*, v. 466.
Ah, you lewd scamp!

To canam

Callidum quicquid placuit jocose

Condere furto. HOE. *Carmis. Lib. I. Od. 2.*

A pny dastard animal, but versed
In subtle wiles. SOMERVILLE, *Chase II.*, 296.

Bookseller. I am glad to hear you acknowledge the thefts of the modern poets from the ancient ones, whose works I suppose have been reckoned lawful plunder in all ages. But have not you borrowed epithets, phrases, and even half a line occasionally, from modern poets? I FORGET WHO.

Μὲν οὖν τὸν ἄνακτορος. EURIPID. *Hecuba*, v. 983.

I'll make it appear that they're all stolen wares.

SWIFT. *Apolls to the Deen.*

Good morrow, Fox—good morrow, sir,

Pray what is that you're 'ating!

A fine fat goose I stole from you,

And, sir, will you come and taste him? WORDSWORTH.

Plagiarism the Twenty-first.

And such quick welcome as a spark receives,
Dropped on a bed of Autumn's withered leaves,
Did every tale of these enthusiasts find
In the wild maiden's sorrow-blighted mind.

SIR T. WYATT.

Then was I like the straw, when that the flame
Is driven thence by force and rage of winds.

GEORGE GARCIGNON.

And as the blazing brand

Might kindle rotten reeds,

E'en so her look a secret flame

Within his bosom breeds.

SOMERVILLE.—*A Dainty New Ballad.*

So when a pipe we smoke,

And from a flint provoke

The sparks that twinkling play,

The touchwood old and dry

With heat begins to fry.

And gentle waxes away.

I am indebted to Tom Hood for this illustration.

Plagiarism the Twenty-second.

No, had not reason's light totally set,
And left thee dark, thou hadst an amulet
In the lov'd image graven on thy heart,
Which would have sav'd thee from the tempter's art,
And kept alive in all its bloom of breath
That partly, whose fading is love's death.

The same image is repeated.

Though ruin'd, last, my memory, like a charm
Left by the dead, still keeps his soul from harm,

This fancy of an amulet is used by several poets:—

DAYDEN.—*Tyrannic Love*, act. v., scene 1.

Thy wandering steps, wherever fortune bear,

Your memory I in my breast will wear,

If which, as a precious amulet, I still

Will carry, my defence and guard from ill.

SHAKESPEARE.—*Absence; a Pastoral Ballad.*

The pilgrim that journey's all day

To visit some far distant shrine,

If he bear but a requiem away,

Is happy, nor hard to repine;

Thus widely removed from the fair,

Where my vow, my devotion I owe,

Sad hope is the relique I bear,

And my solace wherever I go.

SOUTHEY.—*Thalaba, the Destroyer*, Book vi.

Anon, a troop of females form'd the dance,

Their ancles bound with bracelet bells,

That made the modulating harmony.

Transparent garments to the greedy eye

Gave all their harlot limbs.

Which writhed in each immodest gesture skill'd.

With earnest eyes the banquettes

Fed on the sight impure;

And Thalaba, he gas'd,

But in his heart he bore a falaiam,

Whose belov'd self only

To virtuous thoughts refin'd

The loose suggestions of the scene impure.

Onward's image aware before his sight—

His own Arabian maid.

I did not, however, expect to find the Bohemian Poet, Barry Cornwall, poaching on this thought:—

Lo! you like life, like Heaven and happiness;

Lo! you do, and kept your name against his heart

(ill-boding amulet) till death.—*The Broken Heart.*

Plagiarism the Twenty-third.

'Twas from a scene—a winking trance like this—

He hurried her away, get breathing bliss,

To the dim charnel-house.

And posing on through upright ranks of dead,

Which, in the maiden doubly crazed by dream,

Seem'd, through the bluish death-light round them cast,

To move their lips in mutterings as she pass'd.

These are the most loathsome lines in the whole work. The incident of the charnel-house is taken from Vathek; the thoughts and corpses from John Wilson.

BACKWOOD.—*Vathek.*

By secret stairs, known only to herself and to her son, she first repaired to the mysterious recesses in which were deposited the mummies that had been brought from the catacombs of the ancient Pharaohs.

WILSON.—*City of the Plagues*, act iii., sc. 4.

Have we not often seen the unsheathed dead

Rear'd up like troops against the wall,

To us at distance seemingly alive.

Plagiarism the Twenty-fourth.

And thus her look—oh! where's the heart so wise

Could untroubl'd meet those matchless eyes?

Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,

Like those of angels just before their fall.

The thought in the first stanza is as old as the—

EARL SURREY.

Lemmana I had so fair, and of so lively hue,

That when gazed on their face might well their beauty rue.

The comparison in the second is hailed out of—

RICHARD ALISON.—*An Hour's Recreation in Munich*, 1606.

Her eyes, like angels, watch them still,

Her brows like bended bows do stand.

MARLOW.—*Dr. Faustus.*

As beautiful

As was bright Lucifer before his fall.

Plagiarism the Twenty-fifth.

*If there sensibility still wildly play'd,
Like lightning round the ruins it had made.*

COWLEY.

Like lightning that begot but in a cloud
(Though shining bright and speaking loud)
Whilst it begins, concludes its violent race,
And where it gilds, it wounds the place.

J. BROWN, A.M.—*An Essay on Satire.*
Let kindled by the sulphurous breath of vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it shines destroys.

Plagiarism the Twenty-sixth.

*If I'm bright, she thought, as if from Eden's track,
But half-way trodden, she had wandered back
Again to earth, listening with Eden's sight,
Her beauteous Azim shone before her sight.*

I do not know what sort of light this is, but the thought is stolen from—

BROWNE.—*Britannia's Pastorals.*
Love that question would anew
What fair Eden was of old,
Let him rightly study you,
And a brief of that behold.

Plagiarism the Twenty-seventh.

*O Reason! who shall say what spells renew,
When least we look for it, thy broken clue,
Through what small vistas o'er the darken'd brain
The intellectual day-beam bursts again.*

A half glance tells us that this is from

DRYDEN. *Conquest of Granada*, set iv., sc. ii.

Plagiarism the Twenty-eighth.

*Yet one relief this glance of former years
Brought, mingled with its pains—tears, floods of tears—
Farewell! some ease I in your falsehood find,
It lets a beam in that will clear the mind,
Long frozen at her heart, but now, like rills,
Let loose in spring time from the snowy hills,
And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,
Through valleys where their flow had long been lost.*

In Moore's *Songs and Ballads* we have the same thought.

*Though time have freeze'n the tuneful stream
O'er thoughts that gush'd along,
One look from thee, like summer's beam,
Will thaw them into song.*

And the converse of this frigid metaphor is twice repeated.

*Er'n then the full warm gushings of thy heart
I've check'd like faunt-drops frozen as they start!
And there, like them, cold, gushless relics hang,
Each fix'd and chill'd into a lasting pang.*

FINE WORKSHIPPERS.

*Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
Founts that but now in sunshine play'd,
Is the congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bottom when betray'd.*

Hearken now—hearken, my gentle supper-sages, to the originals.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON. (*England's Parnassus*.)
*As when the southern wind with lukewarm blast,
Breathing on hills where winter long had durst,
Dissoloth racks of ice that hung so fast,
So with this gentle prayer, though spoke in haste,
The dandel such an inward motion felt,
That suddenly her arm'd heart did soften
As unto womanhood it chaunceth often.*

SPENCER. *Poetry Queen*, book iii., canto v.
*Yet still he wanted as the snow conceal'd,
When the bright hue his beames thereon doth beat.*

FALCONER. *Shipwreck*, canto i.

*Her struggling soul, o'erwhelm'd with tender grief
Now found an interval of short relief
So melts the surface of the frozen main
Beneath the wintry sun's departing beam.*

COLERIDGE. *Religious Musings*, v. 441.

*Soaring aloft I break the empyreal air
Of Love omnific, omnipresent Love,
Whose day spring rises glorious in my soul,
As the great Sun, when he his influence
Sheds on the frost-bound waters. The glad stream
Flows to the ray and warbles as it flows.*

DRYDEN. *Palamon and Arcite*.

*His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his veins,
Like water which the freezing wind constrains.*

ON SANSCRIT AND PRACRIT POETRY. *Asiat. Res.* vol. x., p. 409.

Good advice, addressed to those whose understanding is astray, becomes vain, like the beams of the cold moon directed towards lakes eager for the warm rays of the sun.

Plagiarism the Twenty-ninth.

*As when in northern seas, at midnight dark,
An isle of ice encountered some swift bark,
And starting all its wretches from their sleep
By one cold impulse hurst them to the deep.*

This comparison of a sudden shock is lodged out of

SHIRLEY. *The Court Secret*, act v., sc. i.

*He's lost
And in this storm, like a distracted passenger,
Whose bark has struck upon some sand, I look
From the forsaken deck upon the seas.*

(To be continued.)

LORENZO DE MEDICI.

*Lasso a me quando io son li dove sia
Quell' angelico, alloro, e dolce volto
Il freddo sangue intorno al core accolto
Lascia senza color la faccia mia:
Poi miranda in voi mi par il pia,
Ch' io prendo ardore, e torna il valor tolto
Amor ne' raggi de' begli occhi involto
Mostra al mio tristo cor la cieca via;
E parlandogli allor, dice; io ti giuro
Poi santo lume di questi occhi belli
Ch' io vorò sempre teo; a ti auspicio
Esser vera pietà che mostran quelli:
Credegli lassù! di da me fuggi il core.*

TRANSLATION.

Ah me! whenever I see that angel face
And soft bright smile, my wild and panting blood
Flies to my heart in an absorbing flood
Pale grow my cheeks: yet when I mark the grace
That shines about her, I revive once more—
My soul regains the strength it lost before.
Love, who sits veiled in her enchanting eyes,
Still cheers me by his sweet seductive arts;
By those bright eyes, she swears, from which my darts
Draw all the force that in their bright bars lies,
I shall be always with thee; rest secure,
The beauteous maid shall yet be thine—be sure.
Words of deceit!—and yet my credulous mind
Believed it all, and up to Love my heart resigned. E. K.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CARLOTTA GRISI.—Before leaving Bath, the celebrated danseuse presented Mr. T. H. Salmon, the leader of the band at the theatre, with a gold bracelet and chain, as a trifling testimonial of her appreciation of the valuable services which he rendered to her in conducting the music to which she danced. Carlotta's success at Bath has been as triumphant as ever. She has won all hearts by

er innate grace and delicacy of deportment, as she has enraptured all eyes by the skill and beauty of her dancing.

GARDEN.—We are delighted to learn that there is no truth whatever in the report that the popular tenor of Her Majesty's Theatre died lately at St. Petersburg.

Mr. LUMLEY, the enterprising manager of Her Majesty's Theatre in London, has obtained a concession from the French Government to give a series of concerts *costumes* in Paris. The Government has liberally placed the hall of the Conservatoire de Musique at the disposal of Mr. Lumley for this purpose. The Société de Concerts made a strong but ineffectual opposition to Mr. Lumley. It is Mr. Lumley's intention to produce some of the first singers in Europe at these concerts. Madame Sontag has already arrived in Paris; Jenny Lind is expected; and there will be a succession of other stars. Mr. Lumley intends to produce some of the most splendid productions of Gluck, Cherubini, Mozart, Palestrina, Spontini, and other masters; and also the celebrated choruses of the Sistine Chapel. The announcement of Mr. Lumley's advent greatly delights the Parisians. An attempt to raise public feeling against him, on the ground of his being an Englishman, has completely failed.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Haydn's *Creation* is to be performed by the above Society, under the direction of Mr. Costa, on Friday the 22nd inst. Miss Birch, Mrs. A. Newton, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes, sustaining the principal vocal parts.

BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.—We are delighted to hear that M. Scipion Rousselot has made arrangements to resume these celebrated quartet meetings.

JETTY TREFF has left London for Vienna, to resume her duties as *prima donna* at the Opera, and will make her *réentrée* as Rose de Mai, in Halévy's *Val d'Andorre*.

Mr. BURN is about to give various readings from Shakspeare, at the St. James's Theatre. The announcement has caused much curiosity.

CLONMEL.—On Wednesday evening, Mr. Ryalls, of Liverpool, assisted by Mr. Hiles, Miss Ryalls, and Mr. Welbi, gave a concert at the Great Globe Hotel. Owing to the extreme inclemency of the weather, the attendance was exceedingly limited. Misses Hiles and Ryalls both possess voices and taste. Mr. Ryalls' voice has compass, and his singing is pleasing. We regret that the ladies and gentlemen of Clonmel should have missed hearing him. The performance of Mr. Welbi on the pianoforte was admired.—*Typewrite Free Press.*

DONCASTER.—An attractive bill of fare was presented for the second concert of the Philharmonic Society. In addition to the band performances from the works of Pleyel, Haydn, Bishop, &c., there were no less than eight songs, ballads, and duets. The vocalists engaged for the occasion were Mrs. Parkes, and Mr. Ryalls. The former has been heard in Doncaster at a former period; and the latter, who, we understand, is *primo tenore* at Liverpool, was a stranger. Mr. J. Rogers again assumed the post of conductor; and Mr. Hodgson, in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Seale, arising from a prior engagement, led the band. The concert opened with a *sinfonia* in D, (part 2).—*Pleyel.* Mr. Ryalls was recalled with a hearty welcome to the recitative "All is lost,"—"air 'Swell so gently,"—*Belini.* The duet, "Farewell for ever," (*Barnett*) followed: Mrs. Parkes was received with loud applause. Afterwards she sang "The Flower Girl." Her enunciation is clear and distinct, and her voice, though wanting in power, is of a sweet and agreeable quality. Mr. Ryalls sang Dibdin's song, "The Sailor's Journal," with a heartiness which was honoured with an *encore*, when he substituted "The Thorn." The first part concluded with Pleyel's *sinfonia* in D (part 2). Mrs. Parkes was *encored* in the "Summer Bloom," (*Hay*). The old ballad, "Sally in our Alley," by Mr. Ryalls, told remarkably well. He was again *encored*, and sang instead a humorous Irish song. This, however, did not satisfy his hearers, and "Sally" was loudly called for, and repeated. The Scotch ballad, "My boy Tammy," was given by Mrs. Parkes, and received marked appreciation. After the overture to *The Slave* (Bishop) by the band, the whole concluded with the National Anthem.—*Doncaster Gazette.*

ST. OMER, February 13th.—(From our own Correspondent).—Madame Montenegro, Signor Santiago, and his wife, Montelli, and others, commence a series of operas late on Friday, the 22nd inst. From the very favourable impression left by these artists last year,

it has made an unusual stir in the musical circles of this quiet town, and an excitement prevails which is quite unusual. I will send you an account of their proceedings after the first representation, —T. E. B.

A RANK ABSURDITY.—Mr. Colburn, the publisher, by way of recommending the naval novel, *The Petrel*, recently brought out anonymously, announces in his puff that it is by "an officer of rank." From this we gather that Colburn imagines that the literary excellence of a work of fiction must be in proportion to the height which its author has attained in his profession. Supposing this to be admitted, the senior Admiral of the Fleet must necessarily be a better novelist than Marryatt, who was only a Captain, and a better poet than poor Falconer, of the *Shipwreck*, who was only a jurist; and a better magazine-writer than the late Robert Douglas, R.N., who died a surgeon. Extending the theory to other professions, we should see Baron Alderson elevated over Warren, and Colonel Sillibourne preferred to Maxwell and Lever. Our friend Sir Jacob Shovel, K.B., has been swaggering at the Army and Navy Clubs most atrociously, since Colburn's paragraph appeared,—and sneers at the author of *Tom Cringle's Log*, who never held naval rank at all! If, however, we hand over the *Petrel* to Sir Jacob for an opinion,—which we may perhaps do,—he will probably bring the Officer of rank to a private Court-Martial, which will assuredly bring the said officer (however high his rank may be) down a "peg or two!"—*Passquin.*

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Fifth Representation of the New Opera Bouffon, the Music by Ambrose Thomas, entitled "LE CAID." Virgilio, Madlle. CHARTON.

Mr. MITCHELL respectfully announces that the performance of the French Plays will be continued at this Theatre.

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 18th,

When the Performances will commence at Eight o'clock precisely, with, by Express Desire, the New Opera Bouffon, entitled

LE CAID.

Virginie (lingère et modeste) - - - Madlle. CHARTON.

The Mise en Scene of this Opera by M. Folleville.

To conclude with the First Act of BOIELDIEU'S popular Opera Comique,

LA DAME BLANCHE.

Last Week but one of M. CHOLLET'S engagement.

Herold's popular Opera of "ZAMPA" will be repeated during the week. Adolphe Adam's Opera of "LE ROI D'YVETOT" will also be shortly repeated. The character of Jouselyn by M. CHOLLET.

And during the week will be produced the celebrated Opera of "LE POSTILION DE LONJUMEAU" in which M. CHOLLET will perform the character of "Chapelou," as originally performed by him upon the production of the Opera in Paris.

Exeter, 6s.; Pit, 3s.; Amphitheatre, 2s.

Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven o'clock, and the Performances commence at Eight.

M. BILLET

Begs leave to inform the Public that he intends giving a
SERIES OF THREE CLASSICAL CONCERTS,
 AT ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

Further particulars will be duly announced.

SIGNOR AND MADAME FERRARI,
(Professors of Singing at the Royal Academy of Music.)

Beg to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and their Pupils, that their Classes for the Cultivation of the Voice, and for Instruction in the various branches of Singing, will commence in the second week in March, for the Spring Season.

Early applications are respectfully requested, at 54, UPPER NORTON STREET, PORTLAND PLACE.

Signor and Madame Ferrari have vacancies for TWO IN-DOOR ARTICLED PUPILS.

MR. H. J. WHITWORTH

Begs to inform his Friends and Pupils that he has returned to Town for the Season.

10, Osmaburg Street,
 Regent's Park.

MR. CREVELLI

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that his Work on

THE ART OF SINGING,

Adapted with alterations and additions for the BASS VOICE, may be had at his Residence,

71, UPPER NORTON STREET,
 And at all the principal Music-sellers.

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MR. BRICCIADI will be happy to exhibit to Professors or Amateurs a Flute, manufactured according to his design by Messrs. NODALI and ROSE. With the exception of two positions, the fingering is that of the Eight-keyed Flute, but the tone and intonation are very much superior.

Mr. Bricciadi attends at Messrs. Russell and Rose's, 35, Southampton Street, Strand, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, between the hours of 2 and 3. His own address is 56, Haymarket.

Just Published.

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POLKA TREMOLA.

By MRS. JOHN MACFARREN,
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TWIN POLKAS,
(JULIE ET MARIE).

BY

WALTER CECIL MACFARREN.

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No. 8.—Vol. XXV.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1850.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE.
STAMPED FOURPENCE.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

This establishment will open with Weber's *Der Freischütz*, to-day three weeks. For a while will be the Caspar. The recitatives written by Berlioz, for Berlin, will be given. The substitution of *Der Freischütz* for *Gustave III.* is, we think, a decided mistake.

STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)

Op. 21 consists of another set of two impromptus on another melody of Henri Reber (*Deux Impromptus sur une mélodie de Reber*—Op. 21)—"La Bergeronnette," a truly charming little pastoral. M. Stephen Heller's partiality to the melodies of Reber is fully excused by the specimens he has chosen for the basis of his caprices and impromptus. There is a freshness about them, which now-a-days is rare indeed. Perhaps "La Bergeronnette" is the best of the three. The theme is first given simply—as in the other pieces we have noticed—in the key of A major. The impromptus are both very short. The first is an *allegretto con moto* in the key of the melody, of which it is a beautiful development. The second, in F sharp minor, also an *allegretto con moto*, is more fantastic and capricious, more lengthened, interesting, and difficult to play. In both impromptus the pastoral style of the subject is well preserved, the gaiety of the first presenting a happy contrast to the melancholy of the last. In their way we know of nothing more attractive than these ingenious bagatelles, which have the merit of perfect originality.

Op. 24 is an agreeable trifle for young performers. (*Petit Bijou sur une romance de la Chasie Susanne*, Op. 24.) The *Chasie Susanne* is unknown to us. The name of the romance is "Hélas! comment dans ma jeune âme?" M. Heller has turned it into a sparkling little *rondo* in C major, extremely easy to execute. We recommend this strongly to all masters who have young pupils under their care.

Op. 25 is another short piece, but not so easy as the preceding one. (*La Kermesse—Danse Néerlandaise.*) It is a waltz movement in E major, a perfect gem in its way, full of pretty harmonies and graceful passages, as clever and as interesting as the best of Chopin's *Mazurkas*.

(To be continued.)

ON THE PIANOFORTE PLAYING OF W. STERNDALÉ BENNETT.

Who hath not dreamed of bliss beyond the grave?
Who hath not panted for diviner rest
Than life's sweet slumber? who hath ceased to crave—
(When love's quick thorns his quivering flesh have prest
Spring midst her roses)—for that unknown shore
Where life is love, and beauty fades no more!

But little such may muse as those who feel
After Eternity in Tone's pure art—
Who languish, thirstingly, until there steal
Some hint of Heaven from her ethereal heart
Into their's darkling—those with soul on fire,
Of love which only Music can inspire.
Let them hear *Thee*, who teachest—let them learn
The immortal, breathing forth in blissful woe
From thy deep touch—from hands which seem to yearn
After some string whose pulses should not flow
Out into silence—some rich instrument
With its vibrating answer never spent.

Thousands may be who listen, learning not
The burden of that never-weary tale—
But here and there, some soul without the spot
Of worldly thought—whose cheek, like *thine*, is pale
With pathos of the spirit—hearth, faint
With ecstasy, what none can speak or paint.

Oh, master mild, and proud interpreter!
Who to such music lends such light as thine?
The sounds that stream, the piercing notes that stir,
Clear, perfect, keen as starlight, surely shine
Insistent with prophecy of what is known,
Where "they who have endured" rest alone.

'Tis of the earth—not earthly!—the strange sorrow
That into thy white lonely keys doth creep.
A mood of woe that needs no bliss to borrow,
For soon song cradles it, her child, asleep;
Feeds it on dreams of that celestial band,
Where no strain falters, droops no nerveless hand.

'Tis of the Earth! for even as rain-wash'd flowers
Smell sweeter, sublimer, after the still rain;
Even so it seems thine high harmonious powers
Exhale in tears some strength of stormy pain
O'er-past, but trembling o'er the bright'ned mind
Like the moist airs the storm-cloud leaves behind.

'Tis of the Earth! for round it fall and float
All fiery-pure and passionate memories;
The Spirit drinks each mellow-ordure note,
And writhes with bliss; no oriental skies
Ere ripen'd fruits rich as the thoughts that break
Upon the listener when thine hand doth wake.

It is not earthly—for it never stays
Where spirits crush'd start up at music's call,
Then sink heart-weary; never it alloys
The thirst at founts that only rise to fall;
But lifts us surely into golden air—
The Gate of Heaven, and leaves us listening there.

C. R.

MR. STERNDALÉ BENNETT'S CLASSICAL SOIREEs.

MR. BENNETT has resumed his performances of classical chamber music at the Hanover Square Rooms. Since 1842, the year if we be not mistaken in which he first established them (at his own residence in Charlotte Street Fitzroy Square) they have been continued without intermission. Performances of this kind have now become very general much (we are not sorry to say) to the detriment of the fashionable concerts, which have diminished in a parallel ratio. But though two pianists out of every three treat their friends and patrons to

concerts of chamber music, classical and unclassical (good or bad) Mr. Bennett's have lost none of their original attraction. Nor are they likely to do so until a better pianist than he shall appear on the musical horizon, an event hardly to be anticipated in our times.

The programme provided by Mr. Bennett for his first performance on Tuesday evening was one in the highest degree attractive. Much better than describing it will be to reprint it entire :—

PART I.

Sonata in G, major, Op. 96, Violin and Pianoforte, Herr Ernst and Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett	<i>Beethoven.</i>
Solo Sonata in F, major, Pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett	<i>Mozart.</i>
Song, "Amor mi mio penar," Miss Dolby (Liaise)	<i>Handel.</i>
Caprice (in B flat minor), Op. 33, dedicated to Mr. Klingeman, Pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett	<i>Mendelssohn.</i>

PART II.

Divisions, Pianoforte (A quatre mains), Mr. W. S. Bennett and Mr. W. G. Cousins	<i>Bennett.</i>
Song, "I arise from dreams of thee," Miss Dolby	<i>Macfarren.</i>
Sonata in C minor, Violin and Pianoforte, Herr Ernst and Sterndale Bennett	<i>Bach.</i>
Selections from the "Lieder ohne Worte," Pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett	<i>Mendelssohn.</i>

The assistance of Ernst was of high importance to Mr. Bennett, who in the German violinist found one like himself—a thorough artist, a perfect executant, and a poetical interpreter of the inspirations of the great masters. The sonata in G—the *gran*! one (our readers are aware that there are two in this key) is less often played than many of the violin sonatas of Beethoven and was the more welcome in consequence. It is one of the most charming and one of the most fantastic of the wonderful gallery of *chef d'œuvres* to which it belongs. The difficulties of execution which it presents are more than in most of the sonatas. Both violinist and pianist have their hands full. But what are the difficulties that would not vanish before such executive skill as Ernst and Sterndale Bennett possess?—and what are the mysteries of expression of which they are not cognizant? It was indeed a performance in which the highest refinement of style went hand in hand with the rarest perfection of mechanism. Ernst was divine in the *adagio*. It was the song of a spirit "mourning for its mate"—as a poet said of something far less beautiful.

The sonata of Mozart, the *grand* one in F, was a great treat, played as it was by Mr. Bennett. The close points of imitation, in the triplet passages of the first movement, were given with a crispness and a certainty that could not be excelled. The slow movement in B flat was rendered as only a true disciple of the Mozart school could render it; the cadences were rounded with Italian finish, and the *cantabile* phrases sung with the glowing fervour of a Mario. The playful *rondo* was deliciously played. In short the entire performance was worthy of the music and the player.

But perhaps the greatest treat of all was the *caprice* of Mendelssohn in B flat minor, a wild and passionate effusion, in which Mendelssohn is as entirely himself as in anything which he wrote for the piano. The three caprices to which this admirable composition belongs* are less generally known than many of the pianoforte works of Mendelssohn, although few merit better the attention and admiration of his worshippers. The other two are in A minor and E major. If we have a preference it is for the one in B flat minor, which Mr. Bennett introduced on Tuesday night. This consists of an *adagio* and an *allegro agitato*. The *adagio* is a sublime

progression of harmony in full chords, of a solemn and impressive character. The *allegro*, restless and exciting, presents more than ordinary difficulties to the player. But Mr. Bennett knows no difficulties, and both movements were executed by him in a faultless manner. In the *allegro* he strongly reminded us of Mendelssohn himself.

The sonata of Bach is a curious specimen of the music of a time when *sonata* meant a very different thing from what Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven made it afterwards express. It is interesting, but not beautiful. No abundance of melodic phrase atones for the absence of form, while the rhythm is broken and imperfect throughout. It is, like most of Bach's music, as perplexing to execute as it is perplexing to follow. It was, however, played in such masterly style by the two performers, that it was listened to with unabated attention and very much applauded by Mr. Bennett's fashionable and not easily-pleased audience. In the *siciliano* and *adagio* Ernst, by an instinct of phrase which is one of the peculiar beauties of his style, managed to make a seemingly continuous song out of a *suite* of fragments in which the ear longed in vain for a definite close.

How Mr. Bennett plays the *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn needs not be recounted here. He chose, on this occasion, the short one in A from Book 1, those in E and A minor from Book 3, and the one in E from Book 5. At the end he was recalled by the whole audience, and returning, played two more—those in E and A major (the *Chasse*) from Book 1.

The only fault of the concert was that Mr. Bennett gave so little of his own music. The *Three Divisions*, for two performers on the piano, were all he introduced into the programme. These charming bagatelles were admirably played, Mr. Bennett's clever pupil, Mr. Cousins, King's Scholar at the Royal Academy of Music, taking the first part. We were aware that Mr. Cousins was a highly promising violinist,—having studied under M. Sainton, of whom, we believe, he is still a pupil—and we remember his playing a concerto on the pianoforte at one of the Academy Concerts. Since then, however, he has made remarkable progress, and he now exhibits every indication of having equally as good dispositions for the pianoforte as for the violin. We sincerely congratulate him on this double exhibition of talent, which is the more to be admired for its rarity.

The two songs chosen by Miss Dolby were worthy of her choice. That of Handel makes us curious to know more of an opera which owns so exquisite a gem. That of Macfarren was a fit companion, as it could not otherwise be, since it is not unworthy of the words to which it is allied—one of the most passionate and beautiful of Shelley's minor poems.* Miss Dolby sang them both to perfection.

We have said little of the applause bestowed upon the performances. Let that be understood. Mr. Bennett's audience has by this time become used to his system of education, and knows that the only way to appreciate him is to appreciate the music of his predilection. The concert we have endeavoured to describe contained nothing else; but that it was found neither lengthy nor unattractive may be surmised from the fact that the end of the last piece found the room as full and the audience as attentive and pleased as at the beginning of the first.

* The song, "I arise from dreams of thee," is one of the "Lyrics"—a succession of vocal and instrumental pieces composed by Mr. Macfarren for his wife, Madame Macfarren, in process of publication, by Messrs Cramer, Beale, and Co.

MR. WILLY'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

THE sixth and last of these interesting performances took place on Monday evening, in the small music-room of St. Martin's Hall. Between 400 and 500 persons were present. Mr. Willy has conscientiously adhered to the plan with which he set out; his programmes have been strictly confined to music of the highest class, and on no one occasion has he found it necessary to court popularity by the introduction of anything beneath the acknowledged standard. The concerts have been invariably well attended, which proves beyond dispute that a public exists, among the middle classes, capable of appreciating and anxious to listen to that which, for the sake of a distinction, has been termed "classical" music. What the Sacred Harmonic Society has done for choral music, and M. Jullien for orchestral, Mr. Willy has begun to do for the music of the chamber; and perhaps his task is the most arduous of the three, since chamber music, from its refined character, naturally addresses itself to a smaller number than either of the others. The public intelligence once awakened, there is now no means of drawing back. The Philharmonic Society and the Italian Operas will, no doubt, continue to appeal successfully in that favoured quarter where guineas and half-guineas are plentiful. But art is universal, and those intellectual enjoyments which have hitherto been wholly monopolised by a few are, through the spirit of progress, on the point of being thrown open to the multitude. A shilling will now find ready admission where, not long ago, a crown might have stayed begging at the door. The privilege of velvet cushions and easy chairs may remain while there are people willing and rich enough to pay for them; but the privilege of hearing good music is rapidly coming to an end. So much the better for music; so much the better for its professors, great and small, who are likelier to benefit by the hearty cheers of the million than by the chary dispensations of kid gloves and cambric handkerchiefs. The larger the public, the more employment for the musician, who must indeed be short-sighted if he fail to perceive that his best interests are involved in marching zealously with the times. Music is with us no longer a luxury; it has become a necessity. Where there is a public want, there will always be speculators to satisfy it, at the lowest cost commensurate with a certain amount of profit. That there is now a public want for good music, daily becoming greater and more general, will scarcely be denied; and although Mr. Willy is a distinguished member of our most expensive musical institutions, he has prudently joined the ranks of those who anticipate honour and emolument from supplying the great crowd with substantial amusement, at charges within the means of all who can afford to pay a moderate sum for the agreeable employment of their hours of leisure.

The programme of Monday night's concert was in all respects excellent. Let it speak for itself.

PART I.

Quintet (in A major, Op. 18.) two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello, Messrs. Willy, Zerbini, Westlake, Waad, and Piatti Mendelssohn.
Air, Mrs. Noble Mozart.
Air, Mrs. Land, "O, cara imagine" Mozart.
Grand Trio, (in D major, No. 1, Op. 70) Piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. W. Sterndale Bennett, Willy, and Piatti Beethoven.

PART II.

Sonata Duo, (in B flat, Op. 45), piano-forte and violoncello, Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett and Signor Piatti Mendelssohn.
Song, Mrs. Noble, "A fire-side Song" W. F. Wallace.
Selection, piano-forte, Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett, Genevieve—Romance. Rondo Piacetole, (Op. 25) W. S. Bennett.

Song, Mr. W. H. Seguin E. J. Loder.
Grand Quintet (in E flat minor, Op. 87) piano-forte, violin, viola, violoncello, and Contra-Basso, Messrs. W. Sterndale Bennett, Willy, Westlake, Piatti, and Pratten Hummel.
Accompist, Mr. Land.

Mendelssohn's quintet—one of its author's most refined and ingenious works—was admirably executed, and highly relished by the audience. The *scherzo* in D minor, in which the composer has ventured into the realms of fairy, with the success that never failed him, was loudly encored. The marked plaudits bestowed upon the point where the violoncello so unexpectedly introduces the *reprise* of the first theme, was a just and discriminating compliment to the finished execution of Signor Piatti, who as a classical player, no less than as a brilliant soloist, has no living rival. Beethoven's grand and mystic trio, a work in which the later style of the composer is fully developed, was not a bit too much for the audience to understand and to like. It was played with the utmost effect by Messrs. Sterndale Bennett, Willy, and Piatti, and each movement liberally applauded, the solemn adagio in the minor key, on this occasion, proving anything but *caviare* to the crowd. But perhaps the most masterly display of executive skill during the evening was the sonata of Mendelssohn, by Sterndale Bennett and Piatti, upon whose respective merits it is unnecessary to dilate. We have seldom heard anything more satisfactory and complete than the manner in which this brilliant and difficult duet was rendered by these accomplished players. The selection from Mr. Bennett's own compositions, executed by himself on the piano-forte, and Hummel's clever quintet, were warmly applauded. The vocal pieces, by Mrs. Noble, Mr. Land, and Mr. W. H. Seguin, were well selected and ably executed.

Mr. Willy has announced a series of grand orchestral performances in the large room of St. Martin's Hall. If carried out with the like spirit, they can hardly fail to meet with the like encouragement.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

(From an occasional Contributor.)

THE opening of St. Martin's Hall forms an important event in the musical history of London; for, until now, the greatest city of the world has been without a proper building for music. Whilst every principal continental city has had its Music Hall, it has been the disgrace of the English capital to be left without one; and this disgrace is the more poignant as many of the provincial towns of England have magnificent edifices for this purpose. In London it has been left to private enterprise to supply the deficiency, and to the persevering and undaunted energy of Mr. Hullah are the inhabitants of London indebted for an endeavour to provide them with a suitable erection, constructed on proper principles for musical performances.

The principal buildings that have hitherto been used for music are the Ilanover Rooms, Willis's Rooms, the Opera Concert Rooms, Wornum's Store Street Hall, the large rooms at the Freemasons' and Crown and Anchor Taverns, two or three minor concert rooms, and, finally, Exeter Hall. It is with this last building that we propose to show the comparative advantage enjoyed by Mr. Hullah's hall, in its facilities for properly rendering large works, since all the others are on much too small a scale to justify the performance in them of the highest class of orchestral compositions. When completely finished, the proportions of Mr. Hullah's hall will be 122 feet long, 53 feet wide, and 40 feet high—being about 10 feet longer than Exeter Hall, but not so wide by 20 feet; the

height of both being about equal. These proportions are admirably arranged, the height being well adapted to the length and breadth; and it is not only in height that Exeter Hall loses by comparison, but in the utter want of adaption of the roof for sound. This is the more remarkable after having attended a performance in St. Martin's Hall, and then listened to one in Exeter Hall. The perfect acoustic principles displayed in the erection of the former building insensibly present themselves to the ear, whilst in the latter the want of these principles is equally though painfully apparent. The hollow roof is a great cause of this, added to the want of proportionate height. If we compare the height with that of the Birmingham and Liverpool halls, both built on the principle best adapted for conveying sound, we shall find it much below the standard, the Birmingham Hall being 25 feet and St. George's Hall 35 feet higher than Exeter Hall. Again, if we take Westminster Abbey—an arena unmatched for the purpose of a music-hall—we there find a height of 92 feet against a length of 240 feet and breadth of 68 feet.

It will therefore be seen that in the important point of height St. Martin's Hall has an immense advantage. Another superiority it possesses is in length, as compared with Exeter Hall, but this advantage would be nugatory were the length of Exeter Hall extended to its limits, instead of, as at present, being limited to the pillars at its eastern boundary. This bad arrangement forms a decided evil in the building; for at present, the recesses, whether used for orchestra or audience, are equally inconvenient. When a chorus is put there, it but indistinctly blends with the general effect of the orchestra; when the audience are there, they get but an imperfect understanding of the performance.

Another point in which St. Martin's Hall excels is in its gallery, uninterrupted by pillars and stretching round the room; and as regards conveniences for concerts and public meetings, the arrangements for the entrances, exits, &c., are vastly superior to those at Exeter Hall. Finally, in its ventilation, the greatest attention has been shown to produce the most perfect system, whereas in Exeter Hall it is wretchedly deficient. It follows, therefore, from this combination of advantages, that, when finished, St. Martin's Hall must take the lead as the music-hall of London; unless there is some truth in the two rumours that have lately reached us; first, that the directors of Exeter Hall have resolved to make such extensive alterations as will adapt it entirely for a music-hall, and secondly, that a project is on foot for raising a joint stock capital for building a new music-hall for London. Either, or both of these schemes will meet with our hearty support, convinced that the more eligible the buildings that may be erected, so much more is gained towards the advancement of the art. But until these schemes assume a more "embodied idea," St. Martin's Hall must, *par excellence*, remain the best music-room in the metropolis.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

THE eighteenth concert was the first of the spring series and the first on a new plan. The whole of the opening part of the programme was devoted to selections from the works of Mozart, in the following order:—

Grand symphony in G minor.

Grand aria, Herr Formes (from *Il Seraglio*).

Grand aria, Mrs. A. Newton. "Se merito il tuo sdegno" (from *Il Seraglio*).

Sonata, violin and pianoforte, Herr Ernst and Mr. W. S. Bennett.

Selection from *Il Don Giovanni*:—

Introduction and quartet, Mrs. A. Newton, Mr. Land, Mr. Drayton, and Herr Formes.

Song, Miss R. Isaacs, "Vedrai carino."

Aria, Mr. Sims Reeves, "Il mio tesoro."

Song, Mrs. A. Newton, "Batti, batti." (Violoncello obbligato, Mr. W. L. Phillips.)

Canonetta, Herr Formes, "Deh vieni alla finestra." (Mandoline obbligato, Herr Stehling.)

Seater, Mrs. A. Newton (Donna Anna), Miss Eyles (Donna Elvira), Miss R. Isaacs (Zerlina), Herr Formes (Leporello), Mr. Land (Don Ottavio), and Mr. Drayton (Masetto).

Overture, *Il Flauto Magico*.

Nor was the selection a mere pretext for stringing together a number of popular and well-known pieces by this universal master. The first piece, the superb orchestral symphony in G minor, was played without curtailment, in a style that reflected equal credit on the band, whose neat and pointed execution was irreproachable, and on the conductor, Herr Anschuetz, who indicated the times with invariable correctness and decision. We have rarely, indeed, heard a band of forty performers play with more decided effect. The symphony was listened to with strict attention, and loudly applauded at the end of each movement. Had Herr Anschuetz been as eager to accept encores as a great many singers we could mention, he would certainly have repeated the slow movement, the exquisite melody and instrumentation of which made a lively impression upon the audience. The two vocal pieces which followed were both good, and both cleverly sung; the first, the gardener's song, "Wer ein Liebchen hat gefunden," from the *Seraglio*, by Herr Formes; the second, a florid cavatina for soprano, from the same opera, by Mrs. A. Newton. After this Herr Ernst and Mr. Sterndale Bennett played one of the finest of the sonatas for violin and pianoforte—that in E flat. The performance was worthy of the music, more than which need not be said. The sonata, long as it is, unobtrusive in style, and offering few occasions for the display of brilliant execution, was received with distinguished favour, and in repeating the parts of the different movements according to the composer's directions, Herr Ernst and Mr. Sterndale Bennett displayed more confidence in the taste and feeling of their audience than Herr Anschuetz, who, to save about three minutes of time, omitted the necessary repeats of the slow movement and minuet of the symphony. A selection from *Don Giovanni*, beginning with the overture, was capitally performed. We have heard Mr. Sims Reeves sing nothing more finely than "Il mio tesoro," which gives full scope to the power and beauty of his voice, and calls into request the best qualities of his singing; but we should have been still better pleased had Mr. Reeves been courageous enough to abandon the Italian alteration of one of the most striking points in this air, where, instead of sustaining a long note through the accompaniment, according to Mozart's intention, the voice is made to sing a passage which belongs to the violins. The pretext for this liberty (originally introduced by Rubini)—the display of a B flat in alt—is a sorry one indeed. It is surely of more consequence that Mozart's music should be sung correctly than that an audience should be convinced by example of the quality of any particular note in the register of a singer's voice, when that particular note is quite beside the purpose. The seater, "Sola, sola," by Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Eyles, Miss Isaacs, Herr Formes, Mr. Land, and Mr. Drayton, concluded the *Don Giovanni* selection, and the splendid overture to *Die Zauberflöte* brought the first part of the concert—that dedicated to Mozart—to an end, amidst applause the heartiness of which was unquestionable.

The second part consisted of a selection from the *Huguenots*, and a miscellany after the ordinary fashion. The band expended its strength to little avail on the overture to the *Dame*

Blanche. Mr. H. Drayton was encoined in Knight's ballad, as was also Mr. Sims Reeves in Raoul's song, and Formes in the "Piff, paff." The most enthusiastic encore of the evening, however, was awarded to Ernst in Mayseider's *Air Varié*. This was indeed a marvellous performance, more especially the first variation, played in *thirds* and *sixths* all through (instead of Mayseider's single notes), and the *cadenza*, composed and introduced by Ernst himself, one of the most surprising feats of execution ever accomplished by human hands. On the whole, the last concert was one of the most satisfactory ever given by Mr. Stammers at Exeter Hall.

GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.

ELOGIA I.

*Una parte guardé de tus cabellos
Ella, encuellos en un blanco pano,
Que nunca de mi seno se me apartan;
Descríylos, y de un dolor tamano
Enternecerme siento; que noire ellos
Nunca mis ojos de llorar se hartan.
Sin que de allí se partan,
Con suspiros calientes,
Mas que la llama ardientes,
Los enxugo del llanto, y de consumo
Casi los panes y cuento uno a uno:
Juntándolos con un cordon los ate;
Tras este el importuno;
Dolor me deca dexarun un rato.*

TRANSLATION.

O my lost love, Eliza! still I hold
One dear, dear ringlet of thy raven hair,
Twined up in silk with care—alas! with care.
I wear it near my heart, but when unrolled
It lies before me, big tears of despair,
Wild melancholy melancholy, fill my eyes.
O'er the loved tress my inmost spirit sighs,
Weak as an infant, and I muse in sadness,
The victim of a lonely solitary madness.
O my lost love, Eliza! see me weep—
Behold me wildly kiss this cherished tress,
Torn from thy locks of raven loveliness.
In tears of blood the relic still I steep—
Still to my lips thy dear, dear hair I press.
I fold it as a love-knot, and I bind
It round my neck, dear love! This hells my mind;
I taste a short forgetfulness of sorrow,
But wake to keener anguish on the morrow.

E. K.

THE PROGRESS AND INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

NO. IV.

(From the *Morning Post*.)

THE name of this Journal having been taken in vain in a letter headed "Rossini and the *Morning Post*," and signed "Senex," which appeared in a recent number of a contemporary periodical, called the *Musical World*, we presume some reply will be expected from us. We will, therefore, although we have "no devotion to the deed," bow to custom, and content, by our notice, to give an importance to the effusion which it would not otherwise possess.

It is an ungrateful task to fight with shadows, or to enter into a contest, the contemptible nature of which robs enthusiasm of its fire and victory of its exultation. It is equally disagreeable to be forced to drag imbecility into the broad glare of day and expose its infirmities. Pity prompts us to leave it in its native obscurity; but our duty, as public critics, tells us we must not allow opinions to go abroad which may tend to mislead the public mind on an important subject, however silly they may be, for silliness is contagious.

The *Musical World* has recently done us the honour to reproduce our articles on "The Progress and Influence of Music," and has acknowledged the obligation. It has, at the same time, stated that it does not pledge itself to any of the opinions therein advanced or principles advocated; at which we much rejoice, for it is our happiness to differ on most points from our contemporary, and, were our ideas of art by any accident to coincide with his, we should begin to feel some anxious misgivings respecting the state of our musical mind.

The letter to which we would call attention is quite a curiosity. The pseudonym of "Senex" is admirably characteristic of its style, for evidence is to be found in every line of its having been indited by some very old nian or woman. It possesses every attribute of childhood except ingenuousness—all the greenness of extreme youth without its freshness. Its satire is as cutting as a down-bed, and its scorn as withering as the newly-budding spring flower.

We cannot undertake to wade through the two columns of twaddle with which the *Musical World* has favored its readers, but shall content ourselves with giving a summary of the writer's remarks upon the *Morning Post*. We stated in our article No. 2 (Dec. 27, 1849), upon the "Progress and Influence of Music," that the Italian Opera was brought to perfection by Mozart, and that with Rossini, his immediate successor, commenced its degeneration; that is, that Rossini was but a degenerate successor to Mozart; to which the venerable "Senex," makes the following reply, to the editor of the *Musical World*:—

"Sir,—I have read in your journal two papers on the 'Progress of Music,' extracted from the *Morning Post*, containing opinions in which I cannot suppose you entirely acquiesce. The writer has evidently written earnestly, but I apprehend he has fallen into a great mistake when, in his remarks upon the Italian school of operatic music, he says that with 'Rossini commenced its degeneration.' This implies that there were composers of opera in Italy greater than Rossini before his time, and that at the period when Rossini commenced writing Italian opera had reached its culminating point."

None but "Senex" could have arrived at so thorough a comprehension of our meaning!

"Let us consider who were the composers and what were their operas. I am not learned enough to know anything about the *Dafni* and *Euridice* composed by Peri and Caccini, in 1590 [we believe this], but I know something of the operas of Fiescillo and Cimaroza, and am old enough [we doubt it not] to remember the *Armida* and *Montezuma* of Sacchini, produced in London about the year 1793. From that period to the present time, partly from choice, partly from professional occupation, I have attended the Italian Opera House every season, and may be allowed to know something of the different operas produced, and the reputation gained by the several composers. In vain I search my memory to recall the great composers for the Italian opera who brought the lyric drama to such perfection, and to whom Rossini was but a degenerate successor, I know all their names but I know nothing of their personal merit."

We believe this.

"Who could the writer mean? The favourite composers at the Italian Operas, previous to Rossini's time, were Sacchini, Sarti, Martini, Piccini, Portogallo, Bianchi, Salieri, Naxosini, Guglielmi, Paisiello, and Cimaroza, amongst the Italians; and Glöck, Paer, and Winter amongst the Germans. I omit Mozart [!] as his operas were not performed at the King's Theatre until somewhere about Rossini's time. More shame for the King's Theatre!"

Now, really, with all due consideration for the infirmities of age, we cannot allow our venerable friend this liberty. We are aware that the name of Mozart is extremely inconvenient to him; that it is necessary to remove it before his argument can obtain even a shadow of plausibility; that it opposes an insuperable barrier to his attempted attack upon us—but still we are inflexible; and although we cannot but smile at the

unmercenary simplicity with which "Senex" proposes to omit him from the list of Italian opera writers who preceded Rossini, he must assign some better reason for displacing the "Cavaliere Philarmónico," who was the idol of the Italian public and the wonder of his own time, as he will be the admiration of succeeding ages, than the bare fact of his operas not having been performed at the King's Theatre, London, until "somewhere about Rossini's time," before he can hope to be listened to with patience.

We stated that Rossini was a degenerate successor to Mozart, whose name represents the highest glories of Italian opera. "Senex" flatters himself that he has confuted our "extraordinary statement," by asserting that Rossini's works are better than those of Portogallo, Nasolini, &c., and observes, triumphantly, that we have "fallen into a great error" in not supposing that Rossini brought Italian opera to perfection, because the old King's Theatre acted shamefully in not producing the works of Mozart as soon as it ought to have done. But enough of this.

The writer, subsequently, amongst other things, observes, that Paciniello was a "most charming and fanciful writer," and "full of melody which is remarkable for its simple and touching beauty, and which has survived"—that Piccini wrote a *pretty and sparkling* opera—that Pucitta's *Caccia d'Erice* is *light and amusing*, &c. These singular remarks afford additional evidence of the extreme senility of the writer. His memory plays him false, for the above much-lauded composers belong to those antecedents of Rossini of whose *superior merit* "Senex" knew nothing at the commencement of his epistle. Perhaps, however, he will not admit a "most charming and fanciful writer," whose works are full of beautiful melody, touching, simple, and enduring in its character, to have any claim to "superior merit," and pretty and sparkling, or light and amusing operas, find no favour in his eyes. He then proceeds to remark that Cimarosa's *chef d'œuvre*, the admirable *Matrimonio Segreto*, is dull and spiritless; and respecting Glück, whom he classes amongst the Italian opera writers, he gives us the following information:—

"With great musical feeling and much dramatic power, there is an evident want of variety and contrast in Glück's music; and the subjects he has chosen appear to point to a particular state of mind. Nor do I think that the invention of this composer was always remarkable. At any rate, whatever he may have been, his works have gone the way of all flesh, and Cimarosa is the more fortunate of the two, for while he has left one work which is occasionally raked from the ashes of oblivion [this is a new figure!] poor Glück has not one! Surely it is not too much to assume that, what has not survived the lapse of time must needs have been deficient in extraordinary merit."

We were also of that opinion until we became aware of the existence of "Senex," who affords a striking instance to the contrary!

It is thus that the *Musical World* correspondent presumes to speak of one of the greatest dramatic composers of any age or time whose wonderful and accompanied relatives are sufficient to immortalise him, to say nothing of the lovely melodies and powerful choruses with which his works abound. Our superannuated critic appears also to be ignorant of the fact that Glück's operas are stock works on the German stage, where they are constantly performed. He then attacks Winter, calling him a "hen fuch," a "chup," and "the white of an egg without salt." Mayer, the author of *Medea*, comes next, and receives much abuse for being "dull and heavy;" and, after bestowing many blows and buffets upon every composer whose name he can recollect who had the misfortune to precede Rossini, the writer indulges in a high flown panegyric upon his idol; after which he says,

"I trust I have proved satisfactorily that, antecedent to Rossini's time, the Italian opera had not arrived at perfection, by showing that there was no composer of sufficient genius to have achieved that object."

So far he is consistent in his ignorance or disingenuousness. No composer but Rossini finds favour in his eyes. Mozart is quietly dismissed, as though he had had nothing to do with the progress of Italian opera, and his thoughts have an *air de famille*, which appears to proceed from what the writer calls, when speaking of Glück, "a particular state of mind;" but anon comes a somewhat startling announcement. Towards the conclusion of a long letter, in the course of which "Senex" informs us that in one night Rossini "flattered away the reputations of all his predecessors," and that his genius alone brought Italian opera to perfection, he says—

"It is not my intention here to maintain that Rossini's genius was of an order superior to these who had gone before!"

The gist of his argument, then, appears to be that the Italian school of opera was brought to perfection by the superior genius of Rossini, who eclipsed all his predecessors, but whose genius was not superior to "those who had gone before;" and this he terms "confuting our extraordinary statement" that, with Mozart, Italian opera reached its highest point. We have nothing to add to this; the writer's own words are sufficient for our purpose. We can only marvel that, in the nineteenth century (the first half), one man could be found so weak as to scribble, and another to print, such rank nonsense. There is, however, another paragraph which we must not pass over. It is the following:—

"Having, on this point, differed from him [the writer in the *Pest*] in life, I shall, with your permission, in an early number, join him hand in hand in endeavouring to expose a grievance under which our own labours at present. This grievance is nothing more nor less than the predominating influence the music publishers have established over the composers.—I shall lend him all the assistance in my power."

This is worse than all. On our knees we beg of "Senex" not to endeavour to help us, for we feel convinced that such assistance as his would be fatal to any cause. We now take leave of this subject, informing our would-be critics that for the future we shall take no notice whatever of such ridiculous attempts as the letter of "Senex," but that any rational objection to the principles we advocate addressed to this journal will meet with attention, and be duly answered.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

The Third Chamber Concert, under the direction of the Committee of this society, took place on Saturday evening, the 9th inst., in the small music room of St. Martin's Hall. The programme was as follows—

PART I.

Quartet in E flat, No. 4, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. N. Mori, E. W. Thomas, Weslake, and Guest

Aria (La Partenza), "Taci in van," Mr. Ferrari

Song, "Ah! why do we love," Miss Leslie (Dm Quatre)

Trio, "Up, quit thy bower," Miss Thornton, Mr. Herbert, and Mr. Ferrari

Duetto, piano-forte, two violins, tenor, violoncello, contra-bass, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, Messrs. J. H. Grissbach, E. W. Thomas, N. Mori, Weslake, Guest, A. B. Rowland, Nicholson, J. H. Maycock, C. Harper, and W. Chisholm

PART II.

Quartet in D major, No. 2 (MS.), two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. E. W. Thomas, N. Mori, Weslake and Guest

Messrs.

H. Lovell Phillips

G. A. Macfarren.

Brimley Richards.

J. H. Grissbach.

C. E. Horsley.

Aria, "Batti, batti!" Miss Thornton; violoncello obbligato, Mr. W. L. Phillips (*Don Giovanni*).
 Sonata in A, pianoforte and violin, Messrs. Robert Barnett, and E. W. Thomas.
 Song, "The sunny dreams of childhood," Mr. Herbert.
 Repteur, Op. 20, violin, tenor, violoncello, contrabass, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, Messrs. E. W. Thomas, Weslake, Gurel, Rowland, Maycock, C. Harper, and Chisholm.
 Accompanist, Mr. W. Cecil Macfarren. Director, Mr. James Calkin.
 The Fourth Concert took place on Saturday, the 16th. We quote the programme:—

PART I.

Quartet in G. No. 81, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Thirlwall, J. Banister, Trust, and Hatton.
 Aria, "Nobli Donna," Miss Clara Panchaud (*Huguenots*).
 Ballad, "She shines before me like a star," Miss Pyne (*King Charles II.*).
 Quartet in E flat, Op. 33, pianoforte, violin, tenor, and violoncello, Miss R. M. S. Read, Messrs. Thirlwall, Trust, and Hatton.

PART II.

Quintetto, pianoforte, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Westrop, Banister, T. Westrop, Trust, and Hatton.
 Romance, "Spento ancor ritorero," Miss Mira Griesbach (her first appearance in public) (*Leonora*).
 Ballad, "Constance," Miss Clara Panchaud.
 Trio, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains," Miss Mira Griesbach, Miss Pyne, and Miss Clara Panchaud (*Eljah*).
 Sextet in D minor, Op. 74, pianoforte, flute, horn, choir, tenor, violoncello, and contrabass, Messrs. Brinley Richards, R. S. Pratten, Hornton, Calkott, Trust, Hatton, and F. S. Pratten.
 Accompanist, Mr. Jewson. Director, Mr. W. Lovell Phillips.

The Fifth Concert will take place to-night.

The attendances have been tolerably good, and the performances excellent of their kind. We shall further allude to the society very shortly.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DURRY LANE.

THE performances during the week present nothing novel or striking, if we except the *Beggars' Opera*, in which Miss Eliza Nelson has succeeded in making a decided hit in Polly. The *Beggars' Opera* was given for the fourth time last night. The piece on the whole is but indifferently cast, especially in the leading parts, Mr. Rafter being anything but irresistible in Captain Macheath, and Miss Hinddatt making but a questionable Lucy; but this only serves to render Miss Eliza Nelson's talent more conspicuous, as the diamond becomes more refulgent when placed in contiguity with the turquoise. We were exceedingly pleased with the Polly of this young lady, not that we had found all we could have desired in her acting and singing—that was impossible to expect, Miss Eliza Nelson being comparatively new to the boards—but that, in addition to so much that was really excellent in accomplishment, we discovered so much promise in the fair vocalist as to lead us to anticipate for her a brilliant future. Miss Eliza Nelson sang all her songs in a style of unusual excellence. "Virgins are like the fair flowers," and "O ponder well," were evidences of her taste and expression, while the "Cease your sunning" showed a charming *staccato*, combined with great warmth of feeling. She was most enthusiastically applauded in all her songs, and encored several times.

A new five-act comedy is in rehearsal, and Fletcher's *Elder Brother* is in the bills.

PRINCESS'S.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge honoured the performance of *King Charles the Second*, with their presence on Tuesday evening. The theatre was crowded in every nook and corner, and the opera went off with brilliant *field*. It was the benefit of the inimitable Flexmore, and the pantomime of *King Jamie* was more thoroughly enjoyed than ever. Flexmore's imitations were delicious, especially that of the unrivalled Carlotta Grial.

Loder's *Night Dancers* was produced last night, the first time this four years. Mr. Allen played his original part. The other leading characters were novelties. Mademoiselle Nan appeared in Girolle—poor Albertazzi's original part; Mr. Corri was substituted for Leffer; and Madame Macfarren officiated for Miss Sara Flower.

Not having time to enter into particulars, we shall merely say that the revival was eminently successful, and that the performance in general was excellent. Mademoiselle Nan achieved a brilliant success. Mr. Corri was inferior to Mr. Leffer, but Madame Macfarren was a decided improvement on her predecessor. Full particulars next week. The opera will be repeated on Tuesday. Mr. Loder was enthusiastically summoned before the curtain.

ADELPHI.

A NEW farce, called *My Precious Betsey*, was produced on Monday night, with success. The hero, Mr. Bobtail (Wright), a respectable tallow-chandler at Southampton, has a wife residing in a legacy left her by a certain Dr. Brown, in whose service she has lived. He determines to enjoy himself on his wealth, but he has unpleasant neighbours, who destroy his happiness. Mr. Wagtail (Mr. P. Bedford), using the "Southampton Paul Pry" as an organ, insinuates that the defunct Brown has been too familiar with Mrs. Bobtail (Miss E. Harding), and also turns to scandalous account the mysterious visits of Mr. Langford (Mr. Worrell) who has an infant, the offspring of a clandestine marriage. The jealousy of Bobtail, affording a good opportunity for the humour of Mr. Wright, is the grand feature of the piece. In the ecstasy of his rage he smashes crockery, and perpetrates other destructive acts, and at last, by way of reprisal, makes love to the wife (Mrs. F. Matthews) of Wagtail. The farce, which was evidently written for the purpose of bringing out this one part, was quite successful, and Mr. Wright was called.

OLYMPIC.

The production of a new tragedy by a gentleman so well known in literary circles as Mr. G. H. Lewes, attracted a numerous audience on Monday night. By divers works of a critical-historical character, the author had rendered himself celebrated as a connoisseur of the drama of Spain and France, and the style of the programme seemed to promise a favorable result of his peculiar studies.

THE *Noble Heart*, as his play is called, may possibly be borrowed from a Spanish play. Whether it be so or not, we do not know as a fact, but it rather seems to us as an original combination of the Spanish tone with the construction of the French classical drama. The principal character is Don Gomez de la Vega, an old noble with the high notions of honor so well known to the readers of the Spanish theatre, and so admirably transferred by Victor Hugo to the veteran in *Ernani*. Love proves too strong for his starched principles. He becomes smitten by a merchant's daughter, and she,

though she loves another, accepts his hand to save her father from ruin. When the marriage is just celebrated, the son of the noble returns from the wars, and the bride finds, to her horror, that he is her first love, who, to test her affection, had wooed her under a feigned name. An interview between the young pair, who are both in a state of agony, excites the jealous rage of the father, but on learning the true state of the case, he joins their hands and retires to a convent, in compliance with the advice which has constantly been given him by his friend, the monk Herman. The position of this monk strongly reminds us of that of Balduar in *La Favorite*, and, indeed, throughout the drama, a vision composed of Donizetti's opera and Hngo's tragedy seems to float before us.

The great merit of Mr. Lewes's tragedy consists in the clearness of his plan, and the sharpness with which he has defined his characters and their mutual relations. His division into three acts is, like his tone, taken from the Spanish dramatists, who divided their plays into three "*jornadas*," but the simplicity belongs to the professed admirer of Racine and Corneille. The fault of the piece is an over predilection for controversial dialogue. The personages often stand still to discuss when the audience want them to act, and in one place there is a regular debate on the comparative merits of the world and the cloister, which becomes somewhat fatiguing. Here, we think, we may see the influence of Pierre Corneille in particular. The first two acts, which, after all, merely lead up to the third, may be shortened with advantage. The real action of the piece takes place in the third act. Here the sympathies of the audience are first really moved, and the skill of the author is displayed in the concentrated force of his collision. The language throughout is powerful, and when need requires passionate, an occasional appearance of bombast being by no means inconsistent with the Spanish atmosphere in which the action takes place. The whole piece gives evidence of the man of thought and literature, who has yet something to learn in the practical knowledge of the stage.

For the subtleties of acting the characters of this piece afford no great scope. They are telling, but they move in a straight course. Mr. G. V. Brooke displayed much force and pathos as Don Gomez; the dreamy sorrows of the lady were beautifully and poetically rendered by Mrs. Mowatt; Mr. Davenport looked, moved, and spoke in a style fitting the chivalric, single-minded young noble; and Mr. Ryder was sufficiently austere as the monk. The costumes and scenery were magnificent.

The call for the principal actors was followed by a call for Mr. Lewes, who crossed the stage amid loud applause. Mr. Davenport then announced the piece for repetition.

STRAND.

Woman's Revenge, an agreeable *petite* comedy, by Mr. Howard Payne, originally produced at the Olympic during that early period of Madame Vestris's management when Mrs. Glover was a member of the company, has been revived here with great success; the character of Miss Flushington, in which Mrs. Glover exhibits a combination of austere manners with goodness of heart, displaying the admirable actress in an aspect new to the playgoers of the day.

SURREY.

This house, so long the stronghold of nautical melodrama, has of late been making strenuous efforts to join the ranks of the "young legitimates." A few relapses have indeed taken place in the course of the struggle, but still the

Leasee, Mr. Shepherd, has shown a will to take the path towards elevation, if possible, and Mr. Creswick, his chief actor, has, since he has joined the Surrey corps, been gaining a firm hold on the Surrey audience.

The acceptance of a five-act play in blank verse, by a gentleman so well known as Mr. H. F. Chorley, is a new indication of an attempt to elevate the amusements of a populous neighbourhood, hitherto for the most part dieted with coarser food. The play itself, which is entitled *Old Love and New Fortune*, is no specimen of dramatic construction. The author, in tracing out the tale of a purse-proud gentleman and his haughty daughter, who are cured of their pride by the humble Templar they have despised, has gone to work like a novelist. His language is extremely polished, and his dialogue abounds in excellent wholesome sentences, all tending to the enhancement of inner worth as opposed to external fortune; but he has not yet learned the art of marking out the progress of action by palpable situations, and an obscurity prevails throughout the production such as we do not remember to have seen in any acting drama. Though we have carefully watched the piece, we would not venture to explain its details; but at the same time we are anxious to pay our tribute of commendation to the grace and elegance of the writing. The author, more inured to the profession of poet than to that of playwright, has written not so much a drama as a dramatic poem.

The manner in which the work is acted shows the existence of a great deal of histrionic talent, little known on this side of the Thames. Mr. Creswick, who plays the Templar, and forcibly represents a passionate interior, veiled by a show of reckless sarcasm, is, indeed, familiar to Westminster audiences. Not so are Madame Ponisi, who feelingly depicts the contrition of the haughty lady; Mr. Mead, an excellent reader and careful representative of the chilly father; and Mr. Fitzroy, who plays a veteran servant, and is a most able actor of "old men"—all these performers work well together, and we see in them the nucleus of a good practical company. The scenery and costumes, which illustrate the end of the seventeenth century, show that Mr. Shepherd is emulous of the fame of his more northern competitors in the art of decoration.

Notwithstanding its success, the new play has been withdrawn, owing, we are given to understand, to some oversight about the acting licences.

SADLER'S WELLS.

MISS EDWARDS, from the Bath Theatre, made her *début* here on Friday se'night, as Mariana, in Sheridan Knowles's play of *The Wife*. She is young, and in person thin and slight, with an animated and intelligent countenance. Her conception was delicate and impassioned; her voice, when within its ordinary compass, is melodious, but becomes somewhat harsh when she exerts it. She was most successful in the touches of tenderness and pathos in which the character abounds; and though the energetic passages wanted neither force nor discrimination, we suspect that Miss Edwards's strength will be found in delineating the gentler passions of her sex, as depicted in the *Deedemona* and *Mirandas*, *et hoc genus*. But we will wait, and see more of this lady, who, at all events, is a valuable acquisition to Mr. Phelps.

ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS.—*Opera Comique*.—On Wednesday last, Adolphe Adam's opera of *Le Pâtissier de Longjumeau*, was produced for the first time before an English audience. Few

works have been more popular in Paris than this. It had a run of a hundred and fifty nights, and still continues to be one of the most attractive stock pieces of the Opera Comique. We should say that this success is mainly to be attributed to the amusing character of the libretto, and to the admirable singing and acting of M. Chollet, for whom the part of Chapelou, the postilion, was expressly written. The music, which is generally trite and common-place, is more suited to the better class of vaudeville than to opera. This, however, does not detract from the merit of the performance at Mr. Mitchell's theatre, which was highly satisfactory, and afforded the utmost amusement. The piece was well got up, M. Chollet playing the part of the hero, Madlle. Guichard that of the heroine, with much discrimination and talent, and Messrs. Buguet, Chateaufort, and Devaux, contributing their best efforts in the other characters.

The book, the joint production of M.M. Leuven and Brunswick, is cleverly and neatly put together. It is divided into three acts. The first act passes at the village of Lonjumeau, where Chapelou, the postilion, is married, and deserts his wife, almost immediately after the ceremony, to follow the Marquis de Corey to Paris. The Marquis is the minister of Louis XV.'s "menu plaisirs," among which the Opera stands as number one, and holds out to the astonished Chapelou golden dreams of fortune and honours, to be acquired by a cultivation of his *si di poitrine*. The second act is taken up with an intrigue between St. Phar, as the postilion is now called, being primo tenore in the King's troupe, and a Madame de Latour, no other than Chapelou's wife, who has inherited a rich fortune from an aunt in the colonies, and has become a lady of high fashion. The third act treats of the marriage of St. Phar with his first wife, whom he is far from suspecting to be the real Madelaine, his horror at the idea of being hanged for bigamy with his accomplices, and the clearing up of the plot—explanation, moral, and reconciliation of everyone to everyone.

The characters of the different personages are broadly caricatured and well sustained throughout the piece. M. Chollet was inimitable both in his acting and singing, and proved how much can be done by art to counteract the influence of time. His first appearance as the postilion was hailed with loud and continuous applause. His taking-up was admirable as the joyous, light-hearted French post-boy of the last century; his acting was most appropriate and in keeping with the character; and his first song, "Mes amis, écoutez l'histoire," was enthusiastically applauded. The metamorphosis in the second act, where he is transformed into the first tenor of the king's operatic company, was complete and happy. His acting was in excellent keeping with the traditions handed down to us of the coxcombry and pretensions of the singing gentlemen of that period, and his delivery of the romanza, "Assis au pied d'un hêtre," furnished us with a most amusing caricature of the style of singing then prevalent on the continent. It was received with shouts of laughter, and unanimously encored.

Madlle. Guichard came in for her share of well-deserved applause, and gave the song, "Mon petit mari," with much vivacity. Her acting was excellent throughout this act. She also played the part of the tiled lady in the second and third acts with much natural grace, and was particularly good in the scene where she combines the two personages into one, uniting the characters of Madelaine and Madame de Latour. The part of Bijou, alias Alcindor, the original "Boreas" at the Grand Opera, was capitally rendered by M. Buguet, whose jealousy of his comrade, although tempered by the most vehement admiration of his gifts and his impudence, was really

amusing. The trio for MM. Chollet, Buguet, and Devaux (Bourdon, the sham priest,) "Pendu, pendu, pendu," when, the plot being discovered, they all expect to pay the last penalty of the law, was highly effective, and went to perfection. M. Chateaufort's part was out of his usual line, but he infused much humour into it. The *Postillon de Lonjumeau* was decidedly successful, and the principal artistes were recalled to receive the congratulations of the most crowded house we have seen this season.

The opera was preceded by a vaudeville, entitled, "*Le Débutant*," in which the part of an aspirant to theatrical honours was well played by M. Léon, who evinced signs of talent and a good deal of humour. J. DE C—.

MR. MACREADY IN LIVERPOOL.

(From a Correspondent.)

ON Tuesday evening Mr. Macready took his final leave of the Liverpool stage. The performances having concluded, the calls for Mr. Macready were loud and continuous, and after a few minutes had elapsed, he made his appearance in front of the stage, and addressed the audience as follows:—"Ladies and Gentlemen,—It has been equally agreeable to me to attend with pleasure and alacrity the complimentary summonses with which you have so often heralded me; but now I must confess I obey your call with reluctance and regret. I might count back many years from the date of my first appearance before you, but time has not weakened my recollection of the cheering welcome with which you greeted my more youthful essays; and well do I remember the many successive occasions when my humble efforts have been favoured with your liberal approbation, and when my endeavours to bring before you the genius of our great dramatic bard have found a ready response in the intelligence and sympathy of my audience here. What more have I to say? The exercise of my art I relinquish at somewhat an earlier period of my life than many of my more distinguished predecessors have done, and I willingly yield the scene to younger, but, I must say, scarcely less ardent aspirants to your favour; not, indeed, from any consciousness of enfeebled powers, but because I would not risk the chance of lingering there to deprive others of what I know they may enjoy. And even at a considerable pecuniary sacrifice, I prefer to submit to you the representation of Shakespearian character illustrated as a proof impression, rather than offer to you an indistinct and worn-out plate. ('No, no!' and loud cheers.) It has always been a gratification to me to appear before you, and therefore it is painful to me now to reflect that it is a pleasure I shall never again enjoy. Ladies and Gentlemen, I take my leave of you with a sense of your long-continued kindness, and with sentiments of great regret I bid you, in my profession as an actor, a last farewell."

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT CAMBRIDGE.

(From a Correspondent.)

MR. JOSEPH STAMMERS, the director of the London Wednesday Concerts, gave a grand concert in the Town Hall, on Tuesday evening. The announcement of the performance caused an unusual stir in our classical town, and every seat was taken almost instantly. I have seldom witnessed so much excitement at Cambridge. The vocalists were Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Eyles, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, and Herr Formes—all importations from the London Wednesday Concerts. The instrumentalists were Herr Anschuetz (pianist), Mr. T. Harper (cornet-a-piston), and Mr. Richardson (hautist)—performers appertaining also to the London Wednesday

Concerts. In short the concert at Cambridge was a London Wednesday Concert in every respect but the day, and the absence of Ernst and a grand orchestra. In Ireland they would have called it a Wednesday Concert, in spite of the day.

The programme reminded me forcibly of some of the programmes of the London Wednesday Concerts. The first part was devoted to a selection from *Somnambula*; Mrs. Alexander or Newton singing Aminta's music; Mr. Bridge Frodsham that of Elvino; and Herr Formes that of the Count.

Mrs. A. Newton has a clear, bright, soprano voice, of great brilliancy. Her executive powers are considerable, and, to my thinking, she sings more like a musician than any English singer I have heard of late years. Be this as it may, Mrs. Newton produced a powerful impression in both her songs, the—cavatina, "Come per me sereno," and the final rondo. She sang both in English. This was a mistake. She should have sung them both in Italian. I acknowledge that Mr. Stammers is right in the main, in having his operatic selections interpreted in the vernacular; nevertheless, it cannot be denied that Italian songs, and *Armaras* especially, suffer greatly from their union with "Our harsh, northern, grunting guttural."

The new English tenor, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, was received with high favour. He appears a quiet, unassuming person, without the least pretension; although his fashionable moustache might incline one to the idea of his having a good opinion of himself. The likeness to Sims Reeves is unmistakable. It was universally acknowledged. A friend of mine, an Irishman, told me the likeness was so strong, that even those who had never seen Sims Reeves must have allowed it. Mr. Bridge Frodsham has a high tenor voice—I should almost think, a counter-tenor voice—of a nice pleasing quality. His singing is like his appearance, without any pretension. He gave the grand scena, "All is lost now," with much feeling and expression, and was loudly applauded.

The great German basso, Herr Formes, was received with thunders of applause. A high reputation had preceded him, and immense expectations were raised in consequence. Never were expectations more fully realised. Herr Formes has one of the most powerful bass voices I ever heard, almost as powerful as Lablache's, and at the same time sympathetic in quality, and admirably in tune. He sang the count's song, "Vi vraso," in English, pronouncing the words with clear and perfect articulation. It was a fine specimen of vocalization. He subsequently gave the "Drinking Song" from *Der Freischütz*, and Shield's "Wolf," with more effect, as they were better suited to the vigour of his style than Bellini's domestic strains. He also joined Mrs. A. Newton in a duet of Donizetti, and sang Schubert's "Wanderer," and "The Bay of Biscay." Schubert's romance was a magnificent performance, and "The Bay of Biscay" carried away the audience like an electric shock. Herr Formes was encored several times.

I was much pleased with Mr. Richardson; he is a most brilliant fauist. He played a Scotch tune, and varied it in a most ingenious and fanciful manner. Never was simple ballad so diffused into showiness and sparkles. But all was done pleasingly and surprisingly. Mr. Richardson played also the flute obligato in the "Lo! here the gentle lark" to Mrs. A. Newton's singing.

Mr. T. Harper played two solos; one on the trumpet, and one on the cornet. The one on the trumpet, Dr. Arne's "The Soldier tired," was more to my fancy; the one on the cornet appeared to be better relished by the majority.

Miss Eyles must not be forgotten. It would be unjust to pass by this charming artist without a word. Miss Eyles sang four times. We liked her most in Sterndale Bennett's "May Dew," and Balfe's "Merry Zingara."

After the concert, a grand supper was given to Mr. Stammers by several members of the different colleges and influential men of the town, and the evening passed away in the utmost hilarity and friendly intercommunion. The director of the London Wednesday Concerts has set an example to the inhabitants of Cambridge, from which the most beneficial results are likely to spring. He has shown them that entertainments conducted in a first-rate manner cannot fail of proving attractive and remunerative, and that, consequently, popular Concerts will not in future be such a sealed book as they have hitherto been in this town. I am certain Mr. Stammers will be most cordially welcomed when he comes again to Cambridge.

BEETHOVEN AT THE PIANO.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

At first the fingers of the player seemed to frolic over the keys, as though they toyed with the vibrations of the strings. The sounds were sportive and jocund; they rippled like laughter; they were capricious as the meriment of a coquette. They then merged into a sweet and warbling cadence—a cadence of inimitable tenderness, the very suavity of which was rendered more piquant by its lavish variations. The measure changed, with an abrupt fling of the treble hand; it gushed into an air quaint and sprightly as the dance of Puck—comic, old, sparkling on the ear like zigzags; it threw out a shower of notes; it was the voice of agility and merriment; it was grotesque and fitful, droll in its absurd confusion, and yet nimble in its amazing ingenuity. Gradually, however, the humorous movement resolved itself into a strain of preternatural wildness—a strain that made the blood curdle, and the flesh creep, and the nerves shudder. It abandoned with dark and goblin passages; it was the whirlwind blowing among the crags of the Jungfrau, and warning with the cries of the witehes of the Walpurgis; it was Euriadne traversing the corridors of hell; it was midnight over the wilderness, with the clouds drifting before the moon; it was a hurricane on the deep sea; it was everything horrible, weird-like, and tumultuous. And through the very fury of these passages there would start tones of ravishing and gentle beauty—the incense of an adoring heart wafted to the black heavens through the lightning and lamentations of Nineveh. Again the musician changed the purpose of his improvisation; it was no longer dismal and appalling, it was pathetic. The instrument became as it were the organ of sadness, it became eloquent with an articulate woe; it was a breast bursting with affliction, a voice broken with sorrow, and a soul dissolving with emotions. Then the variable harmonies rose from pensiveness into frenzy, from frenzy into the noise and the shocks of a great battle; they swelled to the din of contending armies, to the storm and vicissitudes of warlike deeds, and soared at last into a psalm such as that of victorious legions when—

"Gaily to glory they come,
Like a king in his pomp,
To the blast of the trumpet,
And the roar of the mighty drum."

As the triumphant tones of the instrument rolled up from its recesses, and filled the apartment with a torrent of majestic sounds, as the musician swayed to and fro in the enthusiasm of his sublime inspirations, and enhanced the divine symphony by the crash of many and abrupt discords, the Russian gazed with awe upon the responsible grandeur of his countenance. The impetus of his superb imagination imparted an inconceivable dignity to every lineament, to his capacious forehead, to his broad and distended nostrils, to the fierce protrusion of his under lip, to the mobile and generous expression of his mouth, to the tawny yellow of his complexion, to the brown depths of his noble and dilated eyes. There was something in union with the glorious sound that reverberated through the chamber even in the enormous contour of his head, and the grey disorder of his hair. He seemed to exult in the torrent of melody as it gushed from the piano and streamed out upon the dusk of the evening. While Cagliostro was listening in an ecstasy of admiration, he was startled by a sudden clangor among the bass notes—the music seemed to be jumbled into confusion, and the ear was stunned by a painful and intolerable dissonance. On looking more intently, he perceived that the composer had let one hand, fall ab-

attracted on the key-board, while the other executed, by itself, a passage of extraordinary difficulty and involution. Then, for the first time, the thought struck him that the musician was deaf.

Alas! the supposition was too true; Beethoven was cursed by the loss of his most precious faculty. Those who appreciate the full splendour of his genius—who worship his memory with a devotion inspired by his compositions, can sympathise in that terrible deprivation of hearing, by which his art was rendered a blank, and the latter days of his life embittered.

THE ITALIAN OPERA IN AMERICA, (From *Saras's Musical Times*.)

DON GIOVANNI at the Astor Place Opera House. If any one had ever doubted the growing taste of this community for music of an elevated character, a visit to the Opera House on Tuesday night would have convinced him of his error. The parquette and amphitheatre were crowded, while the boxes were by no means indifferently filled. We are gratified that it was *Don Giovanni*, an opera by Mozart, which called together so vast an assemblage. We are gratified, because, if such music be appreciated properly, a beneficent influence cannot fail to arise from it, and we are gratified, because the superiority of truly dramatic music, over the superficial and flashy style of the modern Italian school, is nowhere so well established as in *Don Giovanni*. We do not speak now of *Don Giovanni* Beneventano, or even *Don Giovanni* Tamburini, but of *Don Giovanni* as a work of art, unrivalled in all its component parts, and unrivalled as a whole.

We do not intend this article as a criticism on the evening's performance, and we may, therefore, be permitted to give our impressions of this first representation briefly, and subject at any time to be modified by future consideration.

The cast of the Opera seems to us injudicious, to say the least of it. Beneventano's acting is too vulgar, his singing too boisterous and too rough. Truffi, as Donna Anna, acted very well, as she always must, in fact, but her singing bore but too ostensibly the stamp of superficial method to satisfy us in this part. Sanguorico, as Leporello, mistook his part completely, in trying to make up in buffoonery of the grossest kind, for what he lacked in voice. Novelli, as Masetto, sang correctly, but the music is of a character altogether foreign to his style, and in his acting he displayed but little of that surly stolidity of the jealous peasant, which serves so much to animate the whole opera. Bertucca, as Zerlina, was indifferent in her acting and singing; and the only one of the whole troupe, manager, leader, and all, who seemed to have understood the music of the composer, was Signorina Patti, as Donna Elvira. She sang correctly, and felt comparatively easy in her part, while the well-worked score of the opera seemed to sit like a straight jacket on all the rest of the performers.

Here an impertinent *roulade* was cut short by the dissonant interval of a clarinet; there a brilliant cadenza came to an untimely end by the unmerciful blast of a red-hot republican trumpet. Wherever the frightened singers turned, abysses and precipices met them, and it required on the part of the leader all the skillful guidance of a practised muleteer, to preserve a sure footing for those entrusted to his charge.

But we will consider this *first performance* as a *last rehearsal*, and give credit at least for the able manner in which the Terzetto of the first act, and the Sestetto of the second act were performed. This deserves the more appro-

bation, since a former attempt of the same composition was so complete a failure.

But to return to the opera. To give an analysis of the different pieces in this opera would be but one continuous panegyric, which we are the less reluctant to omit, since so many abler hands have anticipated us; but there remains one point to explain, which has rarely been touched upon by all the various writers. We refer to the strange mixture of dramatic, melodramatic, and comic effect in this opera.

Hoffman, the German *Hoffman* is the only one, who, with his well known satire, attempts to throw some light upon it. He says: "I recollect that at a representation of *Don Giovanni* some one complained bitterly, that it was so terribly unnatural to introduce the statue and the devils!—I asked him, smilingly, whether he had not perceived that in the marble man a confoundedly cunning police commissary was hidden, and that the devils were nothing but masked constables, that hell was nothing but a house of correction in which *Don Giovanni* was imprisoned for his crimes, and I advised him to consider the whole as an allegory. Complacently he snapped his fingers, and laughed and pitied the others, who allowed themselves to be deceived. Ever after, when conversation turned upon the powers which Mozart called from the subterranean regions, he smiled at me most knowingly, and I looked at him in a similar manner. We thought 'we know what we know!' and he was right.

There is really something more than caricature in this little anecdote; it approaches but too near the truth, to permit us merely hastily to glance at it. Actors and audience, singers and orchestra, often fall into the same error. This accounts then for the buffonry *extraordinaire* of some *Leporellos*, for the vulgarity of some *Don Giovanni*s, for the flippancy of many other artists engaged in this opera, and—for the applause and approbation of the audience at times when nothing but the exaggeration of these comic efforts could give rise to it. The intellectual mind cannot fail to discover in *Don Giovanni* the pendant to Goethe's *Faust*. The two masters agreed to call the mysteries and superstitions of bygone ages to their aid, the better to represent in strong colours the contrasts between vice and virtue, to make the allegory complete at which Hoffman but slightly hinted.

P.S. Since writing the above we have attended the second representation of *Don Giovanni*, and we are delighted to have it in our power to state, that the performance was in every respect superior to that of Tuesday night. All the artists moved with more freedom, sang more correctly, and acted with more dignity; in short, the whole performance was as good as we could expect at a *first representation*, for we still insist that the one of Tuesday night was only a *last rehearsal*. The "Fin ch'han del vino," of Beneventano met with an encore, and was repeated this time without those blunders which marred a previous encore. "Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata," was well sung by Signorina Patti. "La el dera" was correctly sung, but much disturbed by that disagreeable mouthing of Beneventano, which he always introduces when attempting to be sentimental. Forti, as Don Ottavio, pleased us very much. He sang the music in an unpretending style and with much expression. Truffi, as Donna Anna, has improved much since we last saw her, and we do not doubt that with a little careful study she will make that part completely her own. But now one word to Leporello. Is it absolutely necessary that the disgusting buffoonery of that gentleman should intrude upon the audience in even the most sublime passages of the Opera?

The orchestra "a bien marche," as our friend of the *Revue du Nouveau Monde* would say.

MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

(Continued from page 106.)

Plagiarism the Thirtieth.

*The quick ardent Priestess, whose light bound
Came like a spirit's o'er the unechoing ground.*

I never yet knew a woman who did not believe she walked
as lightly and gracefully as a spirit:—

VIRGIL. *Æneid.* (*I feel too lazy to see which book.*)
*Ille per intactas segetes vel summa volaret
Gramina, nec teneras coles lætissimas aristas.*

The same notion is propounded in "*Wu Restored in several
Select Pieces*," an old work re-published in 1817, by Long-
man, and plundered fiercely by this short-man.

Oh! lull me, lull me, charming ay,
My senses rockt with wonder sweet,
Like snow on wool thy feelings are
Soft like a spirit's are thy feet.

Plagiarism the Thirtieth-first.

*Vases filled with Kikkree's golden wine
And the red sweepings of the Shiraz vine.*

Our little friend did never think that I would have hunted
after him in the mazes of

COWLEY. *Sylva, or divers copies of verses.*
Et risum vitis lacryma tukra move.

But he was not born to elude me.

Plagiarism the Thirtieth-second.

*Soon at the head of myriads, hind and fierce,
As hooded falcons, through the universe
I'll sweep my darkening desolating way,
Weak man my instrument, curs't man my prey,*

I am not surprised that a bird of prey, like our Tommy,
should clutch in his claw this simile of the hawk. It is quite
a common one. Not only men, but even swords have been
compared to falcons; and Byron thought he achieved a won-
derful miracle when he bawled out—

And fast and falcon-like our vessel flew.
SHAKESPEARE.

He shakes aloft his Romaine blade
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies.

MARSHBORN. *The Bashful Lover*, act iii. sc. 2.
*See with what winged speed they climb the hill
Like falcons on the stroke to seize the prey.*

Young. *Night Thoughts*. vi. 325.
*Pride, like hooded hawks, in darkness soars,
From blindness bold, and towering to the skies.*

In the Eastern history of Nader Shah, chap. ii. (Sir W. Jones,
vol. v. page 29,) we find that warrior compared to a falcon.—

*Il ressembloit d'un faucon qui met en pieces ses ennemis avec les serres
angulaires du courage.*

Plagiarism the Thirtieth-third.

*Ye, too, believers of incredible creeds,
Whose faith insurmounts the mountains which it breeds;
Who, bolder ev'n than NABUCCO, think to rise
By nonsense heaped on nonsense to the skies.*

This is but a lame imitation of the blasphemies of my Lord
Byron, and reminds one of the mimics of Falstaff's page.
The figure and speech about Babel is a very old one.

LOAN BROOKS.—*Musæpha. Chorus Quartus.*
Whence man from goodness stray'd?

And wisdom's innocence,
Yea, subject made to grave and hell
By error's impotence,

*Labours with shadowed light
Of imbecillitie*

*To raise more towers of Babel up
More the truth to be.*

Pope.—*Epistle IV. On Man.*

Oh, sons of earth attempt ye still to rise
By mountains piled on mountains to the skies?
Heavens still with laughter the vain toil survey
And buries maddened in the heaps they raise.

BYRON.—*Childe Harold. Canto iii. st. cv.*
*They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim
Was Titan-like on daring doubts to pile
Thoughts which should call down thunder.*

Plagiarism the Thirtieth-fourth.

*Nay, shrink not, pretty sage, 'tis not for thee
To scan the mazes of Heaven's mystery.
The steel must pass through fire ere it can yield
Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield.*

How interesting to manufacturers is the discovery con-
tained in the two last lines; and how appropriately it is whis-
pered to a young lady who "never meddled with hot iron,"
as Hudibras says. The notion is, however, purloined as usual
from—

PETER PINDAR.

*To bend a piece of iron to our will
You always make the iron hot,
But then it asks but little force or skill,
It's sturdiness is quite forgot.*

There is something very like it also in—

BYRON.—*The Gipsy.*

*The rugged metal of the mine
Must burn before its surface shine,
But plunged within the furnace flame
It bends and melts though still the same,
Then temper'd to thy want or will
'Twill serve thee to defend or kill—
A breast plate for thine hour of need
Or blade to hid thy foeman bleed.*

Plagiarism the Thirtieth-fifth.

*Arongy's cheeks, warm as a spring day sun,
And lips that like the seal of SOLOMON
Have magic.*

Oh! Thomas! Thomas! Thomas! Into what dark bourn
had thy gallantry fled, when penning this most base compari-
son? It is true, that thou hast stolen the thought from an
Oriental poet, as is attested by—

SIR W. JONES.—*As. Poes. Com.*, vol. ii. 445.

*Fuit autem puella, gratia pulchritudine, venustate, perfectione prædita;
egregium habens et æquum staturum, oculos vero nigros somni pleos,
fascino Babylonio imbutos, et superciliis tanquam arcus vibrantes sagittas
aspectum letale, nasum ensis mucroni similem, os verò Solomonis
signis.*

But the said poet was assuredly a wag of the first brilliancy
Misled by him, thou hast compared the lips of a handsome
girl (which are in my humble opinion, the portals of Paradise),
to the seal of Solomon. And what will the ladies say, when
they learn to what base uses this very seal was applied? Josephus
relates an instance of its being used to pull a devil
through the nostrils of a man possessed. And to this filthy talis-
man thou hast likened the mouth of a sweet, laughing, kissing,
blushing, tempting Eastern damsel. Shame, I say; shame,
Thomas Moore.

To avoid all cavil and to save some trouble, I transcribe
the original passage from the Jewish historian, with old Sir
Roger L'Estrange's quaint and clear translation for the benefit
of the girls.

JOSEPHUS.—*Antiquit. Judaicæ*, lib. viii. chap. 2.

*Ἰστορεῖται γὰρ τὴν Εὐφροσύνην τὴν ἐμορφώτατον ὀφειστικώτατον παρτοῦν, καὶ
τὴν νύκτωρ αὐτοῦ καὶ χιλιγράμω καὶ ἄλλῃ στρατηγικῶν κληῖδων τὴν νύκτωρ
τὴν θαυμάσιον λαμβάνουσαν τοῦτο ἀποκαλοῦν τὸν τῶν. Ὅτι δὲ τὴν θαυμάσιον
τῶν τοῦτο πρὸς τὴν φέρουσαν τὰς ῥυτίδας τὴν θαυμάσιον τὴν θαυμάσιον
ἐκείνην τὴν ἐπὶ τῇ σφραγίδι ῥυτίδα ἐξ ὧν ὑπεβίβηζεν Ὀυρανίαν, ἐκείνη ἐφείλετο
σφραγισμένη ἐπὶ τὴν μυστικὴν τοῦ θαυμάσιου, καὶ πρὸς τοῦτο ἐκείνη τὴν*

αὐθιγαν μνηστὴν ἐπὶ αὐτῷ σταθίλῃ ὕπνου, Σολομῶντος τε μετρημένης, καὶ
 τὰς εὐαβίας αὐτῶν ἐκείνῃ ἐκείνῃ. I saw one Eleazar, a country-
 man of mine, dispossessing of people, in the presence of Venetian and
 his sons, officers, and soldiers, and his way was this: He applied a ring
 to the nostrils of the person possessed, with a piece of a rock conveyed
 under the seal of it, being a secret of Solomon's. The Demoniac did but
 smell to't, and the Devil was drawn out by the nose. The spirit threw
 the man down; but Eleazar adjured it never to trouble him any more,
 making frequent mention of Solomon's name in the time of the operation,
 and reciting charms and incantations of his invention.—Vol. 1792, page
 220.

Plagiarism in the Thirty Sixth.

*Through whom all beauties beams concentrated pass,
 Dazzling and warm as through Love's burning glass.*

I often pity the ladies when they fall into the meshes of such
 rhymers as Tom. Here we have the poor dears compared to
 burning glasses, as hot and as destructive as those with which
 Archimedes burned the Roman ships. But the thought is a
 grey-haired one.

THOMAS STEVEN.—*The Life and Death of Thomas Watery, 1590.*

*As on a burning glass, or little space,
 Dispersed sunbeams oft united are;
 And in one point beams infinite appear,
 Innumerable rays dissected farre,
 From th' oblique circle, that glorious starre;
 So like that instrument I now begun
 To unite the favours of our earthly sun.*

SIA JOHN SEELING.

Wondering long, how I could harmless see,
 Men gazing on those beams that fired me;
 At last I found it was the crystal love
 Before my heart that did the heat improve,
 Which by contracting of these scatter'd rays
 Into itself did so produce my blaze.

SHIRLEY.—*The Maid's Revenge, Act iii. iv.*

Now you appear all nobleness, but collect
 Draw up your passions to a narrow point
 Of vengeance like a burning glass that fires
 Surest's the smallest beam.

COWLEY.—*David's Book, iii.*

Merab appear'd like some fair princely tower,
 Michael some virgin Queen's delicious bower;
 All beauty's stores in little and in great,
 But the contracted beams shot fiercest heat.

YALDEN.—*The Insect.*

In a small space the more perfection's shown,
 And what is exquisite in little's done;
 Thus beams contracted in a narrow glass
 To flames convert their longer useless rays.

Plagiarism in the Thirty-seventh.

Whose gentle lips persuade without a word.

Pretty lips do in sooth persuade us to what we know not what,
 But it was a lady first noted the fact.

Mrs. TION.—*Psyche, Cant. ii.*

These lips divine that even in silence knew
 The heart to touch.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE OLDEN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Will you permit me to correct an error which Mr. Monk
 has allowed to creep into his prefatory remarks to "The Anglican
 Chant Book" reviewed in your number for the 6th instant.

Mr. Monk writes, that the Gregorian Chants were banished
 from the English Cathedrals soon after the Restoration, and in
 another place remarks that the olden mode of singing the Psalter
 did not long survive the attempt to maintain it.

The evidence that the olden chants were used from 1549 to 1740
 is beyond all controversy; every printed Cathedral use has them

up to 1730 and no others. Dr. Nichols, the learned commentator
 on the Prayer Book, says of the chants in use in his day:—"The
 common tunes which are at this day in use are said to be composed
 (or at least settled) by Gregory the Great." Bishop Wetenhall
 adds his authority, thus:—"In our vulgar Quires there are two
 kinds of singing, the Gregorian or Common Chants, and that more
 curious kind of counterpoint music in which our Services and
 Antiphons are composed."

I presume that you are aware that the Gregorian Chants to the
 responses, versicles, and suffrages, are sung at this day in every
 Cathedral in England. The Chants ascribed to Tallis, Byrde, and
 Farrant, are forgeries, as are those ascribed to Handel, Haydn, and
 Spohr. Dr. Child's Chants are harmonized Gregorians.

The Gregorian music is not dead. It cannot die, unless Bach
 dies—unless Handel and Mendelssohn die. You have printed
 Forkel's life of Bach, pray reprint the page respecting Bach's use
 of the olden modes. I can send you pages of Handel and his use of
 the Gregorian. The hymn for *Corpus Christi* is not dead yet,
 unless Mendelssohn and the Exeter Hall choir have killed it in the
Lauda Sion. The "O sol saluti" is not dead yet, unless Mendels-
 sohn, Mr. Cosia, and the men of Exeter Hall have killed it in the
Athalia. The fifth Tone is not dead yet, unless Handel's *Coro-
 nation Anthem* be dead, and the opening of the overture to *Athalie*
 be dead also, and the "Sleepers awake," in the St. Paul, be so.
 Look into Mendelssohn's Psalms (the 2nd and 22nd), and you will
 find some life yet in these noble strains.

The truth is, the Gregorian Chants are the foundation of all
 melody, as the Gregorian or Church modes are the foundation of
 all form and structure. I recommend Mr. Monk to study the first
 movement of Mendelssohn's Symphony in A minor, wherein he may
 find what the Church modes taught Mendelssohn. After which he
 may look at the Duet in A minor, in the *Elijah*, written upon the
 music to the "Sursum corda," the oldest Christian music extant,
 and he will then, perhaps, have lived long enough to write another
 preface, and edit another Psalter Chant Book.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

H. J. GAWTLITT.

3, Newman Street, February 20, 1850.

A RATING FOR OURSELVES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—What interest can the majority of your subscribers take in
 the numerous quotations you give, in order to prove that Moore was
 a plagiarist. I believe it is scarcely possible for a writer on any
 subject not to fall into the same train of thinking, and adopt the
 same images and expressions which have been already used by
 other writers on the same subject. Why, who could condemn the
 practice are yourself the chief of plagiarists! How often have you
 stolen the language of others, and even repeated the very expres-
 sions you have used a hundred times on similar occasions; but to
 the purpose. The *Musical World* being professedly a record of
 music, we have a right to expect fair and impartial notices of the
 Concerts which from time to time take place in the Metropolis.
 This, however, is not the case. In your last number, the first
 concert given by the British Musicians is passed over in the fol-
 lowing cursory manner:—"The Society of British Musicians rose
 from its sleep on Saturday evening week, and commenced a series
 of chamber concerts in the old style but in a new room;" but not
 a word is said in reference to the manner in which the music was
 rendered. Surely such artists as Lockey, Kate Loder, Blagrove,
 Lazarus, Nicholson, &c., are not altogether undeserving notice.

I am, Sir, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

[Having an abstract reverence for copy, we accept the strictures
 of our correspondent with many thanks, and publish them eagerly.
 —Ed.]

HAYDN'S SYMPHONIES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

MR. EDITOR,—You would extremely oblige by informing me in
 your next publication, whose arrangement is the best I can procure

of Haydn's symphonies, arranged as pianoforte duets, with orchestral accompaniments for two violins, a flute, two tenors, a violoncello, and double bass. A CONSTANT READER, *ÆSCULAPIUS*.

Crediton, Feb. 12th, 1850.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Could you inform me, through the medium of the *Musical World*, the names of the singers engaged each season at Her Majesty's Theatre, from the year 1839 to the year 1846 (inclusive). Should your time be too valuably occupied, perhaps, at your request, some of your numerous readers would be kind enough to give the above information.—I remain, Sir, yours, &c., A. B.
18th Feb., 1850.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

"Peace to Thee!" *Ballad.* Words by WALLBRIDGE LUNN; Music by HENRY LUNN.

"Beneath thy Casement!" *Serenade.* Words by WALLBRIDGE LUNN; Music by HENRY LUNN.

"No form but thine!" *Canzonet.* Words by WALLBRIDGE LUNN; Music by HENRY LUNN.

"Gay Lark!" *Ballad.* Words by WALLBRIDGE LUNN; Music by JOHN ASHMORE.

"Adieu, ye Woods!" *Ballad.* Words by WALLBRIDGE LUNN; Music by JOHN ASHMORE.

"Let us be joyous!" *Ballad.* Words by WALLBRIDGE LUNN; Music by JOHN ASHMORE—ADDISON and CO.

The above six songs were sung in Mr. Arthur Wallbridge Lunn's "Literary and Musical Evening," given at Blagrove's Rooms, about a fortnight since, and noticed by us at the time. The very favourable impression which these songs then made upon us has been more than confirmed by subsequent examination. They are all distinguished by a melodious flow which must render them general favourites.

"Peace to Thee" is a pure melody—simple, but full of meaning. It is a ballad which we can imagine Miss Dolby singing, and charming her hearers with.

"No Form but thine" is a *canzonet*, somewhat formed upon the model of Haydn's, and characterised by a musician-like treatment throughout. The second part, in E minor, breaks the *legato* melody happily, and the return to the original subject is contrived with artistic skill. The pianoforte part requires a delicate touch; and, indeed, much of the effect of the composition depends upon the refinement with which it is treated, both by vocalist and pianist.

"Beneath thy Casement" is a serenade, melodious, and cleverly accompanied. The modulation into D minor is unexpected, and the *staccato* quavers at the conclusion to the word "awake!" would be heightened if scored for an orchestra. We should be pleased to hear this serenade in a concert-room, with orchestral accompaniments.

"Gay Lark" is a ballad with a catching melody; although addressed to a bird, it has none of the clap-trap in the accompaniment so often found in songs of this class. A *soprano* voice would make this song most effective, and we can recommend it to amateurs who do not rest their claim to attention upon mere display.

"Adieu, ye Woods" is a pleasing *cantabile* melody, in which pathos is attained by simple means. In the second part, the flowing accompaniment is effective.

"Let us be joyous" is a sparkling melody in waltz time, in which the world's cares are defied, and implicit reliance placed on the faith of some fair one unknown. This song was encored on the evening of performance; and we have no doubt that a similar honour will await it in most concert rooms. It is something in the style of "Vadasi via pi qua," which has so often sent away audiences in a state of exhilaration.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Haydn's *Creation* was given last night, for the first time this season.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's oratorio of *Deborah* was performed on Monday night.

Mr. LEMLEY is expected in town to-day. His first concert in Paris has been highly successful.

Mr. LUCAS will shortly renew his annual series of musical evenings, for classical chamber compositions.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—The rehearsal of the first concert took place last night at the Hanover Square Rooms. The concert will come off on Monday evening.

A COOL SOPHIST.—The Temperance Members of the Admiralty pretend that the crews of the New Arctic Expedition ought, above all others, to be deprived of the hitherto usual allowance of grog, as they are sure to have lots of "cold without."—*Pasquin*.

MADLIE. VERA is engaged at the Royal Italian Opera to replace Madlle. Corbari.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP.—This gifted singer is turning the heads of the Mexicans, and in several cities she has been crowned on the stage with wreaths ornamented with ounces of gold. We learn with pleasure that she will, with her director, Mr. Boehm, pay us a visit this month.—*Boston Museum*.

Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN's benefit is announced for the 11th of March, under the distinguished patronage of Her Majesty and Prince Albert. The talented artists will appear, for the first time in London, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, Mr. Charles Kean playing Benedict, and Mrs. Charles Kean Beatrice.

NO WOMEN.—We understand Mr. Keeley has given deep offence to Lord Roden by his performance of *Orange Moll*, in Jerrold's comedy of *Nell Gwynne*. His lordship considers any allusions to an old woman in the orange lino—personal.—*Pasquin*.

HER MAJESTY, Prince Albert, and the Royal children, attended the performance at Drury Lane on Saturday evening. The entertainment consisted of *The Spoiled Child*, the pantomime *Harlequin Queen Bees*, and *Charles XII*.

HER MAJESTY and Prince Albert honoured the performances at the Haymarket on Tuesday evening.

PASQUIN.—We are pleased to see our sharp and merry friend, Pasquin, restored to life again, with much better health and spirits than he enjoyed before his recent demise. Our present contemporary did not die the outright; he merely fell into a slumber, from which being awakened, he is now brisk and full of blood. In short, Pasquin appears other than his former self—though his former self was sufficiently pleasant, and merits the support of all true lovers of wit and humour, satirical small talk—squire and caricatures. The fifth number, just come out, is heavy with good jokes, genuine fun, and pure drollery. The illustrations, by Kenny Meadows, are worthy of Kenny Meadows.

HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The Queen and His Royal Highness Prince Albert honoured the French Plays with their presence on Monday evening. The Royal suite consisted of the Countess of Mount Edgcumbe, the Hon. Miss Stanley, the Marquis of Ormond, Colonel Buckley, and Colonel Gordon.

SONTAGE AT PARIS.—(From the *Times Correspondent*).—The concert of Madame Sontage, given last night (Tuesday) at the Conservatoire, may almost be reckoned a political event, from the mixture of parties and the really splendid assemblage of high personages who congregated on the occasion. The little theatre, in former days an appurtenance of the Crown, was crowded to excess, every box containing some *celebrités* of the present, but far more of the past régime, the noble Fambourg St. Germain contributing its full quota. I was informed by a French gentleman that he had seldom or never seen so many of the old nobility in public during the eighteen years of the reign of Louis Philippe. The President of the Republic was not present, being detained by unexpected public business, but his box was occupied by the Princess Mathilde and a party.

LUCRETIA.—The last of the Monthly Subscription Concerts was given on Tuesday evening last, with complete success. It will readily be believed that, as no periodical concerts have been given in Leicester for the last sixteen years, numerous difficulties must have arisen during this series, which, however, have all been over-

come by the spirited exertions and judicious management of the projectors. Tuesday evening's programme was, perhaps, the best that has been presented, the chief exponents being Mrs. Sunderland, Mr. Leffler (both of whom made their first appearance in Leicester), Mr. Nicholson (flautist), Miss Wykes, and Master Weston. Mrs. Sunderland was encored in two of her songs, viz. Spiorle's "Wishing Gate" and Bishop's "Echo Song," the flute obligato in the latter being finely played by Mr. Nicholson. Mr. Leffler was in capital voice, and sang "Non più andrai" and "The Lads of the Village." Mr. Nicholson performed a new solo (written by himself) upon Ciccam's Patent Diatonic Flute, in which he displayed a mastery over all the difficulties of his instrument, united to a very full, pure tone: the solo was loudly encored. Benedict and De Beriot's duet for piano and violon, ou themes from *Sonnambula*, was effectively rendered by Miss Wykes and Master Weston; their performance took the audience by surprise. Our meed of praise is due to Mr. H. Gill and the orchestra who acquitted themselves to excellent style.

LIVERPOOL THEATRE.—Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, honoured this theatre with their presence on Thursday evening, to witness *He Would Be An Actor* and *The Island of Jewels*.

Miss MURRELL gave a concert at St. Martin's Hall on Tuesday week last, in which she was assisted by several vocalists. Miss Murrell is a pupil of Mrs. John Roe. Mr. John Roe conducted.

TWO RICHMONDS IN THE FIELD.—Verdi, as well as Halévy, is writing music to a *libretto* founded on Shakespeare's *Tempest*.

BATH HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The third Ladies' Concert took place on Friday week evening, and was attended by a numerous and fashionable company. The Marquis of Thomond presided. We cannot but express our opinion that the last concert was not so satisfactory as many of its predecessors; nor can we understand what particular charm there is in pianoforte fantasias to induce the managers to place two on the programme of one evening. Of the two fantasias played on Friday evening, we preferred that of M. Jacques: one reason for our preference being, that the band took part in it. In itself, also, it was a highly satisfactory performance. Mr. George Field ally performed a solo in the second part, and was rewarded by an encore. The *setto* in the second act, "Stay, prithee, stay," was effectively sung by Miss Stanley, Miss Gilbert, Mrs. W. Pyne, and Messrs. G. Temple, K. Lansdown, and Thomas. Mrs. K. Pyne, in the "Savourneen dethish," obtained an unanimous encore. Miss Stanley, in the trio from the *Barber of Seville*, acquitted herself well for so youthful an artist. We might also speak in laudatory terms of Miss Gilbert, Messrs. Rogers, and Mr. B. Taylor, in the pretty trio by Baffé, "Thru' the world." Miss Gilbert's tones are sweet, but too weak as yet for so large a room. The madrigals were, as usual, most effectively sung.

BATH.—CLASSICAL QUARTET CONCERTS.—The first of a series of concerts, having for their object the reproduction of the works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Haydn, and Mozart, but more especially their instrumental quartets, was given at the Assembly Rooms on Thursday morning. Mons. Jacques being the *entrepreneur*. The enterprise was a test of the feeling of our musical circles; but, nevertheless, it was attended with a marked success, the room being crowded with the *élite* of our city and neighbourhood. The programme had been called entirely from Beethoven's masterpieces. Two of his quartets had been selected—that in A, No. 3, Op. 18, and another in F, No. 1, Op. 18. The interpreters were Mons. de Kontski, first violin; Mons. Jacques, second violin; Herr Rahke, tenor; and Herr Hausmann, violoncello. Agreeably interspersed with the instrumental performances, were a few vocal pieces. The most striking of these was the scene and aria, "Ahi perfido," which was sung by Miss Ley, with feeling and effect. The pathetic musical declamation, entitled "Repentance," was rendered by Mr. Millar in a style which merited the applause he received. Between the parts, M. de Kontski played one of his solos for the violin—a performance abounding with the most startling difficulties. It will be seen by advertisement, that the second concert is fixed for Saturday morning next.—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*.

LIVERPOOL.—The Societa Armonica gave their third concert at the Royal Assembly Rooms, Great George-street, on the 15th instant, to a full and fashionable audience.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. D. (Athenum Club).—*The Royal Italian Opera will open, we believe, before Easter week.*

Q.—*Certainly.*

J. STERLING (Middle Temple).—*Perhaps not.*

AN OLD SCRIBBLER.—*Our City Correspondent was engaged elsewhere. We cannot afford to pay half-a-dozen contributors, to notice concerts that are never advertised in our columns, and have no general interest or artistic importance.*

AN AMATEUR.—*Perhaps.*

INQUIRER.—*H. B. Richards, not H. R. Richards.*

X. Y. Z.—*Certainly not.*

ETIQUETTE.—*Mr. Morris Barnett, beyond question.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JUST PUBLISHED.

"LET US BE JOYOUS;" "PEACE TO THEE;" "BENEATH THY CASCAMENT;" "GAY LARK;" "ADIEU, YE WOODS;" "NO FURN BUT THINE."

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(To be continued.)

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Tickets One Guinea each.

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THE SECOND CONCERT OF THE SPRING SERIES will be held on WEDNESDAY NEXT, FEBRUARY the 27th, when SIMS KEEVES, ERNST, and other Artists of Eminence will appear. Full particulars will be duly announced.

Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; Reserved Seats, 4s.; Stalls, 7s. May be had of Mr. STAMMER, No. 4, in Exeter Hall, and of all Musicians. Terms of Subscription for the Series of Fifteen Concerts.—Reserved Seats, Two Guineas Stalls, Three Guineas.

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The Musical World.

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No. 9.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1850.

{PRICE THREEPENCE.
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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mr. BALFE retains his post as Musical Director at Her Majesty's Theatre. This announcement will, we are sure, be heard with general satisfaction, and may serve to set at rest all doubts, conjectures, guesses, and speculations on the subject.

Mr. Sims Reeves is secured for the season, as one of the first tenors of the establishment. The engagement was settled on Tuesday. Another wise step.

Carlotta Grisi has been here for some days, and is already engaged in the rehearsal of a new ballet, by M. Paul Taglioni, which will be produced on the opening night.

BEEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

We announced last week that Mr. Rousselot had determined upon the renewal of these interesting meetings during the present season. His arrangements are now complete. The quartet will consist of Ernst, Cooper, Hill, and Rousselot. The three first meetings will be confined exclusively to the works of Beethoven. The three last will include specimens from other masters.

M. Stephen Heller, the celebrated pianist and composer, will play the grand trio in D major at the first concert.

With the liberality and truly artistic feeling which have ever distinguished Ernst, that eminent violinist, who will lead at the six concerts, has entirely forgone his terms, depending upon the success of the undertaking for his chance of remuneration. We are pleased to hear that the subscriptions are already nearly full.

A NEW MUSICAL CELEBRITY.

The *Athenæum* has found out a new musical genius, and makes public its discovery in sentences short and mysterious as the enigma proposed by the Sphinx to the devoted inhabitants of Thebes. Without pretending to the sagacity of Œdipus, and without aspiring to the reward that awaited him who unravelled the meaning of the monster's riddles, we are ready to offer a solution of the problem. The *Liverpool Journal* has published the following:—

"Towards the latter end of the past year the name of Mr. Silas, a young artist of Amsterdam, was mentioned to Mr. W. Sudlow, the honorary secretary of the Philharmonic Society, by a resident Dutch gentleman of this town. So exceedingly strong were the terms of eulogy to which the young musician's name was introduced, both as a composer and pianist, that Mr. Sudlow hesitated even to hope that so rare a jewel was to be picked up within the dykes of the Dutch capital. A short time since, however, a series of five romances in MSS., the composition of Mr. Silas, came into the hands of Mr. Sudlow through the agency of the gentleman alluded to. After a careful examination of these compositions, Mr. Sudlow, himself an amateur of refined taste, and an acknowledged high authority and impartial judge in such matters, now pronounces them to be equal to the best compositions of Mendelssohn in the same style. They are written in a somewhat similar form to the

great maestro's *lieder ohne worte*, and are shortly to be published, we believe, under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society. An engagement to appear at an instrumental concert on the 9th of April, being the third in the subscription, has been forwarded to Mr. Silas, at Amsterdam, and accepted by that gentleman. He is to arrive here a fortnight previous to the concert to superintend the rehearsal of a MS. overture, also his own composition, and which he will conduct. At this concert his power of extemporizing upon a given theme will be tested in the presence of the audience. It will be seen by the annexed translated extract from an elaborate critique which appeared in the *Hanvelblad* (Amsterdam newspaper) of the 24th December last, that he possesses wonderful facility in this respect, and is otherwise a fertile and promising genius. In giving the following extract, we may premise that the Amsterdam criticism is not to be classed with the inflated *feuilletons* issued by the Paris press:—"At a concert given at the Felix Meritis, on the 21st instant, a young pianist, Mr. E. Silas, a native of this town, made his *début*, and produced a sensation which for a long time has not been equalled. He played a concerto of his own composition, which for depth of conception and elegance of style may be placed at the side of any of the principal composers of our time. Its execution was a perfect model of all we could wish to hear, and was received by a crowded audience of the first families in this town with rapturous applause; but the enthusiasm was at its height when, as being recalled, he extemporized on a theme given to him by an eminent professor present in such a wonderful manner that the delighted audience could not rest satisfied without giving him an unanimous and enthusiastic third recall to continue, which he did on another melody. Indeed we cannot find words sufficiently strong to express the admiration we felt, and which seemed to prevail with every one present. The orchestra also executed an overture of his composition, which showed equal merit, and gave evidence of what may be expected from so accomplished a musician. He received his principal education in Germany, and finished at the Conservatoire de Musique, in Paris, where he gained, last month, the first prize for a performance on the organ."

We venture to guess that the new musical genius, pulled out of the depths of obscurity by the rod and line of the cunning fisherman of the *Athenæum*, is no other than Mr. Silas the Dutchman.

Although our contemporary has not absolutely delivered his enigma in the words of the Sphinx, his hints have been disclosed in such vague phraseology that we shall not be doing him injustice in thus translating his hieroglyphs:—

What musician in the morning walks upon four feet, in the noon upon two, and in the evening upon three?

SOLUTION.—Mr. Silas in the morning of life walked upon his hands and his feet. Mr. Silas, in the noon or manhood of life, walks upon his two feet. Mr. Silas, in the evening or decline of life, will in human possibility walk with the aid of a stick. **Answer.**—Mr. SILAS.

As we have no desire that the *Athenæum*, mortified at this early divulgement of his secret, should dash his head against the rocks and perish, like his predecessor Sphinx, we will let him off the penalty in consideration of our own indemnity from another—that of becoming Kings by marrying our own mothers; whereby we shall be spared the pains of putting out our own eyes and the shame of expatriation at the hands of our own offspring.

The *Athenæum* may now speak out about Mr. Silas, without let or hindrance.

STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)

BEFORE proceeding to the next number of Messrs. Wessel's collection, it will be as well to state a few particulars which we have been enabled to obtain in relation to those compositions of M. Stephen Heller not comprised in the publications of that enterprising firm.

Ops. 1 to 6, of the works of M. Heller, consist of sundry *Airs Variés*, the themes selected from popular operas, and the whole of which were composed between the ages of twelve and fifteen. From a glance at these effusions we come to the conclusion, that, although not without considerable promise and a certain feeling of originality, they do not evince any decided indications of that peculiar and distinguished talent, which was later evinced by the composer. They should, nevertheless, be included, if possible, in every complete collection of M. Heller's works, as illustrating a particular point in the progress of his talent as a pianist and composer.

Op. 7 consists of Three Impromptus, in which the originality hinted at in the *Airs Variés* is further and happily developed. In these pieces a boldness of progression is occasionally evinced, not observable in the previous works.

Op. 8, is a *Scherzo*. Here already the deep sentiment and largeness of outline which subsequently became prominent characteristics in the style of M. Heller, are strongly shadowed forth.

But the first remarkable effort of M. Heller's genius is in contestably the sonata, Op. 9 (*Première Sonate, pour piano seul*), in which the style of the young composer exhibits a complete and unexpected transformation. What was before merely hinted at, and regarded by the critics as a momentary caprice of the fancy, becomes a prominent feature. The evidence of a recent and enthusiastic study of the works of Beethoven and other great masters is too positive to admit of doubt. The ideas, formerly treated with the minute elaboration of a *petit maitre*, are clearer, simpler, and made to depend more often on their unadorned simplicity. The outlines become wider, and at the same time more consistent, while the general style evinces a feeling of decision which is not impaired even by the profuse manual difficulties that spring from the young writer's unlimited command of the instrument. Altogether this sonata is a work of high interest, as containing the seeds of those peculiarities which have since become such attractive characteristics in M. Heller's manner.

Ops. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15 seem to have been written to order. M. Heller's fame had by this time reached Paris, and his music was already considered a marketable commodity by the publishers of that *sui-disant* centre of modern civilisation. The influence of Paris upon M. Heller was what the influence of Paris has invariably been upon all young composers when they have first experienced it,—deleterious and abasing. We can, indeed, see little in these works beyond a certain readiness in appealing to what is styled so complacently the "popular" taste. They are easy and sometimes elegant, but there is nothing in them that any one capable of writing with facility might not have written with facility. They obtained much popularity, however, and for a time their vogue acted as a check upon the original genius of the composer, who did not emancipate himself from the dangerous position in which he stood, until "one fine morning" he produced the *Art de Phrasier*, 24 *Etudes*, op. 16, one of the most charming and ingenious of his earlier works. But this collection of

studies is too deserving of serious attention to be dismissed in the brief space we are at present enabled to afford.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE directors have issued their prospectus for the approaching campaign. The Royal Italian Opera will open for the fourth season, on Saturday, the 16th instant, with an Italian version of *Der Freischütz*, to be entitled *Il Franco Arciere*. The *Free Archer* was, we believe, one of the many titles intended for the piece by the author of the book previous to its present designation having been fixed upon.

The company differs materially from that of last year. Many of the old names will be recognised with pleasure; some of the omissions will be heard with regret.

The sopranis are Grisi, Castellan, Madlle. Vera, and Pauline Garcia.

Three of these are too well known to demand a moment's consideration. Madlle. Vera will make her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera. The season before last she played at Her Majesty's Theatre, but was then a mere novice. She is young, and is, we learn, greatly improved. Her late success in Paris, according to the Journals, was undeniable. If she prove but half as good as is reported she will do. We question much, however, whether she can satisfactorily supply the place of Madlle. Corbari, whom we, like many others, have always considered the very best of *seconde donne*.

The *contraltis* are Madlles. de Meric and d'Okolski. This looks as if the directors this year intended to shelve *Semiramide*, *Donna del Lago*, and other operas in which the *contralto* holds a prominent position. Madlle. de Meric has a charming voice, but she is yet too young and inexperienced for the great parts of such dramatic singers as A'boni and Angri. She will, no doubt, however, fill very satisfactorily parts of less superior importance, and in the mean time we must hope for the best.

Of Madlle. d'Okolski we know nothing further than she is English and married to a Pole; and even of this we are not certain. She may be merely a namesake of the lady we have heard of.

The list of tenors differs materially from that of last year. Mario remains. The Royal Italian Opera could not well do without Mario. Salvi is omitted. The Royal Italian Opera may flourish without Signor Salvi. Sims Reeves has gone over to the opposite house. But, in revenge, Luigi Mei, Soldi, and Lavia are faithful to their posts. These artists are all very useful in their way.

Two new tenors supply the places of Salvi and Sims Reeves. Signor Enrico Maralti is from the Theatre La Fenice, in Venice. He makes his first appearance in this country, and his *début* in Max in *Der Freischütz*. Of Signor Enrico Maralti we know nothing; but he must be a good singer and actor to perform so arduous a part as that of the hero in Weber's opera effectively.

Signor Tambrilich, the other new tenor, is an importation from the San Carlos at Naples, and the grand opera at Barcelona. He, too, makes his first appearance in this country. Of Signor Tambrilich we have heard most promising accounts, and we shall not be surprised if he turns up a trump card.

The basses are stronger and more efficient than ever. The old hands are Tamburini, Massol, Ronconi, Tagliafico,

Polonini, Rommi, and Rache. The additions are *Formes* and *Zelger*.

The re-engagement of Roneoni will prove a source of high gratification to the subscribers and the public. Herr *Formes*'s engagement will also be hailed with general satisfaction. The great German *basso* will appear in all his principal parts, including, among others, *Caspar*, *Leporello*, *Marcel*, and *Moisé*.

M. *Zelger* comes from the *Académie Royale* and from the operas of Brussels and Ghent, and will be remembered as the *Marcel* of the Brussels company at Drury Lane when the *Huguenots* was first produced in this country. He performed the leading bass parts in the French operatic company, at the St. James's Theatre, at the latter end of last season. Thus much for the vocal troupe.

The band, chorus, and conductor are the same as heretofore, with two slight exceptions—Mr. Platt resigns the post of first horn into the hands of Mr. C. Harper, and Mr. Thomas will be succeeded by Mr. G. Cooper among the first violins.

A list of eight operas are given, five of which will be produced for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera. The eight operas are *Der Freischütz* (Weber), *Guido e Ginevra* and *La Juive* (Halévy), *Parisina* (Donizetti), *Fidelio* (Beethoven), *Iphigenia in Tauris* (Glück), *Il Barco* (Mercandante), and *Mosè in Egitto* (Rossini).

Meyerbeer's *Prophète* will, of course, form one of the most attractive features of the season. Its productions last year was, from unavoidable circumstances, postponed to the end of the season, and the opera could only be performed ten times. "It may therefore be regarded," says the prospectus, "as a new opera." In fact, those few representations have served merely to whet the public appetite about Meyerbeer's new chef d'œuvre.

The cast of *Der Freischütz* for the opening night will include Madame Castellani and Mademoiselle Vera (sopranoes), Signors Enrico Marali and Luigi Mel (tenors), M. Maasol (barytone), M. *Zelger* and Herr *Formes* (basses). *Caspar* is one of the greatest parts of Herr *Formes*.

The entire management of the theatre, before and behind the curtain, is in the hands of Mr. Frederick Gye.

The whole of the musical arrangements will be as heretofore under the direction of Mr. Costa.

The ballet will continue to be confined to *divertissements* incidental to the operas.

ERNST AT MANCHESTER.

[In an article on the first classical chamber concert of Ernst and Hallé, the *Manchester Examiner* has so justly appreciated the merits of the German violinist that we have much pleasure in transcribing an extract into our own pages.—Ed. M. W.]

The first of four chamber concerts announced by the two eminent artists, Herr Ernst and Herr Hallé, took place on Thursday evening, at the Assembly Rooms. A more agreeable musical evening could scarcely be imagined. Ernst has no rival in power of tone, depth of expression, or brilliancy of fingering—he is a true artist in every sense of the term, and carries with him the sympathies of his audience, be it a popular or a learned one. His playing possesses a character which has truth for its foundation; there is a meaning in all he executes; a story is told, or a feeling expressed, in a manner that cannot be misunderstood; he is really the poet of his instrument, uttering a language peculiarly his own. His execution, however brilliant and extraordinary in the accomplishment of difficulties, is at all times forcibly marked, defining the melody

or strain which runs through the elaborate ornament with a clearness that keeps up attention to the subject, where others of less talent and genius would only bewilder. Take for instance the "Allegro energico" in the "Grand Trio" by Mendelssohn, where the wild energy seemed to inspire and hurry him along with its impetuosity, yet the outline was never lost in the midst of the gorgeous colouring with which the subject is overlaid. The fine feeling thrown into the "Andante espressivo" of the same trio, tremulous in its intensity, was never excelled even by the master to whom all superiority is now referred. Herr Hallé and Herr Lidel were not behind the leader in this beautiful musical feature; we may say, without exaggeration, that both exhibited the highest feeling for their art. Perhaps a still greater treat was the Beethoven "Sonata," so exquisite in melody, so full of eccentric and brilliant fancy;—the character of the work was admirably sustained by Ernst and Hallé, the latter surpassing himself,—the *adagio* might be called the perfection of playing. The quartet in which Messrs. Seymour and Baetens were engaged, is perhaps of too erudite a character to meet with general appreciation, but it is a splendid composition, and found exponents who fully comprehended its meaning. Three pleasing trifles, entitled "Pénéées Fugitives," the joint composition of Stephen Heller—who, by the way, is now in London—and Ernst, concluded a performance of instrumental music such, we venture to say, as Manchester before has scarcely witnessed. The second of these interesting meetings is fixed for Thursday, the 7th of next month.

ZINGARELLI AND ROSSINI.

The following edifying anecdote, extracted from a book called *Memoranda of a Musician*, has been going the round of the provincial papers, who, like ourselves, it would appear, have an abstract reverence for copy.

ZINGARELLI.—On one of Rossini's visits to the Conservatorio at Naples, the seminary of the world's greatest musicians, he is said to have rather abruptly demanded of Zingarelli, that master's opinion of his music. "Sir," replied the director, with his accustomed frankness, which did honor to him, "your music may please at the theatre, but it will never do at our school. I have, therefore, considered it my duty to forbid your scores being placed in the hands of my pupils." Rossini carried this rebuke off with a laugh, but he was evidently mortified.—*Memoranda of a Musician*.

That the music of the composer of *Il Barbiere* and *Guillaume Tell*, was not considered good enough for the *Conservatorio* at Naples, we may believe, on the oath of an honest historian; but that such being the case, the pupils of so severe an academy should be satisfied to gather precepts and examples from the meagre scores of the author of *Romeo and Giulietta*, we cannot believe, on the oath of any historian whatever. A carefully drawn comparison between Zingarelli and Rossini would, we imagine, make the former look even smaller than he appears from the evidence of that precious opera, of which the last act is considered so dull, even by the Italians, that an act from the weakest opera of Vaccaj is invariably substituted when it is performed.

CARLOTTA CRISI AT DUBLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

I HAVE not written you since Jullien was here, with Jetty Treffz. I have had no theme. It was not easy to get rid of

the impression produced by Jetty. Nor have I rid myself of that impression. Nor do I wish to rid myself of that impression. But I have been very delighted. I have been newly impressed. Carlotta Gris, with her wings of light, has been floating in the midst of us.

Carlotta was expected in Dublin on the 5th ult. But a tempest arose, and forbade her crossing the seas. She remained 24 hours at Holyhead. Holyhead is a dull place. Carlotta rested at the hotel with her wings folded, like a golden insect hiding from the wind and rain, under the protecting shadow of a leaf. At length the clouds dispersed, the storm fled, the winds were dumb and the sun rode out in the skies. He smote the sea with his beams, and the waves danced with delight. He kissed the hills with his light, and the shadows ran away. The plains were bare, except where the trees and the hedges cast a gentle darkness upon the grass—a darkness which was light mellowed into softness. And Carlotta came over, on the waters, while the storm fled far away to the south, till at last only his skirts were seen, and after that nothing. He had dived under the ocean that flows beyond the horizon.

Carlotta arrived on the 7th, and, after two days of rest, and two days of rehearsing, she appeared at Mr. Calcraft's Theatre Royal. The ballet was the *Filleule de Fies*, a French ballet. It is a tale of enchantment. An old fairy is refused a seat at a birth-feast, on the pretext of "no more room." All the other fairies are hospitably entertained. Each fairy bestows on the newly-born child some precious gift. Angered at the slight paid to her power, the rejected fairy inflicts a malediction which nullifies the blessings of her sisters. The action of the ballet is the development of the antagonistic fairy influences, and the ultimate triumph of the good over the evil.

Carlotta was the god-daughter of the fairies. She looked like an ethereal thing, and as she glided along the scene, amidst the plaudits of her entranced beholders, she seemed as though she had never touched earth, but, like the sky-lark, scorned the ground.

"Thou scorner of the ground,"—SHERLEY.

All that I had seen of dancing was nothing—absolutely nothing—to Carlotta's. On this occasion she flew, on unseen wings, as though the air were lighter than herself, and bounded as though it would persist in snatching her from the ground, every time her feet touched it, jealous of so dear a burden. She floated like an unrooted narcissus upon the bosom of a swiftly-running stream. I know not the technicalities of her fascinating art. I never danced in my life, not even on my wedding-day; but the sight of Carlotta, dancing as though to dance were to live and love together, produced so powerful an effect that my feet moved in spite of me. I never was more touched by an exhibition of mimetic art. But the art was so concealed that it was very nature that sparkled before my eyes, like a star too beautiful to be near. The audience applauded to the echo at the end of each of the variations, every one of which was more graceful, more wonderful, than the last. Yet while Carlotta danced the universal breath was suspended, and had it been possible, one could have heard the motions of her noiseless feet. But as well might you listen to catch the sound of a butterfly's wings. Carlotta's feet, which twinkle till the eye is dazzled, emit no sound but a visible music. They fall to the earth as silently as the snow.

The success of the ballet—that is of Carlotta, for Carlotta was the ballet—was prodigious. It was repeated on the 12th, the 14th, and the 16th, and on each occasion the enthusiasm went on increasing.

On the 18th, the *Diable à Quatre* was the ballet. Carlotta's mazurka has been too often and too glowingly described by one of your excellent critics of the Italian Opera, for me to think of attempting a word in illustration of what I felt on seeing it. A more natural and enchanting impersonation I never witnessed. It was not merely dancing, but acting through the medium of dumb gestures, which equalled the highest eloquence of language.

On the 19th the incomparable *danseuse* took her benefit, and her leave of the Dublin public, among whom I am proud to say she numbers as many admirers as there are play-goers. The first act of the *Diable* and the first act of the *Filleule* were represented, besides two charming *Pas de Deux*—the *Manola* and the *Syriac*. Carlotta was in high spirits throughout the evening, and danced to perfection. She was applauded till the audience was tired of applauding and she acknowledging their favours. The whole evening was a triumph of agility, grace, and exquisite *finesse* on the part of the *danseuse*, and a triumph of heartiest enthusiasm on the part of her beholders. Prince George of Cambridge, Col. Macdonald, and all the *élite* of Dublin were present.

I must not forget to mention in terms of high praise the dancing and acting of Mdlle. James and M. Silvain in the ballets. The lady is a gentle modest-looking girl whose very appearance is in her favor, to say nothing of her talent which is graceful and *distingué*. In the *Filleule* she played the principal Fairy, and in the *Diable à Quatre*, the Countess. She was excellent in both. The gentleman is a countryman of ours, an Irishman who has known how to make himself famous on the continent. M. Silvain is a dancer of strength, agility, and ease. His deportment is manly and prepossessing, and the practised artist is evident in all he attempts. A better or more natural representation of Mazurki, the basket maker, could not have been desired.

Carlotta's stay at Dublin has, as usual, been a round of *fêtes*. When not practising or rehearsing at the theatre she was seeing "sights," and when not seeing "sights" she was practising or rehearsing at the theatre. Carlotta is never idle. To stand still is, with her, impossible. She is a living and a lovely illustration of perpetual motion. She went to the Queen's Theatre, to see the officers play the comedy of *Charles II.*, for the benefit of the poor. A box was placed at her disposal, by the managing committee of the performance. She went to the Phoenix Park, in an open car, and narrowly escaped being overturned. The crazy vehicle, driven by a crazy coachman, and drawn by a crazy quadruped, jolted and jolted, till it fell poor Silvain and Mr. Levy, the clever leader of our Theatre and Philharmonic bands, *nez en avant*. These were Carlotta's companions. Had Carlotta fallen out she would have floated. The caressing air would have grugged the earth the pleasure of supporting her.

There was also a charming pic-nic, of which Carlotta was the life and soul. You know the County Wicklow. Well, the pic-nic was not in the County Wicklow, but on the way to it, a few miles past the atmospheric rail-road, near the seashore. The house at which she stopped was kept by three sisters—peasants, but such models of cleanliness that Carlotta will never henceforth believe in Irish dirt. It was well furnished and prettily situated. But the provisions being scanty, the guests had to send for eight pennyworth of whiskey, two pennyworth of cheese, and one pennyworth of what in courtesy shall be termed sugar. Carlotta paid for every thing, being the only one in the party who had not forgotten her purse. The fine weather, the pleasant prospect, the good but simple cheer, the rich brogue and racy talk of one of the

sisters—whieb made Carlotta laugh till the tears came in her eyes—caused every thing to pass off delightfully. A pleasant day was never spent. Mind I did not say that I was present; so do not jump too readily to that conclusion.

On the 20th Carlotta left Dublin. We—that is I, and some more of her libb adores—accompanied her (unknown to herself) as far as the boat, which sailed swiftly from Kingston Harbour and was soon lost in the outskirts of magnificent Dublin Bay. I and my companions stood gazing, till nothing but a speck was visible. At last the speck vanished, and there was nothing but the broad sea, with one white skiff upon its bosom. But that skiff did not contain Carlotta, and so we left off gazing. The sky then became less and less clear. At length dark clouds came from the west, and lowered above our heads, till the sun's light was quenched. The rain came down, the wind rose and smote the waters, the billows writhed in dismay, and the heavens were black. Though persuaded that this was nothing but a storm which, angry at the departure of Carlotta, had left his home in the hills to wreak its ill-humour upon the innocent fishermen of the coasts, and that "our own Gisselle" was still sailing along in smooth water, under the protection of a loving sun, our spirits were a little dashed by the grumbling of the elements, and we returned home by the railroad, melancholy enough. It was not till the third tumbler of whiskey "toddy" had been quaffed to the health of Carlotta, and her speedy return to "Old Ireland," that we were quite ourselves again.

JACQUES.

MR. BUNN ON THE STAGE.

A crowded and fashionable audience attended the St. James's Theatre, on Tuesday evening, to hear the long announced "literary and dramatic monologue," to be delivered by Mr. Bunn, the popular lessee of Drury Lane Theatre. Mr. Bunn was received on his entrance with the heartiest applause. Such a reception plainly indicated that the manager of old Drury was still in as high favour as ever with the public. Mr. Bunn appeared deeply sensible of the warm reception he obtained, and returned his select but significant acknowledgments accordingly. The audience was applauding lustily, and the lecturer bowing graciously, for several minutes.

Mr. Bunn commenced his monologue with an introduction, in which he very modestly set forth his own claims to public consideration. He who had so often put words into others' mouths, by which they had gained a livelihood and a name, was now about to present himself before the public with the hope of ensuring something of the same kind for himself.

The introduction passed, Mr. Bunn took a rapid view of the stage, from its earliest time to the present—from the epoch of Thespis the Attican down to Morton the Box-and-Coxican. The audience were treated to some amusing and interesting anecdotes *à propos* of the subject. But the most pleasing and instructive part of the lecture was that relating to the birth, genius, and time of Shakspeare. Here Mr. Bunn put forth all his strength, and became unusually elevated in his rhetoric. The details of the poet's early days were given in a satisfactory manner, and several particulars of his latter days were touched upon. These were illustrated by a series of admirably-painted pictures, representing in succession—"The Exterior of Shakspeare's Birthplace,"—"The Interior of the same,"—"Anne Hathaway's Cottage,"—"The Blackfriars Theatre,"—"The Globe Theatre,"—"Shakspeare's Last Residence,"—"Church of Stratford-on-Avon," and

"Shakspeare's Monument." All this part was highly interesting, and was received by the audience with due appreciation.

Mr. Bunn next alluded to the conflicting opinions regarding Shakspeare, and rendered a very amusing account of the multifarious callings which had been attributed to him by his biographers and commentators. The actors next came under Mr. Bunn's animadversions, but he was very gentle with them, and pointed out their faults with a tender hand. Garrick is evidently Mr. Bunn's dramatic idol. We confess he is none of ours. While we subscribe to his undeniable talents as an actor, his profane alterations of Hamlet and Lear renders him odious in our eyes. The first part of the lecture concluded with examples of various readings of Shakspeare, which were curious and laughable.

Mr. Bunn was enthusiastically recalled at the end of the first part.

The second part was devoted to a miscellaneum. It commenced with a reference to the interdiction of stage entertainment in the time of the Protectorate. Mr. Bunn amused his hearers much with a succinct account of Frynne's "Histriomatrix," and reading the title-page thereof. He interspersed this part of his discourse with some shrewd remarks on the old writers; and was very happy in his quotations and anecdotes. The different schools of acting were descanted on with a freedom which showed that the speaker had his own peculiar notions of histrionic excellence.

A few minutes were devoted to the "duties of a manager," in which Mr. Bunn proved satisfactorily that the blame which attached to him, in his management of Drury Lane, for not upholding the legitimate drama, must fall upon the public who would not support it. And this we always felt assured was the case. Mr. Bunn upheld Shakspeare, until the public grew weary of him. Mr. Bunn perceived that a taste for novelty and spectacle was prevalent, and would be gratified, and accordingly he provided novelty and spectacle. Mr. Bunn, finally, perceived that a taste for music was springing up in the minds of the public, and springing up so fast as to threaten to uproot all other passions for amusement, and straightway he converted Drury Lane into an opera-house. Mr. Bunn was perfectly justified in doing so. A good manager, he was endeavouring to please the many:—a politic manager, he was striving to put money in his own purse.

The discourse finished with an expression of a fervent hope for, and a firm belief in, the regeneration of the stage. We fervently hope Mr. Bunn may live to see it.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

AFTER a passage as smooth as the most fastidious amateur sailor could wish, I landed just in time to hear Madame Montenegro, who has been here, crowned with English laurels, to give a few representations to the good people of Boulogne. The present performance was her last. In consequence of Montelli not having arrived from England, the opera of the *Barbieri* was changed for that of *Lucresia Borgia*, and the last act of the *Favorita*. The tragic powers of Madame Montenegro are shown to considerable advantage in the *Lucresia Borgia*. Her acting and singing are really admirable. I think her voice has more power than when last I heard her, which is now some months since, in England. Madame Santiago, the contralto, received a hearty encore in Alboni's popular air, "Il segreto per esser felice." Santiago has materially improved. When he first sung in England, he was, compara-

tively speaking, a novice; at present he has gained strength of voice by practice, and his taste is unexceptionable. Bailiut, who, when I last saw him, wanted cultivation, has now a powerful voice, which he uses with skill and judgment. The last act of the *Favorita*, by Madame Montenegro and Santiago, created a *furor*. The famous duet was received with deserved applause. Bouquets were liberally distributed to Madame Montenegro from the boxes.

February 28th. Calais.—Being en route to Paris, and hearing the same party were to sing last night at Calais, I could not resist following them to hear the *Sonnambula*, never having heard Madame Montenegro in Amina, I expected great things, and was not disappointed.

The sensation created by the fair cantatrice in this character, was of the most flattering kind. Her performance was really a display of talent of a high order. Santiago was an excellent Elvino, and sung with taste and feeling. We rarely have seen the Count more effectively represented, out of London or Paris, than by Montelli. The whole opera, indeed, was well performed; and great praise is due to Mons. Hénin, conductor of the orchestra, for the careful manner in which the band and chorus has been trained. The house was crowded, and the principal artists were loudly called for at the fall of the curtains.

T. E. B.

GIAMBATTISTA ZAPPI.

Quando io men vò verso l'Arce trionfante,
Mi si accopia la gloria, al destro fianco,
Kila di spirti al cor, forza al piè stanco,
E dice, anelando, ch'io ti sò compagna,
Ma per la lunga inaspettata compagna
Mi si aggravia l'invia al lato manco,
E dice: anch'io son teo; al labbro bianco
Veggio il velo, che nel suo cor si stagna.
Che far degg'io? se indietto io volgo i passi
So che invano mi lasso, e m'abbandonna,
Ma poi fa, che la gloria entro mi laici.
Con ombre andar gioisco alla supremazia
Cima del monte. Una mi dà corona
E l'altri il veggio, e si contorce, e fremo.

TRANSLATION.

When to the fair Arcæan heights I climb,
Glory, like some bright star, walks by my side,
My heart she cheers, my feet she stoops to guide,
Onward with me, she cries with voice sublime;
O'er the inhospitable hills we wend,
When at my left I loof Engrinly stands
With pale envenomed lips and blood-stained hands,
And says, I too shall on thy course attend.
What shall I do? If back my steps I trace
Foul Envy leaves me, and I walk alone,
For star-like Glory too, alas! is down—
Onward with both, and with undaunted zeal,
I'll seek the loftiest heights till Glory grace
My brow, and Envy writhe, and still with torture groan.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

HAYDN's *Creation*, under the direction of Mr. Costa, attracted the usual crowd to Exeter Hall on Friday night, the 22nd ult., and was performed with the usual effect. The vocalists were Miss Birch, Mrs. A. Newton, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Machin. Herr Formes being indisposed, Mr. Machin took his place at a very short warning, and acquitted himself with the ease of one quite familiar with the music. Miss Birch sang very well, but introduced some irrelevant ornaments in the air, "With verdure clad," which displeased the audience,

who, in several quarters, testified their disapproval audibly. Italian cadences are unsuited to the simplicity of Haydn's melodies. Mr. Reeves was encored in the tenor air, "In native worth;" and Mrs. A. Newton, who seldom appears at these performances, made so favourable an impression in some of the music that fell to her share (especially in the duet "Gracious consort") that it is likely for the future her services may more frequently be called into request. The choruses all went admirably, except the final one, in which there was a false start; that took some time and pains on the part of the conductor to remedy. Such errors can scarcely be avoided while the English habit of presenting works of magnitude, however well known to the executants, without previous rehearsal, continues.

The *Creation* was repeated last night, with the same performers.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE OLDEN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—There is a misprint in my letter of last week, which I beg your readers to correct. "In our vulgar Quires" should stand thus: "In our regular Quires."

In addition to the instances I quoted of the use of the phrases found in the olden chants, I should have mentioned the name of Mozart, who has a chant in *Figaro*, and an olden melody in the *Zauberflöte*, which, I believe, was sung in Germany to the "Jesus coronatus virginum." Beethoven, in his *Benedictus* (Mass in C), uses a beautiful form of one of the olden chants; whilst Weber uses the pure and simple Prayer tone for his incantation scene in the *Frey-schütz*. Mendelssohn, in the choral, "He that keepeth Israel," adopts a close imitation of the 5th tone, merely inverting the last part of the chant. The commencement of his *Lobgesang* scarcely need be alluded to.

The chants of the olden church have been sung upwards of 1500 years in the Christian church, and as they are of Oriental birth, it is the opinion of many that they are as ancient as the days of David and Solomon. At all events they work well, for where they are sung, priests sing. I fear no one can prevail on our English priests to sing our Anglican chants.

When we consider that our ordinary speech takes only three tones, and that, without cultivation, few persons have more than five good notes in their voices, the wisdom and philosophy of the ancient system of chanting becomes very clear and apparent. To which may be added the fact, that chanting the psalms seven times a day, unless conducted upon some true and great principle, would have driven many of the singers into their graves. Nor is it probable that the men who were so skilled in architecture, sculpture, painting, and poetry, should have been so ill informed with respect to the laws of elocution and melody.

I am not one of those who defend the mis-shapen things which have so repeatedly been published under the title of Gregorian chants, nor do I wish to appear as an advocate for the barbarous harmonies to which they have been allied. There is much cant about in this day with respect to harmonising the chants in their respective tones. I can find nothing of this in great and accredited composers. Handel and Bach did nothing of the kind, and I am quite content to receive and treat them as did Mozart and Beethoven. I presume much of Mr. Monk's indignation has arisen from the unhappy shape and harmony in which this music has been presented to him.

It is undeniable, however, that the attention bestowed on the older gamuts has opened the door to a new structure in composition, and to the revival of forgotten harmonies and beauties of the scale. Perhaps the theory of Vogler brought these things into prominent view, and it is possible his articles led to the change in Beethoven's mode of structure. Look at the symphony in C minor, and at that

in D minor; the turning points are all different: and whilst in the former the older peculiarities are lost sight of, in the latter all their salient characteristics are brought most prominently forward, and form the mode of his progress.

Whilst writing on the subject of Cathedral music, I cannot close this communication without testifying my approval of your animated versions on the misplaced adulation bestowed on Purcell's works, which appeared in one of your late numbers. Henry Purcell was a most extraordinary genius, and, for his day, an admirable harmonist and incomparable contrapuntist. But, sir, people cannot build houses and palaces with mere brick and mortar, iron and wood. Some one must find them a plan, an architect must be employed who shall lay down the necessary proportions of the building. The greater portion of our cathedral music seems to me mere brick and mortar—of a good, sound, and excellent character, it may be, but used up without the slightest attention to order or beauty. Henry Purcell killed his school; he did so much with it that none could touch it again with success. But, surely, no man in his senses can compare the mis-shapen and strange house of Purcell to the systematical structures of Handel, or the models of more recent times? I am, sir, your obedient servant,

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

3, Newman Street, 26th February, 1850.

HAYDN'S SYMPHONIES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—“A Constant Reader, *Æsculapius*,” is informed, in reply to his enquiry of last week, respecting Haydn's Symphonies, that presuming he means the twelve which are known as Solomon's or the English Symphonies, the best arrangement he could have approaching his desire would be, first, the edition done by Czerny as piano duets (four hands); to this add the arrangement of the symphonies, by J. P. Saloman, as quintets for two violins, flute, tenor, violoncello, and double bass *ad lib.*, and he would have a very effective combination of these glorious old works. I am not aware that any arrangement *precisely* corresponding with *Æsculapius*'s statement exists. I am, Sir, yours truly,

W. C. Himmicks.

Peasner, 25th February, 1850.

P.S. I had hoped that the author of the Essay entitled “Stephen Heller” would, agreeably with your suggestion, have “enlightened” me a little on the remarks I made a week or two since, respecting his criticism of the works of the composer of the great Septuor in D minor, Hummel, as well as Kalkbrenner, and Reissiger, these being neither men of genius nor contributors to the pianoforte, according to his statement. I certainly expected, however, that this gentleman would have brought forward something better in proof of the superior position as a composer of him whose name heads the Essay to those already mentioned, than a few impromptus and other trifles of this sort, and these founded on borrowed melodies too!

[Our Correspondent is in a very great hurry. He really must have patience. The Essay upon Stephen Heller must necessarily appear in fragments. Were we to devote the whole of our pages to it, it would fill nearly a dozen consecutive numbers. We entirely disagree with our Correspondent about the merit of Czerny's arrangements. Beethoven, it is well known, despised them.—*Ed. M. W.*]

TO AMALIA CORBARI.

Ou! I would I were only a spirit of song!
I'd float for ever around, above you;
If I were a spirit, it wouldn't be wrong,
It couldn't be wrong, to love you!

I'd hide in the light of a moonbeam bright,
I'd sing Love's hollaly softly o'er you,
I'd bring rare visions of pure delight
From the land of dreams before you.

Oh! if I were only a spirit of song,
I'd float for ever around, above you;
For a musical spirit could never do wrong,
And it wouldn't be wrong to love you!

S. G. O.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

THE Fifth Chamber Concert, under the direction of the Committee of this society, took place on Saturday last, in the small room of St. Martin's Hall. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Quintet in D, two violins, tenor, violoncello, and contra-bass, Messrs. Blagrove, Watson, R. Blagrove, Lucas, and F. S. Pratten . . . *H. Leslie.*
Duet, “The thorn is white with blossom,” Miss A. and Miss M. Williams . . . *G. A. Macfarren.*
Song, Mr. Frank Borda . . .
Song, “The Warrior,” Miss A. Williams; trumpet obligato, Mr. T. Harper . . . *Klose.*
Trio in D minor, Op. 49, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. W. S. Bennett, H. C. Cooper, and Lucas . . . *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

Quartet in G, Op. 23, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. H. C. Cooper, Watson, R. Blagrove, and W. L. Phillips . . . *Mayer.*
Serenade, “I arise from dreams of thee,” Mr. Williams . . . *A. Mollen.*
Selection from Piano-forte Works, Mr. W. Stendale Bennett (Lake—Millstream—Fountain) . . . *W. S. Bennett.*
Vocal Quartet, “When the west,” Miss A. and Miss M. Williams, Mr. T. Williams, and Mr. Borda . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Double Quartet in E, Op. 87, four violins, two tenors, and two violoncellos, Messrs. Blagrove, Watson, R. Blagrove, Lucas, H. C. Cooper, Wheatley, T. Westrop, and Guest . . . *Spohr.*
Accompanist, Mr. Oliver May.
Director . . . Mr. Alfred Nicholson.

The sixth and last concert takes place to-night.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The following was the programme of the first concert held on Monday evening in the Hanover Square Rooms.

Overture, “Oberon” . . . *W. Weber.*
March, “Camp of Silesia” . . . *Alperheer.*
Glee, “Lovely Night” . . . *Chvatal.*
Glee, “Lutov's Wild Hunt” . . . *W. Weber.*
Symphony “No. 7, A” . . . *Beethoven.*
Festival Overture, “MS.” . . . *Benedict.*
Selection, “Lucia di Lammermoor” . . . *Donizetti.*
Overture, “Les deux Aveugles” . . . *Metal.*
Conductor, Mr. L. Negri.

The amateurs were in great force. The room was fashionably attended, and everything went off with *éclat*.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.

THE tragedy of *Ion* was revived on Wednesday night, with Mr. Anderson and Mr. Vandenhoff in the principal characters. Mr. Anderson, if we remember rightly, took the part of Ion shortly after the first production of the piece, although it was originally played by Mr. Maeready. The youth and extreme gentleness of the young Argive greatly added him to a female artist, and hence Miss Ellen Tree probably made the most impression in the part. In Mr. Anderson's declamation there was too much monotony, but the art with which he subdued his naturally masculine manner to an almost feminine mildness is much to be commended. Mr. Vandenhoff was the

original Adrastus, and plays the character admirably; the touches of deep feeling by which the better qualities of the tyrant are revealed to the audience, though concealed from his subjects, being introduced with touching effect, and without sacrifice of the fitful temper of the despot.

HAYMARKET.

Great discernment has been shown by the manager of this house in reviving, one after another, the short dramas of Mr. Douglas Jerrold, which may be looked upon as so many gems in modern theatrical literature. The performance of the *Housekeeper* at Windsor Castle seems first to have directed attention to these works. The *Housekeeper*, witnessed at Court, became once more a stock piece at the Haymarket. A few weeks ago *Nell Gwynne* was revived, and still keeps possession of the stage. On Saturday the *Prisoner of War*, originally produced at Drury Lane in 1842, under Mr. Macready's management, was again brought before a London public.

The *Prisoner of War*, representing the life of the English *détenu* at Verdun, with a pretty domestic story to concentrate the interest, is one of Mr. Jerrold's happiest productions. The language is less studiously epigrammatic than that of *Nell Gwynne*, but it greatly excels that fine specimen of brilliant writing in animation and hilarity. No pains have been spared to produce it with every effect at the Haymarket, nearly the whole strength of the company being employed upon it. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, with a feeling for the common weal that cannot be too highly lauded, have not scrupled to descend from their elevation, the one appearing as the frank, spirited Basil Firebrace, the other as the gentle, contrite Clarina. The Cockney brother and sister, Pallmall and Polly, are played by Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, as on the first production of the piece at Drury Lane. The self-complacent swagger of the gentleman and the true London sentimentality of the lady are perfect, Polly's sobbing perusal of her sweetheart's letter being the *ne plus ultra* of the comical pathetic. The old Admiral Channel was admirably made up, and effectively acted by Mr. Webster, though not with all the pathos of which the part is susceptible. As the midshipman, Tom Heyday, young Mr. Vandenhoff displayed less insipidity than usual. Mr. Selby, who acted Chenille at Drury Lane, gives a gentlemanlike tone to the character, and the fact that a comparatively trivial part like that of Madame La Rose is assigned to so eminent an actress as Mrs. W. Clifford shows the laudable desire of the manager to strengthen the cast in every particular.

The manner in which the piece is put on the stage is not only liberal but remarkable. The personages are all dressed after a peculiar fashion, which has not been revived for many years. The mania for "short waists" is supposed to be at its height, and the dresses of the ladies, while most unbecoming, are excellently characteristic. Mrs. Keeley's short waist and huge bonnet take us back to the caricatures of about forty years ago.

The call for Mr. Webster at the conclusion was a deserved compliment to the able manner in which the piece was produced.

PRINCESS'S.

THE revival of Edward Loder's *Night Dancers*, on Friday night in last week, was eminently successful. This most charming opera, and *chef d'œuvre* of the composer, was first produced in 1846. It ran for a considerable number of nights, and became the popular opera of the day. The music

was in great request, and the barrel organs, in more than usual numbers, dealt it in retail about the streets.

In the original cast, Madame Albertazzi played Giselle; Miss Sara Flower, Bertha; Miss G. Smythson, Mary; Mr. Allen, Albert; Mr. Leffler, Fridolin; Mr. Frank Bodda, the Duke of Silesia; and Miss Marshall, Myrtha, Queen of the Wilis. In the distribution of Friday last, Mr. Allen alone retains his original character. Mademoiselle Nau fills the place of Madame Albertazzi; Madame Macfarren of Miss Sara Flower; Mr. H. Corri of Mr. Leffler; Mr. Latter of Mr. Frank Bodda; Mrs. Weiss of Miss G. Smythson; and Mademoiselle Auriol of Miss Marshall. We have our predilection for old faces and old feelings, and cannot help thinking that in the main the original cast was the best. We must, however, make one exception: Madame Macfarren is in every respect superior to Miss Sara Flower.

But whatever the drawbacks to the performance, we have seldom derived more pleasure from hearing an opera than we did on the first night of the revival of the *Night Dancers*. From first to last we were alternately charmed and surprised. The audience were quite as charmed and surprised as ourselves, for they applauded vociferously and cheered repeatedly, and recalled everybody; Mr. Edward Loder being honoured with a special summons at the end of the first act. In short, the performance was a series of successes, commencing from the first scene.

When first played, the *Night Dancers* was divided into three parts—an induction and two acts. The induction is now run into act the first. This we consider an improvement, as the induction was too short, and the curtain fell in an unimportant place.

The second act is decidedly the best. The poet has not done as much as he might with the first act, and the composer could not hold off certain heavinesses of situation and incident. Nevertheless, there are abundant beauties in the first act. The trio, "Laugh, my girls," is full of fancy and animation. The serenade from the lake with chorus, which Albert and his companions sing under Giselle's window, is well known. It is extremely graceful and flowing, and is one of the most popular pieces in the opera. Giselle's first song is a highly characteristic bravura, and requires great capabilities in the vocalist. Mr. Loder has written all Giselle's music with great poetic tact. He has infused into it a romantic, almost a superstitious feeling, giving it a somewhat visionary and sombre colouring. This to us is one of the principal charms of the opera, and concurs in rendering the heroine more intensely interesting.

The only objection—an unimportant one—we find to the music in the first act, or, more properly, to the music from the end of the induction to the end of the first act, is, that, with the exception of Giselle's part, it is not so dreamy nor supernatural as that of the second. It may be said that the *wilis* appear only in the second net. This is true—but the whole of the action here passes in a dream, and ethereal in the music, we fancy, would not seem out of place. The chorus of villagers is bold and striking, and the concerted piece beginning with the accompanied recitative for Fridolin is admirably dramatic. Some delicious snatches of melody are introduced. The grand scena for Giselle, "I dreamt we stood before the altar," is finely descriptive. We cannot, however, say we much admire the idea of a dream-song being sung in a dream. Albert's pleasing ballad, "I cannot flatter if I would," is too well known to require a word of praise. Mary's bacchanalian song is misplaced: it is not particularly striking. The concerted piece, "A noble train all green and gold," is

all good. We think the finale should have commenced here. There is much extraneous dialogue in this act, which should be cut. The opera would be considerably improved thereby. Fridolin's talk is not always comic, and he has a good deal more to say than is necessary. The finale is constructed with great skill. The duet, "He loves me, loves me not"—the bacchanalian chorus, "Long live our vintage queen"—the dances, especially the waltz—one of the best we know—and the closing prayer, which form portions of the finale, are all excellent.

The second act contains the most beautiful and poetical dramatic writing of the composer. Nothing can be more picturesque and fanciful than the Willis' music. The bright and aerial character of the instrumentation, and the plaintiveness of the melodies, are quite fascinating. Fridolin's best song occurs in this act. "Pretty sprites, where are you hiding?" is deliciously comic. The duet between Albert and Bertha, "Peace to the dead," is extremely graceful and flowing, and is voiced to perfection. This duet was one of the popularities of the opera when first produced. Albert's song, "Wake from the tomb, Giselle," is very charming, and is full of feeling. The music between Giselle and Albert partakes of a quietly passionate character, and is highly effective. The duet, "Thou hast call'd," is perhaps too long. One of the loveliest things in the opera, if not the loveliest, is the morning hymn to the Virgin, "Ave Maria." The rondo finale, "On me crowds such joyous fancies," constitutes a dazzling termination to this most delightful and captivating opera.

Mademoiselle Nau pleased us more in Giselle than in any part she has yet assumed at the Princess's. The brilliant character of the music suits her capabilities and style. She sang with considerable effect, especially the bravura songs.

Mr. Allen was as good as ever in Albert. He always sings like a musician, and always pleases by his style and artistic method.

Madame Macfarren, although she had but a small part to play in Bertha, improved her position considerably with the public. She sang the *morceaux* in the first finale with excellent taste and judgment; and in the second act, in the recitative, "What is the charm dwells in this mournful spot?" and the duet, "Peace to the dead," showed herself a real artiste in skill and feeling. Madame Macfarren was in fine voice during the evening, and made a unanimously favourable impression.

Mr. H. Corri was amusing as Fridolin, and gave the music with better vehemence than expression. His dancing scene with the Willis, and his disappearance in the water amongst the bulrushes, was capitally acted.

Mr. Latter is but a sorry substitute for Mr. Frank Bodda' whom we should like to see once more in his old part.

Mrs. Weiss made the most of the thankless part of Mary; and Mr. Wynn was funnier than usual in Godfrey.

The chorus was good, and the band tolerable. Some of the choruses of the Willis, however, might have gone better. The effect produced at the end of the second act was something unusual. A unanimous call was raised for Mr. Loder, who appeared amid loud and continued cheers.

We have no doubt that *Giselle* will have a second prosperous run.

On Tuesday, a new farce was brought out with very equivocal success. It is called *My Wife shan't Act*, and is but another idea of the *Manager in Distress*, in which certain of the actors go into the front of the house, interrupt the performance, and squabble with each other, endeavouring to make the audience

believe it is all serious. This was all very well when the first piece of the kind was produced, and had the gloss of novelty; but even then it was never highly relished. Had the piece produced on Tuesday been well written, it might have been endured; but it was sad trash, and met the fate it deserved. It was received with more hisses than cheers at the end.

On Thursday, a really good farce was produced. It is called *Hot and Cold*, the terms applying to two portable baths, in which an elderly beau (Mr. J. W. Ray) and his man servant (Mr. Forman) perform their ablutions on a certain morning, when the former is about to be married. When they are immersed in their separate baths, a vindictive lodger, a milliner, (Miss Saunders), smarting under the wrong of a notice to quit, carries off their clothes, and as the two victims are thus rendered fixtures, a difficulty is placed in the way of the wedding. A new torture is inflicted by restoring the clothes, so that the master has the livery and the servant the habillements of the master, in which strange guise they are made to appear before the bride. There is originality in the subject of this farce, which is, moreover, smartly written, while it occasionally borders on the broad. It was capably acted, and took amazingly with the audience.

King Charles the Second was repeated on Tuesday and Thursday, and will be performed again this evening.

OLYMPIC.

It is recorded of the poet Camoens, author of the *Lusiad*, that when in a state of extreme misery he was supported by his slave, a negro boy, whom he had brought from the West Indies, and who earned a pittance by playing music in the streets. By altering the negro boy into a Gitana girl, the author of a little piece produced on Wednesday night under the title of the *Poor's Slave*, has made the subject more susceptible of dramatic interest. The Gitana has fascinated the King, Don Sebastian, much in the same way as Maritana charms the King of Spain in *Don Cesar de Bazan*. He promises to grant a pardon to any one she may name, on condition that her master, whose name is not revealed, will grant her liberty. The terms of the contract are fulfilled, and Camoens, who is liable to capital punishment as a returned exile, is pardoned; but Don Sebastian, finding the master and slave in love with each other, is magnanimous enough to forego his pretensions, and to take into his favour a poet, who, notwithstanding his lowly condition, is the glory of Portugal. This piece lacks striking situation, but is very prettily written, and produces a pleasing impression, which may in a great measure be attributed to the neatness of the acting. Mrs. Seymour, as the Gitana, displays much mild tenderness; Mr. Conway, as the poet, puts forth a more forcible degree of pathos; and Mr. Bellon, an actor whose worth is not sufficiently recognized, plays the King with much ease and gentlemanlike bearing. For the comic relief there is an innkeeper full of extreme terrors at the thought of harbouring a criminal, who is represented with great humour by Mr. Meadows.

At the fall of the curtain, there was a general call for Mrs. Seymour, who announced the piece for repetition amid loud applause.

Love's Sacrifice, one of Mr. Lovell's earliest and best plays, was revived here on Wednesday night. Its melodramatic situations told exceedingly well, and the characters of the father and the daughter bring out some very powerful acting by Mr. Davenport and Miss Fanny Vining. Mr. James Johnstone, as the villain of the piece, gave a representation of oily hypocrisy which, in its way, could scarcely be surpassed.

EXETER HALL.

(From *Pasquin*.)

[The directors of Exeter Hall having objected to the further use of the Hall for the purpose of *Shakspeare Readings*, the series announced by Mr. Nicholls will be given in St. Martin's Hall, Long Acree.—*Advertisement.*]

Oh, Exeter Hall is a structure rare,
Mighty, yet meek withal,
Its front unassuming, straight, formal, and square,
While within it is spacious, and lofty, and fair:
The large-hearted, cold-visaged men who meet there
Well typify Exeter Hall.
Narrow-browed—gloomy—and frowning on all,
A most orthodox building is Exeter Hall.
And good men meet there on the woe to debate
Of suffering human kind.
To abuse, with a Christian-like, orthodox hate,
Those vile outcasts whose creeds from their own deviate,
To curse an old lady (who's dress, as they state,
Is scarlet), with fury blind;
Or leaving our own poor in want and in sin,
For the poor anthrophophagi kick up a din,
Forgetting where Charity ought to begin,
While Want at our doors we find;
But Wisdom may reason, or Charity call,
For Bigotry governs in Exeter Hall.

Concerts are held there; but concerts are pure—
Music can injure none;
And the good men listen with looks demure,
And they smile, and are pleased, for they feel secure,
So long as they worldly joys shjore,
Laughing, and pleasure, and fun;
Basses may grumble, and tenors may bawl,
For music can't deprecate Exeter Hall.

Oh, the Bard of Avon was England's pride,
Chief in a mighty age;
And his magic pen, as the poet piled,
Nature's own spirit its point would guide,
While virtue and truth ever sanctified
The genius-inspired page;
But the poet is Exeter Hall denied,
He's polluted by the stage;
And the good men hoot, and the good men bawl,
For Shakspeare would deprecate Exeter Hall.

So the Hall's still pure: The good men still meet
Heretics still to curse;
Still storm away, with intolerant heat,
At the lady who has seven hills for her seat,
Still go to concerts by way of a treat;
They're saved from Shakspeare's verse,
Rigots may bellow, and singer's may squall,
But Shakspeare is hooted from Exeter Hall.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The concert reported (by a misprint of the word *took* for *taken*) in your last number but one, as having commenced Halle's Second Series with Ernst, came off as announced on the 21st instant. The following is the programme:—

PART I.—Grand Trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, (in D Minor, Op. 66) Mendelssohn. Song, Mrs. Thomas, "The Chapel," P. B. Czapek. Sonata, pianoforte and violin, (in F, Op. 21) Beethoven.

PART II.—Quartet, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, (in E flat, No. 10, Op. 74) Beethoven. Song, Mrs. Thomas, "Sono il Silfo," *Carafieri Altan*. Penelope Fugitive, pianoforte and violin, Romance, Intermezzo, Lied, Heller and Ernst.

Halle's classical concerts have always been of the very highest order; but if they had wanted anything to give the crowning grace or to render them as near perfection as seem to be possible, they

have now, by the coming of Ernst, been rendered complete. We have no hesitation in saying, without fear of contradiction, that there never was a concert given in Manchester before so rare in talent, so excellent in selection of the works performed, or as faultless in execution. Ernst was always highly appreciated here since he first appeared at one of Mr. Peacock's grand concerts, some six years ago, at the Free Trade Hall. And last year he created quite a sensation in the same hall jointly with Halle in a sonata of Beethoven; consequently, there was no slight degree of interest excited amongst the warm admirers of these kindred spirits, to hear Ernst with Halle in a moderately-sized room like the one used for these concerts at the Assembly Rooms. When Ernst made his appearance on the slightly-raised platform, he was most warmly greeted by the select yet crowded auditory; and the performance of Mendelssohn's difficult, yet beautiful trio in B minor, was listened to with most intense interest, a burst of rapturous applause at the termination of each movement giving vent to the pent-up feelings of delight and wonder held in thrall during the performance. Anything more exquisite than this was we cannot imagine, or even desire—it was perfect. Ernst and his instrument were in the happiest vein; he played with energy and spirit, as though he felt he had an audience before him who could enjoy the beauties of Mendelssohn's wonderful work, and as though he knew he had in his two countrymen, Halle and Lidel, co-adjutors on whom he could depend on playing up to and with him in giving effect to the performance, and, last, as though he himself not only felt all the beauties and had mastered all the difficulties, but thoroughly enjoyed and relished playing such music. In the highest steps there was the greatest purity and singing quality of tone (imaginable, added to which there was that nervous sympathetic quality which gives to Ernst's violin playing its peculiar charm. Lidel and Halle were evidently excited and on their mettle, and a most brilliant *crescendo* was the result. The scherzo (*molto allegro quasi presto*) is a most extraordinary movement—one that can only be safely played in such hands as on this occasion—it is so grotesque and bizarre, difficult yet beautiful. The applause at its close was most enthusiastic, and was repeated until the three exultants had once more to go through this most fantastic scherzo. The finale was no less a display of the like character, only more impassioned, and Ernst must have felt that his first reception in Manchester at a Chamber Concert had been most cordial and enthusiastic. There is something in his personal appearance which immediately strikes you, that in Ernst a master mind is before you; his high intellect forehead, and grave, thoughtful, ever pensive cast of countenance; his dark hair; his expressive eyes, which seem to emit sparks of fire when he is warmed with his subject; his slight, yet well knit, frame, and easy dignified deportment, all bespeak a man of no ordinary mould; and to hear him in classical music at a concert like this at once raises him to the very highest rank of living violinists. His next effort was with his able assistant Halle, in Beethoven's sonata in F. What fit intelligences to give expression to Beethoven's wonderful inspirations! What perfection of execution! We cannot describe it. You sometimes have had talent as great in such works in London, but here we should say never until now. We cannot make a selection of any one movement where all was so perfect, and powers of pen, and intellect too, more than we pretend too, are required to describe Beethoven's sonatas. The applause as the talented pair—worthy of each other—left the platform was again most enthusiastic. The second part opened with a stringed quartet, the first ever given at Halle's concerts (Beethoven's, in E flat, No. 10). Here we had Ernst in, to us, a new character, as leader of a quartet. Mr. Seymour also in a new part, as second, M. Baetens and Herr Lidel being the tenor and violoncello respectively. It was the most complete quartet, the most equal in all its parts, we ever yet heard. We could scarcely think more highly of Ernst than we did before, yet were we surprised, and delighted too, to hear how well so great and eminent a solo violinist could mix, and blend, and subdue his instrument, as one may say, into harmony and brotherhood with the rest, without being at all too prominent, as might so naturally be looked for or expected. Seymour was, indeed, and most truly, a "competent second violin," which is no slight praise where Ernst is first. He raised himself in our estimation, as also did Baetens and Lidel, by the performance of this quartet. Lidel was first rate,

and Baetens' tone more oily and unctuous—that richness so desirable in a quartet. Again, we cannot make selections where all is so good, and describing Beethoven is beyond us. The third movement, “*Adagio ma non troppo*,” was, perhaps, the most remarkable for the refinement and delicacy of the four strings, *pianissimo*; but how little idea does this give of the delight which kept the whole audience listening with “bated breath!” The last appearance of Ernst was once more with Hallé, in some elegant bagatelles by Heller and Ernst—a romance, intermezzo, and lied—and most exquisite “fugitive thoughts” they all three were. A regular series of applause both preceded and followed this last of intellectual banquets, and thus ended Ernst's first concert (in Classical Chamber Music) in Manchester. It is said the “appetite grows by that it feeds on,” and in our growing love for the classical we shall be inclined to eschew and have little relish for solo performances (written for—and calculated merely for—individual display) in future.

It is stated that Ernst did not arrive in Manchester three hours before the concert commenced. If so, the merit of all concerned is greatly enhanced, when, with so small a space of time for rehearsal, the three grand desiderata in these performances was exhibited so remarkably,—viz., delicacy, precision, and refinement. Mrs. Thomas was the vocalist on the occasion, and she showed great taste in the choice of her songs: one called “The Chapel,” in the modern German or Schubert style, by Czapek (otherwise J. L. Hatton), the other a pretty Italian song by Madame Caradori, in both which she acquitted herself very creditably. We are sorry to learn that the Assembly Rooms are likely to be sold, and most probably (like two of the chapels formerly in the same street) converted into warehouses! It will be a great pity for Mr. Hallé to be moved out of so desirable a “chamber” for his unique and unrivalled concerts. It appears to us to possess those just proportions so favourable to acoustics. We do not know the exact dimensions, but, at a guess, should say about 72 feet long by 40 wide, and 24 feet high,—at any rate, these are about the proportions; and we never heard chamber music to such advantage in any other public room in Manchester. The next concert, we are, is fixed for the 7th of March.—We still hear occasionally of murmurs and discontent among the Concert Hall orchestra at the recent changes and additions, and so many Germans and other foreigners being introduced into it. We trust, however, these rumours are magnified, and that the new conductor will not, at the outset of his labours, have to preside over disunited forces, but that, from the eminent talent evinced by the artists lately imported (as shown at these chamber concerts), they will take the position such talent entitles them to, and that the old members will be induced to work harmoniously with them. From the well-known taste of M. Hallé, and his feeling for art—in the highest significance of the term—we are led to hope that he will not only do credit to his recent appointment as conductor, but acquit himself successfully in his difficult and somewhat ungracious task of re-modelling the Concert Hall orchestra, so as to raise its already high character without doing injury or injustice to any of its old members. We hope it will now rank second to none in this country, except the Philharmonic or Opera bands—which must always retain their pre-eminence, not only from the numerical force, but from the fact of so many of their individual members being professors of the highest attainments on their respective instruments. Imperfect as the Concert Hall band confessedly has hitherto been, it has frequently been admitted by Sir George Smart, Sir H. Bishop, Benedict, and others, to be the first in the provinces.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I much regret to inform you that Herr Ernst and Hallé's Chamber Concerts are for the present withdrawn. At the first, which took place at the Royal Assembly Rooms on Friday night, there were not present sufficient people to pay for the expenses. The principal cause of this was, I think, the high prices. If the charge for admission had been more moderate I am certain the speculation would have been in every way successful. You may regret that we have given a guinea here to hear Jenny Lind. True—but that was

under the influence of an excitement of which there has never been a precedent, and to which there will probably never be a parallel. Ernst is certainly as great in his peculiar walk as Jenny Lind, but he has not been half so much puffed; in addition to which the “Swedish Nightingale” did not, like Ernst and Hallé, appeal exclusively to the lovers of classical music. But it is no use attempting to give an excuse for my townsmen. They did not go to hear Ernst and Hallé. They lost a treat which has never previously been offered them. The programme of the performance was as follows:—

PART I.—Grand trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, (in C minor Op. 66.) Mendelssohn. Song, “The first violet,” Mendelssohn. Sonata, pianoforte and violin (dedicated to Kreutzer), in A minor, Op. 47, Beethoven.

PART II.—Quartet, two violins, tenor, and violoncello (in E flat, No. 10, Op. 74), Beethoven. Song, “The red rose,” Freck. Pensive Fugitive, pianoforte and violin (Romance, Intermezzo, Lied), Stephen Heller and Ernst.

Executants:—Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé; violin, Herr Ernst; second violin, Mr. Seymour; tenor, M. Baetens; violoncello, Herr Liid.

A contemporary local paper, the *Albion*, in commenting on the performance, makes the following just and forcible remarks:—“The above programme was presented on Friday evening last, at the Assembly Rooms, Great George Street, before the smallest audience ever assembled to have seen within these walls. Deduction to the public as to whether they shall or shall not attend a particular place or performance is out of the question; but, at the same time, we do not think we shall be stepping out of our province in saying, that it is seriously to be regretted that executants of so acknowledged and universal celebrity should have been treated with marked neglect in a town which ought to be second to none in the liberal fostering of musical art. And should the high price of admission be urged as the reason for the attendance being so small, we answer, that, on occasions when an eminent vocalist has been announced, the pulpit of Liverpool have not hesitated to pay for a sitting in the entire price of Herr Ernst's three concerts. We feel that a stigma has been cast on the musical character of the town. We state, on authority, that the two concerts advertised to take place are withdrawn; but we earnestly hope that the thirty-eight people who were present on Friday evening may not have heard Herr Ernst for the last time in Liverpool. They will, at any rate, agree with us that so admirable and perfect a musical performance has never before been heard in this town.”

What a difference between Liverpool and Manchester! At the last-named town the vogue of Hallé's chamber concerts is so great that it is a positive favour to be permitted to purchase tickets high as is the price of admission. It is not because Manchester is a richer place than Liverpool, but that the Manchester people are really musical, and the Liverpool people are not.

Macready has left us positively for the last time, and we are never to see his artistic performances again. We have to console ourselves with a Mr. Barry Sullivan, who is at present acting at our Theatre Royal, and upon whose shoulders some of our local critics will have to lay that the mantle of the eminent tragedian has fallen. I have frequently spoken highly of him in my communications to your papers, and I think that he is certainly one of the most “singing” tragedians of the day. He has a good voice, is a scholar and an original actor, and only wants more physical power. He created a great sensation here when he played Othello to Macready's Iago. He is at present studying hard in the provinces, having refused many offers from metropolitan managers. His time is not yet come to tempt the ordeal of a London tribunal. A local contemporary speaks in high terms of his Hamlet, one of his most finished performances decidedly.

To-morrow night Mark Lemon's new play of *Hearts are Trumps* will be produced for the first time in Liverpool.

The Philharmonic Society announces a concert next Monday, at which Mendelssohn's *Elijah* will be given, it is hoped with good effect, the band having been greatly increased, and the following vocalists being engaged: the Misses Williams, Miss Stott, and Miss Parsons; Messrs. Lockey, Sandys, Wait, Armstrong, and Herr Carl Formes. The third concert (which will be chiefly instrumental) takes place on the 9th of April. For this concert a new musical “prodigy” is engaged, of whom we have a full account in the *Liverpool Journal*.

I am glad to inform you that we are to have Mr. Mitchell's opera company here at our Theatre Royal shortly, as they are engaged to perform in the *Domino Noir*, *Diamant de la Couronne*, and *Fra Diavolo*. The delightful Mlle. Charton, whose exquisite singing here, a week or two since, created so great a *furor*, is of course to be the *prima donna*, but the tenor is not named. I hope it will be Chollet or Coudere. The affair is sure to be successful if well managed, and the success that the company have met with in London is a guarantee for their triumph. As I have already said, we have had all sorts of operas—good, bad, and indifferent, but never the *Opera Comique*. If all that you and your contemporaries say be true, we have a treat in store of the most piquant and delightful character. J. H. N.

DRAMA AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our Correspondent.)

On Monday evening last, the performances were for the benefit of Mr. Newcombe, and under the patronage of the Earl and Countess of Merley. The benefit of our popular manager would have been quite sufficient to have filled the house without the additional attraction of such high patronage to add to the overflow. The theatre presented a brilliant display. The military and naval authorities with their officers gave a striking effect to the dress boxes. The pieces were *Troiscent*, *Brother Ben*, with *This House to be Sold*. I must particularize Mr. J. F. Young with Mrs. Dyas in the first piece. The former is an actor of more than common ability; and the latter in pathetic scenes is always successful. Mrs. Garthwaite, as Mrs. Langford, displayed considerable dramatic intention, and altogether the piece went off well. Mr. Newcombe, who played Brother Ben, was on his *entrée*, received in a manner which must have been most pleasing to him, and played with his usual spirit throughout, keeping the audience in roars of laughter until the fall of the curtain, when he was unanimously called for. *This House to be Sold* was capably played, especially the character of Mr. Clatterton Chopkins, by Mr. Miles, who displayed good comic ability; and to judge from the applause he received, gave entire satisfaction.

T. E. B.

TO CARLOTTA CRISI.

She comes—the spirit of the dance!
And but for those large, eloquent eyes,
Where passion speaks in every glance,
She'd seem a wanderer from the skies.

So light that, gazing breathless there,
Lest the celestial dream should go,
You'd think the music in the air
Waved the fair vision to and fro!

Or that the melody's sweet flow
Within the radiant creature play'd,
And those soft wreathing arms of snow
And white sylph feet the music made.

Now gliding slow with dreamy grace,
Her eyes beneath their lashes lost;
Now motionless, with lifted face,
And small hands on her bosom cross'd.

And now with flashing eyes she springs,
Her whole bright figure raised in air,
As if her soul had spread its wings
And poised her one wild instant there!

She spoke not: but so richly fraught
With language are her glance and smile,
That, when the curtain fell, I thought
She had been talking all the while.

F. S. O.

* We have inserted the article from the *Liverpool Journal* in our first page.—Ed. M. W.

THE FAIRY LADY OF CALDERON.

The Fairy Lady is a drama full of life, spirit, and ingenuity. Its scene is laid on the day of the baptism of Prince Balthazar, heir-apparent of Philip the Fourth, which, as we know, occurred on the 4th of November, 1629; and the piece itself was, therefore, probably written and acted soon afterwards. If we may judge by the number of times Calderon complacently refers to it, we cannot doubt that it was a favourite with him; and if we judge by its intrinsic merits, we may be sure it was a favourite with the public.

Donna Angela, the heroine of the intrigue, a widow, young, beautiful, and rich, lives at Madrid, in the house of her two brothers; but from circumstances connected with her affairs, her life there is so retired, that nothing is known of it abroad. Don Manuel, a friend, arrives in the city to visit one of these brothers; and as he approaches the house, a lady strictly veiled stops him in the street, and conjures him, if he be a cavalier of honour, to prevent her from being further pursued by a gentleman already close behind. This lady is Donna Angela, and the gentleman is her brother, Don Luis, who is pursuing her only because he observes that she carefully conceals herself from him. The two cavaliers not being acquainted with each other—for Don Manuel had come to visit the other brother—a dispute is easily excited, and a duel follows, which is interrupted by the arrival of the other brother, and an explanation of his friendship for Don Manuel.

Don Manuel is now brought home, and established in the house of the two cavaliers, with all the courtesy due to a distinguished guest. His apartments, however, are connected with those of Donna Angela by a secret door, known only to herself and her confidential maid; and finding she is thus unexpectedly brought near a person who has risked his life to save her, she determines to put herself into a mysterious communication with him.

But Donna Angela is young and thoughtless. When she enters the stranger's apartment, she is tempted to be mischievous, and leaves behind marks of her wild humour that are not to be mistaken. The servant of Don Manuel thinks it is an evil spirit, or at best a fairy, that plays such fantastic tricks; disturbing the private papers of his master, leaving notes on his table, throwing the furniture of the room into confusion, and—from an accident—once jostling its occupants in the dark. At last, the master himself is confounded; and though he once catches a glimpse of the mischievous lady, as she escapes to her own part of the house, he knows not what to make of the apparition. He says:—

* She glided like a spirit, and her light
Did all fantastic seem. But still her form
Was human: I touched and felt its substance,
And she had mortal fears, and, woman-like,
Shrank back again with native modesty.
At last, like an illusion, all dissolved,
And, like a phantasm, melted quite away.
If then, to my conjectures I give rein,
By heaven above, I neither know nor guess
What I must doubt or what I may believe.*

But the tricky lady, who has fairly frolicked herself in love with the handsome young cavalier, is tempted too far by her brilliant successes, and being at last detected in the presence of her astonished brothers, the intrigue, which is one of the most complicated and gay to be found on any theatre, ends with an explanation of her fairy humours and her marriage with Don Manuel.

CHURCH MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—May I, through the columns of your valuable paper, address a few words to the public, and especially to those who have influence in such matters, on the subject of church music?

The neglect and indifference so long exhibited to this most important part of public worship, have produced evils which call for vigorous efforts to redress those abuses which now cause our church music to disgrace the very name of harmony.

Our clergy, as well as the laity, should interest themselves in this work. Music should be made a branch of instruction in our theological seminaries, in order that the graduates may be qualified to superintend the choirs of the churches wherein they are to officiate, that our temples may not be desecrated, as they too often are, by music which is anything rather than devotional. Thus the selection will not be left to the professional singers who form the choirs; the province of the choristers being but to lead, not to perform alone, the musical portion of the congregation.

The love of music is one of those strange, universal sympathies that in every degree of civilisation, in every phase of human life, intimate the immortality of the soul; it can touch hearts insensible to all other influences; it can cause the eyes to fill with tears, and wake in the soul unutterable visions of purity and holiness, of light and life, ardent longings for that freedom which shall be hereafter. Why should so powerful an agent be neglected in our churches?

From the earliest days of public religious worship, music has invariably formed an integral part thereof, and has been considered one of the highest, holiest exercises. The days of the Jewish dispensation bear abundant testimony to this fact, which also gives rise to many of the most sublime invocations to be found in the prophetic writings: "Sing, O ye heavens, and give ear, O earth;" "Break forth into singing, ye uttermost parts of the earth;" "Sing unto the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song." Every mind can supply innumerable instances, did the fact require proof. Is this great duty and privilege to be forgotten in "these latter days" of our more blessed covenant?

Neither let any say, "It is not necessary for me to waste my time about it." The greatest and best of the human race have left enduring monuments of the high estimation in which this exercise should be held. Moses and Miriam, the sweet Psalmist of Israel, Isaiah, and the prophets of old time, have given utterance to the inspiration of the Holy Spirit in strains of immortal melody. Even the blessed spirits in heaven "cast their crowns before the throne," and "sing a new song" to "Him that sitteth thereon." Shall we refuse to join in the holy strain, or shall we, whose most strenuous efforts are so feeble, consider "any thing" good enough to echo back the eternal hymns that resound through the courts of heaven.

"Arise! sing! for the year of my redeemed is come, saith the Lord." Awake, priests and people, take away the reproach; let music resume its appointed place, its high prerogative in the sanctuary; as the wings of the prayer let it rise upward from the lips of the congregation, and devotion shall be quickened, hearts that the words of man have reached shall bow beneath the works of inspired truth uttered by many voices, and the dark spirits that infest and trouble the souls of men shall flee before the harp of David as in the days of old.

New York, Jan. 26th, 1850.

L. A. S.

SIGNOR MONTELLI has been in London for a few days, but has since left to fulfil a Continental engagement.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. MACREADY.—The provincial engagements of the great tragedian have met with a sudden interruption in consequence of the death of his eldest and favorite daughter, who expired this week at Hastings. Mr. Macready was on his way to Newcastle, to fulfil his last engagements there, when he was stopped by the melancholy information, dispatched by electric telegraph, of his daughter's death.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERT.—We are compelled, from an unusual press of matter, to confine our notice of the nineteenth concert to a very few words. Ernst played twice—his fantasia on *Ludovic*, and a new one on an *Air Hollandais*. He was in great play, and was encored in both. For the latter he substituted the *Carnaval*. Thalberg also played twice, and was twice encored. A selection from Meyerbeer's *Prophete* was the feature of the vocal department. A clever new song by Mr. Anschutz, the conductor, with a horn obbligato, was finely sung by Formes, and the horn accompaniment, beautifully executed by Jarrett, had its share in obtaining the encore. The grand orchestral performance of the evening, was Beethoven's first symphony in C, which was given by the band, under Mr. Anschutz, with the same excellence we had occasion to remark in the G minor of Mozart at the preceding concert. The vocalists were Mr. Sims Reeves, who made the usual sensation in several songs and other well known favourites of the Wednesday Concerts.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Haydn's *Creation* is to be repeated on Friday next, the 8th inst., when Herr Formes, who has recovered from his late indisposition, will sustain the principal bass part.—Miss Birch and Mr. Sims Reeves singing the soprano and tenor.

MADLIE, COTTI.—This agreeable and intelligent *artiste*, who has been so favorably noticed at Mr. Mitchell's *Opera Comique* has been engaged by Mr. Frederick Gye for the Royal Italian Opera. Madlie, Cotti will be found, we are sure, very generally useful.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The rehearsal for the first concert (on Monday evening) takes place this morning, in the Hanover Square Rooms. The programme of the concert does not contain a single novelty.

M. SZEPANOWSKI, the celebrated guitarist, who also appeared as violinist at several concerts in London, two seasons ago, has arrived here, after an absence of two years on the Continent, where he has been giving concerts with the greatest success.

MR. W. THOMAS, one of our best violinists, having been appointed leader of the Philharmonic Concerts at Liverpool, will, for the future, reside entirely in that town.

MR. RICHARDSON'S CONCERT.—(From a Correspondent.)—Mr. Richardson, evidently anxious that his own brilliancy of execution should not surpass the general effect of his concert given on Tuesday evening, associated with himself a few musical exotics that have survived the winter, reviving our torpid nerves, and anticipating the coming spring, when musical nature will shed forth her varied blossoms from all germs. The concert opened with Beethoven's Grand Symphony (C. No. 1.) which was admirably played by the band, consisting of the most eminent players, led by Tolbecque; the Minuet, as played by the violins, was a neat specimen of concerted skill. Miss M. Williams was encored in a pretty ballad "My childhood's happy home." Miss Birch sang "The Warrior," with a trumpet obligato played by Mr. T. Harper. An air from *Puritani* ("Qui la voce") was given by Miss Lucombe, who still improves. Miss Dolby delivered Balfe's song "The hopeful heart should banish care" with great pathos, her distinct enunciation enhancing materially the effect of her lovely voice, and offering a laudable example to aspirants for future excellence. The male vocalists were Miss Reeves, W. H. Seguin, Frank Bodda, and Marras. Mr. Reeves sang a scene from *Ernani*, "Come Rugiade" with immense energy. The instrumental soloists were Sauton, Miss Kate Loder (an able substitute for Madame Dulcken, who was prevented by indisposition from attending), Lazarus, Richardson, Platti, and Miss M. Collins. M. Sauton executed his airs from *Lucrèce Borgia*, with consummate skill, delighting all with his

beautiful tone and rapid but effective execution. But the great feature of the evening was, of course, Mr. Richardson's solo variations on the "National Russian Hymn," played with the precision and refinement of one who has had few if any rivals on his difficult instrument. The double tonguing on the lower notes was clear and effective, eliciting continued applause from the whole audience. Miss M. Collins played a solo on the concertina with a good deal of cleverness. One of the grand points of execution, during the entire evening, was a M.S. by Doeha, for flute and clarinet, executed to perfection by Messrs. Richardson and Lazarus, accompanied by the orchestra. Another great performance was a fantasia for violoncello and orchestra, clever and effective as a composition, and marvelously played by Piatti, *le roi des violoncellistes*; this was, like the former, received with uproarious applause. The band also played Weber's overture to *Oberon*, Beethoven's to *Leonora*, and Mozart's to "Il Flauto Magico." Messrs. Benedict and Brinsley Richards conducted. In closing this notice, we cannot help praising Mr. Richardson's discrimination in selecting such suitable music for the display of his band, and so much in accordance with the prevailing taste of his numerous patrons. The concert was altogether one of the most interesting we have for a long time attended. The interest felt generally in the accomplished and amiable *beneficitaire*, was enhanced by the excellent musical treat he had provided.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Mr. Willy gave his first orchestral and vocal concert in the great room of this new building on Monday evening. The attendance, we regret to say, scarcely numbered 300 persons. The symphony in F of Beethoven and the overtures to the *Nuitade* and *Achille* were performed, Mr. Willy leading and Mr. Sterndale Bennett conducting the band. Mr. Blagrove played Spohr's 5th concerto for the violin, and a number of vocal morceaux were executed by Miss Lucombe, Mr. Sims Reeves, and other popular singers.

MADAME SONTAG'S second concert in the *Conservatoire* at Paris was even more successful than the first. The vogue of these performances is now so great that tickets for a single concert cannot be purchased. The whole series must be subscribed to or admission is positively denied. The president of the republic and all the *élite* of Paris, noble, diplomatic, and literary, have taken up the gamut in the cause of the amiable and accomplished Countess of Ross.

BEETHOVEN ROOMS.—Mrs. Bennett's concert took place here on Thursday evening. It was given under the most distinguished patronage, the name of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge heading a long list of fashionables. The vocal department was filled by the Misses Messent, Von Milligen, and Julia Shergold, and Mons. Drayton. Signor Marras and Signor Luigi Mei, from the Royal Italian Opera. The instrumentalists were Messrs Saincton (violin), Roussetot (violinello) and Bilet (piano). Signor Bilotti conducted. The concert went off with *eclat*.

CARLOTTA GRISI.—The great *dansette* visited Bath on the 28th January, Bristol the 29th, Bath 30th, and Bristol 31st. She performed in both places in the *Pas de Deux* from the *Diable à Quatre*, the *Craconique*, the *Truandaise*, the *Pas de la Peri*, the *Manola* the *Syrien*, &c. &c. Mons. Silvain and Mademoiselle James accompanied Carlotta Grisi on her tournee.

A GOOD WORD FOR SIMPLER MUSIC.—The perception of pleasure in the equality of sounds is the principle of *Musée*. Unpractised ears can appreciate only simple equalities—such as are found in ballad airs. While comparing one simple sound with another, they are too much occupied to be capable of comparing the equality subsisting between these two simple sounds, taken conjointly, and two other simple sounds taken conjointly. Practised ears on the other hand, appreciate both equalities at the same instant—although it is absurd to suppose that both are heard at the same instant. One is heard and appreciated from itself—the other is heard by the memory and the instant glides into and is confounded with the secondary appreciation. Highly cultivated musical taste in this manner enjoys not only these double equalities, all appreciated at once, but takes pleasurable cognizance, through memory, of equalities, the members of which occur at intervals so great that the uncultivated taste loses them altogether. That this latter can pro-

perly estimate or decide on the merits of what is called scientific music is, of course impossible. But scientific music has no claim to intrinsic excellence—it is fit for scientific ears alone. In its success it is the triumph of the *physique* over the *morale* of music. The sentiment is overwhelmed by the sense. On the whole, the advocates of the simpler melody and harmony have infinitely the best of the argument;—although there has been very little of real argument on the subject.—E. A. Poe, *Rationale of Verse*.

THALBERG is going shortly to Vienna, where he will remain till May. There was no truth in the report that the great pianist had accepted, or had been offered, the post of conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre.

ERNEST at KENNINGTON.—At a concert held on Monday last at the Horns Tavern, Ernest was the great attraction. He played his *Otello* and *Caraval*, was enthusiastically received, and encored in both. In place of the *Otello* he substituted some of his variations from Paganini's "Nel cor piu." The grand violinist produced an immense sensation. The first part of the concert was conducted by M. Farquharson Smith, the second by Mr. William Wilson. The rest of the concert was made up of an endless succession of popular songs and duets, by Misses Wells, Mrs. W. Wilson, J. Wells, Thornton, Messrs. Genge, George Ford, Turner, Herr Hermann, and Mr. Henry Smith, who was encored in one of the extravaganzas of John Parry. The programme was diversified by solos and duets on the concertina, by Mr. A. Sedgewick and his pupil, Mr. Barton, and a solo on Prowse's "Simplified Boehm Flute," by Mr. Camus.

THE MELODIST'S CLUB held its second meeting of the season on Thursday, at the Freemason's Tavern. Messrs. Richardson and Lindsay Sloper delighted the company by their brilliant performances on the flute and pianoforte, and songs were effectively sung by Mr. Francis, Mr. Land, and Mr. Machin. There was a larger attendance of members than on the last occasion, and the evening passed off with great *clat*.

MADLE GRAUMANN'S MATINEE.—Madlle Graumann gave her *matinée musicale*, at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, on Thursday, to a crowded and fashionable audience. An attractive programme was provided, including the names of Benedict, Molique, Osborne, Piatti, and other eminent artists, in addition to that of the concert giver. The Hungarian singers opened the concert, and were encored in the "Serenade Polka." We then had the pleasure to hear Herr and Madlle. Molique in two very charming romances for violin and piano. In these trifles we find the masterly completeness and true musical interest which are observable in the majority of Molique's compositions. Benedict and Piatti played the first part of Mendelssohn's duet in B flat, with their usual fine taste and executive brilliancy. Briccialdi's solo on the flute was much applauded. His tone is remarkable for sweetness, and his execution highly finished. Osborne's "L'Esperance Notturmo" was exceedingly well performed, and in his *marche caractéristique* the able pianist gave proof of his ample command of "tours de force." The duet for two pianos in the *Huguenots*, played with Benedict, was also a brilliant performance. The delicious tone, astonishing mechanism, and elegant expression of the unrivalled Piatti, met with the success they so eminently merit, in a solo of his own composition. Signor Marchesi sang an air from the *Huguenots*, and disclosed a nice baritone voice. Last, but not least, we have to name the fair concert-giver. It was remarked, she sang pieces in four languages; but in none was she more applauded than in that of her own land. Molique's charming "Gondoliers," delightfully warbled, obtained a unanimous encore. Another gem among the vocal pieces was Spohr's lied, "A bird sat on an alder bough," with an obligato violoncello part, played to perfection by Signor Piatti. This song deserves to be often heard at our concerts. Madlle. Graumann sang it charmingly. The concert, which gave entire satisfaction, terminated about half-past five.

SIGNORA FELICE RONCOVI, chorus master of Her Majesty's Theatre gave the first of a series of three concerts on Wednesday evening, at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street. He was assisted by a number of vocalists, among whom were no less than six of his own pupils, all of whom made their first appearance. They were the Misses Noble, Davinci, Leslie, Rooke, and Messrs. Mapleson and

Toulm. The singing of these youthful candidates for lyric fame reflects much credit on Signor F. Ronconi's teaching. Among the other vocalists were Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Birch, Miss Durlacher, Signor F. Lablache, &c. &c. Thalberg played twice, and Briccialdi (bassist) played once. The conducting was divided between Signor Bellini, Mr. Maurice Levy, and Signor F. Ronconi.

• **HEAR MOLIQUE.**—We inadvertently stated in our last number that the concerts of this eminent composer and violinist were to take place at the St. Martin's Hall, instead of the Hanover Rooms.

GREENWICH (From a Correspondent).—A concert was given here on Thursday evening, the 14th, which attracted a large and fashionable audience, the chief attraction being the performance of the great violinist, Ernst. Sims Reeves was engaged, as was Miss Lucombe, and Madlle. Theresa Wagner. A selection was given from *Lucia*. Ernst played three times, and at each performance the applause was redoubled. The audience were frantic with delight, and could not contain themselves while he was playing. I do not think so great a sensation has been created in Greenwich within the recollection of any one living. I send you these few lines in haste.

LIMERICK.—Miss Catherine Hayes is engaged to perform in operas for two nights at the theatre on the 11th and 12th of March, when she will be assisted by Miss Poole, Mr. Travers, Signor Polonini, and Signor Menghis. The band and chorus will consist of the Dublin orchestra and troupe, under the direction of Mr. Levey. The operas to be performed are *Linda di Chamouni* and *Norma*. After leaving Limerick, Miss Hayes and company will perform in Cork, upon the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 18th of March; and in Waterford, upon the 20th of March.

THE KING OF HANOVER AND JENNY LIND.—Jenny Lind has recently given several concerts in Hanover, one of which was for the benefit of the poor of the city. His Majesty, King Ernst, who was present at one of them, sent the Swedish songstress, we are told, a golden goblet filled with ant's eggs, the food of "nightingales." This may be, and may not be true. If true it was a pretty conceit on the part of old Hanover. If not true, it was a pretty conceit on the part of the penny-a-liner. Not true 'twere pity and pity 'twere not true. For our own parts, although we cannot vouch, we fondly believe it to be true. We have a comfortable credulity as makers and borrowers of paragraphs.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SIGNOR FELICE RONCONI.—A notice of the first concert of this gentleman is unavoidably deferred till next week.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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To commence at Seven o'clock.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE Subscribers and the Public are respectfully informed that the FIRST CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday, March 4th.

Programme.—Sinfonia (Jupiter).—Mozart. Quartet, No. 1.—Mendelssohn. Minors Salton, Diagonale, Hill, and Lucas. Overture, "Les deux Journées,"—Cherubini.

Vocal Performers:—Miss Louisa Pyne, Mrs. Benson, and Mrs. Machin.

Conductor Mr. COSTA.

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ANNOUNCES to her Pupils and the Public that her EVENING CONCERT will be given on WEDNESDAY, April 10th, 1850; on which occasion she will be assisted by artists of eminence.

Full particulars will be duly announced. Tickets to be had of Mrs. SCHWAB, 31, Milton Street, Dorset Square.

EXETER HALL.

WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

WEDNESDAY Next, MARCH 6th, will be held the THIRD of the LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS of the Spring Series, when Miss LUCOMBE, Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, Herr FORMEA, M. Thalberg, and Mr. SIMS REEVES will appear.

Mr. SIMS REEVES will sing, Aria, "Fra l'eco," from *Lucia di Lammermoor*; Irish Melody, "The last rose of summer" (Moore); and (by desire) for the first time this season, BRAHAM's celebrated Scene, "The Death of Nelson." Full particulars will be duly announced.

Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; Reserved Seats, 4s.; Stalls, 7s. May be had of Mr. STAMMER, 4, Exeter Hall, and of all Musicians.

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M. ALEXANDRE BILLET,

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At the First Concert, on Friday, March 6th, M. BILLET will introduce—

1. Grand Sonata in A flat, Op. 26 Beethoven.
2. Suite in F, with Fugue, ("Suites des Pièces") Handel.
3. Grand Sonata in E flat, ("The Farewell"), Op. 44 Dussek.
4. ("La Chasse," Etude in E flat W. S. Bennett.
5. "La Chasse," Etude in E flat Stephen Heller.
6. Andante and Grand Capriccio in E Mendelssohn.

Tickets, 3s.; Central Seats, 2s.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Subscription to Reserved Seats for the Series, 10s. 6d.

Further particulars, with full programme, will be immediately announced.

Under the Patronage of H. R. H. Duke of Cambridge.

BERNHARD MOLIQUE

BEGS to announce that his CHAMBER CONCERTS will take place on the 6th and 5th March, and 3rd April next.

To commence at Seven o'clock precisely.

Tickets for Three Concerts, or Family Tickets for three persons, One Guinea; Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea. To be had of Messrs. CRAMER AND Co., Regent Street; EWER AND Co., Newgate Street; and B. MOLIQUE, 9, Houghton Place, Amphill Square.

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MR. DUNN will have the honor of repeating his DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE at this Theatre, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY Evenings, until the end of March. To commence at Eight o'clock.

PART I.—The Genius and Career of Shakspeare, with Pictorial Illustrations, pointed expressly by Mr. MUNN and Assistant.

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To conclude with BOISELDT's Favourite Opera,

NE TOUCHEZ PAS A LA REINE.

WEDNESDAY NEXT, March 6th, AUBER's Popular Opera,

LES DIAMANTS DE LA CROIX ROUGE.

Chief d'Orchestre M. CHARLES HANSEN.

Prices of Admission:—Boxes, 6s.; Pit, 3s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. Doors will be opened at Seven o'clock, and the Performance to commence at Half-past Seven.

FRIDAY, March 8th, will be produced an entirely New Opera, in One Act, entitled

L'ESCLAVE DU CAMOENS.

The Libretto by M. de SAINT-GEORGES. The Music by M. C. VAN DER DEK.

AUBER's Popular Opera,

LE MAÇON.

Is also in preparation, and will be produced during the following week.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1850.

{PRICE THREEPENCE.
{STAMPED FOURPENCE.

STEPHEN HELLER.

A MORE than usual press of matter compels us to postpone the continuation of the essay upon the works of M. Stephen Heller until next week.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN NEW YORK.

WE have just received a file of New York papers, from which we take leave to extract a few particulars that will certainly be found interesting. Theatricals appear to be flourishing in the Yankee metropolis. Listen to the *New York Weekly Herald*:—

"THE PHENOMENA OF NEW YORK THEATRICALS.—We don't believe there is a city in the world like New York city, for theatrical life and prosperity. We have seven theatres in this city, and night after night all of them are filled, overflowing filled, from top to bottom, from pit to gallery, and numbers, who come late, are obliged to retire without obtaining entrance. This rush is particularly the case with some of the most popular, on special evenings, when some great attraction is announced; while, generally, every night, they are all of them well filled. How is this phenomenon to be accounted for, because phenomenon it is; it beats Paris, Vienna, and Berlin, all hollow."

Well, how is this "phenomenon" to be explained? Hear the reasoning of our transatlantic brother:—

"We have four theories on which to account for this wonderful sight, and they are the following:—1st. Our people in this goodly city are doing well, and are prosperous. 2nd. Our people are passionately fond of theatrical entertainments and dramatic exhibitions. 3rd. Our managers and actors are skilful, enterprising, and the best of their kind. 4th. The system of low prices, like the English penny-post system, has augmented the consumption in geometrical ratio."

The above interpretation of the nightly "rush" is not to be despised. Though not painfully modest, it is substantially correct. But more follows:—

"We are inclined, however, to believe, on further reflection, that these causes operate in combination, that they are all necessary, to produce the effect we witness; that none of them, separately, would be of force, and if any one was taken away, the others would not produce it. If the people were not prosperous—if they did not love the drama—and if the drama was not made to suit their taste, and if the price of admission was not very low, they would not flock to the theatres as they do. Thus, all these causes unite, and combine to produce the effect. There is another cause, which we have not classified with the great causes, because it is only adjunctive and auxiliary—we mean the afflux of visitors from all parts of the Union, travellers and business men, continually coming to and going from New York, who pay the theatres a passing visit on their trip."

We take it that it is not the love of the drama but the low price of admission that does the thing. We have been at New York, and from much observation have arrived at the conviction that the majority of the inhabitants are not lovers of the drama. With all their affectation of liberality, a more thorough race of methodists does not exist upon the face of the earth. The Americans do not love the drama. The

Americans do not love music. Were it otherwise, they could not patiently endure the mediocrity and sly character of their dramatic and musical performances. Were it otherwise, that mighty quack, Ole Bull, would not have made a fortune so rapidly among them. Were it otherwise, Leopold de Meyer, the piano-player, would not have dared to employ the means he dared to employ in building a reputation and amassing a hoard. Were it otherwise, they would have appreciated Charlotte Cushman, whose great merits as a tragic actress were first acknowledged in this country, and afterwards accepted in her own, where previously she had been scarcely noticed. Were it otherwise—but we have said enough. The *Herald* has not done yet; having chronicled the fact and suggested the cause of dramatic flourish in the land of tobacco, he discusses the effect with abundant eloquence:—

"We have now noticed the fact, and then its proximate and producing causes; let us briefly advert to the effects of this existence of things.

"The effects are generally—speaking of things as they are, and of society as it is—conspicuously—happy, pleasing, and commendable. An immense number of persons hereby obtain a livelihood; an immense sum of money is daily drawn into circulation, which would otherwise slumber idle and unkindly in the cautious pocket; and last, not least, many idle minds are pleasantly occupied, rationally entertained, and even sometimes instructed, who, if pent up in stiff constraint in some 'serious family,' would be meditating malice and brooding over spite, uttering scandal, or looking daggers at their fellow-creatures, working up bad blood, or meditating dark and sinister schemes. Instead of laughing till their sides crack, or weeping till the tears run, and then going home, after some hours of good humour, to sleep with consciences far less polluted than if they had been fomenting secret passions, or nursing selfish, austere feelings, on the silent and solemn benches of a conventicle."

To every word and syllable of which we devoutly respond "Amen." We affect the notion mightily of a sum of money slumbering "unkindly," because unspent, in the pocket of a Yankee citizen. We also enter heart and soul into the writer's suggested denunciation of conventicles.

But what has all this to do with Jenny Lind? And what has all this to say to Mr. Barnum, ex-exhibitor of the General Tom Thumb, Major Little Finger, the Mermaid and the Mammoth? Let P. T. Barnum alone; those who remember that loquacious, ready, and amusing individual at Kilpaek's comfortablest of cigar divans, some years ago, will believe without having read the following letter, and having read it will be convinced beyond shaking of the truth of their belief, that he (P. T. Barnum) is as capable of writing a puff in the shape of a familiar epistle, a compound of modest assurance and candid expostulation, addressed to the newspapers (and of course not paid for as an advertisement) as the late George Robins himself—the *nonpareil* of public counsellors. P. T. Barnum addresses the *Herald*, in answer to a question which he had asked himself in a previous number.

"American Museum, Feb. 29, 1850.

"Editor of the Herald:—

"In regard to the engagement of Madlle. Jenny Lind, for America, I beg to state that I have this day ratified the engagement made by my agent with this distinguished vocalist. It is true that in engaging Madlle. Lind and the musical associates whom she has selected to accompany her, viz: the distinguished composer and pianist, M. Julius Benedict, and the celebrated Italian baritone vocalist, Giovanni Belletti, my agent went beyond any amount that I had anticipated paying; but after all, the sums to be paid to these persons, anonymous as they may appear, are not so much as Miss Lind has been in the habit of receiving for her services alone, nor do Messrs. Benedict and Belletti receive from me more than their distinguished talents are at this moment commanding in London.

"Perhaps I may not make any money by this enterprise, but I assure you that if I knew I should not realise a farthing profit, I would yet ratify the engagement, so anxious am I that the United States shall be visited by a lady whose vocal powers have never been approached by any other human being, and whose character is charity, simplicity, and goodness personified.

"It is well known that Jenny Lind never received less than £400 or 2000 dollars per night, for her own personal services, in Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, and the provincial towns in England, and that she frequently received £500 per night. My agent saw an offer to her of £600, or 30,000 dollars, to sing twelve nights in England, which she declined; also, an enormous offer for the grand concert at the Imperial Court of Russia, an offer nearly double that of my own, which she, for reason, also declined. She was offered £1200, or 6000, dollars, to sing at one concert, to be given at the Great World's Convention of Arts and Manufactures in Hyde Park, London, in 1851. It was further intimated to her, from Queen Victoria, that her services would be desired at about the same period, in a contemplated grand sacred festival at Westminster Abbey, where the tickets will be held from 25 to 100 dollars each. Both of these last offers she was induced to decline, in consequence of her desire to visit America, as proposed by my agent.

"Miss Lind has numerous better offers than the one she has accepted from me; but she has a great anxiety to visit America. She speaks of this country and its institutions in the highest terms of rapture and praise; and as money is by no means the greatest inducement that can be laid before her, she has determined to visit us. In her engagement with me, (which engagement includes Havana as well as the United States), she expressly reserves the right to give charitable concerts whenever she thinks proper.

"Since her *début* in England, she has given to the poor, from her own private purse, more than the whole amount which I have engaged to give her, and the proceeds of concerts for charitable purposes in Great Britain, where she has sung gratuitously, have realised more than ten times that amount.

"During the last eight months, she has been singing entirely gratuitously, for charitable purposes; and she is now founding a benevolent institution in Stockholm, her native city, at a cost of 350,000 dollars.

"A visit from such a woman, who regards her high artistic powers as a gift from Heaven, for the amelioration of affliction and distress, and whose every thought and deed is philanthropy, I feel persuaded will prove a blessing to America, as she has to every country which she has visited; and I feel every confidence that my countrymen and women will join me heartily in saying—'May God bless her.'

"The Public's obedient servant,

"P. T. BARNUM."

How much of this is true our readers well know. How much of this is not true might be easily set forth. But as we love the "Swedish nightingale" from the very depths of our souls we hasten to join the "countrymen and women" of P. T. Barnum, and P. T. Barnum himself, who, being a genius, is of no country, in heartily saying "God bless her."

(To be continued in our next.)

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. LUMLEY has at length issued his official programme for the present season. With one exception the principal members of the company of last year remain. Mesdames Santag, Parodi, Giuliani, and Cananini, and Signori Gardoni, Calabro, Colitti, Belletti, F. Lablache, and the Lablache, hold their usual places. Alboni, the "bright particular star"

of the opera, no longer appears in the constellation of Her Majesty's Theatre. Why the director allowed the Aldebaran of his establishment to decline beneath the horizon, we cannot say. It is more probable that the star persisted in its declination, than that the manager objected to its ascension—in homely phrase, that Alboni could not, or would not, come, than that Mr. Lumley did not desire her coming. However this may be, Alboni's absence will leave a blank in the catalogue of operatic enjoyments.

Madame Santag must now, indeed, be the feature of the season. Her recent success in the French capital will add new lustre to her previously bright reputation. Madame Santag, in addition to her repertoire of last year, will add the characters of Norina in *Don Pasquale*, and Angela in *Il Domino Nero*, an Italianised version of the *Domino Noir*, of which we have already spoken. In the former opera she will make her *révé*.

Mademoiselle Parodi will open the season in *Medea*, one of Pasta's most celebrated creations. Titled by the great original in all the dramatic details, and in the stage *finesse* of the part, in addition to her own natural capacities, we entertain little doubt of the fair artist achieving a solid success. We have, indeed, greater hopes of the singer than of the opera.

Two important additions have been made to the soprano—Miss Catherine Hayes and Madame Frezzolini. Of Miss Catherine Hayes, who has already exhibited her talents, and won laurels at the Royal Italian Opera, we need say nothing.

Concerning Madame Frezzolini, public curiosity is much excited. A high reputation has been enjoyed by this lady for several years in Italy, and her engagement in the Russian capital for three consecutive seasons has rather increased than diminished that reputation. Madame Frezzolini appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre some five or six years since, but in consequence of a hoarseness with which she was afflicted during her stay in this country, she failed to produce the effect which was so confidently anticipated by her admirers. The celebrated soprano will now, however, have an opportunity of taking her revenge.

Signora Ida Bertrand will be the first contralto. She is announced in the prospectus as a contralto of great reputation, from *La Scala* and other great theatres of Italy. As a concert singer, in Paris, she has been favourably known.

Signora Luccella will make her first appearance. Who Signora Luccella is we cannot say.

Other artists are mentioned, who, as they appear in small type, we may conclude.

Three tenors are added to last year's list; Signor Bonardi, from the *San Carlo*, Signor Michelli, and Mr. Sims Reeves. The first two are new; the latter is universally known, and will prove more in his element at Her Majesty's Theatre than he was at the Royal Italian Opera.

To the *bassi cantanti* of last year is added Signor Lorenzo, of whom having heard nothing we can say nothing. Thus much for the vocal corps.

According to the prospectus, the greatest attention has been bestowed upon the orchestra. Additions of importance have been made, and the whole system has been remodelled. The chorus has been selected with a due regard to vocal and dramatic efficiency, and will be under the direction of Signor F. Ronconi.

Mr. Balfe, as before, is director of the music, and conductor. The ballet department is on the same extensive scale as formerly. It comprises the names of Carlotta Grier, Marie Taglioni, Carolina Rosati, and Amalia Ferraris (from the *San Carlo*, Naples—her first appearance) with others, among the

ladies; and Paul Taglioni, M. Charles, and M. Gosselin, with others, among the gentlemen. Cerito and her husband are not named.

In the vocal department, we are informed, arrangements are pending with other celebrated artists "of the highest merit;" in the ballet arrangements are also pending with other artists "of great attraction."

Her Majesty's Theatre will open on Tuesday with *Medea*, the principal characters being sustained by Madlle. Parodi, Madame Giuliani, Signori Calzolari, Michelli, and Belletti. M. Paul Taglioni's new ballet, called, *Les Metamorphoses*, in which Carlotta Grisi will appear in seven costumes, and fight with swords and pistols, will conclude the entertainments. Marie Taglioni will dance, and Pagni has composed the music. Nadaud continues in his old post, as conductor of the ballet.

JENNY LIND'S VISIT TO AMERICA.

(From the Liverpool Times.)

There have been many reports in circulation as to the intended visit of this amiable and gifted lady to the United States. We are now enabled to state the facts and particulars on the best authority—that of a private letter from Madlle. Lind, and a perusal of the documents relating to the engagement, with which we have been favoured by Mr. Barnum's agent. The latter were signed at Lunck on the 9th inst., and are in substance as follows, admitting the sums of money out of delicacy to Madlle. Lind, with the remark that those already specified by some of our contemporaries are quite incorrect. Mr. Barnum, the speculator, agrees to provide Madlle. Lind a waiting-maid, servant to superintend the baggage for herself and party, to pay all travelling expenses, including those of her companion (the amiable relative who accompanied her in England), a secretary, and the professional fees of M. Benedict and Signor Belletti, the musical conductor, and the vocalist whom she has particularly selected; to place at her disposal in each city a carriage and a pair of horses, and to secure her a certain sum for each concert or oratorio to which she shall sing. That after seventy-five concerts, if Mr. Barnum shall have realised a sum named, exclusive of all current expenses, then, in addition to the first amount, a further sum of one-fifth of nightly profits on the remaining seventy-five concerts. We may state that the terms given to Messrs. Benedict and Belletti are very liberal—such as, in reference to Mr. Benedict, could alone have tempted him from his eminent position in the metropolis. Madlle. Lind, on her part, agrees to sing in 150 concerts, including oratorios, within one year, if possible—or if not, within eighteen months; to have full control as to the number of nights or concerts in each week, and the number of pieces in each concert—the former, as well as the latter, to be conditional on her health and safety of voice. It is further proposed that the life of Madlle. Lind, and that of each of her assistants, shall be insured for the full amount of their engagements; in case of death, half of the sum to be paid to their heirs or assigns, the remainder to Mr. Barnum. The party to leave for America the last week in August or first week in September. During the interim, Madlle. Lind will remain on the Continent, singing for various charities, and will pay a visit of some duration to Stockholm, her native city. The following is a copy of the letter addressed by Madlle. Lind to Mr. Barnum:—

Lunck, 8th January, 1880.

Sir,—At the request of your agent, Mr. _____, who is now here, and whose object is, at the earliest opportunity, to advise you, I beg to state

that I have this day concluded to accept the terms made me for you, by him, to the effect of visiting the United States of America professionally, under your auspices, the details of which are set forth in a formal mutual agreement; and I cannot but express my gratitude for the anxiety you and your agent evince to render my intended tour replete with comfort. Trusting the speculation may meet your most sanguine expectation, is my most ardent desire; and no endeavours to secure which shall be wanting (God granting me health) on the part of, sir, yours, most respectfully,

JENNY LIND.

To P. T. Barnum, Esquire, [ranston Villa, Bridgeport, Connecticut, United States.
(True copy, witnessed by me, Jenny Lind.)

As evidence of the noble spirit which always animates this greatly-gifted lady, we may state, that a further condition in the contract stipulates that she shall be at full liberty to sing for charitable purposes whenever she may desire so to do. That she will have the greatest reception the United States has ever yet given to artistic talent, there can be little doubt; and we venture to prophesy that enthusiasm will increase with the knowledge of her genius and character. Her judgment has been shown in the selection of two such able assistants as Mr. Benedict and Signor Belletti—the latter is a fine baritone, who has sung with her almost through the whole of her career; the former, a gentleman in manner and character, an artist in every sense of the term, one whom she has graced with her friendship, and who knows how to value it.

[The sums which our contemporary, in delicacy, omits to specify, we can specify without indelicacy, since the affair has become generally notorious. Jenny Lind is to receive £200 for each of the 150 concerts—total, £30,000. Mr. Benedict is to receive £33 6s. 8d. for each of the 150 concerts—total, £5,000. Signor Belletti is to receive £16 13s. 4d. for each of the 150 concerts—total, £2,500. These sums are assured. The rest depends on the result of the speculation. We will take odds that Jenny Lind comes back with £60,000; Mr. Benedict, with £10,000; and Signor Belletti, with £5,000, in their pockets. It is not generally known that Jenny Lind intends to devote the whole of her gainings in America to the building of a hospital at Stockholm.—Ed. M. W.]

HAYDN.

The following is a complete list of the works written by Haydn, during his residence in London, copied from his Journal:—

Orfeo, an opera seria; 6 symphonies; sinfonia concertante; "The Tempest," a chorus; 3 symphonies; air for David, Sen's; Marcone for Gullini; 6 quartets; 3 sonatas for Drottner (Broderick); 3 sonatas for P. M. Johnson; 1 sonata in F minor; 1 sonata in G; "The Dream;" 1 compliment for Harring on; 6 English songs; 100 Scotch songs; 50 ditto; 2 *divertimentos* for the flute; 3 symphonies; 4 songs for F.; 2 marches; 1 air for Mistress P.; 1 "God save the King;" 1 air, with orchestra accompaniment; "Invocation to Neptune;" 1 canon—"The Ten Commandments;" 1 march—"The Prince of Wales;" 2 *divertimentos* for several voices; 24 minuets and German airs for dancing; 12 ballads for Lord A.; different songs; canons; 1 song with orchestra accompaniments for Lord A.; 4 country dances; 6 songs; overtures for Covent Garden; air for Madame Banti; 4 Scotch songs; 2 songs; 4 country dances; 3 sonatas for Broderick (Broderick).

So that English roast-beef, English plum-pudding, and English beer, did not succeed in making "Papa Haydn" lazy.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The first concert for the present season took place on Monday. The appearance of the Hanover Square Rooms betokened a full subscription. We are pleased at this; for, with all the faults that may be laid to its charge, the Phil-

harmonic Society is one of the strongholds of good music in this country. The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in C, No. 6 (<i>Jupiter</i>)	Mozart.
Recitative, "Say what reward," and Trio, "Seek not youth" (<i>A Night in Granada</i>), Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Machin	G. Krutser.
Quartetto, Op. 12, two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Sainton, Biagrove, Hill, and Lucas	Mendelssohn.
Recitative, "Non paventer," and Aria, "In felice consolo" (<i>Il Flauto Magico</i>), Miss Louisa Pyne	Mozart.
Overture, <i>Euryanthe</i>	Wöber.

PART II.

Sinfonia in D, No. 2	Beethoven.
Duetto, "Dearest, let thy footsteps" (<i>Faust</i>), Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Machin	Spohr.
Recitative, "Cease, O cease," and Trio, "The flocks shall leave the mountains" (<i>Acts and Galatians</i>), Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Machin	Handel.
Overture, <i>Les Deux Journées</i>	Cherubini.
Conductor, Mr. Costa.	

The symphonies and overtures were very finely executed. An occasional exception might be made to the time in which certain movements were taken; but to find fault in detail on the present occasion would be hypercriticism, an excess of zeal to which we are not given. The quartet, an early and a beautiful work of Mendelssohn, was well played, and the *canzonetta*, in G minor, encoored. The vocal feature of the evening was the song from *Zauberflöte*, which Miss Louisa Pyne sang perfectly well. The young lady was much applauded, and as it was her *début* at the Philharmonic Concerts, her best well-wishers must have been entirely satisfied.

The want of novelty was the chief drawback to this excellent concert. The two overtures have been sadly worn. The introduction of quartets we cannot but think a mistake. They sound comparatively insignificant after the symphonies and overtures, and with all the talent of Messrs. Sainton, Biagrove, Hill, and Lucas, this was felt, on Monday night, by the majority of the audience.

The band of the Philharmonic retains its supremacy. Mr. Costa has made one or two alterations, one of which, involving the appointment of Mr. Nicholson to the post of first oboe, is of great benefit to the wind department. Mr. Costa was received, when he entered the orchestra, with flattering tokens of esteem. At present all looks well for the Philharmonic. We recommend the directors, however, not to give concerts for the future without a concerto or solo of any kind. The subscribers will have a right to complain if they do. They can hear a quartet in many places, but a concerto in few.

We regret that an unusually full number prevents us from speaking more at length of the first concert, but, before quitting the subject, we take leave to quote an extract from the notice of a morning contemporary, in which there are some solid remarks:—

"The Philharmonic Society has now arrived at the 37th year of its existence. The principles upon which it was founded are generally known and clearly understood. The encouragement and effective performance of the highest class of instrumental, or rather orchestral, music, was the professed object of the association. This branch of the art, since the time when Salomon engaged Haydn to write twelve grand symphonies expressly for his London concerts, had fallen into undeserved neglect. The means of restoring it to public notice existed in the metropolis, and the scattered materials, at the instance of several professors of standing, were gathered together in a body, under the title of the Philharmonic Society. Although orchestral music was the predominant consideration, concertos and solos for various instruments, now regarded as indispensable features, were added shortly afterwards, and, ultimately, vocal music, which was altogether foreign to the original plan. Both innovations, however, were

commendable, since the variety they afforded gave agreeable relief to the grand orchestral pieces, which, presented in uninterrupted succession, stood the chance of becoming monotonous. At first, performers of every class attended gratuitously, but the liberal patronage of the public, which far exceeded previous anticipations, very soon enabled the society to pay for the services of every artist engaged in the concerts. It is, consequently, to public support that the Philharmonic Society is indebted for the high position it has acquired, and it is to public support that it must look for continued prosperity. The duty of those intrusted with the protection of the public interest is, therefore, to watch the conduct of the seven annually-elected members, who direct the policy of the society, and to comment upon their proceedings without reserve. The history of the progress of the Philharmonic Society, from its commencement up to a recent period, has already appeared in these columns. From this it may be gathered that, although the annual directors have, in a great measure, carried out the proposed intentions of the association with active integrity, they have had many sins to answer for—sins, however, rather of omission than commission. One of the great errors with which we have to reproach them is, that they have not kept pace with the times. While retaining their high prices, and persisting to assume the exclusive position for so many years undoubtedly enjoyed, they have failed to take advantage of what was going on without the pale of their jurisdiction. With the dearest musical concerts in the dearest country of the world, they have not always succeeded in providing their subscribers with the best entertainment. New works of importance have frequently remained unnoticed, until they have been absolutely compelled by the voice of public opinion to produce them. In many instances, compositions that should have been heard years ago have never even been tried by the Philharmonic orchestra. Artists of European eminence have been allowed to visit and quit London without any notice being taken of them by the Society. It is unnecessary to quote the names and enter into minute particulars, since these are matters of notoriety; but we must warn the Philharmonic that a new line of conduct must be pursued, if the continuance of public patronage be desirable. Music has made large advances since the year 1813, and it is to be regretted that a retrospect of the annual concerts would help us to a very imperfect history of the different stages of its progress. Large gaps would have to be traversed, and many eminent and important names, skipped over, without any evidence of the influence they have exercised on the gradual development of the art. But a truth is homely. Let us hope another season will show that the Philharmonic Society, impressed with the force of circumstances, imbued with the spirit of the age, are ready to march onward, and by fresh energy to keep pace with the events that crowd around them. By these means alone can they hope to consolidate the hold they have so long maintained over the mind of the musical public."

We have a thorough conviction that these strictures, as calmly delivered as they are evidently well meant, will not fall altogether unheeded by those to whose consideration they are addressed.

SPHOR.

THE accident which occurred to this great composer from a severe fall is generally known. In the first reports serious fears were entertained for his recovery. The following extract from a letter of his daughter, which, with the notice of the accident, was inadvertently omitted from our last, will however explain the matter more fully:—

"We are under considerable anxiety about Spohr. We had very ill-very weather for many weeks, and, among many others, he fell, and was taken up insensible. When he came to himself, he insisted on proceeding to a rehearsal to which he was bound. He had violent pain in the head before his physician forbade his going out, and conducted an opera, a concert, and rehearsal. At length it became much worse, and now, for a fortnight, he has been confined to his room. His physician persists in treating it as a matter of no consequence; but there are some symptoms which make me feel very anxious about him. He is out of heart about himself, and said to me the other day that there had been times when he felt as if he had been losing his senses, so much had his head been affected. I much fear he will never thoroughly recover, for a fall on the head to a man of his age and bulk is a serious calamity."

We have much pleasure in announcing, however, that Spohr is in a speedy way of recovery.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

The last of the six chamber concerts occurred on Saturday, the 2nd instant, at St. Martin's Hall. The attendance was very numerous and overflowed the room. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

- Quintet in E minor (MS.), two violins, two tenors, and violoncello, Messrs. Biagore, Mori, Weslake, Trust, and G. Calkin—first time of performance. . . . J. R. Calkin.
 Song, "I arise from dreams of thee," Miss Dolby. . . . G. A. Macfarren.
 Quartet, "The maid who'd wish to slumber," Misses Thornton, Rooke, Owen, and Panchaud (*Oracle*). . . . Winter.
 Canzonet, "Truth in absence," Miss Rainforth. . . . K. B. Harper.
 Sonata Duo in E, for two performers on one pianoforte, Miss Kate Loder and Mr. W. C. Macfarren—first time of performance. . . . W. C. Macfarren.
 Song from *Ruy Blas*, Misses Rainforth, Thornton, Griesbach, Rooke, Dolby, Owen, and Panchaud (with String Quartet Accompaniment). . . . Mendelssohn.

PART II.

- Sextet in A minor, two violins, two tenors, violoncello, and contra-basso, Messrs. Biagore, Mori, Weslake, Trust, Guest, and Seeger. . . . Maynard.
 Song, "The Fairies' Invitation," Miss Owen. . . . R. Perry.
 Canone, "Perfidia Clori," Misses Rainforth, Rooke, and Griesbach. . . . Cherubini.
 Song, "Let me not have this gloomy view," Miss Dolby. . . . Miss L. Barker.
 Triple Concerto in D minor, three pianofortes, Miss Calkin, and Messrs. F. B. Jewson and G. C. Horsley (with orchestral accompaniments). . . . J. B. Bach.
 Accompanist, Mr. C. E. Stephens.
 Director Mr. Lindsay Sloper.

The only instrumental piece we were enabled to hear was the *Sonata Duo* of Mr. W. C. Macfarren, a work of remarkable merit. The *scherzo* was encored, and the whole work applauded with much warmth. The only vocal piece we heard was the song from *Ruy Blas*, with which, had Mendelssohn been alive and present, he would not by any means have been satisfied.

It is our intention to enter at length into the "British Society of Musicians question," in a future number. Meanwhile we have reprinted underneath, an article from a contemporary, with the spirit of which we entirely concur.

For many years past, the Society of British Musicians has been almost a dead letter to the great musical public. The association was formed in 1834, for the encouragement of native musicians of all denominations; their production in public, both as executants and composers; and the general advancement of the art, in so far as that could be made subservient to the professed views of the body. The number of members was limited to 150, and the first evidence of their activity was given in a series of six instrumental and vocal concerts, at the Hanover Square Rooms, for which the subscription was one guinea. These concerts, which were on the largest scale, with grand orchestra, and programme according to the Philharmonic arrangement, were prodigiously successful. Unknown talent, by their help, emerged from obscurity. Composers, pianists, violinists, &c., were brought forward, who, but for them, might long have waited for a chance. The concerts became notorious, and were quizzed by the enemies of the "native talent cry," as it was termed, under the sobriquet of "the three-and-sixpenny concerts." The Society of British Musicians, however, in one season, made a step in public favor; their existence was acknowledged by the public, and respected no less than feared by those who had previously enjoyed a monopoly in musical affairs, to the total exclusion of others, who, with perhaps higher claims to distinction, had not enjoyed the same means of obtaining it.

But no sooner had the Society of British Musicians made one step forward, than they retraced it backward. Their number, already too large, was, by the vote of the majority, increased to 350, and the price of the concerts raised to one guinea and a half. It was thought by those who proposed, and those who supported this motion, that the increase of numbers would insure a proportionate increase of interest, and that raising the prices of admission, while not endangering the sale of tickets, might save the concerts from the stigma of being nicknamed the "three-and-sixpenny concerts." (Cheap musical performances were then not dreamt of by our professors and speculators.) But this was only playing into the hands of the enemy. The vast body of members—each of whom had a voice and a vote at the general meetings, when the annual committee of nine managing directors was elected, when accounts were submitted, laws modified, expunged, or introduced, and other important matters considered—the vast body of members soon gave evidence of a proportionate diversity of conflicting opinions. The speedy result was confusion and discussion. Every member had his own private notion of what was the primary object of the Society. Composers urged that it was to bring forward their works—players and singers that it was to give them the means of being heard in public—until it was not easy to explain clearly what really had been the original intention of the founders. From this time forward, the prospects of the Society, which had opened so brightly, began to darken. At every general meeting some law was modified, some new feature in the organization of the body introduced. What to-day was altered, to-morrow was restored to its original shape, and the day after, remodelled. As every member could not be allowed to play, as every member's works could not be produced, nobody was altogether satisfied. The orchestral performers, who, at first, gave their services gratuitously, for the benefit of the common weal, finding they derived no immediate advantage from the sacrifice, insisted upon being paid; but the subscriptions having materially fallen off, the Society could not afford this extra outlay, and the grand concerts at the Hanover Square Rooms were abandoned in consequence. By this time, it was apparent to all capable of reflection, that the origin of the Society of British Musicians had been based upon a fallacy, or upon a doctrine not clearly understood. Composers and solo performers who had no other means of making themselves heard, were the only members manifestly benefited by the public concerts. To the orchestral performers, who had the arduous task of trying, rehearsing, and publicly executing a countless number of MS. compositions—five-sixths of which were, in all probability, of little worth—there was no direct prospect of ultimate reward. To singers and players of eminence, who had contrived to flourish without the assistance of any exclusive association, the Society was equally superfluous, while to known and tried composers the promised advantages were not less illusory. It became, therefore, a fair question why a large body of musical professors should continue associated for the exclusive advantage of a few young and inexperienced composers. The consideration of this question led to a division of opinion, and the Society split into two factions—composers and executants. The former were for limiting the number of members, the latter for extending them indefinitely; each section, of course, having its own particular interest in view—the one glory, the other profit. Meanwhile, the grand orchestral concerts had dwindled into chamber *soirées*, which were continued with few interruptions, up to last year, in a very small room, in Berners Street. The audience was limited to the members

and their own particular friends; the press took very little notice of their proceedings, and the public almost forgot that a Society of British Musicians existed—when, a month or two ago, a series of six chamber concerts was announced to take place in the small room of St. Martin's Hall, under the direction of the committee.

There can be no possible reason why a body of native artists should not give a series of performances at St. Martin's Hall, at which their compositions may be heard by the public; but it is, we think, somewhat anomalous to style them the "Concerts of the Society of British Musicians"—a title which suggests the conclusion, to those who know no better, that all this country possesses of musical talent and eminence is concerned in them, while, in sober truth, they are comparatively of minor importance, and have little or nothing to distinguish them from the numberless *soirées* and *soirées* of chamber music now going on in this metropolis. The principal, and, indeed, exclusive object of the Society—as may be seen by a reference to the first books of laws—was to introduce British composers and British performers to the public. Such was the avowed intention of Mr. Tutton, the founder, unanimously agreed to at the first general meeting, and publicly announced as an apology for the association. But so far as composers are concerned this object has been abandoned. Beethoven and Mendelssohn, in respect to advantages derived, are quite as much members of the Society of British Musicians as Mr. Stephens and Mr. Greaves; indeed, their right of membership is more largely exercised, since their works are oftener performed. What plan, therefore, can the association put for retaining its original title? Mr. Dando's quartet concerts in the city, or Mr. Thomas's at the Literary Institutions, might with equal propriety be styled concerts of a "Society of British Musicians," since, although British compositions are carefully avoided, the executants are for the most part British by birth and members of the original Society. It is evident, therefore, that either the Society of British Musicians must remodel itself entirely or dissolve. The latter course would be the wiser. Its further existence, under the present circumstances, is an absurdity.

(From the Times.)

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

(From an occasional Contributor.)

THE third concert of the spring series took place on the 6th instant, and was crowded to excess. For this the directors owe no little thanks to the fine weather, which has continued for some days past. The programme was quite a Wednesday Concert programme in the old style; and, with some few exceptions, did not invite a very minute analysis. The ballads outnumbered to a considerable extent the other features of the programme, and became more tiresome as the concert progressed. The encores were even more tiresome than the ballads. However, enough has been said on this subject. We suppose this kind of music pleases the director, and we are not so inhuman as to grudge any fellow-creature a moment's happiness, even if, while patiently contributing to it, we ourselves endure some pain both of mind and body.

The concert commenced with Haydn's symphony in G, which has been nicknamed *The Surprise*. Although one of the smallest and youngest of the composer's orchestral works, *The Surprise* was heartily enjoyed by the audience. It was given with clearness and precision by the band (which, however, was no "surprise"), and was followed by a trio, duet,

and three songs from Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. These trio, duet, and three songs in the programme are facetiously called a "selection;" but why a "selection," any more than a file and cymbals are an orchestra, we shall not undertake to show. The various *moreaux* have as little to do one with another as the violins and oboes with the wooden hammers introduced by M. Jullien in his celebrated and easily-heard polka called the "Row Polka" for distinction. But the singers did good service in their interpretation of these well-worn tunes—these venerable and impossible-to-be-forgotten staves. Miss Lucombe gained great applause in the cavatina, "Regnava nel silenzio;" and with Mr. Delavanti in the duet, "My sufferings and sorrow," divided the honours of a "bis." Miss Lucombe was also favoured with an encore all to herself in the Scotch song, "Twas within a mile of Edinboro' town." Mr. Sims Reeves, in first-rate voice, was applauded to the echo in the "Fra poco," "The Last Rose of Summer," and "The Death of Nelson," each and every of which he was called upon to repeat by the universal lungs of his excited and difficult-to-be-satisfied audience. Herr Formes sang Rossini's "Largo al factotum" like lightning, and Shields' vigorous old song, "The Wolf," like thunder. He was enthusiastically called upon to sing them both again, and obeyed the summons with brisk alacrity. The Misses Williams made their appearance after a somewhat lengthened absence, and were cordially welcomed by the audience. They sang the "Serbami ognor di dico," from Rossini's *Semiramide*, Holmes' pretty duet, "The Swiss Maidens," and Mendelssohn's "O, wert thou in the cauld blast;" Miss M. Williams sang (alone) "Home sweet home," "I've sat in gilded palaces" (Williams), and "John Anderson, my Jo." Need we say, that duets and solos were equally well executed by the charming and accomplished sisters. Miss Isaacs was entered, both in Rodwell's ballad about "May," and in Moore's about the "Meeting of the Waters."

M. Thalberg made his last appearance, previous to his departure for a tour on the Continent. The fantasias he selected for the occasion were the *Mosé in Egitto* and the *Masaniello*. These are as popular as they are well known, and it would be superfluous, if it were possible, to say more of them than has been already said. M. Thalberg played with his accustomed brilliancy, and that unflinching certainty which is a mighty charm in his execution. The *Mosé* being redemanded, the great Sigismund substituted his carnival, *vis.*, the serenade from *Don Pasquale*, interspersed with Thalbergian effects. The audience were again electrified, and their surprise was vented in unanimous clappings of hands.

At the conclusion of the first part the band gave Mendelssohn's overture, and *scherso*, and Wedding March to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The overture and *scherso* were played with admirable effect, Mr. Ribas giving the difficult flute part at the end of the *scherso* in a masterly manner. The Wedding March was considerably marred by clumsy and careless playing of one of the trombones. An orchestra of such reputation as the orchestra of the "Wednesday Concerts," should not be exposed to these animadversions; but it is not the first time we have had to make record of similar negligence in the same March. It should not be allowed to occur again. Herold's overture to *Zampa*, and Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, were played with great spirit. But these be no great novelties. Herr Anschuetz is an excellent conductor, and deserves great praise for the clever manner in which he conducted the orchestra and vocal pieces.

We hope shortly to see an announcement of one of the "grand nights" promised by the directors in their prospectus,

and look forward to it with the greatest confidence, knowing that the directors have never yet broken faith with the public; and that with such excellent vocalists and orchestra, there is every reason to expect an entertainment something better than the regular miscellaneous concerts.

BERNHARD MOLIQUE'S CHAMBER CONCERTS.

HERR MOLIQUE began a series of three evening concerts, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday evening. The programme was highly interesting as the following will show:—

PART I.

Quartet in F minor, Op. 28, two violins, tenor, and violoncello—first time in this country.—B. Molique, Master Carrodus (pupil of Molique), Messrs. Mellon and Hausmann.

Molique.

Chaconne, with variations for the violin—Bach, with accompaniment of the pianoforte—Mendelssohn, B. Molique and Mdlle. Molique.

Two Sacred Songs, "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee," and "Bless the Lord, O my son," Miss Dolby.

Molique.

Trio in C minor, Op. 66, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Mdlle. Molique, B. Molique, and Mr. Hausmann.

Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Three Melodies for violin and pianoforte—Andante, F sharp minor; Vivace, A major; Moderato, A minor—B. Molique and Mdlle. Molique.

Molique.

Quartet Brilliant in A major, Op. 68, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Molique, Carrodus, Mellon, and Hausmann.

Mendelssohn.

Sopr.

We cannot offer a decided opinion of the new quartet in a single hearing. It would be unjust to a work so elaborate and important. We understood enough, however, to be impressed with the learning and ingenuity which the whole work displays, and to be in love with the beauty of the slow movement, in which the free and melodious part-writing is remarkable. The quartet was finely played. It is unnecessary to say that Herr Molique executed his own music admirably. M. Carrodus, his pupil, is quite a youth. His talent is remarkable, and under such guidance as that of Herr Molique, he cannot fail to become distinguished. Mr. Carrodus played the second violin in the quartet like a master—with equal point and correctness. Mr. Alfred Mellon is almost as efficient on the *alto* as he is on the violin, which is no small thing to say. Every one knows what a thorough musician is Herr Hausmann, and how well he reads the works of the classical masters. A fine *ensemble* in such hands was therefore not astonishing. The quartet was warmly received and will be heard again with pleasure.

The *Chaconne* of Bach is the same which Joseph Joachim played at the *Musical World* concert, in 1847, when Mr. Lindsay Sloper executed Mendelssohn's pianoforte accompaniment. It is therefore not requisite to describe it. Herr Molique excelled himself in the performance of this piece. Fire, expression, and faultless mechanism went hand in hand. A prodigious sensation was produced upon the audience, who applauded so much that the violinist was compelled to return and acknowledge the compliment.

Miss Molique made her *debut* on this occasion, and was, in the fullest acceptance of the word, successful. She deserved her success right well. Miss Molique plays the pianoforte like a true musician. While not wanting in expression, she has no exaggeration of style. Her mechanism is exceedingly good; her touch light and crisp, and her general execution very neat. In the superb trio of Mendelssohn, which taxes the

utmost resources of the pianist, as in the same great master's modest and ingenious accompaniment to the *Chaconne* of Sebastian Bach, she was equally at home and equally effective. The audience were indulgent to Miss Molique, but their applause was well bestowed.

The three "melodies" are all gems. They are songs without words, and do not at all resemble Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*; they are fugitive thoughts, and do not at all resemble the *Pensées fugitives* of Ernst and Heller. In other words, they have, amongst other merits, the highest one of originality. The "Melodies" were charmingly played by Herr and Miss Molique, and pleased unanimously.

Spohr's quartet is light and brilliant, but not interesting enough for its length. We know very many of his infinitely superior; and so does Herr Molique, whose reason for introducing it puzzles us. That it was admirably executed will be readily believed.

The sacred songs of Herr Molique are of a strictly devotional character; the words are aptly illustrated in the music. Of the two, we prefer the last, although it is of a very mournful character. Miss Dolby sang them both most beautifully. In the touching romance of Mendelssohn, Miss Dolby sang with such exquisite feeling that we almost dreamed we saw the "Last Violet" in her hands, and she weeping over its decay. We have seldom listened to expression more lovely and more simple.

Altogether, Herr Molique's first concert was worthy of his reputation, and will lead those who were present to look out anxiously for the second.

MR. STERNDAL BENNETT'S CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERTS.

THE second concert, on Tuesday evening, was attended by a crowded and fashionable assembly. The Hanover Rooms presented a very brilliant appearance—somewhat unusual, indeed, at so early a period of the season. A glance at the programme will show that the company were not drawn together by music of the popular or *ad captandum* school, but by that which Mr. Bennett is accustomed to produce at his concerts:—

PART I.

Chamber Trio in A major, Op. 26, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Mr. W. S. Bennett, Herr Molique, and Signor Piatti.

W. S. Bennett.

Song, "Frühlinglied" (the Charmer), Miss A. Williams.

Mendelssohn.

Preludes and Fugues, (pianoforte): Prelude and Fugue in C sharp minor—Seb. Bach; Suite Cinquième (Suite de Pièces).

Handel.

Duet in A minor, Op. 28, pianoforte and violin, Herr Molique and Mr. W. S. Bennett.

Beethoven.

PART II.

Selections, pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett—No. 3, Suites des Pièces, Op. 24; Romance, Genetivie (by desire); Rondo Piacere, Op. 26.

W. S. Bennett.

Sacred Duets (from a Set of Six), the Misses Williams.

W. S. Bennett.

No. 1—"Remember now thy Creator."

No. 3 (first time)—"And who is he that will harm you?"

Song, "My childhood's happy home," Miss M. Williams.

W. Williams.

Sonata Duo in B flat major, Op. 43, pianoforte and violoncello, Mr. W. S. Bennett and Signor Piatti.

Mendelssohn.

Mr. Bennett was in splendid play throughout the evening. He was encored in the air with variations ("Harmonious Blacksmith") of *Suites de Pièces* of Handel. The same com-

From a set of Six, published by Ewer and Co.

pliment was awarded to the pianist in his own exquisite *Rondo Piacevole*, which, however, he modestly declined. In the tranquil and beautiful Chamber Trio he was admirably assisted by his two accomplished conductors, Molière and Piatti. This trio is one of Sterndale Bennett's most unaffectedly attractive works, and was played to perfection.

Beethoven's duet with Molière went very admirably, as did also Mendelssohn's "Sonata duo," in which Piatti's magnificent violoncello playing was the theme of universal admiration.

The selection from the "Sacred Duets" could not have been entrusted to fitter hands than those of the fair and accomplished sister vocalists. "Remember now thy Creator," sung by the same artists, with No. 2 from the same set, produced a great effect at the Hereford Festival, last year, and was noticed by us at the time. The No. 3, which we heard for the first time on Tuesday night, is, perhaps, the best of the three.

The ballad sung by Miss M. Williams, and sung perfectly, was the composition, we believe, of her brother. It is very pleasing, but was quite out of character with such a concert as Mr. Bennett's; and this mangle the encore, and with all good feeling on our part towards the composer. We like a good ballad now and then; but we like it in its proper place. The concert went off with great *déclat*.

M. ALEXANDER BILLET'S CONCERTS.

If any musical performances thoroughly carry out the aim and meaning of their title the Classical Concerts of M. Billet most assuredly do. There is no compromise in his selections. The pieces he introduces are precisely such as he has announced them to be, and no haven of less serious matter is introduced to modify their effect or to rob them of their unaided charm. M. Billet's success was so great at the Beethoven Rooms that he has resumed his performances in a larger area—the chamber concert room of St. Martin's Hall. The following highly interesting programme was given at the first concert, last night—

PART I.

Military Duet, in the style of an Overture, for two performers, pianoforte, M. Lery and Billet	Mendelssohn.
Duet, "Oh! these are young ladies," the Misses Cole (King Charles II.)	Macfarren.
Grand Sonata in A flat, Op. 26, pianoforte, M. Billet.	Beethoven.
Two Part Song, "I would that my love could silently flow," the Misses Cole	Mendelssohn.
Suite in F (Suite de Pièces), pianoforte, M. Billet—Adagio, Allegro, Adagio, and Fugue	Handel.

PART II.

Grand Sonata in E flat, "The Farewell," Op. 44—pianoforte, M. Billet (for the first time in public)	Dussek.
Duet, the Misses Cole.	
Two Characteristic Studies—piano, M. Billet	W. S. Bennett.
L'Amabile, in E flat.	
L'Appassionata, in G minor.	
La Chasse, Etude Op. 29—Piano, M. Billet	S. Heller.
Rondo Capriccioso, in E, Op. 14, pianoforte, M. Billet	Mendelssohn.
Conductor, Mr. Lery.	

The room is stated to hold 500 persons, but there could not have been less than 600 present. Such a large attendance, to hear a single pianist interpret a selection of the works of the most classical masters, with only a few duets to break the continuous succession, is worthy of especial note, as a sign of the times. The audience were attentive from the beginning, but their interest increased after every piece, which was equally a compliment to M. Billet and to their own good

taste. We begin to think that the regeneration of good pianoforte music is destined for accomplishment in Mr. Hullah's new hall, by the aid of M. Billet and other zealous workers in the true cause.

The sonata of Beethoven—that tranquil one in A flat, which begins with an air, with variations as beautiful as itself—was chastely given. The *scherzo* brought out the powers of the performers to the greatest advantage, and was much applauded. The *finale* was delivered with neatness and rapidity of finger.

In the fine *suite* of Handel we thought that M. Billet was a little too pedantic in the two *adagios*. Some of the turns and trills and "bites" might have been spared; but this opinion is open to canvas. There was but one feeling about the brilliant style in which the *allegro* and the fugue were dashed off. The *allegro* was unanimously redemanded, and the fugue, one of the most clear and masterly of the composer, loudly applauded. How wonderfully painted are the two principal themes in this fugue, how opposite in character, yet how beautifully combined! and with what ingenuity is a mere fragment of the first theme employed as a counterpoint throughout!

Dussek's sonata, a glorious composition, was decidedly the feature of the concert. In richness of idea, breadth of outline, and variety of interesting detail, "The Farewell to Clementi"—thus was it first entitled by Dussek, who dedicated his work to that intimate friend and rival from whom he learned so much—is inferior to no work of its school. All the four movements are constructed on a grand plan and finely developed. The opening *adagio* in E flat minor, the first part of the *allegro moderato*, the *minuetto* and *trio*, and the whole of the final *rondo*, are *chefs d'œuvres* that would have done honour to any master. And yet this fine work of a fine master, written in the prime and manhood of his genius, has been so neglected by pianists, that thirty-eight years after the composer's death, and sixty years since it was composed, M. Billet announces in his programme its "first performance in public!" What, after this, the reader will say, is the use of composing great works for the pianoforte? We could easily answer the question, had we the space and the inclination.

The *Farewell* of Dussek was, as we have said, the feature of the evening, and M. Billet played it as though he intended it to be so. We have rarely heard a performance in which there was so little to criticize. Execution and style were equally to be praised. The sonata was immensely applauded, made a great sensation, and is sure to be asked for again. So much the better for Mr. Coventry, who has published it, in Sterndale Bennett's "Classical Practice."

The studies of Bennett, the "Chasse" of Stephen Heller, and the *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso* of Mendelssohn, made an interesting chain of "specimens." Each of these is in its way perfect. M. Billet played them all very well, but the *Appassionata* of Bennett, in G minor, was an especially fine example of energetic execution, while Mendelssohn's piece in which M. Billet took the *rondo* rather *prestissimo* than *presto*, astonished the audience by its brilliancy, and made a famous climax to the concert.

The Misses Cole sang their three well chosen duets very charmingly, those of Mendelssohn more particularly. The duet of Macfarren, which is quite a gem, ought to be sung with fewer *rallentandos*. With less expression it would express much more. The Misses Cole are clever and intelligent; they are advancing in public esteem, and are worthy to receive good counsel.

M. Levy played the "Military Duet" of Mendelssohn,* in which he took the first part, in a musician-like manner, and accompanied the duets with care and ability.

ΑΝΘΟΛΟΓΙΑ

Αντὸν μοὶ ἀνέβηται παρὰ θυλάκι τινος κρημαστοῦ
Μίμνεται, μὴ προσέταί θυλάκι τινος κρημαστοῦ,
Ὅτι θυλάκιον κατὰβραζε, κατὰβραζε γὰρ ὁμοῦν ὁ ἄνθρωπος,
Ἄλλ' ἂν ἐν ἀνθρώποις ποτὶς ἴδωται θυλάκιον
Ἐνδύσας ἑαυτὸν ἀνθρώπου θυλάκιον ἢ τοῦ ἀνθρώπου
Ἢ θυλάκιον γὰρ αἰὲν παρὰ θυλάκιον τίς.

First, my bright gaidland, here, by Psyche's door,
Nor rashly strew around thy purple leaves,
Retain the tress with which my eyes run o'er,
For, rest of her, my lonely spirit grieves;
Unto the rosy nymph, in beauty drest,
Forth from the house, like day's glad star, appears,
Then shed about her glittering hair and breast
The silver dew of her sad lover's tears.

*Si bene quid memini causa sunt quique blandi.
Hospita advenas, precor nunc, aliquo futuro,
Aut evni bonitas, aut qualescunque altera, curat.*

If I remember well there are fine reasons,
Which point to man for drinking proper seasons;
Firstly, to greet the coming of some stranger;
He may drink lively without dread or danger;
Secondly, when he finds that thirst is present,
To quip much he'll find extremely pleasant;
Thirdly, he'll learn this way to banish sorrow,
To drink to day, lest he be dry to morrow;
The fourth cause is the goodness of the liquor,
One first discovered by a Roman vicar;
Fifthly, 'tis said, no wise man e'er refuses
Good drink, but takes his fill, whenever he chooses;
These are by Solomon declared the reasons,
Which point to man for drinking proper seasons.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

STRAND.

On Monday night a dramatized version of the *Ficar of Warkfield*, by Mr. Tom Taylor, was produced.

In this version the original story is followed with accuracy, the omission of the vicar's eldest son being the only important alteration in the skeleton of the plot, and the piece has consequently the faults which belong to every dramatized narrative of any length. There are places where the action does not move with the rapidity which we require in a properly constructed drama, and which therefore produce some tedium. But to a very large portion of the public the charm of seeing visibly represented on the stage a story with which they have familiarized themselves in the closet, is so great that all minor considerations are overlooked. Much as certain portions of the *Ficar of Warkfield* flagged last night, the fall of the curtain was followed by a burst of enthusiastic applause, and there is little doubt that it will have a lasting success. The work of adaptation is, on the whole, ably done, though a little more compression would have been advisable. The dialogue is taken from Goldsmith whenever it is possible, and that which Mr. Taylor has added is appropriate and characteristic. The story is distributed into three acts. The first represents the festivity of the hayfield, and terminates with the dance of Sir Roger de Coverly, executed with admirable spirit. The second comprises the abduction of Olivia, and the cheats prac-

tised at the fair upon the vicar and his son. The return of Olivia and the prison scenes form the subject of the third act.

The entire strength of the company is employed on this piece, and it is admirably played. We do not mean that many very powerful exhibitions of acting are called forth, for this is not in the nature of the subject, but almost all the characters are pictorially represented, so that the work of dramatic illustration is complete. Mr. Farren is the mild philosophical Dr. Primrose; Mrs. Glover, his consequential wife, whose sustained pomp renders the touches of pathos more striking; Mrs. Stirling is the tender and penitent Olivia; Mr. W. Farren, junr., is Mosee, and shows much talent in the assumption of "gawkiness;" Mr. H. Farren is Ephraim Jenkinson, a sort of personative part which affords him opportunity for considerable tact in rapid change of dress and character; Mr. Leigh Murray is the straightforward Burchell; Mrs. Leigh Murray is the pretended Miss Skeggs, into whom something of sentiment is infused, and acts the part with singular accuracy and refinement; Mr. Norton looks handsome and profligate as Squire Thornhill; Mr. Bender comes out in broad country force as farmer Flamborough; Mr. Turner gives a neat little bit of character as the goaler; and Miss Ellen Turner, as one of the vicar's younger children, plays with much natural vivacity. The return of Olivia was the situation which told most as a histrionic exhibition. The mute agony of the father, with his face covered by his hands, represented by Mr. W. Farren, the affection of Mrs. Glover burst in through the veil of austerity, and the contrition of Mr. Stirling, were exquisitely pathetic. The house was fully attended.

A question connected with this piece, but wholly unconnected with its merits, has lately arisen. The statements are thus given by the *Times*, without comment, abridged from a letter of Mr. Sterling Coyne:—

"In the summer of 1847 Mr. Sterling Coyne proposed to Mr. Webster, lessee of the Haymarket Theatre, to write a drama on the *Ficar of Warkfield*. The piece was written in the autumn of that year, and read, confidentially, by Mr. W. Farren, as stage-manager of the Haymarket. Circumstances prevented the production of Mr. Coyne's piece as intended, and Mr. W. Farren quitting the Haymarket, entered upon the management of the New Strand. Shortly before last Christmas Mr. W. Farren applied to Mr. Coyne for the piece in question, but was informed by that gentleman that it was in the hands of Mr. Webster. Application was made by Mr. Coyne to Mr. Webster, but the latter declined relinquishing the piece, alleging that he intended shortly to produce it himself, and this reply was communicated by Mr. Coyne to Mr. Farren. Thus the matter rested until Friday week, when Mr. Coyne received a letter from Mr. Farren, stating that he was about to produce a drama founded upon the *Ficar of Warkfield*. To this he wrote a reply, in which he remonstrated with Mr. W. Farren for having accepted a piece on a subject originally suggested by him (Mr. Coyne), and made known to Mr. Farren in his confidential position of stage-manager. Since these events Mr. Coyne has communicated with Mr. Tom Taylor, the author of the Strand piece, who admits that the suggestion came from the stage-manager of the New Strand, but adds that Mr. Albert Smith had an idea of dramatizing the story two years ago, and had transferred to him (Mr. Taylor) his property in the notion, admitting at the same time that he knew of the existence of Mr. Coyne's piece before he wrote his own. Under these circumstances Mr. Coyne, and also Mr. Webster, consider themselves usefully treated."

With all deference to Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. W. Farren, and Mr. Albert Smith, we can hardly wonder at the conclusion to which Messrs. Sterling Coyne and Webster have arrived.

ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS.—Opera Comique.—Since our last, M. Chollet has bid farewell to the English public, taking with him the best wishes of all who have had the good fortune to witness his admirable performances. M. Chollet has played in five operas—*Le Val d'Andorre*, *Le Maître de Chapelle*,

* Published by CRAMER, BEALE, and CO.

† Quand on demandait devant le Père Simonnet, pourquoi fort sobre combine il faillait boire de coups dans un repas il répondait toujours, &c., ut supra.—*Mémoires* ii, 352.

Zampa, *Le Roi d'Yvetot*, and *Le Postillon de Lonjumeau*—in all of which he has been eminently successful. In advertising to these operas as they were produced, we have frequently inclined to some particular part as that in which the accomplished artist more conspicuously shines; but further consideration has suspended our decision, and we are now farther than ever from coming to a definite preference. Nothing can certainly surpass his easy, confident, modest assurance as the recruiting officer in the *Val d'Andorre*; but at the same time how gravely humorous and earnest he appears in the *Maitre de Chapelle*; what fire and energy he throws into the part of *Zampa*; how interesting and unassuming he is in the *Roi d'Yvetot*; how joyous, and light-hearted as the Postillon, and how sentimentally lack-a-daisical in the part of St. Phar, the tenor of the *Académie Royal de Musique*, in the same opera. We repeat that we are at a loss to decide which is M. Chollet's best part, all being so eminently good. In discussing the merits of an actor, the critic has no right to attach himself to some weak point, and thence draw his conclusions to the detriment of the artist. He should never lose sight of the general intentions of the performance itself, but taking into consideration the objects of both author and composer, he should judge if they have succeeded in a satisfactory manner. It is thus that we have formed our opinion of M. Chollet, as well as of the music of the *opera comique*. Although, perhaps, not faultless, either as a singer or an actor, he so combines very eminent qualities as both, that he may be said to stand unequalled in his own peculiar line. We may be allowed to express our meaning further by another example: when the *Caid* was produced at the St. James's Theatre, we gave it our unqualified approbation, of course with the reservations we have previously stipulated. But some of our acute contemporaries, condemning the *libretto* as trashy and nonsensical, wished M. Ambrose Thomas a better book for his next opera. Now, the *libretto* is certainly not "trashy;" it had many smart and occasionally witty allusions, besides being decidedly humorous and amusing. That it was a caricature we grant; but such was the aim of the author, or why did he style it an *opera bouffon*? The *Caid* is simply a broad farce, a burlesque, and we should as soon think of looking for sense in a pantomime as in an opera of this description.

On Friday week, M. Chollet took his leave in two operas—*Zampa* and the first act of the *Postillon de Lonjumeau*. He played and sang with his accustomed success, and was recalled at the end of the performance with Madlle. Charton, who never sang better than on that occasion. Time has dealt leniently with M. Chollet, and we hope that he may continue green for a long time to come. In losing him we should lose one whom it would be no easy matter to replace; and we therefore repeat "au revoir et au plus tôt," from the bottom of our hearts.

On Monday Boisselot's opera *Ne Touchez pas à La Reine*, was given for the first time this season. As usual, Madlle. Charton was warmly and justly applauded, her singing was most perfect and finished, and her acting replete with grace and dignity; she obtained an encore in the romance of the first act, and accomplished the elaborately florid cavatina of the third with extraordinary neatness and precision. The part of Don Fernando d'Aguilar was filled by M. Læ; and here we may venture to express our regret at the absence of M. Couderey, who played the character last year with remarkable point and true gentlemanly bearing. Madlle. Guichard was quite at home in the part of Estrella, the wife of the court jeweller, and sustained her reputation as one of the best *Duennas* we ever saw. M. Soyér displayed much humour

as Maximus, the jeweller, ever on the alert between his wife and his interests. M. Buguet was not so good as usual in the Regent—a part, it is true, not quite in his line—but he did not seem to us perfect in his part. On Wednesday *Les Diamans de la Couronne* was given, in presence of a brilliant and crowded audience, among whom were Her Majesty and Prince Albert, who remained till the end, and evidently enjoyed the performance. Madlle. Charton was as delightful as ever in Catarina, and the audience was enthusiastic in its applause. J. DE C.—

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. C. A. SEYMOUR's third quartet concert for the season took place on Thursday, the 28th ult., at the Chorlton-upon-Medlock Town Hall. There was a select but not numerous auditory, who evidently were fond of good music, from the interest and attention bestowed on the performance, and the warmth of their applause. The following programme shows Mr. Seymour's classic taste to be not a whit behind Mr. Charles Hallé's:—

PART I.—Quartet, two violins, tenor, and violoncello (in A, Op. 13.) Messrs. Seymour, Couran, Jackson, and Thorley, Mendelssohn. Song, Mrs. Thomas, "Ere infancy's bud had expanded," *Mend.* Duet, violoncello and double bass (from *Scotona*), Messrs. Lidel and Waud, Corelli.

PART II.—Trin, violin, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Seymour, Baetens, and Lidel, *Berthens*. Ballad, Mrs. Thomas, "With thou not come!" *Berndt*. Quartet, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, (in D minor) Messrs. Seymour, Couran, Jackson, and Thorley, *Mozart*.

The opening quartet (Mendelssohn's, in E flat) was given by desire, it appears. It is a very charming composition, and has been repeatedly heard in Manchester. The executants on this occasion were Mr. Seymour, first violin; Mr. Couran, second; Mr. Jackson, tenor; and Mr. Thorley, violoncello; and the performance did them all infinite credit. The second movement (*Adagio non lento*) is very beautiful, opening with a solemn hymnal strain, followed by a quicker phrase affording fine opportunity for Mr. Seymour's pure violin playing and easy smooth style, then closing with the slow movement again. The next (called *Intermezzo*—*Allegretto con moto*) displays Mendelssohn in one of his frolicsome merry moods—the four stringed instruments might for the nonce be supposed Puck and his merry mates holding a quaint and cosy chat, from the way the motto is bandied about and replied to by each instrument in turn. Corelli's duet brought out the new double bass, Mr. Waud, to great advantage; he appears to be quite a young man, yet possesses great command of his instrument. Herr Lidel was the violoncellist, and a great treat the duet was; sound and genuine music of the good old school, in the hands of two masters.

The trio of Beethoven's, which opened the second part, was a very masterly performance. The second *adagio* movement, especially, was beautifully played. The scherzo is short, but very satisfactory, à la Beethoven. The finale (*presto*) might be truly styled *prestinissimo*. It was dashed off most gallantly by Mr. Seymour; the subject being worked up and replied to by both the tenor and violoncello in brilliant and perfect style. We never heard Messrs. Baetens and Lidel with more sincere pleasure. After listening to a trio of so high a character, with such demands upon our thought and attention (for you cannot listen intently to Beethoven's music without thinking, and deeply too, hence the difficulty of describing it), it was like having a quiet evening with four old and familiar friends, to hear Mozart's flowing and graceful quartet—it was soothing and grateful to the ear, after the excitement of Beethoven's. The elegant andante, the charming minuet and trio, with its peculiar sliding passages, so elegantly expressed by Mr. Seymour's violin; the finale (*allegretto, ma non troppo*), with its conversational responses, and obligati bits for the tenor (amously played by Mr. Jackson), made us quite regret when we found the performance at an end. Mrs. Thomas was the lady vocalist, and again she acquitted herself very respectably. It does not seem the other day that Mrs. Thomas was amongst the ranks as a chorus singer. It is so much

the more creditable to her that she can appear at all successfully as a solo singer before so refined and fastidious an audience as usually attend quartet and chamber concerts. Her first song is one that Miss Maria B. Hawes used to sing so finely, and so thought it a daring attempt, but it was by no means unsuccessful. Her powerful contralto voice was displayed to the utmost—if anything, a little too much, for the size of the room. This and a little more refinement was all that could be desired to make her singing perfect. In Benedict's ballad she did not tell quite so effectively. She was accompanied on the pianoforte, in excellent taste, by Mr. James Isherwood.

The next concert, we are, is fixed for the 11th of April. What is the matter with the Liverpool people? Are classical chamber concerts, with such eminent men as Frust and Hallé, too refined for their taste? or why is it that the first attempt to give a Liverpool audience a first-rate quartet and chamber performance should be a failure? Such is the fact, we believe; and the remaining three of the series of concerts which Ernst and Hallé had intended giving have been abandoned and given up. This is even a more anomalous state of things than we have in Manchester. Manchester can and does appreciate music of so high an order and talent—of so rare an excellence—as is displayed at these chamber concerts; yet Manchester cannot or does not build a hall for its Hargreaves Choral Society, as Liverpool has done for its Philharmonic Society; yet Liverpool cannot support a series of four classical concerts! Is it that there are fewer German families of distinction and taste resident in Liverpool than Manchester?

The last week's *World* reached us after writing as above, and your Liverpool correspondent, J. H. N., confirms the report, but does not solve the enigma. The last week's number is a good one. "Jacques," your Dublin correspondent, is very amusing. His report of Carlett's appearance in that city is most playfully, yet capitally written. The critique on E. Loder's opera of the *Night Dancers* is excellent also. We agree with the writer in every line.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The second concert in the subscription of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society took place on Monday evening last. The *Elijah* of Mendelssohn was given, and drew a crowded audience.

The Misses Williams and Heir Carl Formes are favourites in Liverpool, and were well received on the present occasion. The original Obadiah, Mr. Lockey, met with a great share of approbation, though we have heard this gentleman in better voice in the same oratorio. An apology was made for Herr Formes, who was suffering from indigestion or hoarseness—not sufficient, however, to destroy the quality of his splendid organ. He sang the beautiful air, "It is enough," with immense power and effect. The latter part of the recitative, immediately before, was equally fine. In spite of indigestion he proved himself a great artist. Dead, indeed, to the power of music, must the soul be which, unmoved, could hear Carl Formes in the recitative and melody, "Open the heavens, &c." We attribute the only thing that seemed to alloy the pleasure of his singing, to the fact of previous suffering from hoarseness. The Misses Williams fully maintained their position with a Liverpool public: we never hear these ladies but we wish to hear them again. They were entered in the trio, "Lift thine eyes," assisted by Miss Stott. Miss M. Williams was similarly honoured in "Of rest in the Lord." The choral force, we noticed, was more numerous than on former occasions; but the choruses were not given with the precision and correctness of which, it is well known, they are capable. Mr. Herman conducted, and we think the blame, if any, must be divided betwixt the chorus and the conductor. By one or the other the *Baal* chorus was completely spoiled; nor, indeed, was this the only instance during the evening, though we are sure measures will be taken by the indefatigable secretary to prevent its recurrence. Though the concert was over at a reasonable hour, many persons left the hall before the second part was half over; and we were annoyed, not on our own account, but on account of a fair and distinguished

artistes, to whom greater respect was due. We do not like to see persons leaving the room and causing interruption while the singers are in the midst of some beautiful air. The musical people of Liverpool should treat the metropolitan artistes with more respect, even if they treat their own chorus with none. Mr. Best presided at the organ with his usual ability.

M. Silas makes his appearance at the next concert, to take place in April. Talking of this gentleman, I think that the *Athenæum* has got hold of the wrong M. Silas; but time will show. I have spoken to several competent judges with respect to his compositions, and they eulogize in high terms his musical knowledge and talent. But I hope to send you a further notice respecting both him and his works in a few weeks.

Our Philharmonic Society are decidedly going ahead. If their new *protege*, M. Silas, does not turn out a genius, I believe there is little doubt but that they have discovered a very clever English musician and composer in the person of Mr. Charles Edward Horsley, son of Mr. Horsley the celebrated glee composer. Mr. Charles Horsley has been for some time employed on an oratorio, called *David*, which has been highly approved of and recommended by M. Benedict. Mr. Horsley has succeeded in inducing the Liverpool Philharmonic Society to be the medium of introducing it to the public; stating that it would stand a better chance of having justice done to its merits than if it were brought out in the metropolis; our chorus being so much superior, in his estimation, to anything of the sort you have in London.* The oratorio has been played over by the composer in presence of several of the committee, by whom it was much liked; and I believe that Mr. Addison, of Regent Street, has engaged to publish it. The music is, I believe, of the Mendelssohn school, containing much melody and many highly dramatic and characteristic choruses. The airs for David (a tenor part) are spoken of as exceedingly flowing and full of melody, and the choruses, who deliver "The word of the Lord," as clear and impressive. The oratorio will be produced in the autumn, Mr. Lockey sustaining the part of David, for which his voice and pure style of singing will eminently fit him. It is a curious thing, that of late years oratorios are first produced out of London—*St. Paul* being first heard in Liverpool, and *Elijah* in Birmingham; as also several others which have slipped my memory. How can you explain this?

A detachment of the "Wednesday Evening" vocalists from Exeter Hall, were announced to sing at our Concert Hall last Friday, having been postponed from the Tuesday preceding; but on reaching the Hall, your correspondent and a whole crowd were disappointed at finding that it could not take place in consequence of the indisposition of Mrs. A. Newton and Herr Formes.

Next week Helen Faucit commences an engagement at our Theatre Royal, during which *King René's Daughter* will be produced. In other respects theatricals and music are dull here. The prospects of the *Opera Comique* speculation are much canvassed. I think, however, there is little doubt of its success. Many are anxiously enquiring who is to be the tenor. I hope we shall have somebody better than M. Luc, who seems to be anything but "strong enough for his place," if all your contemporaries say of him is true. While Mr. Mitchell is going to give us the treat of hearing French *Opera Comique*, it will be a sad pity if it is not perfect, for up to the present time we have never seen foreign operas performed in Liverpool, in which each principal character was adequately sustained by a competent artiste. Mr. Mitchell is, I hear, one of the best of managers, and I hope he will give us in Liverpool good reason ever to say so.—Yours, J. H. N.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR WHOLO.—Permit me to detain you with a few words.—I would fain ask you why you have ceased to give us those

* We doubt if Mr. Horsley ever gave or entertained such an absurd opinion.—Ed.

interesting and instructive notices of the symphonies of the mighty "artist of sound,"* Beethoven, which, penned by the skilful hand of Macfarren, not long ago filled your pages? Pray continue this interesting subject. It really must be more interesting to the majority of your readers than a collection of the blunders and cribblings of a second-rate poet.

And I confess that, for my part, I care not to find in your pages, day after day, a chapter or two of that glorious old historian, Herodotus. I appreciate his excellence, I am familiar with him, nay, I almost know him by heart, but I can't help wishing him at the antipodes when I see him occupying space in the paper which I read (and, I suppose, all others too) for instruction and information in music, and, if you will, the fine arts generally. If you wish to give us history and serious articles, give us the history of music—the lives of eminent musicians; give us articles of the style of that interesting series headed "Stephen Heller." Surely there is no lack of material—you don't really want "copy," though you jukingly professed to want it last week. There is abundance to pick and choose from in the articles of the foreign as well as the English press, not to mention the produce of those talents which are at your command, and which do, when you choose it, interest and instruct us.

Pardon my freedom in making this friendly remonstrance, which I venture to hope may be thought worthy to be attended to.—I am, dear World, your well-wisher and constant reader,
Chelsea, March 2. V.

[We like the tone of our correspondent's remonstrance, but he is wrong about Herodotus. Is not *Enterpe* the chosen book? Let V. search, and V. will find that the *enterpe* signification of *Enterpe* has reference to music. V. must not be literal. He who can appreciate Macfarren's essay on the symphonies of Beethoven should be above being literal. V. is also wrong about Moore. But what matters? Which of us is always right? V. is equally wrong about ourselves. That we have "an abstract reverence for copy" may be believed since this is the third time we have avowed it in print. The sentiment is stereotyped at our office.—Ed. M. W.]

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—When I ask the following question, I feel assured that I ask one in connection with a subject which much interests a great number of your readers, viz., Beethoven's Symphonies. When do you intend giving us a continuation of Mr. Macfarren's interesting and instructive critical remarks on these gigantic inspirations? He has left us at the end of the adagio in the B flat Symphony (No. 4), in your number of October 13, 1849. A few weeks after this date his *Charles II.* was produced, and I supposed that Mr. Macfarren's modesty would not allow him to write in a paper engaged at that time in recording its great and deserved success. Be this as it may, I hope that, after an interval of four months, we shall not have to "Wait a little longer."—I am, sir, your obedient servant,
March 5, 1850. G. R. C.

[The papers on Beethoven's Symphonies will shortly be resumed.—Ed.]

CORELLI.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR EDITOR.—With all due deference to the connoisseurs of modern musical programmes, and to the zealous advocates of the modern composers, may I presume to ask the reason (if it be a fair question) why so scrupulous an omission, in the present programme, is everywhere observed of the memorable name and works of that incomparable Bolognese master of the divine art Archangelo Corelli, whose genius (in the early part of the 17th century) supplied to the leading violinists of the day some of the most classical and erudite solos known to exist, and whose delicate

harmonies were ever regarded by the critic as inimitable specimens of contra-puntal severity. Albeit, there is no man in the musical world who entertains a more consummate veneration than myself for the instrumental subtilties of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber, Spohr, and many other modern composers, I really cannot imagine for a single moment a good and scientific reason why Corelli should now be so uniformly omitted in the classical chamber, as well as in every other modern concert in the Metropolis, where the practical genius of the artists of all nations is almost invariably to be found in its most accomplished form. This omission, to me, is rendered somewhat the more remarkable, by the recollection that Corelli was a master, without whom the programmes of the celebrated "ancient concerts," conducted and led by Greatorex and Cramer, were considered incomplete. In modern literature, as in modern painting, we have not (I rejoice to say) similar causes of complaint; for whilst the public is at all times disposed to see and to patronize the pictorial labours of Etty it does not, consequently, banish from human vision the sublime creations of Raffaele, nor does it, in paying due honour to the historic labelling of Sheridan Knowles, ever think for a moment of cancelling the imperishable dramatic labours of William Shakspeare! PHILOMUSOS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—I had the pleasure of attending the last concert of the Society of British Musicians, March 2nd. It was the first I have ventured to go to since I had the honour of being black-balled, and I felt quite small in the presence of those who considered themselves too great to have me as a brother member; this sensation, however, wore away after hearing one or two of the members' compositions. Many of the followers of Mendelssohn tread too close on his heels, though they cannot reach his head. It is easy to copy the peculiar mannerisms and set passages of an original composer, but they who do so should know what Shakespeare wrote over his bookcase—"To authors: *Thou shalt not steal*." I own that there is a degree of cleverness in being able to call together certain passages of another, and upon them to construct a composition or sonata; but they who do this, are fully aware of their own incapacity to compose, and they trust the undiscerning public will not discover this unpleasant fact. I was sorry to find the programme of this concert containing long foreign compositions; no doubt some of the members of the society would have been too glad had pieces of theirs been performed instead of them. The reason for introducing foreign works is (I was told), to please the public. Surely if this be the reason, there are members who could compose the trifles that amuse them. If for example, a *dance sonata* were written, would not the public be delighted with the ingenuity of it? All the movements of a sonata could be adroitly maintained in this *jig sonata*. If the public wish the society well, they would be better pleased to hear the works of its various members, than the compositions of foreigners; and if they do not wish the society well, it had better cease to exist. Supposing at an exhibition of pictures of the Royal Academy of Arts, those of Rubens, Claude, &c. were shown to the public, would not our artists have good cause to complain. But this would not be worse policy than that adopted at the British Musicians Society.

The time occupied in the performance of foreign works last Saturday would have given five more members an opportunity of having their works publicly heard, and on this ground injustice was done them. I will only add that members of less merit should share the same advantage as those of most merit, or otherwise societies are in themselves injurious to the majority of the members. If every member could have his or her work performed without the interference of the committee, that is, if, either alphabetically or numerically, each took his or her turn to pass through a public ordeal, then goodwill and more prosperity would follow the society. For my own part, I wish this society right well, and with a little more frankness of bearing, and gentlemanly feeling, the compositions of its members will shine more sun-like (for our private feelings have an influence on our public works) and assume a more natural art

* "Poet of sound."

than they do at present. I was, however, pleased with what I heard of the works of the members of the Society, but the style of vocalization pleased me less. Miss Owen has a noble voice, and I hope her master will do it justice, but let her be careful not to strain it by practising notes out of her natural compass, or it will be valueless to her in two years. I am, Sir, yours obliged,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

P.S. 1. In my observations on the Royal Academy of Music I alluded to its singing master, not because his services are less meritorious than other singing masters in England, but because he is most worthy of notice, having, at any rate, produced a greater number of good singers than any other master in this country.

P.S. 2. I have a few words to say respecting Dr. Gauntlett's late letter.

BOLOGNA.

BOLOGNA is one great monastery or convent, and you walk in cloisters from morning to night. During heavy rain, or when summer heats elsewhere are intolerable, these porticoes have certain advantages of shelter and shade which are obvious at first sight; but they give the city a most sombre aspect, and it is impossible to imagine anything more dull and death-like. A short turn in Westminster Abbey is refreshing, and in the Burlington Arcade there are many objects, as the French say, of "distraction;" but what do you think of walking from one end of the year to the other in never-ending cloisters, where not only literally "each alley has its brother," but where all are united in one great family of doleful despair? Every now and then a cart of merchandise, or a gentleman's carriage, wakes up the echo in the middle of the street; but from the first of January to the end of December there is everlasting gloom at each side, and as the shops are necessarily all in the shade, even the best assorted look in mourning. I have seen many a place where sorrow seemed to have set up its nest, but I have never met any more decidedly afflicted than this; and I would rather pass my time in making the journey I did last night from Florence to Bologna, than live in this city of silent and never-satisfied sorrow. Still Rossini, the great *maestro*, until lately, occupied a fair dwelling here, and counted over his money-bags, an occupation to which, it is said, he is particularly partial; and there are, no doubt, many lively and amiable people within its gates; but I speak, you know, from first impressions, and the colour of the ink in which they are described alone expresses the darkness of my thoughts.

The only two things that vary from the strict line of propriety are two towers which stand, or rather are inclined to stand, in the middle of a market-place. Both are narrow, tall, and formal, and I believe the learned are puzzled to account for their square shape, and dimensions unsuitable to any earthly use; but even these are not their greatest peculiarity, for they are renowned for possessing similar defects with the leaning tower of Pisa, or having, like a bad judge, a leaning to one side. The principal tower is three hundred and seventy feet high, but it varies from the centre of gravity only four feet; the other, which has only half the altitude, droops more than eight, which shows you that on all occasions little fellows take much upon themselves. Both, I believe, fall short of the inclination of the tower at Pisa; but, nevertheless, they are not to be passed by with indifference, though you may not be able to determine whether the foundation has given way, or the architect made a needless display of skill. The picture gallery of Bologna is its greatest treasure; and those who love the massive proportions of the Caracci can here have the opportunity of seeing their best productions, as they are the founders of the school. The best picture of the collection is, however,

said to be the "St. Cecilia" of Raphael, and, according to some enthusiastic admirers, his greatest effort; but I will not wrong the "Transfiguration" in that manner; and I even think that, in composition, grace, or even colour, there is not a comparison to be made between them. The principal figures are all three in the same line, and the lyre, more like Pandean pipes, which the saint holds, is most ungracefully placed. I see nothing inspired in the expression of the face, and unless I were convinced by undoubted evidence, I should not believe that this was the celebrated "St. Cecilia" of Raphael. The sky, they say, was retouched at Paris, but that is the only part of the picture where the learned allow there is anything like fault, and therefore I must set myself down as an insufficient judge, and pin my faith to that of the great virtuosi. The "Samson" of Guido is a splendid creation; but there again my ignorance comes into play, and I doubt much if it be not misnamed. Samson slew the Philistines in the power of his full strength, and his strength was said to have lain in his hair; but this Samson's hair is closely cropped, and his face and person are more of the Apollo than the slayer of ten thousand. In any case the picture is magnificent, and nothing can be superior to the perfection of the outline, and the warm richness of the colouring in which the flesh is clad. There are several other Guidos in this gallery of rare merit, such as the "Murder of the Innocents," "The Crucifixion"—all of which display the powers of that great master. In addition to the museum, Bologna contains two hundred churches, in which are found works of high merit; but, as I am a dealer in pictures of living life, and not in those of the dead masters, I must refer the curious to hand-books and similar authorities.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ERNST left for Manchester on Wednesday, to play at Charles Halle's second chamber concert, which took place on the following evening. Ernst returned yesterday.

MASSOL, ZELGER, and ROMMI, all members of the Royal Italian Opera company, have arrived in London. Massol sang one of the grand airs of Glück at a recent concert of the *Société des Concerts*, in the *Paris Conservatoire*. He was in fine voice, and his success was immense. He was encored by the whole audience.

ALBERT is still reaping honors and wealth in the French provinces. Her next destination is Marseilles.

SOCIETY OF ANCIENT BRITONS.—The anniversary of this Society took place at the Freemasons' Hall on St. David's-day. The Earl of Powis presided, and a large party of the aristocracy and gentry connected with the principality attended on the occasion. The evening was agreeably enlivened by the presence of some excellent artists, who contributed a very entertaining selection of vocal and instrumental music. The Misses Williams sang some popular duets and solos. Mr. Sims Reeves, who generously volunteered his services, sang with great effect Beethoven's *Adelaide*, accompanied by Mr. Binley Richards. Mr. Reeves was enthusiastically applauded. In addition to these, we may mention the names of Messrs. Farquharson Smith, Buckland, Genge, Welsh, and Shoubridge. Mr. Ellis Roberts, during the evening, varied the proceedings by a solo on the harp.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The *Creation* was repeated last night with the same cast as before, with the exception of Mr. Machin, who retired, to make way for *Heir Formes*, the great German basso having sufficiently recovered from his late severe indisposition to resume his duties at Exeter Hall. *Heir Formes* created an immense sensation in Haydn's music.

M. THALBERG left London on Wednesday for Paris, en route for Vienna. The celebrated pianist will return to town in about six weeks.

THE PULPIT & THE THEATRE IN CALIFORNIA.—A correspondent of the *New York Herald* writes from San Francisco, under date of the 1st of December:—"The clown to the circus receives a salary of 12,000 dollars a year; and the parson of the first Baptist church has just been voted by his congregation a salary of 10,000 dollars a year, payable monthly, in advance! Think of that, ye poor preachers, who exhort, Sunday after Sunday, at the rate of from 500 to 2000 dollars per annum. The stated preaching of the Gospel is as profitable here as anything else."

ALARMING OCCURRENCE AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Tuesday evening, about eight o'clock, much consternation was excited in the immediate vicinity of the Olympic Theatre, in consequence of a dense body of smoke and volleys of sparks rising, apparently from the top of the stage. In the course of a few minutes, several hundred persons congregated around the theatre, and a general shout of "Fire" was raised. Had it not been for the admirable precautions of the lessee and other parties connected with the theatre, it is quite probable that a similar calamity to that which took place some time back at the Glasgow Theatre would have happened. As it was, the management at once ordered the whole of the upper windows and ventilators to be closed, which prevented the audience from hearing the noise in the streets. Messengers started in sundry directions for the firemen; and, in the course of a few minutes, numerous Brigade and the West of England engines were taken to the place, but fortunately their services were not required. The cause of so much alarm and confusion was owing to some workmen using fire to solder a pipe on a roof near the stage of the theatre. Fortunately, no one in the house was aware of what was going on in the street.

LINLEY.—The following paragraph has been going the rounds of the provincial papers:—"The admirers of this unequalled violoncellist will learn with deep regret that he has sunk into a state of imbecility. The magic touch that has entranced thousands of delighted hearers is now powerless; and the science has lost one of its chief ornaments. We never may look upon his like again." We are well pleased to say that there is no foundation whatever for the rumour. Mr. Linley is in excellent health, as sound in mind as ever, and still retains his post of principal violoncellist of the Royal Italian Opera band.

M. SZEPANOWSKI.—In our last number M. Szepanowski was, by an error of the type, mentioned as a violinist, instead of a violoncellist.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS.—A foreign newspaper states that the King of Hanover lately presented Jenny Lind with a gold goblet (which must have proved very acceptable) containing anti-eggs, (which must have proved the reverse.) At first we could not imagine what His Absurd Majesty could have meant by the "anti-eggs," but it appears that they constitute the food of nightingales, and that he was labouring under the impression that Jenny Lind, in consequence of having been nicknamed the "Swedish Nightingale," would like to have them for dinner. A goblet, in any case, if it contained anything, ought to contain something to drink; otherwise we think it would have been quite as sensible to have filled it with Swedish snips, as with the aforesaid anti-eggs. May we suggest that, as a return for the elegant gift, King Ernest should request a leaden vase containing the species of food most in request among geese.—*Pasquin*.

BATH.—The third and last of Mons. Jaques's Classical Quartet Concerts took place on Thursday, in the Georgian Assembly Room. The selection included the Haydn's quartet, in B flat, No. 78, played by Messrs. De Kontski, Jaques, Mellon, and Hausmann; Mozart's trio in E flat, for violin, tenor, and violoncello; and Haydn's quartet in G, No. 80. The quartet in G was especially admired. Mr. and Mrs. Millar sustained the vocal part of the concert with much applause. Mr. Millar sang "Il mio tesoro," and took part with Mrs. Millar in the duet, "Come ti piace." Mrs. Millar sang Haydn's beautiful canon, "My mother bids me bind my hair." Between the parts Herr Hausmann performed on the violoncello Romberg's *Pist Fourty*; and Mons. De Kontski played on one string a cavatina from *Robert le Diable*. He was encored, and then substituted "Pizzicato." Mons. Jaques, as pianist, gained general estimation. These concerts have done much towards

elevating the standard of musical taste to some of the public in Bath.

LEEDS.—The members of the Harmonic Society enjoyed a good concert at the Assembly Room on Friday Evening. The programme included examples of our best masters, effectively sung. Some encores were requested, viz.—the serenade by Benedetti (sung by all the choir), "Blest be the home," "When wearied wretches sink to sleep" (Bishop), and the duet by Balfe, "Think a sailor is faithful," very well given by Miss Paton and Mr. B. Taylor. The trio of Cimarosa, "My lady the countess," was executed with effect by Miss Paton, Mrs. K. Pyne, and Mrs. W. W. Pyne. This and the glee by T. Cooke, "Oh, fair are the bowers," by Mr. G. Temple, Mr. Pyne, and Mr. B. Taylor, were applauded, as was also Webber's "When winds breathe soft," sung by Miss K. Pyne, Messrs. Bell, Pyne, B. Taylor, and Thomas. The room was well filled. The noble President being absent, the chair was taken by Henry Harford, Esq., one of the Vice-Presidents. The next "Members' Night" on the 22nd, and the "Ladies' Concert" on the 12th of April, will close the series of concerts for this season.

DOONCASTER.—The third concert of the Philharmonic Society for the season, took place at the Guildhall, on Monday evening last, and was attended by a crowded audience. The vocalists were Miss Whittall (of the London and Liverpool concerts), and Mr. Inkersall (of Sheffield)—both strangers in Dooncaster. Mr. Rogers, sen., acted as conductor; and the band was led by Mr. Seale. The first piece was a symphony of Haydn. Mr. Inkersall sang "The Captive Greek Girl" (Hobbs) in a gratifying manner and received loud applause. Miss Whittall sang a duet with the gentleman just mentioned "I've wandered in dreams" (Vade). It was very cleverly sung. The voice of Miss Whittall of superior quality, bright, clear, and harmonious. Her intonation is remarkably accurate, and her articulation distinct, with much expression. Lured her whole style of singing, which by the way is divested of all extraneous ornament, produced the impression that she is an admirable musician. Mr. Seale played a solo on the violin by De Beriot. This was succeeded by the song, "We may be happy yet" (Balfe). The first part concluded with the overture to *Prometheus* (Beethoven), which was well played and much applauded. The second portion opened with the overture to *Pigara*. This went capitally. The band, augmented by Mr. Rogers (of Sheffield), Mr. Skelton (Blyth), Mr. Kemp (Swinton), and Mr. Whittaker (Sheffield), played the overture so well that they received a rapturous encore. Miss Whittall was encored in the "Irish Emigrant" (Barker), which she sang with feeling, and on her return she substituted "Erin, my country. These were followed by a duet, "List, dearest, list" (Balfe), which was well received. Then came the song, "Oh! sing that melody again," by Miss Whittall,—her own composition. The air is simple and affecting. She accompanied herself on the piano-forte. Kalkbrenner's quintet followed; the piano-forte obligato being taken by Mr. J. Rogers; the violin, Messrs. Seale and Hodgson; viola, Mr. Rogers; and the violoncello, Mr. Skelton. The style of the whole performance reflected much credit upon the performers. Mr. Inkersall, as "The Pirate's Serenade," (Thompson) met with a loud encore. Miss Whittall sang "Sandy and Jeany," and confirmed the impression she had already produced. On being encored, she substituted "Bonnie Prince Charlie," which she sang amidst applause, the heartiness of which we have seldom before surpassed. After the overture in D minor, by Romberg, the performances of the evening terminated with the national anthem. The managing committee of the society, after having thus produced the third of the series of concerts to larger audiences, and given, we believe, more satisfaction and gratification than have ever before been witnessed and experienced in Dooncaster, have good reason to congratulate themselves on the success which has hitherto accompanied their exertions,—a success which should stimulate them to increased exertions for the future, and produce from the stores of novelty and excellence those pieces, which, efficiently performed, will mainly contribute to the increasing popularity and vitality of the Philharmonic.—*Dooncaster Paper*.

MUSIC IN DISSENTING PLACES OF WORSHIP.—A circular of more than ordinary significance and interest has been laid before us. From this we learn that one of the most influential dissenting

congregations in London,—that of the “Weigh House,” has admitted into its services the use of “chanting the words of Holy Scripture,” and further, in enforcement and recommendation of its own practices, the countenancing courses of lectures, in which the question is set forth for the consideration of other dissenting ministers and their congregations. This is a sign of the times to be noted without reference to orthodoxy or heterodoxy—without argument as to the finality of the service-music of this or the other epoch—but as an assurance that the culture of art and the recognition of beauty are more and more allowed their right place, and that becoming functions are more and more apportioned to them, among those very bodies who so long and loudly pronounced an ascetic condemnation of their existence. “The poetry of earth ceaseth never!” and here is another proof of it, worth laying to heart and improving by all legislators, whether lay or priestly.—*Athenaeum.*

THE BARONESS BRAYE held a *conversazione*, on Wednesday, at her residence in Stanhope-street. The musical arrangements were illustrated by Mdlle. Annichini and some very clever amateurs. Mr. Brinkley Richards performed several solos on the pianoforte. The assembly comprised a select number of the *haut ton*, including Lady Forbes, Lady Becham, Lady Morgan, Sir William Ably, Lord Strongford, and also the hero Lord Gough, who was accompanied by Lady Gough and a numerous party.

BAETOL.—The feature of the week at the theatre has been Morris Barnett's comedy, *The Serious Family*, played by a company of Bath amateurs on Thursday evening, exceedingly well. Between the pieces (the *Tipperary Legacy* being the farce) Miss Beaufort and Mr. Callaghan danced a *burlesque pas de deux*, for which there is but one designation—a technical one—“a screamer,” the encore being peremptory; and the recent memory of Carlotta Grial and Silvain aiding the *esprit* which gained from the audience genuine applause and the heartiest laughter.—*Felix Farley.*

MAIDSTONE.—Mr. Stimmers, director of the London Wednesday Concerts, gave a musical entertainment at the Corn Exchange, on Thursday evening week. The vocalists were Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Eyles, Mr. Bridge Frodham, and Herr Formes. The instrumentalists were Herr Anschütz (pianist) and Mr. Richardson (flautist). Mrs. Newton's clear, brilliant, soprano voice was heard to great effect in the arias from *Sonambula*, “Dearest companions” and “Do not mingle.” She was encased in the cavatina, “Lo! here the gentle lark,” with Mr. Richardson's beautiful flute accompaniment, and in the Scotch song, “And ye shall walk in silk attire,” for which she substituted “Bonnie Prince Charlie,” which elicited rapturous applause. Miss Eyles was also highly successful—her songs being always admired, and often encored. On a repetition of “Pretty dove” being called for, she substituted “Charming May,” both being most effectively sung. Mr. Bridge Frodham, the new English tenor, was well received, and much applauded in several of his songs. Herr Formes, the German basso, was too unwell to sing more than two songs at the commencement of the concert, but these were sufficient to exhibit the immense power of his rich bass voice. Mr. Richardson, who is an old favourite in Maidstone, performed two solos on the flute in his usual excellent style, and received very great applause. Herr Anschütz ably presided at the pianoforte.—*Maidstone Gazette*, Feb. 26.

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“They are all distinguished by a melodious flow, which must render them general favourites.”—*Musical World.*

EXETER HALL. WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

THE FOURTH CONCERT OF THE SPRING SERIES will be held on the Evening of WEDNESDAY Next, March 13th, 1856. VOCAL PERFORMERS:—Miss Loombe, Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, and Miss REBECCA ISAACS; Herr FORMES, Mr. H. Drayton, Mr. Land, and Mr. SIMS REEVES.—SOLO INSTRUMENTALISTS: Violin, Herr ERNST; Flute, Signor BAICCIARDI; Cornet, Mr. T. HARVEY. Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; Reserved Seats, 4s.; Stalls, 7s. May be had of Mr. STAMMER, No. 4, in Exeter Hall, and of all Musicians.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

HANDEL'S Oratorio, “JUDAS MACCABEUS,” will be performed on WEDNESDAY Evening Next, March 13th, 1856. Principal Vocal Performers:—Miss Birch, Mrs. Noble, Miss GILL, Miss Kent, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Whitworth. The Chorus will consist of the Members of Mr. HULLAN'S First Upper Singing School. The Orchestra will be complete in every department. Leader - - - - - Mr. WILLY. Conductor - - - - - Mr. JOHN HULLAN. Tickets, 2s.; Reserved Seats, 5s. May be had of the principal musiciasters and at St. Martin's Hall, 89, Long Acre. Doors open at Seven o'clock; the Performance will commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.

PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOM.

MADAME SCHWAB

ANNOUNCES to her Pupils and the Public that her EVENING CONCERT will be given on WEDNESDAY, April 10th, 1856; on which occasion she will be assisted by artists of eminence.

Full particulars will be duly announced. Tickets to be had of Madame, St. Martin's Hall, 89, Long Acre.

SIGNOR AND MADAME FERRARI

BEG to inform their Friends and Pupils that they have REMOVED to their permanent residence, No. 69, UPPER NORTON STREET, FORTNOLD PLACE, where they continue to give Instructions in the Cultivation of the Voice, and the various branches of Singing. Their course of Spring Classes is now forming.

Signor and Madame Ferrari have a vacancy for one lady as IN-DOOR ARTICLED PUPIL.

CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC,

By MR. STERNDALÉ BENNETT.

CHAMBER TRIO, Op. 26, in A major, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, as played by the Author with M. MOUTOUZ and Signor PIATTI, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, March 5th, with great applause; Genevieve, a romance; Rondo Piacere; Suite de Pièces, No. 3, for the Pianoforte, were likewise received with great applause. In the Press, and shortly will be published, No. 3 of the Six Sacred Duets, for soprano voices, composed expressly for the Misses Williams, by the same Author.

Pianoforte Manufactory,—G. COVENTRY, 71, Dean Street, Soho Square.

ROMAN VIOLIN & VIOLONCELLO STRINGS

J. HART, 14, Prince Street, Leicester Square, London, begs to inform the Amateurs and Professors of the above Instruments, that he has just received an Importation of Roman Violin and Violoncello Strings, of the finest quality; where also may be had Stewart's celebrated Registered Violin and Tenor Holder. Likewise may be seen the largest collection of Cremona Violins and Violoncellos in England. Instruments Bought or Exchanged, and Repaired in the best manner.

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THE ART OF SINGING,

Adapted with alterations and additions for the BASS VOICE, may be had at his Residence,

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And at all the principal Musicians.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

COVENT



GARDEN.

THE Directors of the Royal Italian Opera beg most respectfully to inform the Nobility, Gentry, Subscribers, and the Public, that the Season of 1850 will commence on SATURDAY, MARCH 16th, with Weber's Grand Opera

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

The Engagements for the present Season are:—

SOPRANI.

Madame GRISI,

Madame CASTELLAN,

[(Her First Appearance these Two Years.)

Mademoiselle VERA.

(Her First Appearance at the Royal Italian Opera.)

And Madame VIARDOT.

CONTRALTI.

Mademoiselle DE MERO.

And Mademoiselle D'OKOLSKI.

(Her First Appearance at the Royal Italian Opera.)

TENORI.

Signor MARIO,

Signor ENRICO MARALTI,

(From the Theatre La Felice at Venice—his First Appearance in England.)

Signor LUIGI MELI,

Signor SOLDI,

Signor LAVIA,

And Signor TAMBERLIK.

(From the Theatre of San Carlo at Naples, and the Grand Opera at Barcelona—his First Appearance in England.)

BASSI BARITONI.

Signor TAMBURINI,

Monsieur MASSOL,

Signor ROMMI,

And Signor RONCONI.

BASSI PROFONDI.

Monsieur FORMES,

(From the Imperial Theatre at Vienna—his First Appearance at the Royal Italian Opera.)

Signor TAGLIAFICO,

Signor POLONINI,

Signor RACHE,

And Monsieur ZELGER,

(From the Académie Royal at Paris, his First Appearance at the Royal Italian Opera.)

THE ORCHESTRA.

Acknowledged to be the completest and most talented in Europe, will remain as last Season.

THE CHORUS

Will exhibit the same efficiency and perfection as heretofore.

DIRECTOR OF THE MUSIC, COMPOSER, AND CONDUCTOR,

MR. COSTA.

Scenic Artists, Messrs. GRIEVE and TELDEN.

Tickets for Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be taken for the Night or Season. N.B.—Subscribers for the Season will have the option of paying their Subscriptions in advance (as heretofore) or in monthly instalments.

The Prospectus, with full particulars of the Season arrangements, may be obtained at the Box Office of the Theatre (corner of Hart-street and Low-street), which is open from Eleven till Five o'Clock.

MR. AND MADAME G. A. MACFARREN

BEG to inform their Friends and Pupils that they have REMOVED to 12, MARGARET STREET, Cavendish Square.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S

CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE CONCERTS.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

THE Second Concert will take place on FRIDAY, the 22nd of March, on which occasion M. BILLET will have the honour to introduce

1. GRAND SONATA in A flat, Op. 33, *Wiber.*
2. FANTASIA in F sharp minor, (dedicated to Moschies), } *Mendelssohn.*
- First time in public,
3. SUITE with Fugue in G minor, (Suites de Fideles), *Scarlatti.*
4. SONATA in A major, (by desire), *Pinto.*
5. AIR VARIÉ.—Piano and Violoncello, *Mendelssohn.*
6. PASTORALE in G, *Steibelt.*
- ETUDE in E, *Chopin.*
- ETUDE in A minor, *Moschies.*
- ETUDE in G, *Hummel.*

M. BILLET is happy to announce that the celebrated Violoncellist,

SIGNOR PIATTI,

has kindly accorded his eminent services on this occasion, and will play with M. BILLET the

AIR VARIÉ OF MENDELSSOHN.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

MR. BURN will have the honor of repeating his DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE this evening, SATURDAY, and on THURSDAY and THURSDAY next, commencing at Eight o'clock.

PART I.—The Genius and Career of Shakespeare, with Pictorial Illustrations.
PART II.—The Stage, Past and Present.
Prices of Admission:—Stalls, 1s.; Boxes, 4s.; Pit and Amphitheatre, 7s. which may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 23, Old Bond Street and at the Box Office of the Theatre.

FRENCH PLAYS AND OPERA COMIQUE.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

LAST WEEK BUT ONE of the OPERA COMIQUE, and of M. Adolphe CHARTON's performances. On MONDAY Evening, March 11th, 1850, the performances will commence at Half-past Seven o'clock precisely, with LA PERRUQUIERE DE MEUDON.

To conclude with AUBER's Popular Opera of LES DIAMANS DE LA COURONNE.

La Catarina (*niece de Rebelle*) Madlle. CHARTON, Mademoiselle CHARTON has the honor to announce that HER BENEFIT, and the Last Night But Four of her appearance in London, will take place on WEDNESDAY Next, March 13th, when will be produced, (for the first time in this country) AUBER's celebrated Comic Opera, entitled

LE MACON,

supported by the entire strength of the company. After which, the New Opera, in One Act, entitled

L'ESCLAVE DU CAMOENS.

Chief d'Orchestre M. CHARLES HANSEN.

Prices of Admission:—Boxes, (1st, 2nd, 3rd); Amphitheatre, 2s. Doors will be opened at Seven o'clock, and the Performances to commence at Half-past Seven.

Boxes, Stalls, Tickets, and Season Prospects, may be secured at Mr. MITCHELL's Royal Library, 23, Old Bond Street; Mr. SAN'S Royal Library, St. James's Street; Messrs. EBERS', ANDREWS', HOOKHAM'S, ALLCROFT'S, LEADER and CACK'S, CHAPPEL'S, HAMMOND'S, and OLLIVIER'S Libraries, Bond Street; CRAMER'S, and the Carlton Library, 12, Regent Street; also at the Box Office of the Theatre, which is open Daily from 11 till 5 o'clock.

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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No. 11.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1850.

PRICE THREEPENCE.
STAMPED FOURPENCE.

STEPHEN HELLER.

We are again compelled, by press of important matters, to postpone the continuation of these articles.

CORBARI.

THE following paragraph has appeared in almost all the papers:—

"Grisi, Mario, and Corbari will leave St. Petersburg on the 17th inst., and arrive in London about the 28th. They do not sing, as has been announced, at any intermediate places."

Grisi and Mario, it is true, will arrive at the end of the present month; but, as we have already stated to our readers, Corbari does not come to England this season, not being engaged either at Her Majesty's Theatre, or at the Royal Italian Opera. *Tant pis pour tous les deux.*

LEOPOLD DE MEYER.

A PARAGRAPH has gone the round of the American press, to the following effect:—

"Leopold de Meyer, who created such a *furor* in this country, is said to be completely disabled. No longer able to play the piano, he is now leader of a small provincial military band in Italy."

There is not one word of truth in this, nor the shadow of a foundation for the report.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

This establishment opened, according to promise, on Tuesday evening, with Mayer's opera of *Medea*, revised for Madlle. Parodi, and a new ballet for Madlle. Carlotta Grisi, called *Les Metamorphoses*. The house was full in every part, aristocracy and fashion predominating among the audience.

That *Medea* was a highly popular opera in its day is well known. That its popularity was chiefly indebted to the genius of Pasta is verified by the fact of its having been altogether laid aside since the retirement of that great tragedian and singer from the London Italian stage, the scene of her latest exertions. That, independent of the *prestige* it obtained by these means, the opera of *Medea* was by now unremembered, even by name, was, we think, pretty clearly shown on Tuesday night, in the face of Madlle. Parodi's undoubted talent, and other excellent points in the performance.

The little periodical brochure entitled *The Opera Box*, which again appears as an agreeable synopsis *raisonné* of the evening's entertainments, gives the following interesting particulars, which will serve, better than anything we could say, to explain all that is necessary to be explained about the libretto of *Medea*:—

"The *Medea* of Euripides—the tragedy on which all subsequent dramatic versions of the story are founded—was first performed at Athens, together with the lost plays of *Philoctetes*, *Dicelys*, and *Neueros*, in the year a. c. 431. By these four plays Euripides gained the third prize.

"In the Greek *Medea* Jason marries Glauco, daughter of Creon, King of Corinth. *Medea*, highly indignant at being deserted by a man who is

under such great obligations to her, is ordered by Creon to quit his dominions; she, however, obtains permission to remain at Corinth for a single day, and is promised an asylum at Athens, by *Ægeus*. Having thus secured a retreat, she determines to avenge herself on Creon, Jason, and Glauco. Pretending to submit to her doom with patience, she sends Glauco a crown and robe, which being impregnated with a deadly poison, destroy the bride in a most fearful manner. Creon, who embraces his daughter, shares her fate. *Medea* then kills her children, after a struggle between her love for them, and her hatred of Jason, and at the end she makes her escape in a chariot given her by the sun.

"This argument scarcely differs at all from that of the Italian *libretto*. The love of *Ægeus* for the daughter of Creon, and his appearance as an open defender of *Medea*, are the only variations of importance.

"The substitution of the name of 'Creon' for that of 'Glauco,' which is adopted by the Italian poets, was made by Seneca, in his tragedy of *Medea*. The story, as treated by this Latin poet, does not materially differ from that of Euripides."

A more unhuman subject could hardly be dealt with, and nothing but the finest dramatic genius could elevate it into musical interest and importance. This was not possessed by John Simon Mayer, or Mayr, born at Mendorf,* in 1763.

It may be presumed, from its having outlived its seventy-six brethren,† that the opera of *Medea* was equally the best and the most celebrated dramatic composition of Mayer. We have a right, therefore, to build our opinion of its merits upon the materials thus placed at our disposal. It is plain that Mayer was not a genius, and as plain that he was not a very profound musician. Still the long habit of writing had enabled him, at the period when *Medea* came from his pen, to compose with ease—evidence of which is given in the fluency with which he sets down the prevalent common-places of his time, and moulds them into forms, which, though artless, are rarely impeachable. There is also a good flow of tune, if not a decided originality of melody, throughout the work. Add to these a knowledge of the most effective way of writing for voices, and a method of scoring for the orchestra at once clear and brilliant, and we have adduced enough to render Mayer's reputation during his life-time no longer an enigma. The strict means of obtaining a temporary celebrity are derived from that facility of presenting common-places in an agreeable form which we have said Mayer possessed, and which he most likely acquired from his long residence in Italy, the Italian musicians, from all time, having been the chief masters of this ephemeral school. But that which makes popularity endure beyond a certain period, and brings with it the assurance of immortality—too often the recompense for a long neglect—was not possessed by Mayer. Nevertheless he must not be blamed among those to whom the art owes, and can possibly owe, nothing—of whom in the present age we have so many illustrious examples. Mayer was a composer of merit, though not of genius; he pleased almost universally, and though he rarely elevated his art he certainly did not debase it—and this is higher praise than many can lay claim to.

* A small hamlet in Bavaria.

† Mayer is said to have composed seventy-seven operatic works.

The best portions of the *Medea*, in our opinion, are the recitatives, which are always natural and sometimes noble. The choruses are weak and colourless; the airs and duets have much of the character of the modern Italian school, barely concealed under the already antiquated style of melody of which they are made up. The overture is an ordinary production, though superior, we believe, to the generality of contemporary works of the sort. The overtures of the Italian school, then as now, were by no means famous. In the instrumental accompaniments of the *Medea* there is a plainness which amounts to monotony; it is true they are well written, but they offer few proofs of ingenuity, and none of a feeling for rich combination or striking effects of contrast. Where Mayer has most completely failed is in the more terrible scenes of the drama—the despair of *Medea*; her invocation to the spirits of darkness, when she poisons the robe for Creusa; the scene with her children, destined to be murdered by her hands; and her flight on the dragon—to these, which Gluck would have made impressive and Mozart sublime, Mayer has given little intensity, and but a pale and sickly colour, which by no means atones for the translation of the verse of the Greek Euripides into doubtful Italian doggerel.

The performance of *Medea*, on Tuesday, had, as we have said, some excellent points, foremost among which was the evident and great improvement of Madlle. Parodi. Whether this clever young artist has been tutored in the part by her mistress, Pasta, or by the impulses of her own feeling, it little matters. There was that in her acting which raised her far above the common herd, and stamped her indubitably as a genius. Her gestures, always dignified and natural, were sometimes of the highest order of classic beauty, and her general conception of the part was equally impressive and true. In her singing, Madlle. Parodi has made so great an advance that we are apt to believe she must have zealously employed her time during the recess. Where before there was hesitation, there is now the most pleasant certainty; the high notes are clearer and more powerful, the intonation is more uniformly correct, the execution more energetic and brilliant than before—a result of the confidence which invariably accrues from a good method of delivery, a requisite in which Madlle. Parodi was manifestly deficient last season, but which she now appears to be rapidly acquiring. The impression she produced upon the audience, who gave her a hearty welcome, was unanimously favourable. She was recalled, with Calzolari, in the "grand" duet, "Ah d'un alma generosa" (original type of the *Smiramide* duets)—where *Medea* and *Ægeus* lay out their plans for revenge on Jason—and made several other hits during the opera, especially in the first act. Towards the end of the second act she lost a little of her power, and did not seem quite so much at home in the music. But this will be remedied after another performance.

Calzolari was an excellent Egeu; but his singing was sufficiently attractive, we think, without the necessity of introducing a modern *cavatina*, to show the audience, what the audience, already knew, that he was a thorough master of roulades. Belletti's Creonte was unexceptionable throughout. Nothing could be more correct and artistic than his singing. Both these favourites of last year were well received. Signor Micheli, a *débutant*, appeared as Jason. His chief characteristic is an animation of gesture which belongs to the Duprez school. Signor Micheli did his best with the music. His voice is a tenor, not powerful. He has yet to acquire the favour of the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre, which we hope he may succeed in obtaining. Madame Giuliani was labouring under a cold; but she played the part of Creusa, daughter of

Creonte, very nicely, and sang the music, though not too loudly, gracefully. The small part of Tideo, Creonte's confidant, and the smaller part of Ismene, Creusa's confidant, were confined to Sig. Dai Fiori and Madlle. Malpasuta—the latter a *débutante*, the former an old acquaintance. The children of *Medea* were played by real children; but the little darlings did not assume the semblance of terror, when their mother is about to immolate them to her wrath, with sufficient reality.

The orchestra was good—nay better. Balfe's appearance was hailed by loud and long continued plaudits from every part of the theatre (not forgetting the orchestra)—a sign that his reinstatement in the office which he holds with such ability, and which it was feared he would abandon this season, was the cause of unanimous satisfaction. Mr. Balfe's abilities were manifested in a remarkable manner during the performance of the opera. In addition to the usual decision and judgment that always mark his beating, when any of the singers were out (and that was occasionally) Balfe sang their parts for them so well, that, except ourselves and the "Lions," nobody knew anything was wanting.

In spite of Madlle. Parodi's success, and the other attractions of the opera—among which not the least are the classic *tableaux* from the pencil of Mr. Marshall, so severely simple and so appropriate to the drama—*Medea* is not likely to endure. Its former popularity is not to be revived, even were a new Pasta to appear, with a new Rubini to support her.

After the opera all the artists appeared before the curtain. The curtain then rose again, discovering the entire company, who at once gave vent to their loyalty in the strains of the National Anthem. The solos were delivered by the principals; we care not to remember the precise manner of their distribution.

The new ballet was thoroughly successful, and never was success better deserved. The ballet itself is a light and ephemeral production, but it was the framework for some fanciful and exquisite *tableaux*, in which Carlotta—Carlotta Grisi—was the principal and animating figure. With such an object before him, with such an artist in view, it was natural that M. Paul Taglioni, the skillful ballet-master of Her Majesty's Theatre should put forth all his strength, and succeed beyond all his former successes. We borrow from the *Opera Box* a synopsis of the argument of *Les Métamorphoses*, as we borrowed from it the argument of the *Medea*.

"The plot of this ballet is founded upon one of those old Teutonic legends that seem a natural growth of the picturesque 'Fæterland,' and of the peculiar mystic and dreamy spirit of its inhabitants. Karl, a student and an enthusiast, has made himself an abode amongst the ruins of the Castle of Heidelberg. He divides his time between love and study—his betrothed, Ida, and learning—each with him, is equally a passion. Not satisfied with literature, sacred and profane, he has peered the bounds of hallowed knowledge, and has endeavoured to dive into the mysteries of the shadowless brinks of perdition. One of those good-humoured elf or sprites, who mix, inviolent, in the haunts of men, and laugh at their follies, discovers the peculiar tendency of Karl's mind, and determines to disgust him with the dangerous pursuit, by a practical exemplification of the evils of magic power. Assuming every shape in turn, he makes the student fall in love with him, in the form of a lady; he renders him furious from jealousy, by making love to his betrothed, in the shape of a handsome gallant officer, &c. &c. And thus, thanks to a little wholesome mischief, Karl is corrected, and becomes wise and happy at last."

Fancy, reader—fancy Carlotta, the incarnation of good natured mischief, representing the person, and feigning the gambols, of this half malicious, half benevolent elf. That she did it to perfection you will readily believe; but as she did so many things quite new, and, as we previously thought, out of her particular line, we feel called upon to explain them at length.

In the first scene the sprite—Carlotta—is discovered in the study of Karl (M. Paul Taglioni), coming over some mystic and unfathomable folio. Doubtless he has arrived at the passage which has taught him to penetrate into the secret of his *protégé*, Karl, whom he loves to torture. He tears away the leaf, and bounding from the table, disappears. The dress of Carlotta in this scene, which she acts with infinite aplomb, is that of a page. She looks like the prettiest *gamin* that ever imagined mischief, and answered the hearty recognition of the audience by a nod of the head, which seemed to say:—"Ah! you know me, do you—although this is the first time you ever saw me in male attire?" When she vanished, with the magic leaf, she seemed to melt into the air like some white ghost. No one could tell which way she disappeared.

Karl comes back, and first takes up his book, and then thinks of his betrothed, his Ida, and then resumes his book, and is about to study its contents, when in rush a boisterous band of masquers, who, with music and dance, strive to force the solitary student into joining their revelry. In vain. Karl is dreaming of Ida, his beloved—his betrothed—and his dream is mixed with visions of supernatural power and the world of spirits. The masquers leave him to his *reverie*, which is, however, suddenly interrupted by a phantom—a female in a mask and domino, who appears upon the landing place, holding a candle in her hand. The current has extinguished the light, and the domino indicates, by hesitating gestures, her wish to have it re-illuminated. Karl, in mute astonishment, obeys. The mysterious visitor then takes a rapid glance round the room, laughs at the disorder reigning every where, and throwing off her domino, presents to the astonished gaze of Karl a sight as beautiful as unanticipated—a comely rustic maiden, of symmetrical shape, and features that laugh like the sun. Karl's senses ache at the lovely form that flits before him, executing in the most winning manner specimens of the various *pas* that are to be danced at the ball, to which she tempts him to accompany her. Eight o'clock strikes, and all of a sudden the maiden appears to lose her *équilibre*. She must be gone—she beckons to Karl, who accompanies her to the stair-case, at which point she once more disappears, as it were absorbed into the air. The rustic girl is again the sprite—again CARLOTTA, who, in a new shape, delights to tease the melancholy student. The whole of this scene is acted and mimed and danced by Carlotta to a perfection surpassing all her previous efforts, which were nevertheless of themselves perfect.

In the following scene, Ida, the betrothed, arrives, and observing the domino which the sprite has left behind, hursts into tears of jealousy and anger. Karl, however, persuades her that he is not unfaithful, and as a proof, gives her the key of his room. Ida seizes it and looks him in, persuaded that now at least he will not go to the ball. But left alone, he cannot pursue his studies. Glancing heedlessly at his mystic folio, he perceives that a leaf—the leaf—has been torn away. Furious at the loss, which robs him of his supernatural powers, he draws his rapier, and finding no living enemy to strike, aims a blow at a large picture which hangs up near the doorway. The picture divides in two, and discovers the mischievous sprite, not this time laughing like sunshine, but suffering, or apparently suffering, from the effects of the wound. How the sprite continues to tease the poor student, by what cunning devices succeeds in turning his brain dizzy, and, at length, overpowers him with the sleep of fatigue—how admirable, how picturesque, how impish, how irresistible were every gesture, look, and step of CARLOTTA, we shall not attempt to describe. The pen would fail to follow the,

exquisite *danseuse*—a human spirit, with more of fascination than all the infernal host combined—in the maze of enchanting evolutions, by which she dazzled the eye and made the senses giddy with delight. To look at Carlotta for an instant together was impossible; she was *never* half a second in one place, and so rapid were her motions that she seemed at times twenty times herself—ten times ubiquitous—everywhere at once.

The whole of the second *tableau* is devoted to the masked ball, where Karl goes after all. Here the sprite, Carlotta, continues to torment Karl—first as the incarnation of folly, when she dances the *Pas Allegorique* of Momus and the Pleasures; then, once more as the domino and the rustic coquette, when she allures him into the circling movements of the waltz; then as a dashing cavalier, when she makes him jealous by her attentions to Ida, his betrothed, in a quadrille, provokes him to a quarrel, and engages with him in a duel; and lastly, as a Will o' the Wisp, into which form she merges at the moment of danger, escaping from her enraged assailant, who wastes his anger on the vacant air. He has received a lesson, however, and no longer regrets the leaf from the folio, that had helped him to a half acquaintance with the goblin-world, which he now fairly wishes at the devil.

Carlotta was as inimitable and volatile in this *tableau* as in the former. How she waltzes, how she moves in the quadrille, need not be told. But how she walked and bore herself as the young officer, was quite another question. Her fencing was the poetry of attack and defense, only that she looked so charming that no hand could have been bold enough to strike her, no heart hard enough to direct the blow. The only great feat of dancing in the *ballet* was the *Pas Allegorique*, with M. Charles. This is taken from Perrot's *ballet* of *La Filleule des Fées*, brought out for Carlotta at the *Académie Royale* in Paris, of which an account has already appeared in the *Musical World*. It is the very essence and perfection of the choregraphie art. The variations are *chef d'œuvre*s of neat and rapid execution, and the *adagio* combines all that is most grateful in *pose*, all that is most classic in motion of the arms and body. The *Pas Allegorique* was enthusiastically applauded, and each variation loudly re-demanded; but Carlotta is no friend to the encre system, and besides, was too fatigued by her incessant exertions to be able to go through any of her feats twice over with ease and comfort.

Since *Giselle* and *Esmeralda* and the *Diable à Quatre* Carlotta Griel has achieved no triumph so complete as in the *Metamorphoses*, in which her unrivalled talent both as mimist and *danseuse* has an unbounded field for display. She has completely reanimated the *ballet* from the lethargy into which it had begun to fall from the commencement of the Jenny Lind *furor*, which seemed likely to extinguish it altogether. Mr. Lumley may congratulate himself on the result, and we trust that, emboldened by this new success, he will bestow more of his attention to the *ballet*—always one of his great strongholds—than he has been able or inclined to bestow during the last three years. With such a dancer as Carlotta Griel, in the prime of her life and the vigour of her talent, the *ballet*, well managed, needs not fear decline; in short, under such circumstances, decline is not merely improbable, but impossible.

M. Paul Taglioni merits equal praise for the fancy and ingenuity he has displayed in the composition of the *Metamorphoses*, as for the graphic manner in which he represents the vexed and tormented Karl. He is a first-rate artist in his way. M. Charles, who danced the *Pas Allegorique* with Carlotta, is very young, but already bids fair to be the legiti-

mate successor of the inimitable Perrot. The *corps de ballet* contains Mdlles. Rosa (a new comer), Aussandon, Julien, Lamoureux, and other old favourites, who are as efficient and personally attractive as ever.

Before we have done with the *ballet*, we may remark that Mdlle. James, one of the most accomplished of all our *seconde donne* of the dance, is in London, and unengaged. She has been with Carlotta in her recent tour, and (as it appears from the poetical communication of our worthy Dublin correspondent, "Jaques," has shared the triumphs of her incomparable *camarade*. Mr. Lumley could hardly do more wisely than complete his admirable *corps de ballet* by the addition of this graceful and excellent English danseuse. M. Silvain also, we hear, is in London, and at leisure. Who could better fill the place of M. D'Or or of M. St. Léon, neither of whom are engaged this season? Marie Taglioni has arrived, prettier and quainter than ever, and a very little taller. Mr. Lumley should adopt Vivier's counsel, and place a sentinel at her door, to see that she does not grow any more. She is quite tall enough for all danceable purposes. Mdlle. Ferraris, a new dancer of repute, has arrived, and will shortly appear.

The next opera is to be *Ernani*, which will be produced on Thursday—a grand extra night, for the *débuts* of Signor Lorenzo, and our countryman, Sims Reeves.

CARLOTTA GRISI.

Our contemporaries bear ample testimony to the triumph of Carlotta in the new *ballet* of the *Metamorphoses*. The *Morning Herald* thus quaintly and poetically apostrophises the incomparable Queen of the Dance.

"The new ballet called *Les Metamorphoses* is one of the rarest things of the kind that we have seen, containing some pretty tableaux, and some exquisite passages of character dancing by Carlotta Grisi, who, with the exception of Fanny Ellsler, never had an equal in the art of expressing pantomimic sentiment.

"Carlotta's personation of the elf is a matchless piece of *diablerie*. Each of the separate assumptions she embodies with an air of good-humoured mischief, as genial as it is diverting. The athletics of the scene she manages with a spirit and elegance which few of the light-heeled tribe can either feel or demonstrate; while the dramatic meaning with which she enlivens an attitude or a movement, realises the highest conditions of her art. It is not an abuse of words to call her dancing 'poetry'; for there is an ideal beauty in it which gratifies the eye as well as the imagination. Let us cite, as an example of this, the comic abandon of her scene with Paul Taglioni, when, as a 'rustic coquette,' she drags him from her books in spite of himself, and hurries him round the room in a merry and unavoidable whirl; or, as a will-o'-the-wisp, eludes him with cunning conceits of activity. Then again the *Pas Foulard*, with its quick, sharp, twinkling steps! Carlotta, in short, was never in greater force than at present."

Not less enthusiastic, if somewhat less elaborate, is the worthy and talented critic of the *Chronicle*.

"Of such a sprite, mischievous without malice, and love-fun not for the fun alone, what more choice and happy representative could be found than Carlotta Grisi, with her spirit-like airiness, her buoyant grace, her elfish eye and face? Not since she charmed the world as *Giselle* has a character been hit upon more exactly suited to this fascinating artist. Every true genius combines the elements alike of the tragic and comic; and so it is with Carlotta Grisi; she is as completely elfish and sprite-like in this gay, rattling, yet graceful and piquant part, as in the more serious and characterful of the spirit-dancer. One's only regret is, that she should not have the ballet all to herself—the incidental scenes and dances, though singularly clever and amusing, seeming only so many obstructions to our enjoyment of such an embodied grace. This ballet will not be an ephemeral attraction only. Besides the exquisite acting and dancing of Carlotta Grisi, there are many incidental dances of great merit and originality."

Even the *Daily News*, usually so grave and brief in matters Terpsichorean, waxes ardent in Carlotta's praise. Listen to his eloquent words:—

"There was a new ballet called *Les Metamorphoses*, a brilliant and successful affair. Its story, even with the help of the libretto, was beyond our comprehension; but the peerless Carlotta Grisi appeared in it, and that was quite enough. She appeared, too, in the most piquant way possible; for she enacted the part of an elf, or sprite, who, in order to perplex a student of the 'black art,' appeared to him in a variety of fantastical shapes—a young page, a village girl, a will-o'-the-wisp, and a military officer; and in these various disguises she displayed her witchenries in her own inimitable way."

The *Times* calls Carlotta "the most poetic of dancers;" but the *Times* was the first to "symbolise" her talent, as the clever and animated writer in the *Britannia* expresses it.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE season commences to-night with *Der Freischütz*. Of the production of this work, and its substitution for *Gustavus the Third*, we have already said our say. Of the managerial policy manifested in the substitution time only can certify as to its soundness or hollowness.

The directors, we are assured, have spared no expense to render Weber's *chef d'œuvre* entirely worthy of their great establishment. All who have heard the Covent Garden band and chorus must feel satisfied that, as far as they are concerned, *Der Freischütz* will be better interpreted than it has ever been in this country. Respecting the singers, we can only form an opinion, and encourage a hope for the best. It must be remembered that some of the most eminent vocalists of Germany and England have been heard in Weber's opera. Besides Madame Heinefetter, Madame Schödel, Schroeder Devrient, together with Hätzinger and other celebrated tenors, we have had our own Braham and Mrs. Wood interpreting the principal parts. But "comparisons are odorous," and we must rest content at the present day with Mesdames Castellan and Vera, both of whom possess undoubted talents, and with the expectation that Signor Enrico Maralti may prove a second Hätzinger.

In favour of the Royal Italian Opera, it may be safely affirmed that it possesses the best Caspar the stage has ever produced. Caspar is one of Formes' finest parts, and, we have no doubt, that the great German basso will produce an immense effect in the character.

Again, in behalf of Covent Garden, it may be further shown that the directors have secured the services of M. Massol, for the part of the Head Ranger—a small part, certainly, but an important one—thus giving us a foretaste of what they intend doing with secondary and subordinate characters. For providing so excellent an artist for the Head Ranger the management is entitled to especial commendation. M. Massol is an admirable singer, has a splendid voice, and will materially strengthen the efficiency of the vocal corps.

On the whole, whatever the drawbacks to the complete and perfect production of *Der Freischütz*—as complete and perfect as might be desired—we say so much that is really first-rate, we incline to anticipate a great success.

The last rehearsal took place yesterday. All is prepared. The dresses will be picturesque and appropriate, and the scenery, as we are told, of the most magnificent description. The great incantation scene will tax to the utmost the resources of the Royal Italian Opera management, and the fancy and ingenuity of Mr. Harris, under whose superintendence all the *diablerie* has been formed and fashioned.

The dances will take place, also, under the direction of Mr. Harris, Signor Casati, the *matrre de ballet*, having been prevented by unforeseen circumstances, from coming to England.

So much for anticipation, the realisation shall be forthcoming next week.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

(From an occasional contributor.)

THE fourth of the spring series took place on the 13th. The list of vocalists was strong, and included the names of Misses Lucombe, Rebecca Isaacs, Anne Williams, and M. Williams; Herr Formes, Mr. Henry Drayton, Mr. Land, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, and Mr. Sims Reeves. With such a vocal force we think it would have been politic had the directors given something of a higher character than the programme presented on this occasion. The directors must not suppose that the public can be led back to twenty years ago, and passively submit to be "planted" in that epoch, from now *ad perpetuum*. Whatever may be their opinion, however, we have strong proof that audiences of the present day are capable of appreciating entertainments of an intellectual order—or of so good an imitation thereof as may lead them to suppose they are exerting their faculties of comprehension and enjoyment on music of a serious character. Even when they are thus blinded they are apt to find out their mistake very soon, and visit this offence on their judgment with severity. We advise the directors of the London Wednesday Concerts to awake while they are in good grace, and avoid so unpleasant a visitation from their numberless patrons. In future let them eschew as much as possible such a patch-work selection as was presented on Wednesday night.

The vocalists sang very well, as might have been expected, since they, no doubt, selected their own songs. The sooner the directors take this task out of their hands, however, the better, both for the directors and the vocalists. The applause, with some few exceptions, was much less vociferous than usual, and the encores much less frequent. The latter fact was decidedly an advantage. But it is now time for the directors to present novelty; at present there is a tiresome sameness in these concerts. "Move on," is the actual watchword of the day, and those who do not keep up with the crowd will most likely be trampled under foot.

But for a few details:—Herr Formes sang "Farewell to the Mountain," and "Life is darkened o'er with woe." Herr Formes has sung both these songs a great many times during the season, and without exercising to any extraordinary degree his powers of research, he might have found something better and newer to sing at the fourth of the spring series. Nevertheless, let it be understood, that we do not object to either of the songs above-named; on the contrary, they are both beautiful in their way; but it is of their so frequent repetition we complain, and we cite them as instances of the prevailing vice. The other vocalists must not imagine themselves slighted at our not noticing their various efforts in numerical order, but we have so frequently mentioned the same ladies and gentlemen in the same songs and duets, that we are afraid, should we continue, the *Musical World* would become as tedious as the performances themselves.

The soloists were Herr Ernst and Signor Briccialdi. Herr Ernst gave a solo on "Hungarian Airs," and the *Prata Fantasia*, and played both in his very best style. The audience were clamorous for an encore for both solos, but after the first Herr Ernst came forward merely to bow his acknowledgments, and for the second he substituted the *Carnaval*.

Signor Briccialdi, a flautist of high continental reputation, made his first appearance at Exeter Hall on Wednesday night. His intonation is as near an approach to perfection as that of any flutist we have heard. His tone is mellow and pure, and he possesses great command of his instrument, both in *bravura*

and *cantabile* passages. His style of playing is remarkably artistic and finished. The fantasia he performed was selected from the *Sonnambula*, Signor Briccialdi was warmly applauded. We hope to hear him frequently.

Mr. Bridge Frodsham made a favourable impression by his unaffected singing in John Barnett's charming ballad, "Canst thou love, yet coldly fly me," (*Mountain Sylph*), and in a new song, "I saw a brighter eye last night." Mozart's *Jupiter* symphony, excellently well played by the band, commenced the concert in a style worthy of a more solid conclusion. Weber's overture to *Der Freischütz*, and Macfarren's *Chevy Chase*, were also performed. Herr Anschuetz conducted with clearness and decision.

MR. DANDO'S QUARTET CONCERTS.

MR. DANDO, the admired violinist, has been carrying on his usual series of Quartet Concerts at Crosby Hall, to the gratification and edification of the City amateurs. Supported by Mr. Gattie, Mr. Hill, and Mr. Lucas, Mr. Dando has performed some of the finest specimens of quartet composition in a manner fully to sustain his reputation; and the concerts have had the additional interest and attraction of the pianoforte playing of Mrs. Anderson, Miss Kate Loder, Mr. Dorrell, and Mr. L. Sloper, who have interpreted some of the grand chamber works of the great masters. The fifth concert of the season, which was one of the most interesting of the series, took place on Monday last. The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Grand Nonetto, Op. 31, for violin, viola, violoncello, double bass, flute, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon,	
Messrs. Dando, Hill, Lucas, C. Severn, Clifton,	
Nicholson, Williams, C. Harper, and Baumann	<i>Spir.</i>
Aria, "Sonne Dio," Zampa, Miss Dolby	<i>Winter.</i>
Quartett, No. 31, for two violins, viola, and violoncello,	
Messrs. Dando, Gattie, Hill, and Lucas	<i>Haydn.</i>
Song, "When the children are asleep" (a fire side song),	
Miss Dolby	<i>Wallace.</i>

PART II.

Second Sonata in D major, for pianoforte and violin,	
(dedicated to G. A. Macfarren,) Messrs. W. C. Mac-	
farren and Dando	<i>W. C. Macfarren.</i>
Song, "The Honvéd's Bride," Miss Dolby	<i>Molière.</i>
Duet, "May Morning," the Messrs. Williams	<i>W. F. Wallace.</i>
Quartett, No. 4, for two violins, viola, and violoncello,	
Messrs. Dando, Gattie, Hill, and Lucas	<i>Beethoven's</i>
Accompanist, Mr. W. C. Macfarren.	

The Nonetto of Spohr was very finely performed; the choir of wind instruments was particularly admirable, and the effect of the *ensemble* was truly excellent: it is a composition of most ingenious elaboration, abounding in points of great beauty, and the last movement especially teems with genius—one of the very happiest productions of its author. The Quartet of Haydn was a less effective performance; the lovely movement in A flat, *affettuoso sostenuto*, was better rendered and better appreciated than the rest of the work. A very principal feature of the evening was Mr. W. C. Macfarren's Sonata for pianoforte and violin, which, besides its merit as a composition, had the interest of novelty, at least to this audience. This is a work which bears the test of a very severe criticism, and which the better known and more strictly judged, the more fully proves its young composer to be possessed of very high musical qualifications both of nature and study. The sonata is written throughout with fluency and with an evident familiarity with the general principles of construction; much as we like the whole, we prefer, however, the two middle movements, the *scherzo* in D sharp minor and the *adagio* in A, which are eminently original and equally beautiful, and would indeed do

honour to the name of any composer. The playing of Mr. W. C. Macfarren has great merit; he produces a clear, full tone from the pianoforte, and his style is characterised by evident musicianly feeling and great energy. The sonata was very warmly applauded; more so, indeed, than any piece in the programme. The fine Quartet in C minor of Beethoven was excellently performed, but it had the disadvantage of the usual breaking-up of the audience during a last piece to prevent those who wished to hear from paying due attention. Miss Dolby sang most beautifully, and accompanied herself in Mr. Wallace's very charming "Fireside Song." The Misses Williams sang admirably the less meritorious duet of the same composer. The last concert of the series will take place on Monday, the 25th.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(From the Times)

THE Royal Academy, it seems, has obtained a renewed lease of the building which was constructed some fourteen years ago at the national expense, for the reception of the national pictures. Another generation, for aught the public is assured to the contrary, will find the daubs of contemporary mediocrity flaring against the walls which should have been graced by the standards of ancient perfection. For a period, at present indefinite, Raphael, Sebastiano, and Rubens must give place to Redgrave, Maclean, and Uwins. The cultivation of high art, the elevation of the general taste, even the interests of the profession particularly concerned, are to be postponed *sine die*, to suit a convenience which no impartial man regards, or to propitiate a power which no independent man will recognise. No promises, express or implied, no gratitude to public benefactors, no desire to encourage a patriotic liberality, not even the common considerations of expediency, appear to touch the gentlemen who are charged with the official patronage of art. Turning a deaf ear to every reasonable remonstrance, they suffer the institution which boasts its own complete self-sufficiency, and rejects all national interference, on the express ground that it requires no national support, to usurp a public edifice, intended for a public purpose, and to occupy with its puny productions the rightful seat of the genius of antiquity. Such is the apparent position of art in this country, at this moment. Such, at least, are the conclusions to be drawn from the statement of the Prime Minister, in the House of Commons on Monday night.

With the Royal Academy, considered as a society of individuals, united for their own benefit, we have no concern at present. Whether it be well or ill constituted, honestly or corruptly administered, of good or evil influence upon the profession, we forbear from even offering an opinion. Nor do we wish to be understood as having endorsed the charges against it which have appeared in these columns. Our only purpose is to inquire upon what pretence the Royal Academy is thrust into the National Gallery—in return for what services rendered to the country, a private institution is in part maintained at the public expense—and for what sound reasons of State the Government, as virtual trustees of the national pictures, leaves these to be heaped together as in an auction-room, or stowed away like useless lumber, in order to elevate into a too treacherous light the pretty paintings of their *protégés*. This is all the business we have with the Royal Academy.

The Select Committee appointed in 1835 to inquire, among other things, "into the constitution, management, and effects of institutions connected with the arts," made a report in 1836, which, together with the evidence, may be advantageously

consulted in the elucidation of this subject. It appears, from this document, that the building called the National Gallery was originally constructed in a manner to diminish its utility as a receptacle for the national pictures, and even to endanger its safety in case of fire, in order that space, and other conveniences, might be appropriated to the Royal Academy; that at the time this sacrifice of public property was made to a private society, petitions were lying before the trustees, explaining the injury which must accrue to the general body of artists from such an exclusive patronage of a set, and the opinions of eminent men had been declared upon the point, that the *quasi* amalgamation of the Gallery and the Academy would probably result in the injury of both; and that the joint occupancy which was to produce this disastrous connexion was to be determined by the expansion of the national collection to a size too large for the dimensions of that portion of the national building which was at first allotted to its use. In addition to these simple facts, opinions well deserving of consideration were given, to the effect that the enthronement of the Royal Academy upon the seat of ancient art, would operate to destroy competition, and would give the Academy a virtual monopoly—that even the whole building, as constructed, did not afford more than sufficient space for the complete exhibition of the then national collection, and that the contraction of that space would therefore not only be a direct injury, but would very probably prevent public-spirited persons from bequeathing their pictures to the nation.

Fortunately the prophecy last mentioned has not been fulfilled. In 1847 Mr. Vernon presented his collection of the works of English artists to his country. His name was honoured in the senate and praised throughout the land; but his pictures were put away in a cellar. The event that was feared had come to pass. The casket was not large enough for the jewels, and there was no room without clearing out the mosaic which occupied some of the compartments. In short, issue was joined between the Academy and the nation, and it became necessary to decide which interest was the more important of the two.

That decision has not yet been made, and it is to be feared that unless the public step into the judgment seat, that predominant right which law and custom attribute to possession will continue to favour one of the contending parties. To us, however, the case appears extremely simple. The Royal Academy is tenant upon sufferance of the National Gallery. Even on its own showing it has no right of occupancy beyond the period when its own interests and those of the national collection can be made to harmonize. That period arrived beyond all question in 1847, and since that time the Academy has continued in its place by usurpation and wrong. Even before 1847, it would not be difficult to show that the national pictures were inconveniently crowded. Any one who has penetrated through dust and the throng of gazers into the little room at the top of the stairs, where Hogarth, Wilkie, Canaletti, and others are jammed together as in a picture-dealer's shop, must feel the force of the observation. The Vernon donation, however, settled this matter. There is clearly no room for that collection; and the question arises whether the Academy is to remain in the Gallery, or the national pictures are to seek another place. Possibly, in other times, and with no fear of financial reformers before our eyes, we might have embraced the latter alternative, and, having consigned the great relics of antiquity to a worthier mausoleum, have left the Royal Academy to repose for ever under the shadow of the pepper-boxes which crown the "finest site in Europe."

AMERICAN POT POURRI

(From a New York Correspondent.)

I send you a few musical and dramatic particulars, from which you may pick or choose as you please. The last number of the *Musical World* which reached us, informed us that the editor had an abstract reverence for copy. My scraps, therefore, have some hope of finding a place in your journal.

At the Bowery Theatre, *Roanwood*; or, *Richard Turpin the Highwayman*, and the *Gipsy Queen*, a grand equestrian drama of deep interest and thrilling excitement, has been produced, and drawn immense houses. Mr. Dern plays Dick Turpin in a very picturesque and highwayman-like fashion.

The *Serious Family* is being played at the Broadway, and creates roars of laughter. A new song has been introduced, called "The Teetotal Society," which had been left out.

At Burton's Theatre, the *Serious Family* is also being played, and successfully. This comedy has proved one of the most attractive pieces which have been for some time imported from England.

Great crowds are attracted nightly to Chanfran's National Theatre, to see Master Murray, who is several inches smaller than General Tom Thumb—some say, several feet. I have not seen him yet; but an editor of a newspaper told me he was so little that he had to get up on a footstool to scratch his head. You may expect him in England before long.

A benefit was given lately at the Italian Opera, for the sufferers of the Hague Street catastrophe. This was managed by Mr. Maretzky, with whom the idea originated, and who took immense pains to procure a bumper house. I am sorry to say this was no bumper. There was a good house, and that was all. *Lucia di Lammermoor* was played, the chief executants being Signorina Bertucca, and the Signors Forti and Benvenuto.

A Grand Musical Festival will take place in Brooklyn, in a few days, in celebration of the birthday of Washington. As I don't pretend to understand what is going to be performed, I send you an extract from a New York paper, which may perhaps enlighten the understanding of yourself and your readers on that head.

"The birthday of Washington, one of those sacred festivals which have always been observed in this country, and will be to the end of time, will be appropriately celebrated in Brooklyn by the performance of one of the greatest musical compositions yet produced in this country. It is a grand cantata, entitled *Elsthera*, which was performed a year ago to a crowded and delighted audience in the Tabernacle. In fact, we know not whether to call this an oratorio of freedom, or an opera in the high sense of the term, as used by the Germans, in which, as that term is understood among them, almost every species of touching, grand, and beautiful music, both secular and sacred, is introduced. It was received at the time with great favor, although the arrangements for its public rehearsal were far from being complete. But we are glad to be informed that nothing has been neglected on its second performance; and our only regret is, that it should be executed in Brooklyn rather than in New York; for, although the lovers of music will follow its ardors wherever they go, yet it is not a very convenient matter for New Yorkers to undertake a pilgrimage to the State of Long Island o' nights. In this case, however, it will be done undoubtedly by multitudes of those who listened to this cantata last year in New York. The libretto, written by Horatio Stone, Esq., is designed to illustrate the progress of civil, political, and religious liberty, from the exodus of the Hebrews to the last struggle of Hungary; and everything that is significant, touching, beautiful, and heroic in the history of the long struggle of freedom among the nations, is pointed with the pen of an artist and the fire of a poet. The music is by Mr. George H. Curtis, the distinguished professor of music, and celebrated pianist. It will be performed in the Plymouth Church (Mr. Beecher's), on Washington's birth-day eve (to-morrow) by the entire chorus of the New York Conservatory of Music, and by several of our

most distinguished artists. We have no doubt it will be a grand affair, and our only regret is that its performance in Brooklyn should prevent so many citizens of New York from being present."

Your provincial friends will, no doubt, be glad to learn the following account of Mr. Malone Raymond and his pretty daughters, which I extract from the *New Orleans Daily Crescent*.

"We were sorry that the bad weather of last evening prevented the St. Charles from being filled with the numerous admirers of the Malone Raymond family. Mr. Malone Raymond is an agreeable story-teller, and gave us last night striking illustrations of Irish wit and Irish character, and Madame has a remarkable voice, which she has transmitted, in an intensified degree, to her daughter Fanny. In fact, the voice of Miss Fanny is of so rare and peculiar a quality, that the most careless listener is struck by her tones. It is one of the most powerful contraltos we have ever heard; and the notes are given out from Miss Fanny's throat with an ease and a force which indicate that they are natural gifts and not acquired qualities. Miss Laura appears to have cultivated her voice with more care than her sister, but her powers are not so rare as those of Miss Fanny. On the piano, Miss Emily performed with unusual skill and taste; and those who heard her performance at the Lyceum-hall, a few evenings ago, may imagine how much they missed by being absent from the St. Charles last night. The whole family of the Malone Raymonds has gained the public heart by their gentle bearing and decided talent; and as we understand they are to reside for some time in our midst, we hope they may meet with the success they so eminently deserve."

Who have had some Shakspeare readings here of late, by a Mr. H. W. Hewet, who displayed both judgment and taste. He greatly pleased the public.

I shall send you some more scraps when any news turns up.

M. BILLET'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

M. ALEXANDER BILLET, the pianist, has commenced a new series of three evening concerts of classical pianoforte music. The design of M. Billet is most excellent and praiseworthy—one which we could wish to see adopted with regard to music generally. He proposes, in the course of these concerts, to give specimens from the works of all the great pianoforte composers, inclusive, of course, of many whose compositions are seldom heard in the concert-room. Our knowledge of art in all its branches in this country is so fragmentary, that praise is due to any one that will endeavor to induce a more general and historical acquaintance with it by systematic exemplification. Whether such a plan will succeed, whether the public of this country will "pay to be taught," is another question—the question, in fact, now at issue between those who follow music and the other arts for their own sake, and those mere speculators who only "enter for the public amusement," with a view to their own pecuniary profit. M. Billet belongs to the more honorable class; and we were glad to see, by the crowded state of the room last night, that not merely his known talents, but his object also had been appreciated.

M. Billet's own performances on the pianoforte form, of course, the chief feature of the concert. His style of playing is not calculated to captivate the undiscerning hearer, but it is in proportion pleasing and satisfying to the amateur of the highest and purest kind of execution—skill on the pianoforte. Quiet development without effort or exaggeration, a correct touch and graceful flow of expression, are qualities which leave their impress on the mind longer than *tons de force* or mere brilliancy of execution. M. Billet has many of the characteristics of Sternfeld Bennett as an executant, but without so much interpretative power or feeling. The pieces played by him at the first concert of the new series were Beethoven's Grand Sonata in A flat (op. 26); Handel's "Suite des Pièces" (in F); Dussek's Grand Sonata in E flat, "The Farewell" (most brilliantly executed by M. Billet); Sternfeld Bennett's two studies, "L'Amabile" (in E flat), and "L'Appassionata" (in G minor); Stephen Heller's "La Chasse" (Etude, op. 29); and Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso (in E, op. 14). M. Billet also played (with Mr. Levy, the conductor of the concert) Mendelssohn's Military Duet.

The only vocal performers were the Misses Cole, who have vastly improved since their very promising *début* at Exeter Hall. These young ladies have evidently well employed their time in study, and they have already attained a degree of excellence which promises, with still more study and application, future perfection. They sang two duets (one from Macfarren's *Charles the Second*, and Mendelssohn's two-part song, "I would that my love could silently flow," and were much applauded.

Altogether this concert of M. Billet's was of a high character. Whether it would not be expedient to introduce greater variety, so as to relieve the pianoforte playing, will be worth considering. In that case, to accomplish the design announced in the programme, it would be necessary to extend the number of concerts. We should be inclined to think that the amateurs of pianoforte music would support such an extension if it enabled them to hear the most remarkable works of the greatest composers for the pianoforte executed by so accomplished and tasteful an artist as M. Billet. Patti is to play at the second concert Mendelssohn's "Air varié" with M. Billet.

[We reprint this notice of our cotemporary with much pleasure, as a specimen of good criticism of the right sort. We think, however, that an increase in the number of vocal places would interfere with M. Billet's design, which is a most excellent one.—Ed. M. W.]

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

MR. HULLAH commenced his series of grand choral performances on Wednesday evening with Handel's oratorio, *Judas Maccabæus*. The choice was good, as this *chef d'œuvre* of the master contains some of his finest and most elaborate choruses, and presented excellent occasions for testing the strength and efficiency of the members of Mr. Hullah's first upper singing school, who constituted the choral body.

The choruses were in general well rendered; but we should select, for particular notice, "O Father, whose almighty power," "Hear us, O Lord," "Fall'n is the foe," "We never will bow down," "Sing unto God," and the "Hallelujah." The chorus, "See the conquering hero comes," was also well sung. The good effects of Mr. Hullah's training was evidenced in the chorus, "We hear," in Part Second, in which the *pianos* were given with the most perfect intonation, and the *crescendos* were managed with admirable effect. The chorus displayed their power here to great advantage.

The principal vocal performers were Miss Birch, Miss Gill, Mrs. Noble, Miss Kent, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Whitworth.

Miss Birch gave the air "From mighty Kings" with more than usual effect, and was loudly applauded. Mrs. Noble and Miss Gill were both good, and the little Miss Kent had to do made us desire she had more.

Mr. Sims Reeves produced an immense sensation in the exciting air, "Sound an alarm," the applause at the conclusion being vehement and continuous. Mr. Reeves appeared to have gained an addition of power to his voice.

Mr. Whitworth sang the air, "Arm, arm, ye brave," in a very energetic manner, and "The Lord worketh wonders," with excellent effect. We have not heard this gentleman sing with better taste, or in a more musician-like manner. The trio, "Disdaining of danger," was perfectly rendered by Mrs. Noble, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Whitworth.

We may also mention the duet, "O lovely peace," by Mrs. Noble and Miss Birch; the air, "Rejoice, O Judah," by Mr. Whitworth; and the recitatives, "See yon flames," and "O grant it, Heaven," respectively by Miss Kent and Miss Birch, as entitled to notice.

The band, led by Mr. Willy, was complete and effective. The overture was played with vigour and precision, as was also

the march succeeding the chorus, "See the conquering hero comes."

Mr. Hullah conducted the whole of the oratorio in a most efficient manner. He was received with great applause on his entrance into the orchestra, the same demonstration being renewed at the end of the performance.

The hall was well attended.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

HERA ERNST and Herr Hallé's second classical chamber concert here, took place on Thursday evening, the 7th instant. The following was the admirable selection on the occasion:—

PART I.—Grand Trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, (in E flat, Op. 70, No. 3) *Beethoven*. Song, Mrs. Wood, "Low were the summer woods," *Bennett*. Grand Sonata, pianoforte and violin, Dedicated to Kreutzer, (in A minor, Op. 47) *Beethoven*.

PART II.—Quartet, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, (in E minor) *Mendelssohn*. Song, Mrs. Wood, "Let me wander not unseen," *Handel*. *Fantasie* Fugitives, pianoforte and violin, *Heller and Ernst*.

The room was much fuller than the first night, and it was difficult to find even a standing place for the few who came after eight o'clock. The great treat of the night was *Beethoven's* very beautiful sonata; so full of melody and playfulness, so exquisitely is it written to display the violin and pianoforte together, and so truly excellent was its performance, we could have listened to such ravishing strains for hours. The second movement (*allegro vivace*) has for its subject or air the well-known Tremolo (that has been familiarised to us as a solo by most eminent violinists). We cannot possibly do justice to its treatment on this occasion by Hallé and Ernst—so refined—so delicately expressed were the minutest shades and graces of expression; the warmest *plaudits* were the consequence. The *andante* (*con variazioni*) was no less excellent, and was even a greater display of the perfect mechanism and skill of both artists. In listening to them the difficulties were overlooked, because they were mastered and made subordinate to the beauty of the work. The same with the presto finale, in which there is an amazing succession of difficult shakes, first on violin, then on pianoforte; yet all was as smooth as oil—not a slip—not a flaw—but on the contrary, a perfect succession of pictures were the four movements of the A minor sonata. We have placed this first, because we were so full of it we could not help it, else, in performance, it opened the second part.

The trio in E flat, which commenced the concert, was a charming specimen of *Beethoven's* richly stored genius, as shown in these chamber compositions. Lidel, on the violoncello, opened the *sostenuto* first movement with a few bars solo, very nicely indeed, and all the three played with great taste. The second and third movements (an *allegro* and an *allegretto*) were surpassingly beautiful—full of the most bewitching snatches of melody and fancy, each movement totally different in subject and treatment, yet all formed and linked together so as to make a perfect *ensemble*; we never were more entranced or delighted with *Beethoven's* music in our lives. Much of this we felt was owing to Ernst himself. He appreciates music of this high character. He feels and enjoys it whilst he is playing, and this gives such an indescribable charm to the performance. His expression and pathos are quite unvaried. His *crescendo* is almost painful from its very intensity. He seems to be forcing, as it were, the most ravishing tones from his instrument in spite of itself; and then, how can he subdue its tones to a gentle murmur—a mere whisper—the most piano of pianissimos; but the tone, still there, fine as a gossamer thread, yet clear as a bell. We could grow quite extravagant about Ernst; but, in sober seriousness, his is a master hand; and we never desire to hear more finished excellence on the violin, or expect to hear *Beethoven's* divine inspirations more clearly interpreted than we have now heard them by Ernst and Hallé. Hallé's performance was quite up to his conductor's. We could not say more in a column. He adjusted his piano and forte effects very skillfully, and gave that liquid, pearly roundness to his tones, as far removed from ham-

mering and *thumping* on the one hand, as from wire-drawn weakness on the other. We have no learning in technical or artistic phrase, or musical terms for either fingering, bowing, or playing, on either instrument, but can both feel and express our delight when either are well played. There was one movement, or phrase, in the sonata reminded us of the joyful strain which occurs in the piano-forte accompaniment to *Adelaide*. Mendelssohn's E minor quartet was given at the close of the first part (we believe to accommodate Mr. Seymour, who had an engagement), the same exquisites as before, and in the same order—Ernst, Seymour, Baelens, and Lidel; and again we had an example of what quartet playing can become in such hands. The second movement, the andante, was most rapturously encored. It is a most singular conceit; if the allegretto, in the quartet in A, at Seymour's concert, was like Puck and the Fairies, and Mozart's like four old friends in conversation, this andante, in the E minor quartet, is like four *fidelity* friends teasing one another, so restless and uneasy do the four instruments seem as they take up the fantastic strain, aided in this by the tremulous action of the bow. The scherzo and finale, too, were alike admirable for their interpretation and rendering. We might, at times, hear the *rovin* a little, but the conception, and execution also was very fine; the pianissimo effects were wonderfully delicate and exact. The concert closed like the last with three of those elegant and graceful trifles, called *Pensées fugitives*, by Ernst and Heller, which are admirably suited to this portion of a chamber concert programme, not to play the audience out (the audience at these concerts know better than to leave before the concert is over), but as making less claim upon the mind and intellect. After a tragedy of Shakspeare we do not want a modern tragedy as an after-piece, so after a sonata and trio of Beethoven's we welcome something lighter and less pretentious, as a relief. As to the performance by Hallé and Ernst of those baguettes we have already exhausted our terms of panegyric on the accomplished artists. Miss John Wood gave general satisfaction in her songs. She was accompanied in Handel's by Hallé, and in Bennett's by Mr. R. Andrews, of this town. We shall look eagerly for the remaining two concerts of this most interesting series. The third is on the 21st instant; the fourth, and last, on the 4th of April.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

DURING the present week Miss Helen Faucit—who justly ranks as one of the most accomplished actresses now left to the dramatic world—commenced an engagement at our Theatre Royal, playing on Monday night with her usual power and effect in her original part of Pauline Deschappelles in the *Lady of Lyons*, in which she was supported by Mr. Harry Sullivan as Claude Melnotte. But all her triumphs in Liverpool were surpassed on Wednesday last by her performance of Iolanthe, in a translation from the Danish of *King René's Daughter*, by Theodore Martin,—so well known in literary circles as a clever and humorous parodist, except Bon Gaultier. This piece having been more than once noticed in your pages I will not here speak of it, though I think it is one of the most simple and beautiful ever produced on the stage; but rather state that Miss Faucit's embodiment of the blind princess was an extremely graceful, elegant, and poetical performance. The kind, trusting nature of the secluded princess was admirably embodied; and when passion was required, the fair artist displayed the true fire of genius. The whole performance, in fact, was a complete triumph from beginning to end. Many a time has Miss Faucit been applauded to the echo in Liverpool, but never before did she create the sensation she did on Wednesday night last. The theatre was much better filled than usual with the *élite* of the town, whose manifestations of applause were only appeased for fear of losing a word of the dialogue. At the conclusion of the play, Miss Helen Faucit was called loudly before the curtain, amidst the uproarious applause of the audience, who gave vent to their delight by waving handkerchiefs, hats, &c., and cheering till they were hoarse. Mr. Harry Sullivan, as usual, was intelligent and graceful as Count Tristan, speaking the poetry with true artistic feeling, and frequently and deservedly sharing the applause with the heroine of the night. Mr. Harker was careful and intelligent as Ebn Yahia, the Moorish physician; but the boisterous sobbing and ranting of Mr. Cham-

berlain, as the tranquil and fond King René, provoked frequent laughter. The actors were not sufficiently careful in forming groups—anything coarse or common totally destroys the poetic quietness and simplicity of the drama. The scenery was entirely new and characteristic—the painted canvas and properties being in various places supplanted by real grapes, oranges, and flowers. The wine vase and cup were of real silver—forming a vast and pleasing contrast to our old gilt *papier maché* friends of the same species. Taking it all in all, the piece, in almost every respect, was one of the most complete that has ever been seen in Liverpool, and Mr. Copeland well deserves the thanks of those who really love the drama, for his praiseworthy attempts to produce pieces in a style worthy of a metropolitan theatre.

After Miss Faucit's engagement, the winter season will terminate, recommencing after Passion Week with Charton and the Opera Comique company; for whose representations the places are being rapidly taken.

The Amphitheatre re-opens, also, on Easter Monday, redecorated and cleaned.

One of our theatres—formerly a very prosperous one—is now being changed into a large "drapery establishment," and as many parties now ranking high in the dramatic world (who of course read the *Musical World*) have played in it, a short notice of it here may not be out of place. It is from the *Liverpool Courier*—

"'THE LITTLE LIVES.'"

"These were the tallanmic words that were wont to awaken in the mind of the play-goer associations of all that was lively, all that was mirthful, all that was brisk, connected with the drama. They have now, alas! lost their charm. This once petted little temple of amusement is no more; the Muses have given place to the musins, the drama to the dappery. The Liver is to be converted into a mart for the sale of satins, silks, hosiery, &c., &c. Truly, the glory has departed; but so it is.

"Twenty-seven years ago, there stood in Church-street, a large room, let off for public exhibitions, sales, balls, and so forth. Previously to this time there came to Liverpool, connected with a theatrical company, a gentleman named Scott, an enterprising man in his line, to whom the Liverpool public are indebted for the establishment of a minor theatre. Mr. Scott, having fitted up and opened a large room connected with the Golden Lion Inn, which stood in Dale-street, on the site of the Royal Bank-buildings, as a place of theatrical amusement. The speculation was found to be a good one, and the 'minor' drew amazingly; the premises, however, were required, and Mr. Scott removed to the large room in Cook-street, attached to the King's Arms, where for some time he catered most successfully for the public amusement. The patronage here bestowed upon him induced him to become the lessee of the room in Church-street, which he converted into a neat theatre, under the name of the Pantheon, well calculated for that for which it was intended—the production of *Vandrevilles*, &c.

"The success of the speculation was beyond all expectation, and Mr. Scott, by keeping an efficient *corps dramatique*, and all the necessary appliances, endeavoured to render his performances worthy of the patronage bestowed upon them. Unfortunately for him, he did that which many others, not connected with the theatrical profession, had done—he grasped at too much, and, as in most similar cases, he grasped his own ruin. He became manager of the Circus, in Christian-street,—now the Adelphi,—which he attempted to work as well as the Pantheon. In this he failed, became ruined in his finances, and 'vanished into thin air.' Mr. Scott was notable for being a good payer and a most respectable man.

"In the year 1829, a dispute took place between the manager of the Theatre Royal, Mr. Lewis, and two other managers, Mr. Henry Hammond and Mr. W. J. Hammond. The difference led to a sequestration, and Messrs. Raymond and Hammond, the same year, became the joint lessees of the Pantheon, which, having been re-decorated and beautified, they opened under the witching name of the Liver. The speculation took immensely, and the names of Celeste, Strickland, T. P. Cook, and others high in the profession, may give an idea of the talent which was brought to bear. Subsequently disputes arose, which led to litigation before the judges of the Royal and Liver Theatres, and ever after, matters at the Liver became on the wane. Messrs. Raymond and Hammond dissolved partnership, and the charm seemed broken. Other managements endeavoured to make a paying investment of the concern; but either from a want of taste on their part, or from a want of appreciation on the part of the public,—but most likely from the latitude given by the bill for doing away with theatrical restrictions, which induced managers to introduce pieces not suited to the theatre,—all proved failures, and the other week the premises were disposed of to a wealthy firm at Dublin, who intend shortly to open them as an extensive drapery establishment.

"This being the case, on Monday the sale of the 'properties' took place on the stage of the theatre, by Messrs. F. and J. Hodgson, of Birkenhead. There was a large attendance, if not of buyers, of spectators,—amongst whom were a considerable number of professional gentlemen, connected with the other theatres in the town. Mr. Copeland was also present, but bought sparingly, the 'articles' being too small for his theatres. The principal buyer was Mr. Store, a retired tradesman, of Moss-place, but for what purpose is not known. The gloomy light so peculiar to a theatre by day, threw a sombreness over all around. Things which looked sparkling and brilliant by the aid of gas, lost their witchery, and presented a mass of dust and paint. The articles submitted to competition formed a most heterogeneous collection. Here lay a number of palace pillars in ruins, and there a pair of stocks; an Egyptian mummy was reared in proximity to a turnpike-gate; a 'golden sea' and 'several cloud pieces' were placed together; some angels and a devil were in peaceful companionship; two gas lamps were placed on a rustic bridge; and any quantity of traps, trucks, and stage appointments were available. Although the sums realised were not high, the articles fetched fully their value; for owing to the smallness of the scenery, drops, &c., they are not calculated for other theatres. The bidding was brisk, and the business of the sale was gone through in a very short time."

A squabble is at present carried on, I am sorry to say, between some members of the Philharmonic Society and Mr. Herman, their conductor; but it is to be hoped that all will soon be amicably settled, and the society will, as usual, "go ahead" in peace and harmony. I believe that influential parties are getting up a Philharmonic Society in Birkenhead, where many of the upper classes of Liverpool reside, and that upwards of fifty members have already joined.

What about Alboni? Will she not appear in England this season? If not, wherefore? J. H. N.

MUSIC AT OLDHAM.

(From a Correspondent.)

A SERIES of "Concerts for the People" are now being given in the Town Hall, in this town. The second was held on Monday evening last, when near 2000 persons were present, chiefly of the operative classes. The selections were made with good judgment from the works of Bishop, Cooke, Horsley, and others of our English authors. The vocal principals were Mrs. Winterbottom, Miss Battye, Mrs. Lawton, Mr. Meller, and Messrs. Brinley, Mr. Joseph Winterbottom conducted; Mr. John Lees (son of the parish organist), ably fulfilling the duties of pianist. The band performed several overtures, under the leadership of Mr. James Taylor; the choruses were given with precision throughout the evening, and received the hearty acclamations of the company. A manuscript song, from the pen of the talented pianist, Mr. John Lees, jun., was among the notables of the evening; it is set to the words "The Ships of England," by Charles Swalu, is composed for a baritone voice, and from its hearty reception on this occasion, we should say will become a general favourite. Mr. Meller was loudly encored in it, and we think it is the best thing we have heard him sing. The concert was brought to a close with Bishop's chorua "Now tramp."

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.

FLETCHER'S COMEDY, the *Elder Brother*; or, *Love at First Sight*, was produced on Monday evening, with a success which has authorised the management to repeat it during the week. It was played well throughout, and put upon the stage carefully and effectively, but it is not likely to have a long run.

Colley Cibber's adaptation of the *Elder Brother*, under the title of *Love Makes a Man*; or, *the Pop's Fortune*, produced at Drury Lane in the beginning of the eighteenth century, superseded Fletcher's play entirely, and remained a stock piece, if not a favorite one, until some five and twenty years ago. Colley Cibber did not improve Fletcher, except in some of the situations he added, and, perhaps, in his trimming the harlequinades of the misallied courtiers.

The *Elder Brother* is a favorable specimen of Fletcher's genius. The language is pointed and forcible, the characters well contrasted, and, in two instances, drawn with great dramatic power, and the wit abundant. In his incidents, and the construction of his plot, the author does not display much fertility of invention or skill. Scenes are introduced without which the action would have progressed more naturally, and the denouement does not occur in the most satisfactory manner. The best character in the comedy, also, Charles, the Elder Brother, is open to much objection. His falling in love at first sight we can understand, and Shakspeare, in *Romeo and Juliet*, has taught us how to feel the possibility and reality of so sudden a day-dawn of the tender passion; but the love of Charles is abrupt beyond credibility—he does not fall in love, he jumps into it—his love has no dawn, it comes upon him in the full blaze of noon. But Charles is a heroic fellow, and his virtues are manifold, and his erudition deep, and his wit pungent, and so he is a great favorite.

Eustace, the younger brother, is a character in the portraiture of which the poet seems to have confounded all reason, and to have outraged all natural feelings. In the earlier part of the play Eustace figures as a contemptible coward, who falls on his knees at the sight of a drawn sword, and trembles at big words. Pistol and the Copper Captain, are, in fact, lions compared to him. Nothing can be more pitiful than himself and the two courtiers, who would appear to far better advantage in a pantomime or burlesque, than in a sober play. In the end Eustace turns out as undaunted and heroic as Charles himself, and a favourable termination is brought about by this means. Shakspeare manages these things better.

The plot is as clear and simple as plot can be. Charles, the elder Brother (Mr. Anderson) is a student entirely devoted to his books, shut out from the world beyond his library. Eustace (Mr. W. Montague,) is a gay courtier, addicted to pleasure, and devoted solely to himself. Lord Lewis (Mr. Diddier) has an only daughter, Angellina, (Miss Vandenhoff) who will inherit all his wealth, and whom he is anxious to see married. Brian (Mr. W. Davidge) the father of Charles and Eustace, is a wealthy gentleman, who wishes to gain Angellina for one of his sons. But as Charles will hear of his books only, and as Lord Lewis will not marry his daughter excepting to the heir, Brian wishes Charles to resign his birthright in favor of his brother. Charles consents, and is about to sign, when he beholds Angellina and falls in love. Love opens his eyes, shows him the value of money and life; so he flings aside his books and determines to keep his birthright. His father is indignant at the turn affairs have taken, and the lady's father is still more indignant at the fancied insult put upon him; but Angellina falls in love with Charles, almost as soon as Charles falls in love with her, and defying her father and the future, flies with him. The denouement is lamely brought about, and the incidents of Brian's apprehension, at Lord Lewis's instigation, is not very pertinent to the story. Of course all are reconciled in the end, and Charles marries Angellina.

The acting was in general good. Mr. Anderson had a part that suited him exactly in Charles. The gravity of the scholar was well put on, and contrasted capitally with the subsequent passion of the lover. The scene where Charles is set upon by Eustace and the two Courtiers with drawn swords, and depriving Eustace of his weapon by a stroke of *finesse*, becomes the aggressor in his turn, was admirably acted by Mr. Anderson. This scene, however, would go infinitely better if curtailed of half its length. The business of the Courtiers retiring before the sword of Charles and manufacturing Pantaloon's

tricks in a corner of the stage, was repeated *ad nauseam*. This made the judicious grieve. In Fletcher's day, no doubt, this sort of buffoonery had its admirers, but nevertheless we do not find it in Shakspeare.

Miramont, the uncle of Charles and Enstace, a blunt, cholerick old gentleman, who loves learning without knowing anything about it, is a well-drawn character, and was acted with much spirit by Mr. Emery. Miss Vandenhoff made a very interesting Angellina, and the rest of the parts were tolerably supported.

The dresses were new, and the scenery appropriate.

A call was made for Mr. Anderson at the fall of the curtain, when he appeared, accompanied by Miss Vandenhoff and Mr. Emery.

HAYMARKET.

A *farce*, which seems to bear traces of French origin, but the scene of which is placed in England during some period of the Jacobite panic, was produced on Wednesday night under the title of the *Three Cuckoos*. It is completely a piece of equivocal, and not of the newest kind. Captain Dudley (Mr. Howe) pays a clandestine visit to a young lady named Alice (Mrs. L. S. Buckingham), and being concealed in her room by her servant, Dolly Marygold (Mrs. Fitzwilliam), is locked up by her father, Colonel Cranky (Mr. Tilbury.) Effecting his escape by a leap from the window, he endeavours to save the reputation of his mistress by pretending that Dolly's sweetheart, Perkyn Postlethwaite (Mr. Buckstone), who has been waiting outside the house, is the actual leaper. In the scenes which ensue, Dudley attempts to pass himself off for Postlethwaite, and Postlethwaite, by way of reprisal, assumes the character of Dudley. Some amusing situations arise, but, on the whole, the piece lacks point, and in spite of the goodness of the acting, the verdict of the audience was but equivocal.

STRAND.

A *very* amusing and smartly written farce, called *Out on the Loose*, has been produced during this week with undoubted success. It is the joint composition of Messrs. Maurice and Benjamin Barnett.

The plot is that of a "fast man," Mr. Clapperton Chisel (Mr. H. Farren) who is married to a lady named Parry (Mrs. Leigh Murray.) Mr. Chisel, disdaining the bondage of Hymen, becomes a thorough go-a-head fast man on town; frequents saloons, wallhallas, casinos, &c.; drinks, smokes, encourages a moustache, and wears Joinville ties; ogles young ladies, and keeps a Derby book, gets bills discounted, and, in short, accomplishes or simulates everything which could initiate him in this school of "fastdom." Sundry of Mr. Clapperton Chisel's bills falling into the hands of his uncle, Mr. Capias (Mr. Turner), a member of the legal confraternity, the "fast" man is hunted from place to place by that gentleman and his emissaries, and takes refuge in a strange house, where to his astonishment he finds his wife, and, as he thinks, in a dubious position with a certain Mr. Calico (Mr. Haden), whom he finds with her. Suddenly Capias arrives, but never having seen his nephew, does not know him. The "fast" man discovers that the house belongs to his uncle, and passes himself as an admirer of his own wife. This scene is capitally managed and written, and produced roars of laughter. In the end the "fast" man becomes acquainted with an intrigue of his uncle, and on the promise of secrecy has his peace made, and all his bills restored.

The farce was admirably acted, and will, no doubt, become a stock piece of the establishment.

ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS AND OPERA COMIQUE.—On Wednesday last Mademoiselle Charton took her benefit at this theatre. The house was well filled, her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert being present. Few artists have obtained such universal and unanimous favour in England as Mademoiselle Charton has done, during the two seasons of her engagement at the French theatre, and we will add that none have better deserved their popularity. Both this year and last she has been the main-stay of the Opera Comique; night after night she has been called upon to perform her arduous duties, and she has never been found wanting; no ples of indisposition, which in theatrical parlance is not unfrequently another word for caprice, indolence, or indifference, has ever disappointed or trifled with public expectation. This is as it should be, and is equally to the credit of the fair *cantatrice* and the manager. If we add to this, honesty of purpose in the fulfilment of her engagements, and talents of a high order, both as an actress and a vocalist, we shall have discovered the secret of Mlle. Charton's favour with the English public, and thus account for the enthusiasm displayed on the occasion of her benefit, and the distinguished patronage of the sovereign, and the *élite* of the aristocracy.

On this occasion *Le Maçon*, one of Auber's earliest operas, was produced for the first time in England. The book is by Messrs. Scribe and Delavigne; and the groundwork of the story, although of itself scarcely probable, affords much amusement, and is highly interesting. The dialogue is good, and is enlivened by a fair sprinkling of smart allusions and epigrammatic touches peculiar to the modern French schools, not remarkable for any great degree of profundity, not able to bear very close inspection, and not unfrequently more impertinent than true. They, however, excite a passing smile, and have been judiciously styled "*la petite monnaie de l'esprit*." We are introduced to a wedding feast on the occasion of the marriage of Roger, the *Maçon* (M. Lac) with Henriette (Mlle. Guichard); in the midst of the rejoicings Roger and Baptiste, a locksmith, (M. Chateaufort) are carried off by Usbeck and Rica (M.M. Nathan and Devaux), two Turkish slaves in the service of Abdallah, the Turkish ambassador, who has need of their services to punish the infidelity of his Greek slave, Irma (Mlle. Charton), and her lover, Leon de Merinville (M. Killy Leroy). Taken in the very act of attempting to escape, the two lovers are destined to be immured alive in a grotto and left to die of hunger. The mason and locksmith are employed, the former to brick up the door of the grotto, and the latter to rivet the chains of the unfortunate victims; but, their work done, the two workmen return to Paris, and immediately take measures to effect the liberation of the prisoners, which is eventually done by arousing the mob and laying siege to the ambassador's residence. The two lovers are brought away in triumph; Roger explains everything to his wife, and Baptiste has a respite from the trembling fit into which he has been thrown by the preceding events. We are not aware at what period all these circumstances are supposed to take place, but, judging from the costumes, we should say that the fullest latitude is given to the imagination, and you have only to fix your own epoch. The dresses of the women are a mixture of Louis fifteenth and sixteenth, those of the men come down to the Consulate and the Empire. M. Lac might have been mistaken for an *Incrayable* of the time of the Directory, whilst M. Killy Leroy's dress reminded us of the *Mouquetaires de la Reine*. We must also bear in mind the enormity of the deed attempted

by the representative of the Sublime Porte, to which we know of no parallel, except in the murder committed by the ex-Queen Christina of Sweden, who abandoned a crown to enjoy the sweets of literary repose at Rome.

Auber's music is pleasing and pretty; it is not so elaborately finished as some of his later compositions, but there is a continuous and delightful vein of melody throughout. The orchestral treatment is highly judicious and effective, and is full of freshness and originality. Since the production of this opera, Auber has taken a higher flight, and by the composition of the *Muette* and *Gustave* conquered a position in the first rank of our modern composers; but the *Maçon* will ever stand its ground as a pleasing specimen of the composer's first style, and possessing sufficient merit of itself to command our warmest and unqualified approbation. The principal melodies are a most charming and simple air, "Je suis en ta puissance," sung with much tenderness and expression by Mdle. Charton, followed by a most pleasing romance, "Si tu savais combien il m'aime," delivered with exquisite taste; the duo between Messrs. Lac and Chateaufort, "Travailleurs, travailleurs," which created much laughter, and is a masterpiece of dramatic expression; and the duo between the two women, Mesdames Guichard and Mancini, "Peut on vous demander ma voisine?" which was highly effective, owing to the acting of Mdle. Guichard, who was excellent throughout the opera, and cannot be surpassed in her own line. The duo between Mdle. Charton and M. Leroy, appeared to us worthy of mention; the lady acquitted herself of her part as she always does, but the gentleman pleased us by his discretion, for we could not hear a note of his in the *ensemble*. A second hearing, will, perhaps, make him more perfect. The acting was good. Mdle. Charton, who had but little to do, did that little so well as to elicit the most enthusiastic applause. Madlle. Guichard proved herself an excellent actress in every respect; and Madame Mancini was good in the small part of Madame Bertrand. M. Chateaufort created quite a sensation; his exhibition of cowardice was admirably ludicrous, and his trembling fit threw the house into convulsions. In the scene in which he produces the broken sword found by him in the pavilion of the garden, he quite took the house by storm, and was rewarded by a round of unanimous applause on his exit. M. Lac took much pains with his part; his acting was energetic and full of earnestness. M. Killy Leroy was very imperfect and tame to a fault.

The operetta entitled *L'Esclave de Camoëns* having been produced at the Olympic, and duly noticed in this paper, we shall not enter into any description of the plot further than testifying to its simplicity and interest. The poem is by M. St. Georges, and the music nominally by a Dutch composer, M. Van der Does, but in reality by no less a personage than the King of Holland, well known as a liberal patron of music and a highly distinguished virtuoso himself. To whomsoever the honour be attributed, the music is pretty and pleasing, and displays a good knowledge of scoring and a certain degree of freshness and originality. The part of Griselda was ably interpreted by Madlle. Charton, and the melodies neatly and feelingly sung, pleased us much from their extreme simplicity. The part of the poor Camoëns was undertaken by M. Henry Drayton, a gentleman from America, who has already been heard at the London Wednesday Concerts at Exeter Hall, and at the Liverpool Philharmonic Concerts. M. Drayton was very nervous, but his acting was dignified and natural, and time will improve his naturally-good voice, which is a low baritone; and, considering that this was his

first appearance, he got through the music with much credit to himself. His accent is decidedly good for an Englishman or American, but over anxiety betrays him more frequently than would happen if he were occasionally to forget his country and leave his pronunciation to take care of itself. He was well received by the audience, and warmly encouraged. M. Lac was the King of Portugal, and both sang and acted with feeling and energy.

Madlle. Charton was recalled twice during the evening, and literally covered with bouquets and wreaths.

J. DE C—.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Nancy, March 12.

After a twelve hours' jolt in the *coupe* of a diligence, which to one like myself, accustomed to the velocity of rail-roads, seemed as many days, I arrived here on Sunday. Nancy has been called a *plus belle ville de France*; and with reason, if the attractions of a town be derived from the architectural beauty of the buildings. Bordesaux and Nantes are both far behind it, and in this respect, Nancy, moreover, possesses charms which, even in these days, when every facility is given to travelling, one does not often meet; it is the least anglicized town in France. There are no waiters gabbling in broken vernacular, no hungry commissioners awaiting the traveller to drag him a *rebrucasse-poil*, before he has stretched his legs in the *embarge*, into the old churches and new arsenals, which perhaps he may not be disposed to see at all. The place, with its statue of Stanislas and its four gates and fountains, are nevertheless, really worthy inspection, and the Theatre (I am coming to the point) in the corner is one of the most beautiful for its size I ever saw. The orchestra is excellent, and possesses a most able conductor in M. Moulin. It numbers thirty-two performers in all—good musicians and correct exccutants—a miniature edition of the Royal Italian Opera band.

If I see or hear anything, *en voyage*, worthy of notice in the most remote and deserted town of Italy, or in the more opulent and crowded city of France, it gives me pleasure to publish my impressions in England, where every artist must hope to arrive after having passed the critical ordeal of the Opera Comique at Paris. It is pleasant, too, to discover, as it were, talent expanding like the bud of spring before the genial rays of the summer sun.

The *affiche du jour* stated that Auber's *L'Ambasadrice*, with a vanderille, were to be the evening's entertainment; so that it was natural to one accustomed to the fascinating Madlle. Charton to enter the theatre with doubt and misgiving. These, however, speedily vanished on the *entrée* of Madame Huré-Renaux, who played Henriette. She is quite young—not yet twenty-two; her voice is a soprano, of sweet quality and unusual flexibility; added to which she has an expressive face, and is an accomplished actress, perfectly lady-like and natural, without the slightest exaggeration of manner. Her *tourneur* is symmetrical, and she was *parfaitement bien mise*, even for a Frenchwoman. I learn that she is engaged here (at a very high salary for a provincial town) for a year; but I have little doubt, before that time expires, she will be snatched up by the Opera Comique, and then, perchance, waisted to Mr. Mitchell's *bijou* of a theatre, in St. James's. The husband of Madame. Huré is the first bass, and, I am told, possesses considerable talent; but I have not yet heard him. With the exception of Madlle. Lemezie, who played the aunt of Henriette with much humour, the rest of the *troupe* is not remarkable. The principal tenor in the midst of his first air, pleaded "un gros rhume," as an apology for an incompetence, so that the opera was not by any means played to advantage. The *mise en scène* was as good as could be expected; and as I before stated, the orchestral department was all that could be desired. On Thursday, a new tenor, M. Léon, makes his first appearance, and, no doubt, the pretty Huré (*Hours*) will be in the same opera.

Yours,

T. E. B.

(From a Correspondent.)

St. Omer, 12th March.
 MADAME MONTENEGRO, with Santiago, Madame Santiago, Montelli, Baillini, &c., &c., made their first appearance here on Sunday in Rossini's *Barbiere*. Old reminiscences would have ensured them a warm reception, but the impression this talented troupe left behind them last year, created an impression not easily effaced. The house was crowded in every part. Madame Montenegro's Rosina is one of her best characters. Her singing lesson and scenes with Bartolo, (uncommonly well acted and sung by Baillini), were capital. Santiago was much applauded as the Count and sang exceedingly well. The best of all the parts I have seen Montelli act is Figaro. He sings the music with great spirit, and in some of the scenes is really comic. Madame Santiago did the old woman, a part which, though small, requires a clever artist, if only to do justice to the delicious scene in the third act.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Sims serves.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—Can you inform me in what Italian operas Sims Reeves has ever appeared?

The only ones I have heard of his performing in are the *Lucia*, *Sonnambula*, and *Linda di Chamouni*.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, H. D.
 Athenæum Club, March 11, 1850.

[We believe that Mr. Reeves has appeared in many other operas in Italy.—Ed. M. W.]

MISS JULIA ST. GEORGE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—As the first patroniser of your paper, and which I very much admire, I venture to contradict a very erroneous statement you have made in your Saturday's journal relative to Miss Julia St. George. You say she made her *début* at the Lyceum in the *Island of Jewels*, and is almost a perfect stranger. You must have been greatly misinformed about this young lady. She came from Sadler's Wells to the Lyceum, and from the Olympic to the above theatre, where she played three seasons. Last summer she sang at Vaushall. She has been three seasons at the Queen's in Dublin, thrice in Edinburgh, and has played at all the country theatres; she has been eight years on the boards.

Yours faithfully,

A SUBSCRIBER.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—As the Royal Italian Opera season is about to commence, I am induced to trouble you with a few lines respecting what has been found by myself and several other frequenters of that establishment, to be a great inconvenience during past seasons. I allude to the present uncomfortable state of the pit entrance, which is not sheltered, even by an awning, from the rude blasts of old Father Eolus, or the watery salutations of the god or goddess of rain, (whoever he or she may be.) But, to speak seriously, this same pit entrance is a great nuisance, especially for lady opera goers, who, on the occasion of any unusually attractive performance, when the doors are besieged at an early hour, are compelled to stand, in evening costume, "Sans bonnet, sans thick shoes, sans everything," exposed to the disagreeables in the weather, which our changeable climate frequently presents, or, which is perhaps worse, to the company, and sometimes not very polished remarks and observations of the "mobocracy," who are in the habit of congregating about the entrance, without even the salutary fear of a policeman before their eyes. Surely, at least an awning might be erected; but I am at a loss to understand why the outer door should not be opened at an earlier hour, which would at once remedy the inconvenience.

Apologising for intruding on your valuable space, I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant, H. N.
 London, 13th March, 1850.

HOTEL EXTORTIONS IN PARIS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—From having seen in all the principal cafés in Paris your valuable journal, it has struck me that if you judge this letter fitting a place in your columns, the statement it contains might benefit other English travellers.

It being necessary for myself and my friend to leave Paris by the early train for Lyons, we thought it advisable to take up our quarters as near the station as possible, and accordingly chose for our night's lodging the "Hotel du Nord," situated close to the terminus of the Northern Railway. Having been clearly told that the amount we should have to pay in the morning included the remuneration to the servants, candle, &c.—in short, all expenses—we were surprised, when leaving the house the next morning, by the demand of a franc from each of us, for two inches of candle, and the same amount for attendance. Remonstrance was vain, the station bell was ringing, we paid the money, and left. The sleeping rooms were very bad; our slumbers were destroyed by damp sheets, hard beds, and the attack of a monosyllabic insect, whose insolent name must not intrude on your euphonious pages.

Should this meet the eye of any who may be in the same situation that we were, I hope they will profit by our experience.

I remain, Sir,

* *

MOORE'S PLAGIRISMS.

Plagiarism the Thirtieth.

Whose words, e'en when unmeaning, are ador'd,
 Like inarticulate breathings from a shrine,
 Which our faith takes for grained are divine.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.—*The Loves of Candy*, act iii.
 Erete. Nay, but hear me.

Phil. More attentively than to an oracle.

MASINGERS.—*A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, act i., scene ii.

There's no syllable
 You speak, but is to me an oracle,
 Which but to doubt were impious.

MASINGERS.—*The Guardian*, act iii., scene iii.

I am lost in this assurance,
 Which, if 'twere made to me, I should have faith in
 As in an oracle.

Plagiarism the Thirtieth-ninth.

As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,
 Excels ten thousand cold ones in the tomb.

Even poor Mother Goose does not escape this rogue:—

DAME GOOSE'S PROVERBS.

A living dog is better than a dead lion.
 A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.
 Better a living soldier than a buried general.

No bad pay, three thousand guineas, for such work as this.

Plagiarism the Fortieth.

Where now Love ord' new to Alla given,
 Half mistress and half mine, thou hangest as even
 As doth Melinda's tomb twist hell and heaven.

This is just what Dryden said of the Trimmers of the past age. They were sensible dogs:—

We Trimmer are for holding all things even.
 Yes, just like him that hung twist hell and heaven.

Plagiarism the Forty-first.

Thou'll fly? As easily my reptiles run.
 The gaut make once hath fixed his eyes upon.

BYRON.—*Glaucour*.

A spirit yet unquell'd and high
 That claims and keeps ascendancy,
 And like the bird whose pinions quake,
 But cannot fly the gazing snake,
 With others quail beneath his look,
 Nor escape the glance they scarce can brook:

Plagiarism the forty-second.

FADLADREH, who could never wake up his mind as to the merits of a poet, till he knew the religious sect to which he belonged, was about to ask him whether he was a *Sheik* or a *Leoni*.

In the course of this encomium, the judicious reader must have observed that I have introduced, in several places, plagiarisms, which, if examined by themselves, and without reference to the whole number, of which they form units, would be but of little worth, and perhaps only slightly serve to demonstrate my theory. Examined, however, in conjunction with those of a more glaring and obvious kind, they serve to prove that even the slightest allusions of preceding writers have been caught up by our author, and servilely transcribed into his hodge-podge. And as those fine-strokes of art which give to pictures their most perfect finish and beauty are often imperceptible to an unpractised eye, so these plagiarisms to which I now allude may seem to many irrelevant and far-fetched. Perhaps they will be seized on by uncanonised commentators on this trifle, as proof of the weakness of the whole. But for this I care little. My whole object is to show, in as many places as I can, the utter lack of originality of Mr. Moore. And *minuette* like the following do so as effectually as imitations far more striking at first sight.

SOUTHERN.—*Thalaba, the Destroyer*, note to Book xi.

To think, indeed, of robbing the Simorg's nest, either for the sake of drilling the eggs, or of poaching them, would, in a believer, whether *Sheik* or *Leoni*, be the height of human impiety.

Plagiarism the forty-third.

*The shy stealing splendours almost hid,
Like weeds half-sheath'd, beneath the downcast lid.*

A favourite Eastern comparison:—

SIN W. JONES.—*Poet. Asiatic*. Com. vol. ii., p. 414.
Obtutus oculorum puelle sagacis tanquam ensis strictus.

Ibid., p. 416.

Et acutum aspectus ensium.

CARLYLE.—*Specimens of Arabic Poetry*, p. 107.

Sure HAZUT's potent spells were breath'd

Upon that magic sword, thine eye

For if it wounds us thus while sheath'd,

When drawn 'tis vain its edge to fly.

NOTT'S *Hafiz*, Ode iv., p. 31.

Glad, the girl whose sword-like eye

Bids the understanding die.

The simile has been used by our early demigods of English song:—

SHAKESPEARE.—*The Rape of Lucrece*.

Without the bed her other fair hand was

On the green coverlet, whose perfect white

Shin'd like an April day on the grass,

With pearly sweat, resembling dead of night;

Her eyes, like mail-guards, had sheath'd their light.

BISHOP HALL'S *Satires*.

Her lids, like Cupid's bow-case, where he hides

The weapons that do wound the wanton's yd.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

MUSICAL UNION.—The new members of the Musical Union for 1850 are upwards of seventy, and the seceders, chiefly from illness and going abroad, are under twenty! This prosperity of the institution is the just reward of a liberal and judicious management. Kate Loder plays at the first meeting on Tuesday, a compliment to her talents she has reason to be proud of, since Mr. Ella is not swayed by interest or private feelings in selecting artists for his Union. Ernst and Sterndale Bennett play at the second meeting, and Stephen Heller and Hallé during the season.

NEW VOCAL STARS.—It is stated from Palermo that Mademoiselle Anna Falconi, well known in Parisian musical circles under

the name of Nanny Bockholtz, is creating quite a sensation in *Reatrice di Tenda*. A young basso, named Sebastian Ronconi, has also made a successful debut in *Maria di Ithaca*.

LOUIS BRONIA has quite recovered from the effects of the accident lately met with on the ice at Cassel; he is now enabled to follow his usual avocations.

MR. T. H. TOMLINSON has lately been giving some soirees, at which several of his vocal pupils have assisted, giving promise of future excellence.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY have laid Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Spohr under contribution for matter for their next performance (on Friday, 22nd instant). The *Imperial Mass* of the first, the *Lauda Sion* of the second, and the *Last Judgment* of the last of these composers are the works selected, neither of them having been performed since the accession of Mr. Costa to the conductorship of the Society.

SIGNOR RONCONI's second *soirée musicale* was given on Wednesday at the Beethoven Rooms, as before. The programme was of the most popular kind, and was varied popularly. Bellini, Donizetti, Balfe, Verdi, Jewson, Meyerbeer, Gubini, and Ronconi, were in the ascendant. It must not be forgotten, however, that Mozart appeared once, and Mendelssohn ditto. So that, at all events, there was a dash of the classics in the concert. Signor Ronconi was assisted on the present occasion by some new hands and some old hands. We observed Miss Duracher, Balfe's fair pupil, Miss Leslie, Miss Rooke, Mademoiselle de Vinci, Miss St. Marc, and Miss Noble, together with the Messrs. Hallen, Toulmin, H. Mapleson, Signori F. Ronconi, and F. Lablache—two *f's* (*ff*), which proved the entertainment was doubly strong. Mr. F. B. Jewson, the talented pianist, played two pieces with excellent effect. Of the vocal performances we need not speak; they were far above average merit. Signori Bellini and F. Ronconi conducted.

MADAME SONTAG.—Adolphe Adam, in a recent *feuilleton*, appears to have been much astonished at the evergreen qualities of Madame Sontag, and has put forth a theory of his own. He says that the personage who is now delighting the Paris public is not the Madame Sontag of former days, but Madame Sontag's daughter. Madame Sontag, who married young, had a daughter, not only the image of her mother, but the heirress to her talent. The daughter, finding that money matters were not going on well with the family, declared that she would re-establish the fortunes of her parents, by going upon the stage. Mr. Lumley, after hearing her, agreed that she had all the qualities of her celebrated mother, with the exception of the *prestige*. It was then settled, for the consideration of a certain number of English guineas, that the daughter should appear, not as the daughter of Madame, but as the *cantatrice* herself. London was fairly caught by the trick, and Paris is at the present moment carried away with the same deception. M. Adam admits that his idea of the matter is liable to cavil, but cannot arrive at any better solution of the fact that the Sontag of five-and-twenty years ago should now re-appear as young and as fresh as when she last played the part of *Rosina* at the Italian Opera, in the time of *Charles X.* The question is one of too delicate a nature to discuss, and no one has yet attempted to upset M. Adam's theory.

PAINTER'S CONCERT ROOM.—The concert on behalf of Mrs. Elizabeth George, whose desertion by Mr. F. N. Crouch, we have already noticed in the *Musical World*, took place last evening in the above *locale*. There was a full attendance; and we trust Mrs. George has realised something handsome by the proceeds. The programme was attractive, and contained the names of some of our first native artists, all of whom tendered their services gratuitously. Among others, we may mention Miss Kate Loder, Miss Birch, the Misses Williams, Miss Bassano, Miss Messent, Miss Ranford, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Bodda, Mr. Richardson (sue), Mr. Chatterton (bass), Messrs. Cooper and Patey (violin), &c., &c. Messrs. John Roe, and Rockstro, conducted.

JANEY LIND AT BRUNSWICK.—The celebrated songstress had night been the cause of a serious *accident* the night before last at Brunswick, where she had given a concert. On returning to her hotel a large concourse assembled to cheer her, and to hear a serenade, which was proposed to be given her by the band of the Hussars and choral societies. Some accident having delayed the arrival of the serenaders, the mob became impatient, and filled the

air with very unharmonious vociferations; whilst others, thinking they had been deceived, and kept out of their beds for nothing, made show of attacking the hotel, and breaking the blinds and windows. A party of Hussar officers being inside, however, drew their swords, and declared they would use them should the slightest aggression be made. This, it appears, frightened some, but exasperated others; and might perhaps have led to very disagreeable consequences had not the troops been called out, who, with some difficulty, cleared the streets. At length harmony was restored by the arrival of the bands, and by the blonde Jenny appearing at the balcony. Jenny Lind has since arrived at Berlin, where she will sing at some concerts.

MEYERBEER.—The committee of the Concordia Musical Society, at Vienna, have presented a silver medal to M. Meyerbeer, one side of which bears the likeness of the composer.

DEUTSCHKOCK.—This celebrated pianist will arrive in London early in April, and intends giving a series of concerts.

THE DISTIN IN LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Distin and his three sons appeared at the Concert Hall on Saturday evening, being assisted in their entertainment by Miss Moriat O'Connor, a young lady of promise, and Mr. Willy, jun., who gave the accompaniments to the pianoforte. The attendance has not been so good for some time past, the hall being crowded in every part. Costa's terzetto a canon, "Vanne à Colei," by the brothers Distin, was beautifully executed. The fantasia on airs from the opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor* and *La Fidia del Reggimento* by Messrs. Distin, on the sax-horn, was very effectively given, and was fully appreciated by the audience. The "Echo Hunting Duet" was also given with much effect, and was repeated at the express desire of the company. Miss O'Connor, who possesses a sweet voice, but wants power and confidence, was very successful in the ballad "Kate O'Shane," and, on the piece being encouaged, substituted the "Irish Emigrant," which she sang with much pathos. Mr. Willy, jun.'s solo on the pianoforte in the second part was very well executed. *Liverpool Advertiser.*

MADAME SONTAG.—A French Journal says—"Two leaders of fashion, at Paris, the Princess Demidoff and the Princess Lieven, have refused to allow Madame Sontag to be presented at their receptions, on the ground, that though she is the wife of Count Rossi, and has been an ambassador, she is now a public performer on the stage." We believe there are no grounds for this report.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. W.—We shall be glad to hear from our correspondent. News is always welcome.

A CONSTANT READER had better make his complaints and his jokes to his bookseller, who perhaps may listen to the one and laugh at the other, with better relish than ourselves.

K. L. (Cheltenham).—We do not print music, or should be happy to oblige our correspondent gratis. The song shall be notice if shortly.

F. E. (Polka).—A little patience. We are overruled with promising matter. Better late than never, especially when late is sooner than ordinary.

J. H. N. (Liverpool).—We have spoken to Mr. M. and our correspondent will find "all right" when the time comes.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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STAMPED FOURPENCE

STEPHEN HELLER.

Two papers on the genius and compositions of this accomplished and admirable musician have been unavoidably laid aside, to make room for the Italian Opera notices and other matters of more immediate if not of greater interest. In answer, however, to numerous inquiries that have reached us, we beg leave to assure our readers that it is our intention to continue them immediately. A paper is already in type, in which the *Art de Phrasier* and other works of M. Stephen Heller are elaborately investigated. This will positively appear in our next.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

At each of the three performances since our last Mr. Lamley has presented a novelty to his subscribers and the public. This is good management, and can hardly fail to produce successful results.

On Saturday *Medea* was repeated. We have little to add to our criticism of the opening night. Parodi's improvement was confirmed, which proved that her performance on Tuesday week was not one of those chance inspirations that sometimes happen to mediocre artists. All the fine points we noticed in our last were again prominent, besides a more general excellence. The trying scene of the invocation did not, on this occasion, exceed the physical force of Mdlle. Parodi. But we think it a pity that, in the last scene, she has to sing so far away from the audience, where, had she twice the power of voice, she could scarcely make herself heard with effect. Moreover, we object to the dragon upon whose sides *Medea* is borne into the clouds. It is un-classical, mythological, un-everything that it ought to be. Ask the learned editor of the *Opera Box*, who will tell you that *Medea* makes her escape in a chariot given her by the sun—drawn, no doubt, by hyppogriffs.

Madame Giuliani was in better voice, and sang better than on the first night. Belletti was careful, correct, and efficient, as usual, and Signor Micheli did his best to acquire importance in the music of Giasone. Signor Micheli, however, is too little a man for so great a hero (though Jason, by the way, was a very equivocal hero according to the modern acceptance of the word), and his action is too pompous and redundant for his stature. This comes, as we have already said, from his French education. Duprez himself, the king of his school, was eminently given to superfluous gestures. Signor Micheli has been soundly pummeled by all the papers; but we think the powder and shot of our valiant contemporaries of the fiery pens might have aimed at a higher mark. Signor Micheli was scarcely worth so many hard knocks, in the shape of words.

Medea, as we have said before, can never regain its popularity. Its day is dead. Nevertheless, we are glad to have seen Mdlle. Parodi in the part, which has been to her a source of great success.

Les Metamorphoses has confirmed our first impressions. Carlotta Grisi never achieved a greater triumph, and M. Pan Taglioni never succeeded so well in carrying out a happy idea. *Les Metamorphoses* is a little fairy drama of an interest quite human. True, no other than Carlotta Grisi could have embodied the imaginary sprite with such a happy mixture of reality and etherality (real-reality and ether-reality). In her hands—or, shall we say, in her feet—the many-figured sprite is on no great plus fascinating and irresistible. That Carlotta was a perfect actress, as well as a dancer wholly without a rival, we have all along known and said; but that her pantomime was so plastic—so capable of infinite metamorphoses, or, not to borrow a word from M. Taglioni, transmogrifications—we have hitherto had reason to chronicle, although we knew it instinctively. Who can look at Carlotta's face and not at once own, that as many emotions can be expressed by its exquisite and varying play of features as evolutions by her small and twinkling feet. Perhaps of all the metamorphoses in the *Metamorphoses*, we prefer that of the "rustic coquette," which suits Carlotta's face and figure to the life. Shelley's simile of an "unbodied joy," can alone do justice in language, to this airy and limber assumption.

The ballet received a reinforcement on Saturday in the person of Marie Taglioni—no longer "little Marie," but "tall Marie," no longer pretty Marie, but "handsome Marie." Marie is now, indeed, as comely a lass as ever stirred up a fire in the heart of an enthusiastic youth. The first thing she ever danced in London—in 1847, when she was barely sixteen—was the *Pas de Roses*, in her father's first London ballet of *Rosida*. Every one will remember how the then "little Marie" won the honours of the evening, even in the presence of another *débütante*, the accomplished Rosati. She did win them, and she wore them well, and she has kept public favour ever since, and is likely to keep what she has got, and add a great deal more to it. We have too often described the excellencies of Marie Taglioni to make it necessary that we should describe them now. Suffice it that she has gained additional *épouvant*, which, added to all the other commendable points of her execution, ensured the usual warm reception from her many admirers. The reviving step was the signal for the loudest plaudits, as of old.

On Tuesday Signor Lorenzo, the new baritone, made his debut, in Verdi's *suite de brants*, in three acts, *Nino-Nabucco*. Of Signor Verdi's music we have only to say that we dislike it more than ever. Of the new singer we have a more agreeable impression. Signor Lorenzo de Monteneri has a tall and imposing figure, a good stage face, half hidden under a magnificent black beard, and a manly grace of deportment that at once placed him on good terms with the audience. He played *Ninus*, and looked every inch a king; indeed we doubt whether, from all we have read of him of Babylon, in Justin and other historiographs, the Assyrian unbeliever was of comelier

mould than Lorenzo de Monterli. But in his gestures and his recitative voice, Signor Lorenzo occasionally recalls Tamburini—the young Tamburini—to our memory, so strongly that we frequently asked ourselves how it could be—since the *debutant* is seemingly a young man, and could not have had occasion (this being his first visit to England) to study the great actor and singer whom he at times so much resembles. As an actor Signor Lorenzo exhibits much that is to be admired amidst much that may be criticised. The general impression, however, is decidedly favourable. Signor Lorenzo exhibits a great deal of energy, and is by no means deficient in passion. He sometimes even approaches the highest impressiveness by means of action and look combined. Witness his attitude, and the vacant dismay stamped upon his physiognomy, when the crown is stricken from the head of Ninus in the obstreperous *Scene* to Act II. His passion was best shown in the dismal duo with Abigail, when the crown-smitten monarch is crushed under the heavy weight of his despair. His energy came out in the after scenes, where, having expiated his transgressions, he imagines to have cancelled the angry and circularly-revolving gods.* The voice of Signor Lorenzo is, we have pre-said, a baritone. Its tone is very pleasant and a certain softness is about it which delights the ear. In power, however, it is wanting, and eke in flexibility; but much of this may be laid to what a contemporary holdy styles “the nervousness incident to a first appearance.” We shall look with confidence to future progress. Meanwhile Signor Lorenzo was received with high favour, was recalled several times (“à maintes reprises”) during the evening, and his success was unquestionable.

The proud and perverse Abigail (how is it that *femmes de chambre*, in after times, came to be familiarly styled Abigails?) was impetuously personated by Madame Parodi, who in more than one of the scenes displayed a vigour and dramatic intensity which, if they do not ultimately make her a great tragic lyricist, ought. Madame Giuliani was the soft Fenena and was encored in the air of the ultimate scene. Who has forgotten that it was in this air Corbani obtained her first applause, her first encore? The “best of *seconde donne*,” as the *Athenæum* styles her—the “Queen of *seconde donne*,” as the *Times* calls her—the “most charming of *seconde donne*,” as every body called her, and as we called her ourselves, until, at Dublin, we saw her play the heroine of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, as we never saw it played before, and heard her sing the music, as we never heard it sung before (we make no exceptions), which caused us to acknowledge in her one of the most accomplished of *prime donne*, second no longer—the “best of *seconde donne*,” the “Queen of *seconde donne*,” the “most charming of *seconde donne*,” was then in her eighteenth year, and inspired the audience with that delightful feeling which youth and beauty and great promise combined have never failed to create in civilised minds. Mad. Giuliani was not precisely Amalia Corbani, but she was a very good Fenena, nevertheless, and gave general satisfaction.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present on this occasion, and headed a list of aristocracy and fashion that made the theatre look unusually brilliant.

The Queen remained for the *balet*, and as well as Prince Albert, appeared heartily to enjoy the dancing and dancing of

the incomparable Carlotta Grisi, who, if possible, was more *spirituelle* agile, graceful and enchanting, than before.

On Thursday, an extra night, *Ernani* was given for the first appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves, an event of no ordinary interest, the house was exceedingly full, and there was evidently great curiosity and strong feeling excited to witness the *entrée* of the celebrated English tenor on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre, from which he had so suddenly and unaccountably vanished last season, after making his *début* in *Linda di Chamouni*. Why Mr. Sims Reeves quitted Her Majesty's Theatre, we do not exactly know; and knowing, perhaps, we should not tell, since the public has nothing to do with the matter. It will be much more interesting to our readers to read of the unquestionable success achieved by our popular countryman.

The reception accorded to Mr. Sims Reeves was enthusiastic. Hands clapped, hats and kerchiefs waved, and throats vociferated. Every species of active demonstration was evidenced in favour of our “owo dramatic tenor,” who continued bowing his acknowledgments for several minutes. Nothing could be more unanimously boisterous, nor could anything more plainly exhibit the position in which Mr. Sims Reeves stands before the London public.

If Mr. Sims Reeves chose *Ernani* for his re-appearance, we can hardly compliment him on the choice. We think he might have found some opera more abounding in *tune*, and in which the fine quality of his voice would have a wider opportunity of display.

If, on the other hand, he aimed at exhibiting his dramatic powers rather than the excellence of his singing, he could hardly have selected a part more favourably adapted for that purpose—for which, however, he has Victor Hugo and not Verdi to thank. Be this as it may, Mr. Sims Reeves produced an extraordinary sensation in *Ernani*. He was in great voice, and sang with unusual energy and dramatic feeling. His first cavatina, “Come rugiada al cespite,” was rendered with intense expression, and brought down the loudest applause. In the *cabaletta* he managed the *pianos* and *fortes* with the best effect. The delicacy and purity of his singing in the duet, “Ah! morir potessi adesso,” (with Elvira,) evoked a unanimous encore, maugre the absence of all kind of merit in the composition. In the two “grand” *fiatals* to the first and second acts, Mr. Sims Reeves displayed all that breadth of style, power of voice, and manly vigour, for which he has been celebrated. The audience, pleased beyond measure, applauded to the echo, and recalled the singer vociferously. The greatest hit, however, during the performance was in the last scene, where the composer has given a sentimental passage, à la Bellini, to the tenor, followed by an important and noisy trio, the whole concluding with an elaborated death scene. Mr. Sims Reeves acted and sang with decided power in this scene, thus finishing a very excellent performance with a climax which set the seal upon it and confirmed the singer's triumph beyond all doubt.

Thus an important event in the season terminated most prosperously. Mr. Lumley has now no reason to complain of his strength in the tenor department. With Gardoni the graceful, Calzolari the flexible, and Sims Reeves the energetic, he will be able to satisfy the most exacting *habitués* of stalls and boxes.

Mdlle. Parodi's Elvira was full of good points, although an unequal performance. In the first air, “*Ernani invulnari*,” she exhibited a great deal of fire and more clearness in the passages than usual. In the last air she was highly dramatic and earnest and obtained a round of hearty applause.

* The *Athenæum* printed the following notice of Mr. M. F.

at the point when she throws herself into the arms of the devoted Ernani. We scarcely admired, however, her rush upon the stage at the commencement of this lively trio. It was overdone.

Sig. Lorenzo was Carlo, and again looked every inch a king, and when in the catacombs he appears an emperor elect—he looked every inch an emperor. Some of his recitatives were delivered with great emphasis, but he did not make so much effect in the air in the catacombs (the only one allotted to Carlo) as we anticipated. His voice sounds more powerful in declamation than in singing. We remember that this air (although transposed—a matter of very small consequence to Verdi's music, by the way) was the great effect when Alboni played the part at the Royal Italian Opera, and even Superché in 1847 made an impression in it. Sig. Lorenzo, however, fully confirmed the favourable opinion derived from his first appearance, and will prove a decided acquisition to Mr. Lumley's troupe.

Belletti's Silva was as satisfactory as everything he attempts. His first air was encored. It is quite a treat to hear a singer so invariably correct, pains-taking, and efficient, as Signor Belletti.

The band went better than we could have supposed. See what it is to have a first rate conductor, like Balfe, always at his post and thoroughly accomplished! The advantage is incalculable. The chorus, both in Ernani and the other *suite de bruits* of Signor Verdi, is not strong enough for his peculiar style of instrumentation; but in the union tune, "O sommo Carlo," which is quite out of keeping with the words, the chorus followed the orchestra, and obtained an encore.

At the fall of the curtain, Madlle. Parodi, Signor Belletti, and Mr. Sims Reeves, came forward twice. A call being then raised for "Reeves," that gentleman reappeared alone, and was cheered for several seconds.

The *Metamorphoses* followed, and the usual enthusiasm was created by Carlotta Grisi's performance. Marie Taglioni again introduced her *Pas de Roitiers*. The ballet is fast regaining the hold it was wont to exercise upon the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre. The house is no longer half vacated at the conclusion of the opera, as during the Jenny Lind furore, but the very last of Carlotta's feats, where, in the costume of a *Mousquetaire*, she fights with Karl (M. Taglioni), finds boxes and stalls crowded with delighted spectators.

Next week being Passion Week the theatre will be closed. The week following, however, Madame Sontag makes her *restrée*, as Norina in *Don Pasquale*.

To-night Ernani is repeated, and the new dancer, Madlle. Ferraris, makes her *début* in a *pas* between the acts. Being Saturday night, we suppose Mr. Lumley will cut out an act of the opera, to conciliate the views of the Lord Chamberlain, who, we hear, has been very particular of late. It would be a pity to cut so beautiful a ballet as *Les Metamorphoses* when the abundant superfluities of Signor Verdi's music so evidently court the pruning-knife. Let Balfe look to this if he values his reputation as a man of taste.

CARLOTTA GRISI.

The success of this admirable *dansuse* in the new ballet of *Les Metamorphoses* has been so decided that the "great press" has unanimously accorded a second review of the performance. We republish a few of the notices.

(From the Morning Herald.)

"The new ballet was received upon its second performance with the loudest testimonies of approbation; and, indeed, it could not well be

otherwise, for Carlotta Grisi, in whom the interest is entirely lodged, is more than capable of sustaining the responsibilities thus devolving upon her. She dances supremely, and individualises the several characters which she assumes in this fantastic invention with an histrionic ability that places her high among the few who are entitled, *par excellence*, to be called artists."

(From the Morning Post.)

"Carlotta Grisi more than confirmed her high reputation and the addition which she had made to it on the first night. Her performance of the *Spirit* was in the purest taste of perfect comedy. It was a union of histrionic and satirical art which was, perhaps, never before achieved in the same degree. Marie Taglioni was introduced for the first time this season. Her reception was enthusiastic, and she fully justified its warmth. She executed a *pas seul* of infinite complexity with consummate grace. She fairly sustained the honours of her name."

(From the Times.)

"The ballet, already attractive by the beauty and variety of its grouping, and the charming performance of Carlotta Grisi, is strengthened to an important degree by the accession of Marie Taglioni. As for Carlotta's dancing, nothing can surpass it as a combination of the highest Terpsichorean art with the most consummate power of histrionic interpretation. So completely is she mistress of the mechanical part of her profession, that the most elaborate movements have an air of thoughtlessness which gives them an irresistible charm. All corporeal difficulties being thus subdued, the intellect of the artist has free scope; and with that brilliant fancy and quick perception of character which belong to Carlotta Grisi, the variety of expression becomes boundless. The little *pas* which she executes as the rustic coquette is not a mere exhibition of joyous dancing, but a fine piece of acting, in which the attributes of the actual elf and the pretended villager are blended in accordance with a profound conception of the part."

(From the Examiner.)

"This ballet, in the execution of it, is charming. Carlotta Grisi never danced better. Every movement was full of grace, lightness, and expression. The *espiguerie* of her face was admirably in keeping with the character of the *Spirit*, loving fun, but not mischievous; and her pantomime was of the highest order. Which of her many costumes became her best it would be hard to say."

Praise like this, from the accomplished pen of the critic who first announced the ballet, and to whom almost as much as to Mr. Lumley we owe the famous *Pas de Quatre* of 1845, cannot be over-estimated. Now that Perrot has terminated his labours at St. Petersburg, it is to be hoped he will pay us another visit, and compose another *Pas de Quatre*—for what four dancers we may state by and by.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE season commenced on Saturday with an *éclat* which, we confess, far surpassed our expectations. We had our misgivings respecting the success of *Der Freischütz* on the Italian stage and in the Italian language. We have been most agreeably disappointed. *Der Freischütz* opened the present season of the Royal Italian Opera as triumphantly as *Manzoniello* did the past, and the directors have added to their list another splendid achievement. The success of Weber's opera on Saturday was decided and complete, and has been acknowledged by the entire press of London.

Much curiosity naturally prevailed to witness the performance of *Der Freischütz* at the Royal Italian Opera, and the doors were besieged at an early hour. The outside doors of the pit, which last year were invariably opened at seven, were kept closed on Saturday evening for full a quarter of an hour past that time, and great and loud were the murmurings consequent thereupon. The night was bitter cold, and it was not without good cause these complaints were made. If the directors do not provide a proper waiting place for the visitors to the pit by means of a piazza or an awning over the entrance, they are bound to open the outer doors as soon as possible, if they have any regard for the health and lives of the public.

It is no joke to see ladies, thinly clad, standing for half-an-hour in the open air, with the thermometer nearly down to freezing point. Some evening a shower of rain will send the visitors all home, and the pit of the Royal Italian Opera will be left to the renters and officials, who may enjoy a night's holiday, and witness the performance. A letter appeared in the *Times* of Monday, *apropos* of this question, which we have re-printed in another part of our columns. We trust the directors will have this remedied in time. The wet season is coming on, and it will be a very serious inconvenience if either no covering be provided at the pit entrance, or the doors be not opened much sooner.

Talking of the "renters," we never witnessed anything more disgraceful than their conduct on Saturday night. Scurvy butchers at a bull-bait would have behaved with more decency. If these persons—we cannot call them gentlemen—desire to bring the theatre into disrepute, they cannot have taken a more effectual means of obtaining their end. They are the only enemies to the establishment—the plague-spots on its success. But we must hasten to more agreeable matters.

The house was exceedingly full. Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, were in the royal box. We believe it was the first visit of the Prince and Princess to the Italian Opera. A numerous *suite* accompanied the royal party. A host of fashionables were also present, and the theatre presented a very brilliant and animated appearance.

M. Costa's entrance into the orchestra was the first event of the evening. It was signalled by an instantaneous and vehement cheer from every part of the house, which was kept up for a considerable time, and was followed by two more rounds of applause, if not so long, quite as energetic as the first.

The overture was enored in a perfect hurricane of plaudits. We never heard this magnificent composition performed in a more complete and masterly manner. The conductor and band achieved an immense triumph.

Of Weber's *chef-d'œuvre* it is unnecessary to speak to the readers of the *Musical World*, who must be fully acquainted with its grandeur, power, and sublimity. Nor is it needful, however pertinent it might seem on this occasion, to add a word about the genius of the composer. These are recognised wherever music is known. Our immediate business is with the production of *Der Freischütz* at Covent Garden. To ascertain how much has been effected in the production, we must cast a glance at the best performances which have been given in this country.

The first performance of *Der Freischütz* in England took place at the English Opera House, in 1824, with Miss Stevens, Miss Povey, and Mr. Braham. The other characters are undeserving of notice. Braham was immense in Max, and Miss Povey good in Annchen; but Miss Stevens was out of her line in Agatha. The band and chorus were tolerable.

In the same year, *Der Freischütz* was produced at Covent Garden, when Miss Paton made a great hit in Agatha, and Miss Love made a charming Annchen. Mr. Pearson was the Max, and Mr. Keeley Kilian. In both these casts, Caspar was played by Mr. Bennett, of whom tradition has left us no account.

Drury Lane produced the opera the same year as Covent Garden and the English Opera House. Miss Graddon, Miss Povey, Mr. T. Cooke, and Mr. C. Horn, sustained the chief characters.

Horn's Caspar found favour in the eyes of many; he had no voice, but made amends for the deficiency by gesture and

attitudes. He danced the famous drinking song with much spirit. It will be acknowledged that this was not a superior cast.

Dismissing a few more of these English performances, of small account, we come to the German Operas at Her Majesty's Theatre, commencing with 1832, when Madame de Meric played Agatha; Haitzinger, Max; and Pellegrini, Caspar. The tenor was splendid, but the great Italian *basso* did not add to his laurels by his representation of Caspar. The chorus was better than any that had previously been heard in London, and the opera had a great success.

In 1840 a new German company performed *Der Freischütz* at the St. James theatre with no great *éclat*.

The following year another German company appeared in the same opera at Drury Lane, when Madame Heinefetter, Herr Haitzinger, and Staudigl sustained the principal parts. This was, perhaps, the most complete performance yet submitted to a British audience. Madame Heinefetter was very effective in the heroine, and Staudigl achieved a triumphant success in Caspar. In 1842 a good company, drafted from the former, and filled up with new importations, gave *Der Freischütz* with excellent effect.

Of the German opera of last season at Drury Lane, the one great feature was the Caspar of Herr Formes, a performance which made amends for a thousand deficiencies. As we shall have much to say of Formes directly, it is enough to state here, that the Caspar of the great German *basso* transcended by many degrees all former Caspars, and produced a most powerful and lasting impression.

Admitting the general excellence of the German chorus singers, which has become a tradition in the history of *Der Freischütz*, and the individual excellence of many of the German vocalists, in reviewing the different casts above noticed, we do not hesitate to award the Covent Garden performance the palm of superiority to all previous performances of the opera, which have taken place in this country. The perfect completeness of the Covent Garden band cannot be questioned, while the merits of the chorus, if not equally remarkable, are equally undoubted. The German singers were better trained in the action of the scene, and were in fact, better actors. The Royal Italian Opera chorus, in regard to voices, are, we contend, superior to the Germans, more especially in the case of the females. They are also of greater numerical force.

With respect to the getting up of the opera, to its scenic details, to the *mise en scène*, to the dresses and appointments, and still more, to the management of the incantation scene, and all its rich variety of *diableries*, Covent Garden has made great advances on all former productions of *Der Freischütz*. The dispensing with explosions and parti-coloured fires, gunpowder and blue lights, is alone a sterling proof of a move in the right direction. Weber's music required no such noisy and flaming additions, and the management of the theatre is entitled to praise for the restoration of the poet's and composer's intention.

In alluding to the entire strength of the cast, we shall find a further superiority manifested in the Royal Italian Opera performances above all others. Every subordinate character is adequately filled, by which means the *ensemble* is rendered in the highest degree satisfactory and imposing. The single instance of a singer of such repute as M. Massol sustaining the small part of Kilian, is enough to show that nothing has been left undone to render entire justice to the music of *Der Freischütz*.

Of the principal singers we can speak in high terms of praise, with, perhaps, the exception of the tenor, who has not

reached our utmost expectations. Nevertheless, Signor Enrico Maralti, *alias* M. Merlet, is by no means an incompetent artist. If not a Braham or a Hätzinger, he is a meritorious vocalist, and in the present dearth of tenors is a useful member of the company, and can be turned to good account. The music of Max, or Giulio, as he is called in the Italian version, is too low for Signor Maralti, who has a high tenor voice, and this of course must militate, to a certain extent, against the effect of his singing. It is but just to state that an evident improvement was demonstrated in the second and third performances of this singer.

Madame Castellani's Agatha is interesting in every respect. She looks the character to the life, and sings and acts with real sentiment. On Saturday, the fair artist was not in her best voice. She appeared nervous—the music was new to her—and not being able to render it in her best style, she most unwisely had recourse to cadences and passages of embellishment, which sounded anything but agreeable in Weber. Madame Castellani, on Tuesday, had entirely recovered her voice, but did not dispense with her flourishes. Everybody, however, was pleased with Madame Castellani, who sang as well as ever we heard her, and acted with unusual spirit.

Mademoiselle Vera has made a decided hit at the Royal Italian Opera. Her Annchen is the best we have yet seen. Her voice is a *mezzo soprano* of a clear, ringing quality, perfectly in tune, and managed with admirable effect. The improvement made by Mademoiselle Vera since we heard her two seasons since at Her Majesty's Theatre is remarkable. Her timidity, which used so painfully to mar all her efforts, has disappeared, and given way to perfect self-possession. Her first air, "Vien un giovin" (*Kommt ein schlanker*), at once impressed the public in her favour. She sang it with charming ease and simplicity, and acted it, moreover, as well as she sang it. The song was enoored with much applause, being the only solo of the evening which received the compliment. Mademoiselle Vera's Parisian success has been confirmed—if we were in a punning mood, we should say *terafied*—by the fiat of a British public. The fair artist will prove a great acquisition to the Royal Italian company. But Madlle Vera also requires to be told, very plainly, that Weber's music stands in no need of ornaments and alterations.

Herr Formes' Caspar is one of the grandest and most impressive performances we have ever witnessed. Off the Italian stage, we have seen nothing to approach it; on the Italian stage, we have seen nothing to surpass it. This is saying a great deal, but it is not saying a word too much. The Caspar of the drama is a splendid creation, which none but a singer of a high poetical temperament could understand and embody. What the poet created and the musician vitalised in magic sounds the art has illustrated with almost supernatural power. The instant Formes enters upon the scene, he rivets attention. The assumed recklessness and gaiety of his deportment, in the first scene, while subject to observation; the internal workings of despair shown in his starts and broken actions, or in his eyes, fastened in the dust, when unnoticed; the jovial fits which flash up amid his sullen gloom and despondency, like lightning on a dark night, rendering the darkness more obscure; in short, every motion, attitude, and look, is instinct with vitality, and exhibits the consummate artist. All this is entirely apart from Formes' vocal efforts; and yet what a magnificent organ, and what splendid singing are combined in this artist. Harken to the deep thunder of his voice in the revenge song; hear the very spirit of boisterous hilarity infused into the drinking song; mark with what art he softens his voice into a demoniacal whisper, when he addresses Zamiel aside; how

cajoling and natural, by turns, are his tones, when speaking to Max, as he pours the poison into his ears, or wishes to impress him with friendly sympathy! The incantation scene, by Formes, is a magnificent display of histrionic and vocal skill. He makes several great points in this scene. His supplication to Zamiel to prolong his life is terribly real and full of humanity. Like a profound artist, Herr Formes so blends the human with the supernatural as to make his Caspar far more interesting than ever Caspar was made before. The death scene is finest of all. The workings of despair and revenge in the agonies of death were never portrayed with more earnestness and power. The convulsive manner of drawing his sword, supporting himself on it for an instant as nature gives way, then gathering redoubled energies, the rushing forward and defiance of Zamiel at his sword's point, and falling dead on his back, may be compared to the last scene of Kean, in *Richard the Third*, or of Maerady, in *Macbeth*. Never was success more complete than that of Herr Formes on Saturday night. He was recalled after the first act, and received with enthusiastic demonstrations. He also appeared at the end, with Mesdames Castellani and Vera, and Signor Enrico Maralti.

We need hardly observe that M. Massol is the best Kilian we ever heard in *Der Freischutz*. He gave the inimitable song with the laughing chorus admirably, and was loudly applauded. Massol is an artist in every way. His costume is always appropriate and picturesque; and in the business of the stage he is a thorough adept. Massol exhibited a new accomplishment on Saturday night. In the waltz he danced with ease and grace.

Signora Rommi and Luigi Mei fill up the minor parts of Cuno and Ottakar as well as can be desired; and a Signor Gregorio as the Hermit (*query*,—is not this our old Drury Lane friend, Gregg?) is strong and effective.

Madlle Cotti, as chief bridesmaid, sang the solos in the Bridesmaids' Chorus very neatly, and looked very interesting.

The Zamiel of M. Doering is striking and picturesque. The high shrill tone of voice in which he speaks is singular; but it has an unearthly effect, and is, consequently, more in unison with the feeling of the drama than the traditional O. Smith bass growl. M. Doering dressed the part of Zamiel on Saturday as the Wild Huntsman of the Black Forest, which may be seen in the national pictures, and superstition has handed down in German legends. The following day, as we learn, several English gentlemen called upon Mr. Gye, and represented to him the absurdity of M. Doering's costume; whereupon, despite of M. Doering's protestations, and Mr. Costa's faith in Mr. Doering's notion of the dress, the Wild Huntsman's exceedingly striking and picturesque attire was laid aside for a black Spanish cloak lined with sarkel, which made M. Doering look particularly like a huge vampire begot between a flamingo and a Russian bear. We cannot offer an opinion as to which is the correct costume; but this we do know, that one looks a reality, the other an absurdity. We should like much to learn the names of those gentlemen who had power sufficient to change the devil's apparel at Covent Garden. We are firmly convinced that M. Doering and Mr. Costa are right after all; if not, they ought to be.

The band was perfection from beginning to end. The soloists distinguished themselves eminently on their different instruments. Mr. Hill played the tenor obligato accompaniment to Annchen's song in E flat with faultless execution and the purest tone. Mr. Burrell's oboe was no less admirable in Annchen's first song, in C. Nor must we forget Mr. Lazarus's clarinet in Max's grand scene, "Thro' the forest, thro' the

meadows," nor Mr. Ribas's flute on several occasions, wherein both artists distinguished themselves in a manner which elicited applause from all parts of the house. The band we repeat, was perfection from beginning to end, nor did we ever hear them in greater force.

The chorus were better than ever. The ladies especially distinguished themselves. Nothing could be more perfect than the singing of the Bridesmaids' Chorus. The Hunters' Chorus was encoored. It was a very fine vocal display.

The scenery was exceedingly striking and beautiful. The two forest scenes were perfect specimens of woodland, and the Wolf's Glen was a masterpiece of scenic painting and stage ingenuity. We have only two faults to find with the "getting up." We dislike any curtain drapery behind the proscenium when the stage represents an out-of-door scene; and we pray the Covent Garden authorities to put a man in their moon, if it were only for the sake of novelty. At present, like all stage moons—which, by the way, are eternally either full or crescent—the moon in the Wolf's Glen, although a very good moon, is like a well-cleaned brass plate on which the sun is shining. These are the only faults we have to find with the production of *Der Freischütz* at the Royal Italian Opera.

We have much more to say of the performance, but our notice has already extended itself to an unusual length. We must, therefore, postpone all further question and discussion until next week.

One thing, however, cannot be passed over, viz., the recitatives to which Hector Berlioz has adapted the sparkling dialogue. Never was task more ably accomplished, and never did one great composer imitate the manner of another with greater ingenuity and skill. Hector Berlioz has written the recitatives in the very spirit of Weber, and the effect is as if Weber himself had composed them. We find in them nothing incongruous or discrepant. They are in perfect harmony with the original music, and to all, but those acquainted with the opera, might pass for Weber's own writing. M. Berlioz deserves the highest praise for what he has achieved; he is entitled to no less praise for the modesty and inobtrusiveness with which he has fulfilled his task. He has evidently thought of nothing but Weber, and has never aimed at exhibiting, for one instant, his own way of thinking and original turn of mind. All has been effected with a deep reverence for, and an instinctive appreciation of, the genius of the composer.

Der Freischütz was repeated on Tuesday and Thursday, and will be given again this evening, it being the last performance before Easter.

WEBER.

(From the Times.)

A QUARTER of a century has nearly passed away since the death of Carl Maria Von Weber, on the 5th of June, 1826, before he had attained his 40th year, during his only visit to England, and scarcely two months after the triumph of his *Oberon* at Covent Garden Theatre. A sufficient period has consequently elapsed to test the solidity of his fame, and to insure a dispassionate consideration of his merits. Weber has triumphantly passed the ordeal, before which so many reputations have crumbled into dust. Time has failed to shake that popularity which, even during his life-time, had become European, and the keenest investigations of criticism have been unable to assign him a lower place than had already been awarded him among those who have best distinguished themselves in the conscientious exercise of their art. A new

generation has confirmed the verdict of its predecessor, and Weber is enshrined among the classics of music. His faults may now be spoken of as unreservedly as those high qualities which made him eminent. The want of universality alone denies him a place by the side of the greatest masters. Weber did not, like some musicians, approach with equal success, and illustrate with equal power, every established form in which genius can be made subservient to the ends of art. He wrote two symphonies for the orchestra, but these were unworthy association with the works he composed for the theatre. He produced a mass, equally unfit to bear the test of such companionship, but never attempted an oratorio, or anything for the church, of length and importance; while, with the exception of his pianoforte sonatas (four in number) and some smaller compositions for that instrument, his contributions to chamber music are not more likely to conduce to his ultimate fame. Wherever, therefore, in the dramatic works of Weber—upon which his name must rest—deficient construction or the evidence of labour are to be found, they must be attributed to the want of that facility which is rarely to be acquired without the studious and universal application that enables its possessor to bring all forms under his control, and to excel as much in one as in another. This was the secret of Mozart—this was the secret of Beethoven; but in Weber this was wanting. On the other hand, Weber's genius was essentially theatrical, and, indeed, in whatever he wrote the dramatic element is perpetually showing itself. Of a romantic turn of mind, overflowing with a sentiment which sometimes bordered on the morbid, he had no patience for those dry contrapuntal studies, about which, though he talked and wrote much, he actually knew little in comparison with many, his inferiors; nor had he the large grasp of genius which enabled Beethoven in a great measure to dispense with them. Moreover, Weber's attention was not always exclusively devoted to music. At one time he dabbled in painting. At another, he was so engrossed by lithography, that it became his sole occupation, and for a considerable period he neglected his musical studies altogether. Even when most eager in his favourite pursuit, like Hoffmann, his contemporary and rival, he was at once musician and reviewer, and spent almost as much energy in criticising the works of others as in the composition of his own, besides setting forth with great pains a number of theories and systems of harmony and counterpoint, which, one after the other, he abandoned as untenable. But worse than all, perhaps, when at Vienna in 1803, Weber availed himself of the advice and instructions of the most unfit counsellor in the world for one of his poetical temperaments—the Abbé Vogler, (also the master of Meyerbeer) about whose musical superficiality those inclined to doubt may consult the opinion delivered by Mozart, in one of his witty and instructive letters. There are many, indeed, who think that, had Weber learnt composition under another and a more congenial master, he would have been another man. But, although Vogler, with his unintelligible systems, may have had a considerable influence on the early studies of Weber, he could not quench the splendour of his genius, nor prevent him from inventing a style of dramatic music which, besides its intrinsic merits, was entirely his own, and has since found numberless imitators, not one of whom, however, has approached, within a long distance, the illustrious original. The dawn of this new style was first discovered in the comic opera of *Abou Hassan*, and afterwards more glowingly exhibited in the well-known musical drama of *Preciosa*, the subject of which was borrowed from one of the novels of Cervantes; but it only reached its full meridian some years

later, in *Der Freischütz*, which was brought out at Berlin, on the 18th of June, 1821, with a success that very few operas have achieved, before or since. In this remarkable production, the genius of Weber is conspicuously eminent. The most salient characteristics of his style, and above all, his originality, and the dramatic force with which he painted scenes and emotions peculiarly German, are exemplified with vigorous truthfulness. The melodies, spontaneous and beautiful, are admirably fitted to the personages of the drama and the mysterious events that control them. The orchestra, employed with graphic power in strengthening and developing the incidents that mark the progress of the story, and the positions under which the various characters are placed, presents effects of combination and contrast which have no precedent in former works, and are as beautiful and appropriate as they are new. In short, the popular German tradition of the "Free Shooters," so charmingly embodied in the *Sprache und Geschichte* of Apel, was just the sort of thing to excite Weber's interest and attention. The manner in which his friend, Kind, had turned it into a lyrical drama, enchanted him, and he never set about the composition of an opera with such a happy conviction of success. How rapidly the fame of Weber spread over Germany, how his *Der Freischütz* was presented in every town and city with equal success—and how shortly after it acquired the same popularity in England, which subsequently led to an engagement to write the opera of *Oberon* for Covent-garden Theatre, is too well known to need recounting. Paris, as usual, was latest in the field. We pass over the disgraceful *refusé* which M. Castil Blaze had the bad taste to bring out at the Opéra, under the title of *Robin des Bois*; but it was not until 1843 that the real *Der Freischütz* of Weber was produced in Paris, at the Académie Royale de Musique, the spoken dialogue being turned into musical recitative by Hector Berlioz. Now that this celebrated work has been given at every theatre in Europe, large and small; now that it is as familiar to the world as Mozart's *Don Juan* itself, a new interest is created by its production on a stage to which it has hitherto been a stranger, and to which, few would have thought it could be effectively applied. An adaptation of *Der Freischütz*, with the recitatives of Berlioz, has been recently brought out at the Italian Opera, in Berlin, with complete success, and it is this version, we believe, which was represented on Saturday night, at the Royal Italian Opera

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The second concert took place on Monday. The programme was highly interesting:—

PART I.

Sinfonia, Letter Q	Haydn.
Romance, "Que je suis!" and "Une fée, un bon sage" (Le Domino Noir), Madlle. Charton	Auber.
Introduction and Polonaise in A, violin, Mr. Blagrove	Mayseder.
Recit. "Non, non, fermes l'oreille," and Air, "A toi, j'ai recouru" (Les Diamans de la Couronne), Madlle. Charton	Auber.
Overture, <i>Leonora</i>	Beethoven.

PART II.

Sinfonia in A, No. 2	Mendelssohn Bartholdy.
Scene, "Bitt'le noch diess Wuth-Verlangen" (Faust), Herr Formes	Spohr.
Concerto in C minor, Op. 37, pianoforte, Mr. Charles Salaman	Beethoven.
Aria, "O! wie will ich triumphieren" (Die Einführung aus dem Serail), Herr Formes	Mozart.
Overture in D	B. Romberg.

Conductor, Mr. Costa.

Haydn's Symphony, Letter Q (in G major), must be known

to most of our readers. It is perhaps the best of all out of the Salaman set. The *Allegro* is on a large scale, bold and energetic—the *adagio* one of the composer's most lovely inspirations—the *minuetto* and *trio* as usual—the *rondo* (a pastoral) perfect—perfect in conception and perfect in development. Never was contrapuntal learning more happily exercised on a happier theme. The symphony was finely executed. Mr. Costa took the minuet in the "good old time"—not too quick—whereby its true character was retained. The *adagio*, in which some delicate points for the wood instruments were beautifully played, was encored unanimously.

Madlle. Charton was warmly received, and sang the lovely air from the *Domino Noir* with unexceptionable taste. The charming *prima donna* was applauded as she deserved.

Mr. Blagrove was cheered by audience and orchestra on making his appearance. His playing was as perfect as mechanism could make it. The *Polonaise* of Mayseder is sorry music nevertheless.

Madlle. Charton's second song was as captivating as her first; music and singing being equally good. We hope soon to hear this clever singer again at the Philharmonic. She would do well on another occasion to sing one of Mozart's airs, "Vedrai carino," or "Voi che sapete," would admirably suit her voice.

The overpowering overture to *Leonora* was overpoweringly executed. It was not encored, however, which may be traced to the fact of its very frequent performance of late. With Weber's *Euryanthe*, the *Leonora* might reasonably be laid by for a while.

Of Mendelssohn's symphony, the gem of the concert, one of the greatest works of the master and of music, we cannot do better than quote the opinions of a writer in the *Times*, with which we fully agree.

"Mendelssohn's symphony in A," says our contemporary, "was spoken of at great length on the occasion of its performance at these concerts in 1848, after having been laid aside unnoticed for some years. Its reproduction gave so much satisfaction that it was played a second time during the same season by command of Her Majesty. This symphony, the property of the Philharmonic Society, was first performed about 16 years ago, under the direction of the composer, during his second visit to this country, but was not appreciated according to its merits. The critics of the day decided it to be the work of an able musician, and nothing more. This movement was found too long, that too short, another too intricate, and so on. Nor, on one or two subsequent occasions, did it make any great sensation, and when the third symphony, in A minor (the "Scotch symphony"), first executed under the direction of Mr. Sterndale Bennett, in 1841, obtained such universal favour, its predecessor was quite forgotten, and but for circumstances unnecessary to particularize, might have reposed in undisturbed tranquility upon the shelves of the Philharmonic library. After the death of Mendelssohn, however, in 1847, all his compositions, whether in manuscript or in print, were eagerly sought after, and the symphony in A major was re-animated. Its reception now was quite a different matter. All its beauties were appreciated; it was unanimously pronounced a masterpiece, and some went even so far as to say that it was a finer work than the symphony in A minor. The first, second, and fourth movements are certainly in no way inferior, but the *minuetto* (the only movement of the kind ever written by Mendelssohn), which might almost have appeared in one of the symphonies of Haydn or Mozart, cannot be compared to the exquisite *intermezzo* in F, which forms so striking a feature of the later work. The great charm

of the symphony in A is its freshness. It was written not many years after the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and is full of the glowing fancy and dreamy reverie that give to that remarkable production its peculiar and enchanting character. These are eminently conspicuous in the first movement, an *allegro vivace*, in six-eight time. The next movement, an *andante con moto*, in E minor, has perhaps never been surpassed in its way by Mendelssohn, or any other composer. Its style is tender and passionate by turns; the melody, distributed among the various instruments with consummate knowledge of effect, flows on in one uninterrupted stream; the principal subject is supported by a continually moving bass, *staccato*, which imparts a certain mysterious character to the whole; this is only modified by the occurrence of the second theme, a *cantabile* of exceeding beauty, which affords relief to the gloom of what precedes and follows it. The *coda*, made up of broken fragments of the principal theme, closes the movement with impressive solemnity. The *finale*, in the *tartarella* style (*Presto Saltarello*) is a characteristic movement, suggestive of the bustle and excitement of an Italian carnival, a subject often attempted, but never, we think, so thoroughly well accomplished. The command of all the contrivances of counterpoint displayed in this movement is prodigious; but this is employed as the means, not the end, and instead of wearying the attention, like a dry display of learning, it excites it from first to last by the extreme art with which it is made to heighten the effect, and vary, by delightful contrasts and dexterous combinations, the melodies which stand as principal themes. The execution of this symphony, distinguished alike for delicacy and force, was highly creditable to the band and its accomplished conductor. The whole work was received with the warmest enthusiasm, and the *andante* repeated by unanimous desire."

We have nothing to add to this except that when Mendelssohn conducted the symphony in A, he was accustomed to take the "Allegro" *vivace*, the "Andante" *con moto*, and the "Saltarello" *presto*. We hardly think that what is gained in accuracy makes up for what is lost in spirit by taking these movements, the first and last especially, slower than the indicated time.

Herr Formes sang the noble scena from *Faust* in splendid style, and the fine air of Mozart with infinite spirit. He was greatly applauded in both.

Mr. Salaman meant well when he put down the concerto in C minor for his *début* at the Philharmonic, and the directors meant well when they engaged Mr. Salaman to play; but we think both Mr. Salaman and the directors made a miscalculation. M. Salaman is a zealous pianist, but the Philharmonic Concerts and the concertos of Beethoven are, we say it with deference, somewhat above his calibre.

The fine overture of Romberg (Bernhard Romberg, brother of the well-known Andreas, played with great spirit, made a worthy conclusion to a very satisfactory concert.

How about novelties?

THE MUSICAL UNION.

Mr. ELIA began his sixteenth season on Tuesday, and began it well. He has wisely retained Willis's Rooms as his arena. Both for convenience of position—Mr. Elia's subscribers being for the most part aristocrats—and for the disposition of the room for sound, the *locale* is all that need be desired. Too small for a grand orchestra, it is precisely the thing for a quartet.

As the programme presented no novelty, we may briefly

dismiss the performance. The order of selection was as follows:—

Quintet, in E flat minor, Op. 92, piano, violin, viola, violoncello, and contra-basso	Hummel.
Quartet, in D, No. 7	Mozart.
Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 14	Mendelssohn.
Septet, in E flat, Op. 20, violin, viola, violoncello, clarinet, horn, bassoon, and contra-basso	Beethoven.

Executants.—First Violin, M. Sainston; Second Violin, M. Deloffre; Viola, Mr. Hill; Violoncello, Sig. Piatti; Contra-Basso, Mr. Howell; Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus; Bassoon, M. Baumann; Horn, Mr. Jarrett; and Pianoforte, Miss Kate Loder.

The only fault of this programme was, that the three large pieces were too much of a color. A later work of Beethoven would have better contrasted with the beautiful quartet of Mozart and the very clever quintet of Hummel. The quartet was finely played. M. Sainston is a perfect adept in this kind of music. Besides being a great mechanist, he has a large and open style, susceptible of the utmost variety of expression. His tone and phrasing in the slow movement were unimpeachable. We know of few more competent to hold the second violin than M. Deloffre, an artist who displays the elegance and neatness without the exaggeration of the French school. Hill and Piatti were perfect. The septet, of which the whole was played—two minuets, two slow movements, and all, except the repeats of the first *Allegro* and *Finale*—went to admiration. Sainston brought all his fire into requisition, and was energetic, tasteful, and brilliant by turns. In the trio to the second minuet, the violoncello of Piatti was heard to eminent advantage. In the first minuet, the difficult horn part, with its detached passages, was faultlessly rendered by Jarrett. Lazarus, Baumann, and Howell played like Lazarus, Baumann, and Howell—in other words, as well as the clarinet, bassoon, and double-bass parts in the septet could possibly be played by any artists whatever. It was altogether an admirable *ensemble*, and excited the warmest expressions of satisfaction.

Kate Loder played in her best style. Her execution of the brilliant passages in Hummel's quintet was neatness itself. In Mendelssohn's very original and beautiful *Andante* and *Rondo*,* she was remarkably energetic, and lost sight of none of the intended effects of contrast, of none of the nuances indispensable to produce the proper effect. In the *rondo* she gave the true modern *presto*, which, however, deprived her mechanism of none of its clearness and decision. She was much and deservedly applauded.

The performance, as usual, began at half-past three and finished a few minutes before five. Almost all the audience remained until the last note was played.

We understand that one hundred new members have joined the Musical Union this season. We are glad of it. Few institutions have done so much in promoting a taste for the highest order of chamber music and performance among the aristocratic and wealthy classes of society. The Musical Union was established by Mr. Ella, in 1845, and he has directed its affairs ever since with spirit and ability. We intend, when we have a little more space at command, to devote a portion of our columns to a consideration of its organisation and the influence it has exercised upon art and artists. The subject is well worthy attention.

Ernst and Sterndale Bennett are to play at the next meeting. Meanwhile, the question of when will Stephen Heller make his first public appearance in London? arrests us on every side. Mr. Ella can best afford the answer.

* The same which M. Billet introduced at his second concert in St. Martin's Hall.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

(From an occasional Contributor.)

ONE more of the "Spring series" has taken place, with the disadvantage of not differing from its four predecessors. The selection was from *Fra Diavolo*. Mr. Land sang "Vainly, alas! vainly," Miss Isaacs, "Oh, hour of joy," and "On yonder rock." Both were applauded. Mr. Sims Reeves gave the charming serenade, "Young Agnes, beautiful flower," so well, that it occurred to us Mr. Lunley might get up the opera of *Fra Diavolo* expressly for him, whereby he would be likely to please the public and fill his treasury. Mr. Sims Reeves would do well to propose this himself. We will back him. Miss Lanza acquitted herself with great credit, and obtained an encore in the well-known BALLAD, "Alice Gray," and substituted instead thereof "John Anderson, my jo." She would have been more prudent had she omitted Donizetti's popular song, "Il segreto," as it is not endurable with anything short of the spirit infused into it by Alboni, and singers like Alboni, who are nowhere to be found—singers of no less volume than beauty and flexibility of voice. Miss Lacombe obtained great applause in Weber's difficult Scene, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," and a composition of a very different character, "Little Jane of the Mill." The latter we have heard described as a "comic song." Mr. W. H. Drayton was well received, and encored in Balfe's BALLAD, "The Blighted Flower," and sang the fine scene, "Rage, thou angry Storm," (Benedict) exceedingly well. The band performed a symphony by Haydn, (letter R); the overtures to *Fra Diavolo*, *Italiana in Algiers*, and the *Crown Diamonds*; and also took a prominent part in Martin's chorus "Vadasi via di qua." For their performance in the pieces allotted to them in the programme they deserve the utmost credit, but their gratuitous services in the trio were neither acceptable nor commendable. If they forget the respect due to the public they ought not to be surprised that the public should cease to pay them any in return. The "joke" (if joke was intended) was much too practical to be pleasant, and was equally a slight to the directors and the audience.

Several pieces were given with effect by Mrs. Newton. Mr. T. Harper, and Mr. Richardson played solos respectively, on the trumpet and flute, in their best style, and Miss Woolf, (K. S. at the Royal Academy of Music) played a fantasia of Döhler in *Guillaume Tell*, so brilliantly that we wished to hear her on something better. Our wish was soon gratified, for the audience encored Miss Woolf, and Miss Woolf responded to the compliment by playing one of the beautiful *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn (in A), which satisfied us much more. Miss Woolf is one of the most promising pupils of Mr. Cipriani Potter. Herr Anschuetz conducted. The hall was well attended.

HERR MOLIQUE'S CHAMBER CONCEPTS.

THE second of these classical meetings took place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday evening, in presence of a numerous and select audience of amateurs. The programme was quite equal in interest to the first. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.

Quartet, E minor, Op. 59, two violins, tenor, and violoncello. B. Molique, Master Carrodus (Pupil of Molique), Messrs. Mellon and Piatti *Beethoven's*
German Songs "Was hör ich raschen im Walde," & Eckert und "Ach Betty deiner Augenstahl," Mdle. Schloss *Lindblad.*
Adagio, Fugue and Bourée for the violin *S. Bach.*
With piano-forte accompaniment by Messrs. Molique and W. S. Bennett *Molique.*

Trio in B flat major, Op. 27, piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. Bennett, Molique, and Piatti *Molique.*

PART II.

Three Melodies, book 2, violin and piano-forte, Allegretto, C minor—Andante, E flat—Vivace, C major—Messrs. Molique and Bennett *Molique.*
German Song, "Schifferlied," Mdle. Schloss *Molique.*
Quatuor Brilliant, B minor, Op. 61, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Molique, Carrodus, Mellon, and Piatti *Spohr.*

The E minor of Beethoven, one of the Razumoffsky set, was well played. Besides the admirable talent of the concert giver, and the unequalled violoncello playing of Signor Piatti, we had again to remark the rising ability of Mr. Carrodus (Molique's young pupil), and the clever tenor playing of Mr. Alfred Mellon.

The Bach selection was highly interesting. The piano-forte accompaniment to the fugue, added by Herr Molique, was worthy association with the music to which it was allied. The execution was all that could be desired on the part of both performers. Nothing can be more perfect than Mr. Stenardale Bennett's performance of Bach's music.

Of the trio in B flat major (the first of Molique's trios), we have formerly spoken as a masterly work, and the fine execution of Mr. Bennett, Signor Piatti, and the author, gave us no reason to change or modify our opinion. The intermingling of the *adagio* and *scherzo*—quite a new idea—is carried out with the happiest effect.

The three melodies, Book 2, are as charming as the three, Book 1, which were performed at the first concert. The *andante* in E flat, quite a gem in its way, was encored. The playing of Mr. Bennett and Herr Molique, equally poetical and finished, was calculated to give the most complete effect to these charming bagatelles.

Spohr's quartet, like the one in A introduced at the last concert, is chiefly serviceable as a means of displaying the capabilities of a brilliant performer on the violin, and of this Herr Molique took the best advantage, elegance of style and the neatest execution going hand-in-hand. We must confess, however, a decided preference for Spohr's *real* quartets, where every performer has an equal share of the work.

The German songs introduced by Mdle. Schloss, are all good of their kind, and were charmingly rendered by that excellent artist. Herr Molique was the accompanist, and showed himself a ready and able pianist. His own "Schifferlied," a flowing melody in E major, with a graceful accompaniment of arpeggios, beautifully carried through, was much the best of the songs.

The performances gave unanimous satisfaction, as was plainly manifested in the frequent and hearty applause bestowed upon the various pieces of the programme. The third and last concert is announced for Wednesday, the 3rd of April, when we hope to have the pleasure of hearing Mdle. Molique renew the success she so well achieved at the first.

MR. STENARDALE BENNETT'S CLASSICAL SOIREES.

THE last of these intellectual, and we are glad to say, fashionable, entertainments took place on Tuesday at the Hanover Square Rooms. There was a very crowded audience. The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Sonata, No. 2, in A major, Piano-forte and Violin, Mr. W. S. Bennett and Herr Molique *Bach.*
The Moonlight Sonata (by desire), C sharp minor, Op. 27, Piano-forte, Mr. W. S. Bennett *Beethoven.*
Aria, "Parto se vuoi così," Miss Dobby *Bach.*
Selections from the "Lieder ohne Worte" (by desire), Piano-forte, Mr. W. S. Bennett *Mendelssohn;*

PART II.

Sonata Duo, Op. 37 (dedicated to Kreutzer), Pianoforte and Violin, Mr. W. S. Bennett and Herr Molique. *Beethoven.*
 Lieder, "Vogeln, wohin so schnell!" and "Aut dem Moscheles und Wasser." Miss Dolby. *Mendelssohn.*
 Selections from Pianoforte Works, Pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett. *W. S. Bennett.*

The duets of Bach and Beethoven were both admirably played. The former was a very interesting specimen of the master. Molique and Bennett are well matched. Both are great musicians, both ardent devotees of the really great music, and both accomplished executants. Mr. Bennett played the "Moonlight Sonata" (the C sharp minor, Op. 27) as we have rarely heard it played. His expression in the slow movement was equalled by his energetic brilliancy in the last. The selection from the *Lieder* (in E flat, A flat, and C major) was encored, and the three picturesque sketches—the "Lake," the "Millstream," and the "Fountain"—equally played, delighted as much as ever.

Miss Dolby sang all her songs beautifully. That of Bach is elegant, but it is not by Bach. That of Moscheles is pretty; that of Mendelssohn (from Miss Dolby's album, in which it was written by Mendelssohn's own hand) is as lovely a thought as ever flowed from the abundant mind of the composer.

The third concert was equal in all respects to the two others.

M. BILLET'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET gave his second concert at St. Martin's Hall, last night, to an audience as numerous and attentive as at the first. The following admirable programme was performed:—

PART I.

Grand Sonata in A flat, Op. 39, pianoforte, M. Billet. *Wber.*
 Air (Fall of Jericho), "Non, non, non, ce n'est point un crime." Madlle. Shergold. *Mozart.*
 Allemande et Fugue in G minor (Suite de Pièces), pianoforte, M. Billet. *Scarlatti.*
 Duet, "May Bells," the Misses Cole. *Mendelssohn.*
 Sonata in A major (by desire), from Op. 8, pianoforte, M. Billet. *Pinto.*

PART II.

Duet, "Would that my Love," the Misses Cole. *Mendelssohn.*
 Fantasia in F sharp minor, dedicated to Moscheles (first time in public), pianoforte, M. Billet. *Mendelssohn.*
 Duet, "The Wandering Wind," the Misses Cole and Mr. Billet. *Loder.*
 Fantasia, M. Billet.—Pastoral in G. *Mendelssohn.*
 Etude in E. *Scribbell.*
 Etude in G. *Chopin.*
 Etude in G minor (by desire). *Moscheles.*
 Conductor. Mr. Walter Cecil Macfarren. *W. S. Bennett.*

The grand *morceaux* was the *Fantasia* of Mendelssohn; but we must reserve a detailed notice of the performance for our next number.

MR. R. HOFFMAN ANDREWS.

This young pianist is now settled at New York, where it appears he is acquiring fame and money. A local paper speaks in extravagant terms of his performance at a recent concert. We quote the article entire:—

"Mr. Richard Hoffman performed two solos, and a duet with Mr. Burke. The first solo, a *Fantasia* by Prudent, on airs from *Norma*, is remarkable only, as a composition, for the enormous difficulties which are crowded into the short space of five minutes. How Mr. Hoffman could be at the trouble to bestow the pains necessary to get by rote so thankless a piece of mechanical work, we are at a loss to imagine; however, the labour, mental and physical, seems to him as nothing, for every-

thing in his art is instinctive to him. He played the piece superbly, and displayed an increasing force and vigour, which we were glad to observe. The second piece, the *Marche Macrocine*, was performed by him by desire. It hardly needed this sort of an apology for the mastery with which it was executed, was ample apology for Mr. Hoffman's playing it, even after the con poster, de Meyer. We confess that we were somewhat doubtful of his possessing the necessary force, but when we heard his first piece we were so-called the *Marche* would excite astonishment and delight in all present. He played it most brilliantly; the passages of power were thundered out with full de Meyer strength, and the light and delicate passages were beautifully distinct and fairly like in their exquisite lightness. There was nothing obscure in Mr. Hoffman's performance; the composer's intention was manifest throughout. This piece was loudly encored, and Mr. Hoffman interpreted the wishes of the public by repeating the piece—an unusual course now-a-days. In our opinion, New York should feel proud in the exclusive possession of so admirable an artist as Mr. Hoffman, and for our own sakes we sincerely trust that he may long remain with us."

Extract the Yankee hyperbole from this, and quite enough remains to lead the friends of Mr. Andrews to entertain a lively notion of the real impression he produced.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[As we entirely agree with the arguments of a clever and well-informed writer in a great morning paper, who is now discussing a topic of high importance in relation to this anomalously placed institution, we shall continue to re-produce the articles as they re-appear. The following was among the "leaders" on Wednesday.—Ed. M. W.]

In our recent remarks upon the Royal Academy we briefly described the false position which that society occupies in relation to the National Gallery. We now propose to treat the subject more in detail, and to inquire somewhat closely into the origin, progress, and present condition of an institution which, although charged with no public functions, and subject to no public control, is, from its connection with the state of the arts, an object of great public interest and importance. If this enquiry should lead our readers to conclusions somewhat hostile to the proceedings of the Royal Academy, and even to its very existence as a society fostered by the highest official patronage, that result must not be attributed to any enmity on our part, but rather to the imprudence of the Academy itself, which has usurped a national building designed for another purpose, and thereby provoked a discussion which may not improbably terminate fatally to the interests of monopoly. If a man, or a set of men, or indeed anything be found out of place, there is no avoiding the vulgar questions—"What does he here?" "Who is he?"

The Royal Academy was constituted on the 10th of December, 1768, under the patronage of George III. and the presidency of Reynolds, who, in return for the lustre which he lent to the society's birth, received a substantial reward in the shape of knighthood. The Academy itself was the offspring of an incurable dissension among the Society of Incorporated Artists, who were themselves but an offshoot from a larger body previously existing, and which in its turn had seceded from, or at least was but the development of, an older institution. Thus the spirits of discord and intrigue, which presided at the conception of the very idea of an Academy, nursed its wayward infancy, directed its stilted growth, and inaugurated its maturity. Their evil influence is to be seen in the rules which were originally framed for the government of the Academy, and have, with slight alteration, continued to govern it to the present day. By these the number of members was limited to forty, and that of associates eligible as members to twenty. Engravers were at first totally excluded, but subsequently admitted, to the number of six, to the rank of associates: all artists who chose to exhibit their

pictures at the Academy's annual exhibition were eligible as associates, but an absolute prohibition was placed upon their simultaneous exhibition of any other picture in any other society: the selection of works for exhibition was vested in the Council of the Academy, who assumed an absolute power of rejection, and the arrangement of the works received was in like manner intrusted solely to the Academicians themselves: the public were to be admitted to view the pictures upon payment of a shilling, which was demanded not as a right belonging to the Academy, but on the genuine aristocratic principle, and, as the phrase is, "to keep the place respectable."

Such were the regulations of an institution which was ostensibly designed for the noble purpose of raising the standard of British art; but which seems to have been directed chiefly to educating the artist in his profession, and to teaching the public duly to appreciate it; to fixing pictorial skill in an high social position, and to maintaining it there by the distribution of honours and the support of royalty. That these results have, in a great measure been attained, and that the Academy has so far answered the end of its foundation, cannot, we think, be denied; but this partial success is the slightest possible proof of its claim to be considered in the light of a public body, entitled to the support of Government, and to the money of the people. A society for the promotion of the arts is a very different thing from a society for the benefit of artists. There is no reason why the two objects should not be combined under favourable circumstances; but in such a combination the second must always give way to the first. Otherwise art will be starved and its professors enriched, the national taste will not be instructed or elevated, a general level of mediocrity will be preserved in which many will obtain a comfortable living and a few rise to social eminence, but above which, none will sustain a venturous flight upon the wings of genius—in short, an Academy will be produced with all its consequences, such as we find them now in the society called Royal. For, if the Academy is to be judged by its fruits, what judgment shall be pronounced? Before it arose there lived Hogarth, Wilson, Reynolds, Gainsborough, West, Bacon, Nollekens, Chambers, Stuart, Strange, Woollett, Earlam, and others. These flourished without external support, and by their own innate vigour; warmed not by the sunshine of a Court, but by the fire of their own genius. The rolls of the Academy may, perhaps, contain as many names of equal distinction; but how many quite as great as these, or greater, can be found who have since existed in independence of Academic distinction. If art, before the Academy, languished, for want of corporate honours and cumulative reputation; now, since these advantages have been obtained, art should appear to have grown with the Academic growth, and to have attained that full blown maturity to which the Academy has itself risen. But no one, we believe, can see these large dimensions in the straightened form of the modern muse.

It would not be safe to affirm that an Academy of some sort is not a useful, perhaps even a necessary instrument for promoting the study of true art. The experiment has not yet been tried. The Academy which has existed since 1768, whatever may have been the purpose of its Royal patron and founder, has not elevated the arts, but has simply produced a personal benefit to certain artists. It has not improved the public taste, but has merely ministered to the taste which it found. It has not placed the profession above the dictates of fashion and caprice, but rather, by bringing the professor into closer contact with the votaries of those tinsel deities, it has tended to produce in him a servile habit of imitation and an

artificial mode of expression. True, it has raised the artist in the social scale of his own country, but it has not begotten any heirs of the world's inheritance of fame.

Here then we pause to repeat the question—What right has the Royal Academy to a joint-possession of the National Gallery? That building was designed to receive such standard works of art as should be capable of serving as models for professional imitation, and as objects for general admiration. It was to enshrine a collection by which the national taste might gradually be educated to understand the language of genius in the painter's alphabet. It was to serve as the silent instructor of the youthful tyro, who, by constant familiarity with the highest models, might, even unconsciously to himself, be brought to avoid the meretricious examples of vicious schools. Such is the grand moral purpose of a national collection of pictures—such the noble design which seems to be, in part at least, abandoned, to favour a society which has failed to serve one useful public purpose. Instead of spacious galleries, where the public might receive instruction by viewing the works of the great masters, classed according to their age or style, we are condemned to the confusion of an auction room, in order that a rival establishment may exhibit its wares for money, and receive its shillings at the door. It is under these circumstances that we think our readers will be induced to ask the vulgar question—"What is the Royal Academy, and what does it in the National Gallery?"

[If our able contemporary were to turn his eyes to Hanover Square, he perhaps would find something to say about another Royal Academy, which might be equally pertinent and *apropos* we mean the Royal Academy of Music.—Ed.]

CATHERINE HAYES AT LIMERICK.

(From a Correspondent.)

MISS CATHERINE HAYES made her appearance on Monday (11th), as Amina, in *La Sonnambula*. Such a scene of excitement was never before witnessed in Limerick. For many days previous to the night of performance, tickets were selling at enormous prices, and were it not for the excellent arrangements of Messrs. Corbett and Son, speculators would have reaped a rich harvest, they having invariably refused to sell tickets, except to persons known to them.

It is now exactly four months since Miss Hayes made her first appearance in her native city. Since her return from the Continent, her many friends and admirers upon that occasion could not but feel gratified at the success of the *gentle cantatrice*, but that gratification was not without alloy, for Miss Hayes appeared to be laboring under physical debility, and many thought that the fatigue attendant upon over work was but the precursor of something worse. These too-anxious friends, however, were agreeably disappointed by her improved looks and energy on Monday night. Upon her appearance on the stage, Miss Hayes was received with bursts of enthusiasm. The house rose *en masse*, and for the space of ten or twelve minutes the fair singer had to keep almost prostrate before the audience, who still kept cheering, whilst the waving of hats must have proved highly beneficial to the vendors of such necessary articles. At last silence ensued, and the business of the opera proceeded.

I really think that Catherine Hayes could not have given her opening recitative so exquisitely had she not been anxious to embody her acknowledgments to her enthusiastic audience, by a more than usual display of excellence. Greater feeling could not have been infused into the following familiar passage:—

"Carì compagni, e voi
Teneri amici, che alla gioia mia
Tanta parte prendete, oh come
Dolci scendon d'Amina al core
I canti che v'ispirò il vostro amore!"

And never, I am sure, did audience respond more willingly in their hearts:—

"Vivi felice! à questo
Il common voto, o Amina."

Any detailed criticism upon Miss Hayes' singing and acting would be superfluous, but we may be allowed to particularise certain points, which commanded especial attention.

All the scene where she is discovered in the Count's chamber bore the impress of more than common talent—it was equally truthful and affecting. The points were delicately contrasted, and the transition from joy at sight of Elvino, to astonishment at his coldness, was effectively managed. The words—

"O mio dolor!
D'un pensiero, d'un scontento
Rea son, né il fui giammai,"

were delivered in accents that penetrated into every heart. Miss Hayes was repeatedly called forward at the conclusion of this act, and received the compliment of a shower of bouquets. Throughout the rest of the opera the incessant recalls and plaudits attested the delight of the audience. The final rondo, "Ah! non giunge," was twice encored, and upon each repetition Miss Hayes varied the air, introducing new cadenzas and ornaments, concluding the last time with a shake which, commencing *sotto voce*, she sustained for a long time, increasing gradually in loudness, until she finally ended with the full power of her voice. She was repeatedly called upon the stage, which in a short time presented the picture of a flower-garden, so profusely were bouquets showered upon the gifted and amiable songstress.

The chorus and band were efficient. Mr. Travers, the tenor (Elvino), laboured under so severe a cold that an apology was made for him. Polonini, in Rudolpho, proved himself a most excellent singer and actor to boot.

After the opera Miss Poole delighted everybody by her *noisette* and piquant acting in the *Daughter of the Regiment*. Miss Poole's voice is peculiarly sweet and rich, and her roll upon the drum would do credit to the most efficient drum-major in the service. Signor Menghis, as Sulpicio, was satisfactory.

Tuesday night's performance brought Miss Hayes out in a very different kind of opera—*Norma*—one of the strongholds of the admirable Grisi. To the surprise of the majority of the audience, who considered Miss Hayes, from her natural feelings and education, to be exclusively fitted for such characters as Amina, she proved herself scarcely less efficient in the deeply inspired priestess; and while she infused womanly tenderness into the character, she retained sufficient dignity not to lose sight of the proud and slighted druidess. Miss Hayes' *Norma* created a sensation even in Dublin, where the impressive acting of Grisi must be fresh in their recollection—no small tribute to our young and talented country-woman.

Signor Menghis took the part of Pollione at a few hours' warning. Mr. Travers' absence was again inevitable. It is about two years since this gentleman made his appearance in Limerick, when he was considered a fair tenor; it was therefore very unfortunate that he should be attacked with so severe a cold as to prevent his doing himself justice on the present occasion. Signor Menghis' voice is serviceable, since it serves either for tenor or baritone, being both or neither, or

half of each. He can easily sing A in his natural voice. Miss Poole, as Adalgisa, contrived to make herself a general favourite. Signor Polonini was very efficient in *Orovoso*. Altogether, the company was decidedly good, and the arrangements reflect credit upon the management.

Miss Hayes' numerous admirers in Limerick are determined upon presenting her with a testimony of respect for her virtues, and appreciation of her talents, in the shape of a service of plate. Already subscriptions to a large amount have been received. She left for Cork on Wednesday. T. D. S.

Limerick, March 15.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

DOUGLAS JERROLD's excellent comedy, *Time Works Wonders*, was revived on Wednesday night. It was originally produced at the Haymarket in 1846, and was then very strongly cast, including the names of W. Farren, Stuart, Charles Mathews, Strickland, Buckstone, Tilbury, Mrs. Glover, Miss Porteus, Madame Vestris, Mrs. W. Clifford, and Mrs. Humby. Of these the present cast retains only Buckstone and Tilbury. Keeley plays Farren's original character; Webster, that of Charles Mathews; Miss P. Horton, that of Mrs. Glover (!); Mrs. Keeley, that of Madame Vestris; and Tilbury, that of poor Strickland. The last is the worst substitution in the piece, and Mr. Webster's all to nothing the best.

The comedy was well played on the whole, and was received with roars of laughter. The scene where Felix (Mr. Webster), in presence of his father, who does not know him simulates the toothache to escape detection, was exceedingly amusing. Buckstone's Bantam is inimitable; but it is not an important part.

A new Grand Burlesque, by Brough Brothers, will be produced at Easter, with great magnificence.

ADELPHI.

A DRAMA, in two acts, by Mr. Douglas Jerrold, which was brought out at the Haymarket, some ten or twelve years ago, under the title of the *Mother*, was revived on Monday night at the Adelphi as the *Mother's Dream*. The leading purpose of the drama is to show the feelings of a young wife, who has given birth to a child during a period of temporary insanity, and has lost it before she has recovered her senses. She is made to believe that a gipsy child, who has attracted her notice, is the result of an illicit amour of her husband with a frail sister of the tribe, and a jealousy of a most peculiar nature is awakened. Under the influence of this passion she has a fit of somnambulism, and wanders into the gipsy tent, where she learns, from the lips of the dying chief, that the child is her own, and has been stolen by a gipsy, who has harboured a grudge against her husband's family. The bereaved mother is a character to bring out the pantomimic talent of Madame Celeste, who originally played it at the Haymarket, and who employs all her power of gesticulation to give it effect. A cunning villain of the tribe, commissioned to inspire the lady with jealousy, is played with finished astuteness by Mr. Wright, who stands in contrast with the ruder villain of the tribe, personated by Mr. O. Smith. The chieftain, a well-conceived character, who retains a poetical superstition amid his more prosaic brethren, is acted by Mr. Hughes, with a great deal of picturesque feeling, though without enough indication of old age.

Taken as a whole, the piece is well written, a pretty

anecdote being set forth with a pleasing background of gipsy life, but it is of a kind rather too simple to furnish the chief entertainment of an Adelphi audience.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Nancy, March 18.

Our Opera Comique very much improves on acquaintance. The troupe has been strengthened by two important additions, in the persons of Mons. Huré, possessing a bass voice of considerable compass, and Mons. Vincent, one of the best French tenors I have ever heard. In addition to this, they are both good actors. Illevy's *Val d'Andorre*, first introduced them to my notice, and stamped them as valuable acquisitions to our most fastidious director. Mons. Huré, who played the part of Jacques Sincère, sang the music with artistic precision; his low notes, which are round and mellow, were peculiarly effective. Mons. Vincent, as Lejoyeux, was excellent. I have seen the original, (having sent you an account of the first representation of this opera in Paris), and also the admirable Chollet in London, and with the recollection of these, Mons. Vincent, whose voice has the freshness of youth, and whose bearing throughout is in every sense of the word *joyeux*, gave me the highest satisfaction. He was much and deservedly applauded. Georgette, the coquette, was charmingly impersonated by Madame Huré. She would, however, have made a delicious Rose de Mai, in which part her dramatic as well as vocal powers would have been called into action. Her singing manifested all that ease which was so remarkable in the *Ambasadrice*, and her execution of some of the difficult passages in the first *cavatina* was brilliant and finished. Madame Huré made her first appearance on the stage at this theatre, in *La Dame Blanche*; and, although *fêted* by all the aristocrats of the town, and having more teaching and *soirées* than she can well attend to, has declared her intention to resign at the end of the year, to the regret of all the frequenters of the theatre. *L'Ami en Peine*, an opera by Flotow, was played last night; and again Madame Huré, M. Vincent, and M. Huré shared the plaudits of a well-filled house. Tomorrow we have *Le Juif Errant*, with all its stage "effects," as the English playbills say. I cannot close this without repeating that the orchestra, conducted by M. Moulin, is in every respect admirable. T. E. B.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT BATH.

(From a Correspondent.)

M. JACQUES, a resident pianist in this city, of ability, deserves praise for his spirit and enterprise in giving a series of concerts that, diverging from the run of provincial attempts in matters of this kind, tend to elevate the taste and excite a relish for really genuine music. If left to ourselves, we would renounce every species of modern fantasia for one such a treat as that presented to us on Thursday week. Haydn's famous quartet, op. 78, in B flat, and the beautiful trio of Mozart's in E flat, were played in excellent style by De Kontski (1st violin), Jacques (2nd violin), Mellon (enor), and Hausmann (violinello). It would be ungenerous to particularise the merits of one where all had an equal share in the difficulties, but we cannot refrain from expressing our satisfaction at seeing a player like De Kontski throwing aside extravagance, and leading his co-players to that school which alone makes, not alone proves the artist, and distinguishes him from the mere cherubino.

M. Jacques played the *adagio* and *rondo solo* movement of Haydn's Sonata, Op. 70, and fully sustained the opinion entertained of him as a pianist of no ordinary calibre. In the G minor piano quartet of Mozart he was equally successful. Mr. and Mrs. Millar

added to the other attractive features of the concert by their vocal talents, and Hausman and De Kontski gave solos on their respective instruments. To M. Jacques we desire to pay our tribute of respect for an attempt to raise the musical taste of our fair city, and we trust that, having experienced a hearty response to his praiseworthy efforts, he will be stimulated to repeat them.—F. N. E.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE OLD CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—I have perused with great attention Dr. Gauntlett's letter of the 20th of February, published in your No. of the 23rd ult., wherein he endeavours to maintain that the greatest masters of the musical art stood indebted to the Gregorian Chants for the subject-matter of their finest works; and I regret to say I cannot for a moment admit either the clearness or the correctness of the view he has taken of the subject. That the Gregorian Chants are exceedingly simple in construction, seldom if ever extend beyond a fifth in compass, and proceed in the march of their melodies by diatonic intervals of the simplest kind, are facts that no one will deny; and that the subjects of many of the choral and instrumental fugues of Handel, Mendelssohn, &c., are in like manner comprised within a range of about a fifth, and move also by simple diatonic intervals, is equally beyond doubt; but to assert that this similarity proves an *intentional* adherence to, or even a recognition of the Gregorian Chants, on the part of the wonderful men above named, is preposterous. There are many grounds on which a musician would make frequent use of a simple subject for a fugal composition. In the first place, there is the natural charm arising from its very simplicity; in the second place, a subject of such a nature would offer endless facilities for ingenious and varied treatment; and, lastly, a *canto fermo* would the most readily admit of the introduction of a fluid counter-subject when adopted as the ground-work of a composition of great extent and elaboration, (Witness the "Wretched Lover" and the "Horse and his Rider," choruses of Handel). It is on these grounds, and on these solely, that I believe Handel, Mendelssohn, &c., to have selected very simple subjects for the earlier portion of some of their most gigantic inspirations.

And that there should exist some similarity between a series of simple intervals selected for the above purpose, and some Gregorian Chant, is the natural consequence of simplicity being observed in both cases. It is an *unavoidable* circumstance, that all simple subjects, comprised within an interval of a fifth, and moving by simple diatonic intervals, must bear some sort of likeness to the simple church chants, just as the two side lines of a triangle must approach nearer to each other in proportion as they draw towards the point. But before the simple and massive subjects of Handel can correctly be said to be extracted from the Gregorian Chants, simplicity herself must be dethroned, and her place usurped by the older chants. At present, the two classes of musical themes are nearly hand in hand, only because of their both being all but at the point of simplicity. It is simplicity that is the "foundation of all melody, form, and structure," not Gregorianism.

The Doctor has cited no one instance where a simple subject of Handel, Mendelssohn, &c., is *identically* the same as a Gregorian Chant. All that he has hitherto said amounts to this; that they are like the Gregorian Chants, only different. Indeed, in his second letter, to force a similarity between one of Mendelssohn's simplest subjects ("He, watching over Israel"), and the fifth Gregorian Chant, he finds it necessary *simply* (!) to cut the subject in half, and turn the latter portion topsy-turvy before the likeness can exist. Now, with all deference to the Doctor, I cannot forbear observing that the system of torturing a subject, so that it may serve a particular end, might suit the views of the *Christian Remembrancer* or the *Ecclesiologist* very well, but will, I think, fail to deceive the intelligent readers of the *Musical World*.

To meet the Doctor, however, on his own ground. In the very chorus of Mendelssohn's *Te Deum*, for instance, "He, watching over Israel," occurs a second subject, to the words, "Shouldst thou walking in grief," and which is to be found on page 193, first score,

last bar but one, of Ewer's vocal score. Now this second subject is not simply "like," but is absolutely the same as the opening one of the first movement of Dr. Boyce's anthem "By the waters of Babylon." Hummel has also made use of the same subject for the "Cum Sancto Spiritu" (in C minor) of his second mass. Again, Mendelssohn has employed as the opening of the second subject of the slow movement of the divine A minor symphony, a series of chords that are identical with the "ritornels" in Purcell's chorus, "Glory and worship" in his anthem, "O sing unto the Lord." And I could send you volumes of such parallel passages in the music of different authors. But what would they go to prove, dear Mr. Editor? that men whom the whole musical world have proclaimed to be men of genius, could not even invent their own subjects? Impossible. They would be merely so many coincidences. A composer has written what seemed best suited to his purpose; and it chanced to resemble something else—this is the whole fact of the matter. If accidental resemblances are to be quoted as wilful borrowings, then it must be said, that Mendelssohn mutilated a Gregorian chant and stuck the pieces together the wrong way, to get a first subject for his lovely chorus "He, watching over Israel;" and took the second *in toto* from Boyce's anthem; a position to which very few of your readers will accede.

I will simply add, that however ingenious as a theory, the position to which this letter is a reply, cannot be received as a *fact* into our musical history. I have entered somewhat at length into this subject, because I am sure it is one that deeply interests a large body of your readers. Under these circumstances you will, I am sure, excuse the space this letter will occupy.—I remain, my dear sir, your constant reader and subscriber,

AN ORGANIST.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I trust I may be excused addressing you a few lines on the subject of the operas to be produced at the Royal Italian Opera this season. I am convinced that the announcement of such works as *Fidelio* and *Mosè in Egitto* will be received by the musical public with unmitigated satisfaction; but, sir, may I be allowed to ask why such works as the *Guido e Ginevra* and *La Juvie de Hély* (which, whatever may be their respective merits, are not adapted to the Italian stage), should be brought forward; whilst those glorious operas of the immortal Mozart, *Il Flauto Magico*, *La Clemenza di Tito*, *Così fan Tutti*, are left in the background? The taste of the age seems to be in favour of works adapted from the French stage; and so long as the result of that taste is to bring forward such works as the *Huguenots* or the *Prophète*, I see no cause of complaint; but surely, sir, with so many operas of Mozart (and Rossini), some of which have never been performed in this country, and would, therefore, have the effect of new works, we need not be always looking to Hély, or even Meyerbeer, for new operas. I remain, sir, your obedient servant.

A. CONSTANT READER.

CONCERT AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

COURT CIRCULAR.

HER MAJESTY gave a concert on Thursday evening. The performance took place in the saloon, and the following was the programme:—

Overture (Mefusine)	Mendelssohn.
Lied, "Die Schildwache," Herr Forster	Holz.
Andante, pianoforte, clarinet, oboe, bassoon, and horn,	
Mrs. Anderson, Messrs. Williams, Maloch, G.	Beethoven.
Wetzig, and F. Hardy	
Aria, "Weir ein Liebeschen hat gefunden," Herr Forster	Mozart.
(Die Entführung aus dem Serail)	
Solo, Violin, M. Baillon, "Le Carnaval de Venise."	
Lied, "Der Krieger und sein Ross," Herr Forster	Holz.
Wedding March, (Midsummer Night's Dream)	Mendelssohn.
Lied, "Die Wanderlust," Herr Forster	Esser.
Finale	Hagen.

At the pianoforte, Mrs. Anderson.

Her Majesty's private band was in attendance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MACREADY.—Maclichae has painted a noble picture of Macready in the character of "Werner."—*Literary Gazette.*

MADAME VERDVAINE gave "A Grand Soirée Musicale" at the Beethoven Rooms, on Friday evening. The audience was remarkable for its selectness as well as for its numerical considerations. The programme contained the names of a multitude of composers and artists. Madame Verdvaïne is a pianist of considerable power, and performed compositions by Beethoven, Chopin, and Thalberg with great facility of execution. Madame Verdvaïne's style is remarkable for its originality, though possibly this originality may not exactly be commended in every respect. The fair artist was fortunate in the assistance of two of the greatest instrumentalists now living—Ernst and Piatu. The concert commenced with Beethoven's Grand Trio in B flat, by Mad. Verdvaïne, Ernst, and Piatu. The Misses Williams sang with their usual talent, the "Io l'udia" of Donizetti—and also a very effective new duet by Holmes, called "Come away." We may venture to anticipate a successful career for this last production of Mr. Holmes, pen. It is pretty, sparkling, and perfectly natural. Miss E. Birch gave a graceful interpretation of Harper's ballad "Truth in absence." Mr. Sims Reeves sang the "Adelaide" of Beethoven in his best style, and was admirably accompanied by Mr. Brinley Richards on the piano-forte. Mr. H. Drayton introduced the well known air, "Piff, paff," from *Les Huguenots*. This gentleman possesses a voice of great depth and power. He also, with Miss Van Millenger, gave the duet "Senza tanti complimenti," by Donizetti. Ernst excited the wonder and admiration of every one by his exquisite performance of the "Elegie," and a romance by Heller. His solos were very greatly and most justly applauded. Piatu gave the variations "Use Priere," written by himself, with that command of instrument and consummate expression which have placed him in the position of the best violinist of the age. Mr. Camus played a concerto on the flute, and a duet with Madame Verdvaïne. Mr. Sims Reeves introduced a graceful ballad, "Tis bliss indeed to watch thy smile," which he sang with great expression. Mr. Brinley Richards concluded with his usual efficiency.

LITERARY KNIGHTS.—With a view to collimate literature, and as a testimony to the growing importance, ministers, it is said, have decided on offering the honours (?) of knighthood, to Charles Dickens and Douglas Jerrold. Fancy Sir Charles Dickens and Sir Douglas Jerrold; how oddly it will sound. Whether, like Mr. Faraday, the great chemist, they will reject the offer, or like Sir Henry Ellis and Sir Roderick Murchison, will accept it, I have not heard. I suppose if there be any willingness on the part of our two humourists to accede to the stroke of the sword, it will be due to solicitations in certain fair quarters to which it is not necessary further to allude.—*Correspondent of the Bradford Observer.*

[What can this mean? Ed. M. W.]

ASTLEY'S.—Her Majesty has presented Mr. Betty, the proprietor of this theatre, with a pair of pure Arabian ponies, recently imported, whose first appearance in the arena is to take place as soon as their objections to the substitution of "sawdust" for "sand" have been removed, and their efforts to square the circle overcome.

TOM MOORE'S WIFE.—The Queen has bestowed a pension of £100 a year on Mrs. Bessy Moore, wife of the celebrated poet, Thomas Moore. The pension, as the warrant sets forth, is granted "in consideration of the literary merits of her husband and his infirm state of health."—*Athenaeum.*

ALBONI has been singing at Mercilles and performing the same *sirois* she did at Lyons. The local papers speak in the most rapturous terms of her performances.

CORBARI is, we understand, going with her sister to Moscow to sing in a series of concerts.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The box occupied by her Majesty is the one formerly occupied by the late Queen Dowager—that is to say, one degree further from the stage than her box during previous seasons.—*Opera Box.*

OPERA COSTUME.—The proper dress for gentlemen who visit the Opera consists of a dress coat, plain black or white neckcloth, and black or white trousers; waistcoats are left to the fancy of the wearer. It may be added that, although white trousers are admitted, black are preferred.—*Ibid.*

A MANAGER IN DIFFICULTIES.—It is known that the celebrated violinist, M. Ole Bull, recently built, at his own cost, a theatre in his native town of Bergen, in Norway. Scarcely had the house been furnished when, so great was the love of art displayed by the townspeople, all the boxes and places were let. No arrangement was, however, made for the police, who it appears have a right to three of the first-class places in all theatres in Norway; they claimed their right, and M. Bull was unable to induce any of his subscribers to forego their seats; he, however, explained to the authorities his inability to grant the customary indulgence in the present season, but offered them three seats in the pit. They replied to this offer by a notification that on the next representation they should present themselves, accompanied by an armed force, and that if three first-class places were not vacant they should eject three of the visitors. M. Bull, irritated at this announcement, had three seats placed in the orchestra, above which he had a black board placed, on which was written in enormous white characters, "Places de M.M. de la police," and fixed at each end of the board a large lantern similar to that carried by the night patrol. The director of the police construed this proceeding into a grave offence against the authority of which he was the head, and acting on the law of 1867, M. Bull was arrested, and condemned to three months' imprisonment. Against this decree there is no appeal except to the king. It is not known whether M. Bull will avail himself of the resource.—*Observer.*

LONDON TALK.—A concert was given at this place, on Tuesday evening, in behalf of the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum. The attendance was very select, but not the less numerous for that. The vocalists were Misses Messent, Bassano, Lavenia, Purcell, and R. Isaacs; Mr. Whitworth; Signors Marchesi and Burdini; Messrs. Bodda and Sims Reeves. The instrumentalists were Messrs. Benedict, Osborne, Brinley Richards, M. de Kinski, Chatterton, and Richardson. Miss Messent sang, with success, a new ballad by Osborne, "Oh! Sing to me." Mdlle. Lavenia (who debuted on this occasion) possesses a voice of great compass and power, and considering the circumstances of a first appearance, sang with much success—well deserving the encore with which she was honoured. She is a pupil of Signor Garcia. Signor Marchesi (also a pupil of that master) gave a creditable version of "A tantumot." The appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves was attended with the usual demonstrations of applause, and he sang, with his wonted energy and power, "The Death of Nelson," for which, on a demand for repetition, he substituted another well known ballad, Mr. Osborne played, with great effect, his *Nocturne*, "L'esperance," and his *Marche caracteristique*, and was admirably assisted by the accomplished Benedict, in the grand duet from *Les Huguenots*. Mr. Brinley Richards performed his brilliant variations on "Rule Britannia," and was honoured with very great applause. The violin solo by M. de Kinski, was a highly successful exhibition of skill. The fantasia consisted of a selection from the *Lucia*, involving passages of no ordinary difficulty for both piano and violin. The piano accompaniment was admirably sustained by Mr. B. S. Richards. In the second act, M. de Kinski gave his adaptation of Meyerbeer's "Air de Grace," upon a violin with one string—the effect was remarkable. Mr. Richardson performed his well known variations on the "Sims Buy" in his usually brilliant style; and Mr. Fred. Chatterton agreeably varied the programme by his "Recollections of Normandy" upon the harp. The programme contained many other compositions, and with the exception of the usual fault—too great length—the concert was very successful.

A REAL DANCING MASTER.—Marcel was a dancing master, and the first posture master of his day. He used to say that none but the English possessed dignity enough for dancing well. He was so wrought up in the sublimity of his art that he would not pardon the least irrelevancy of posture. In his latter days he was in very reduced circumstances, and severely afflicted with the gout. A young lady, one of his pupils, got her father to obtain him a pension from the king, and she was deputed to present it to him. She ran up to his chair, her eyes sparkling with joy, and put it into his hand. He immediately threw it from him, and said, "Go and take it up, miss, and give it to me as I taught you." She burst into tears, and cried, "I consent to take it now, and thank you; but your elbow was not quite rounded enough."

MR. FOREST, THE AMERICAN ACTOR.—In the Pennsylvania Legislature, a memorial was presented from Edwin Forrest, tragedian, asking the legislature to annul his marriage contract. A bill was also read in place to effect the object, which was referred to the Judiciary Committee.—*New York Tribune.*

BLACKBOX.—The Distin Family, assisted by Miss Connor, a vocalist, and Mr. John Wily, pianist, gave a concert at the theatre on Tuesday evening, under the immediate patronage of Robert Hopwood, jun., Esq., to one of the most crowded audiences the house has ever contained. The fine performances of the Distin on their splendidly-toned instruments drew forth repeated plaudits from the listeners, and Miss Connor's singing won for her unqualified approbation.

MUSIC AT GLASGOW.—We have had a number of musical entertainments lately—probably the genius spring gives a tone to those things—lut, as a concert in the genuine acceptance of the term, we have had none comparable to that of the Philharmonic Society on Friday night. Unlike most amateur associations, the Philharmonic only attempted what they felt they could do, and the consequence was, that everything was done well. Gentlemen amateurs are not supposed to be the best performers, though the hypothesis is often found to be very incorrect, and in no instance, that we remember, more so than on Friday night. It is true they were assisted by "professionals;" but we should never dream of "hitting a doubt" that, had they been alone, they could have rendered the overtures, "La Gioia Lutra," "La Dame Blanche," and "Masetto," with an effect such as to surprise those who do not calculate where true musical feeling and judgment rests. But the test of the band's training was Beethoven's pastoral symphony. But for the impossibility of describing music, we would endeavour to convey some idea of two solos performed by Mr. Julian Adams, one on the concertina, and one on the pianoforte. If our attention could be turned to its study, Mr. Adams' performance would be enough to tempt us. Of the fantasia, founded upon a waltz of Mozart's, it would be difficult to speak in exaggerated terms. From its construction, we should be inclined to think it an extemporaneous performance, but its parts were so closely connected as almost to do away with the idea. The vocalism of Mr. Henry Phillips was characterised by his noted superiority, and the airs given by Miss Kenneth were remarkable for their truth and elegance of delivery. Under whatsoever leadership the Philharmonic Society has been brought to its present efficiency, we do not inquire. From his directing the concert, we presume it has been the task of Mr. Julian Adams, and if so, the service rendered to the musical public are of no small order.—*Daily Mail.*

LYNN, NORFOLK, March 20.—(From a Correspondent.)—A party of musical amateurs have been giving a series of Classical Chamber Concerts here to make known some of the standard works of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, &c., which have been tolerably successful, the instrumental portion, if not elegantly, correctly given, and the vocal purely and attractively rendered by Mrs. H. Wallace. It took place on Saturday. There were several encores amongst them. Kücken's "Trab, trab," and Moliere's "If 'twer the boundless sky," a proof of the growing taste for good music. The pre-eding concert had some very singular compositions introduced under the head Classical Music, but they have disappeared from the forthcoming programme.—

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS BIRCH AND MISS ELIZA BIRCH

BEG to announce to their Friends and the Public that they have REMOVED to No. 38, BEECHFORD STREET, Park Lane, where they will be happy to receive Pupils as usual.
81, St. Martin's Lane.

ROMAN VIOLIN & VIOLONCELLO STRINGS.

J. HART, 14, Prince's Street, Leicester Square, London, begs to inform the Amateurs and Professors of the above Instruments, that he has just received an importation of Russian Violin and Violoncello Strings, of the finest quality; where also may be had Stewart's celebrated Registered Violin and Tenor Holder. Likewise may be seen the latest collection of Cremona Violins and Violoncellos in England. Instruments Bought or Exchanged and Repaired in the best manner.

J. HART, 14, Prince's Street, Leicester Square, London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

COMBINING THE TALENTS OF

MADAME SONTAG;

SIGNORI LABLACHE, BELLETTI, LORENZO,

CALZOLARI, SIMS REEVES;

MADLIE. PARODI,

AND

MADLIE. CARLOTTA GRISI, MADLIE. MARIE TAGLIONI,

AND MADLIE. AMALIA FERRARIS.

It is respectfully announced that a

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT

will take place on THURSDAY, APRIL 4th, 1850, when will be presented
DONIZETTI'S Opera,

DON PASQUALE.

Norina	-	-	Madame SONTAG,
Ernesto	-	-	Signor CALZOLARI,
Dr. Malatesta	-	-	Signor BELLETTI,

AND

Don Pasquale - Signor LABLACHE.

After which,

A DIVERTISSEMENT.

in which MADLIE. AMALIA FERRARIS will appear.

To be followed by a Selection from a FAVOURITE OPERA, combining the talents of MADLIE. PARODI, Signor LORENZO, and SIMS REEVES.

To conclude with the admired new Grand Ballet by M. P. TAGLIONI.

LES METAMORPHOSES.

In which Mlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, Mlle. MARIE TAGLIONI, MISS LIES, JULIENNE, LAMOREUX, AUGUSTO, M. CHARLES, and M. P. TAGLIONI, will appear.

The Subscribers are respectfully informed, that in case they should be desirous to attend this Extra Performance, they will have the option of taking it in lieu of a Subscription Night.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-Office of the Theatre, where Pit Tickets may be obtained as usual, price 10s. 6d. each.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL,

89, LONG ACRE.

MR. ALEXANDER BILLET,

(FROM ST. PETERSBURG.)

BEGS to announce the Last of a Series of Three EVENING CONCERTS of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, at the above Hall, on FRIDAY, April 5th; in the course of which will be performed Specimens of all the great Pianoforte Composers, including—

Bach, Scarlatti, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Dussek, Seibelt, Pina, Clementi, Woelfl, Moschies, Weber, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Cramer, Hummel, Chopin, Stephen Heller, Sterndale Bennett, &c., &c.

Tickets for a Single Concert, 2s.; Central Seats, 1s.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Subscription to Reserved Seats for the Series, 10s. 6d.; to be had at St. Martin's Hall; of Wessel and Co., 129, Regent Street; Purday, Holborn; Fenning, Strand; and F. and Co., Newgate Street; also at Mr. Billet's Residence, 13, North Bank, Regent's Park.

On this occasion Mr. Billet will have the honour to introduce

- | | |
|--|--------------|
| 1. Grand Sonata in B minor, Op. 40 (dedicated to Cherubini). | Clementi. |
| 2. Eury, on the Death of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, in F sharp minor (by desire) | Dussek. |
| 3. Prelude and Fugue in B minor | Bach. |
| 4. Study in G | Cramer. |
| 5. Study in E | Hummel. |
| 6. Prelude and Fugue in B minor | Mendelssohn. |
| 7. Sonata in F major | Mozart. |
| 8. Sonata Duo, Pianoforte and Violoncello, in D major, with Signor PIATTI | Mendelssohn. |
| 9. Sonata, Violin and Pianoforte, with M. SAINTON | Haydn. |

M. BILLET has the pleasure to announce that the eminent Violinist M. SAINTON, and the celebrated Violoncelloist, Signor PIATTI, have kindly accorded their eminent services for the Third Concert.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR

Mr. COSTA.

NEXT WEDNESDAY, March 27th, Handel's "MESSIAH," Vocalists:—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss F. Horton, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes; with Orchestra of 700 Performers.

Tickets, 3s.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Central Area, Numbered, 10s. 6d.; at 6, Exeter Hall; or of Mr. BOWLEY, 53, Charing Cross; where also will be received Subscriptions for the year commencing 1st March.

Mendelssohn's "ELIJAH" will be produced on FRIDAY, 5th April, tickets for which are now ready.

EXETER HALL.

WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

ON WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3rd, (EASTER WEEK,) will be held the Sixth Concert of the Spring Series; when Mr. Sims Reeves and other eminent artists will appear.

Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; Reserved Seats (numbered), 4s.; Stalls (in North and South Galleries), 7s. May be had of Mr. JOSEPH STAMMES, at the Office of the Concerts, No. 4, in Exeter Hall, and of all Musicians.

DISTINS' CONCERTS.

MR. DISTIN and SONS will perform on the SAX HORNS as follows:—

Rochdale, April 1st: Free-Trade Hall, Manchester, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th; Bradford, 6th. Vocalist, Miss M. O'Connor; Pianist, Mr. J. Willey. DISTIN'S AMATEUR CORNET CLASSES, for the Practice of Quartets, &c., assemble nightly, at HENRY DISTIN'S SAX HORN DEPOT, 31, Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square, London.

This day is Published, Price 2s. each Number,

SIX SACRED DUETTS,

FOR SOPRANO VOICES; (Composed expressly for the Misses WILLIAMS), the Text from the Holy Scriptures; the Music by WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.

- No. 1. "Remember now thy Creator."
No. 2. *Recit.* "Let thy mind be upon the Ordinances of the Lord."—*Air.* "Do no evil."
No. 3. "And who is he that will harm you?"

COVENTRY, Pianoforte Manufactory, 71, Dean Street, Solo.

HANDEL'S SIX NEW SACRED SONGS.

NOW PUBLISHED, for the FIRST TIME IN ENGLAND,

- "Bow down thine ear, O Lord,"
- "Be merciful unto me, O God."
- "Unto Thee, O Lord."
- "In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust."
- "Bless the Lord, O my soul."
- "The eye of the Lord."

Complete, 5s.; sent postage free.—R. ANDREWS, 4, Palatine Buildings, Manchester.

NEW SONGS.

LET US BE JOYOUS; "PEACE TO THEE;" "BENEATH THY CAREMINE;" "GAY LARK;" "ADELIE, YE WOODS;" "NO FIRM BUT THINE."

These six highly successful songs, price 2s. each, composed by HENRY LAMM and JOHN ANIMORE, and sung in W. L. LEBRON'S "Literary and Musical Evening," are just published by

AUDISON, AND CO., 210, Regent Street.

"They are all distinguished by a melodious flow, which must render them general favourites."—*Musical World.*

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Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that his Work on

THE ART OF SINGING,

Adapted with alterations and additions for the BASS VOICE, may be had at his Residence,

71, UPPER NORTON STREET;

And at all the principal Musicians.

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{STAMPED FOURPENCE.

GARDONI.

An article quoted from the *Moniteur du Soir*, containing a report of Signor Gardoni's death, having been inserted in the *Times* of Saturday last, the following contradiction was forwarded to the office, and published in the paper of Monday:—

To the Editor of the *Times*.

Sir,—I beg leave to state that there is no truth in the article from the *Moniteur du Soir*, reporting the death of Signor Gardoni, and copied into the *Times* of Saturday. I have before me a long letter from St. Petersburg, written by Signor Gardoni on the 11th, and posted on the 12th of March—therefore posterior to the date of his alleged decease. In this letter I find the following passage, which shows that there have not even existed plausible grounds for this malicious rumour:—"As regards my health, I have only one thing to observe, that except one night in October, on my first arrival here, I have always been able to respond to all the demands of the management, which have not been few, having successfully sung in *Puritani*, *Reintrier*, *Norma*, *Elisir*, *Coste Ory*, *Linda*, *Giovanna d'Arco*, *Roberto il Diavolo*, *Uzuzi e Curiazzi*, &c."—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,
G. PUZZI.

5a, Cork-street, March 24.

This is the second attempt that has been made by the foreign press to kill poor Gardoni. What offence he has committed that should expose him to such attacks we are unable to say. We are, nevertheless, much gratified at being able to record their impotency.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE event since our last has been the *debut* of Madlle. Ferraris, the new Italian dancer. Madlle. Ferraris is of the school of Turin, but has lately studied at Milan under the auspices of the well known Blasis. Her success on Saturday evening, when she danced a grand pas with M. Charles, between two of the acts of *Ernani*, was complete. As circumstances prevented our attendance on that occasion, we must be satisfied to quote the notices of two of the most accomplished Terpsichorean critics of the morning press, whose opinions are highly favourable to the pretensions of Madlle. Amalia Ferraris:—

"The *début* of Mademoiselle Amalia Ferraris, on Saturday," says the *Times*, "is the first instance which we remember, since the commencement of Crito's career, of a young dancer coming to this country, unheralded by fame, and making a decided impression on the operatic audience by her own merits alone. On Saturday morning we do not believe one-twentieth portion of those who applauded to the echo on Saturday night had ever heard of her existence, except through the official announcements of the theatre.

"Her merits were tested in one of those conventional *pas* of the grand style, which do not elicit pantomimic talent, but show the mastery which the artist has acquired in the abstract character of *dansuse*. A higher degree of perfection in all the mechanical part of the art has probably never been witnessed. Her *poses* in the slow movement were models of firmness and elegance, the disposition of the upper part of the figure being always marked by

ease and grace. Not less striking was the facility with which she passed from one *pose* to another. The transition was completely safe and completely effortless. The quick movement, in which a series of *entrechats en arrière* was very remarkable, could not be surpassed for brilliancy and high finish. Her graceful figure and handsome expressive countenance assisted in the effect which she made on the public, and there was a storm of enthusiasm when she had ended her *pas*.

"The excitement produced by the *début* of this young Italian *dansuse*, and the great success of the beautiful ballet, *Les Métamorphoses*, in which the magic of Carlotta Grisi, now the first *dansuse* of Europe, is so pre-eminently displayed, are likely to create a reaction in favour of the Terpsichorean department. The present ballet, supported by Carlotta, will no doubt continue attractive for some weeks, and if the impression continues in favour of this class of entertainment, it should be immediately followed up by some other work of the kind equally striking."

We quite coincide with our contemporary when he says that CARLOTTA GRISI is "now the first *dansuse* of Europe," and we have little doubt that we shall be able to agree with what he has adduced in favour of the young *débütante*, whose success will give another impetus to the revival of the old ballet *furor*.

"Few successes in choreography," says the *Morning Herald*, "have been more distinguished than that of Madlle. Amalia Ferraris, a young Neapolitan dancer, who made her debut in an occasional *Pas de deux*, with M. Charles, on Saturday night. This clever artist is, we understand, a person of reputation in her own country, and this is honestly accounted for, for her executive qualifications in the volatile art to which she has turned her feet, are of the highest order. Her age we would not presume to determine, but she is evidently youthful; while her personal beauty is unquestionable. What her talents as a pantomimist may be we have yet to ascertain; but the style and character of her dancing seem to prognosticate that she has other recommendations besides those of the gymnast.

"Those who a year or two back decried enthusiastically upon the professors of Terpsichore, and divided them learnedly into schools, will have a pleasant task to preach from in the person of Madlle. Amalia Ferraris. We apprehend they will charge her with being an 'idealist,' that is if we read their rules aright. She is the nearest approach to Carlotta Grisi of any *dansuse* within the catalogue of our acquaintance, possessing several of the most attractive features of that exquisite artist,—such as delicate flexibility and lightness, consummate firmness in striking a sharp and spreading *pose*, closeness and brilliancy of execution, and a charming freedom from anything in the shape or impulse of vulgarity. She is, in a word, essentially graceful, as well as a perfect mistress of the acts of address which establish physical pre-eminence. Her reception was rather cold, but this only served to make her ultimate triumph the more remarkable. When in the course of the first 'variation' she glanced obliquely across the stage and dropped at intervals on the point of her toes—which she did with admirable sureness and sculpturesque precision—the applause waxed warm; but when she executed a series of retreating steps, evincing the same species of personal control under other and more piquant circumstances of device, the tumultuous encore that ensued at once declared the position she was destined to take. Madlle. Ferraris no doubt will revive to a considerable extent the interest in the ballet—a branch

of operatic entertainment that has lately waned through the want of novelty—not, let it be added, through dearth of ability. She is eminently calculated to please the judicious connoisseur, belonging, as we think, to the best school—that in which the pleasure is not solely derived from athletic audacity, but from those attributes of elegance and finish which are more easily felt than described. She has none of the robust vehemence of Cerio. On the contrary, the mere practical effect is concealed under the graces of a delicate abandon: and hence the realisation of the golden law, and the title to the best honours!

"The acclamations with which this new aspirant for chorographic favours was greeted when the curtain fell were loud and universal. It was no ordinary *clat*. We look forward to her progress with some curiosity. Madlle. Amalia Ferraris dits over a stage where there have been many triumphs; but if she provokes comparison she does not suffer by the test."

Whether Amalia Ferraris be the nearest approach to CARLOTTA GRISI, to approach whom within a long distance is not very easy for any one, and whether she really possesses "several of the most attractive features of that exquisite artist," who has hitherto been remarkable in standing quite alone in the peculiar endowments with which she is gifted, remains to be seen—that is to be seen by ourselves, since the eloquent writer of the *Herald* has already seen and pronounced in the affirmative. We hope to be able to agree with him to the letter and to the spirit of his apostrophe.

The *Morning Chronicle* devotes nearly a column to Mdlle. Ferraris, and the *Morning Post* nearly eight lines. Column of the one and eight lines of the other are alike glowing and enthusiastic in favour of the *debutante*. We have no room to insert them, but hope next week to find place for a notice of our own, which shall verify and put the seal on all that has been said on the subject.

Every one of the papers agrees in saying that Mr. Sims Reeves confirmed his success in *Ernani*—that Mdlle. Parodi sang still better than on her first night—that Sig. Lorenzo did not get on quite so well—and that the vogue of the new ball-t, *Les Métamorphoses*, with Carlotta Grisi for the heroine, was greater than ever. Meanwhile, the theatre re-opens on Easter Tuesday, with *Lucia*, for the debut of Miss Catherine Hayes; and on Thursday Mdlle. Sontag will make her *rentrée*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The fourth performance of *Der Freischütz* on Saturday attracted a crowded and fashionable audience. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by a numerous suite, were again present. The opera went off with immense spirit. The performance of the overture is alone worth going to Covent Garden to hear. The perfect working together, the completeness, and overwhelming power of the band have, perhaps, not been so severely tested on any former occasion.

Our opinion of Herr Fornes has not been altered in the least by seeing him a fourth time in Caspar. To such as do not thoroughly enter into the character of the doomed and infuriated huntsman, or who cannot sufficiently appreciate the "Apollonic fury" of Weber's music, the wild energy of Fornes may seem exaggerated; but to those who consider and reason the contrary must appear. Caspar's soul has been bartered for a term of years, and the day arrives on which he must yield it up to eternal torments. The fiend allows him a twelvemonth's respite, provided he can prevail upon some victim to fall into the same snare as himself. Not death alone, but everlasting torments await Caspar, if he fail in his endeavour; and how is it possible that a man—for Caspar is a

man—under such circumstances, should be represented otherwise than infuriated and maddened by despair. A moment's thought must convince any rational person that Herr Fornes has taken a correct view of the character; or if a moment's thought fail to convince him, a reference to the libretto and a slight attention to the characteristic manner of the music, must bring him to the same conclusion with ourselves. One thing, however, is certain. The Caspar of Fornes produces an immense sensation nightly, and is generally considered to be far superior to that of any other performer who has appeared in this country. This is tantamount to saying that it is the best ever seen on the stage.

Signor Maralti decidedly improves, but he has yet to learn the art of producing the greatest amount of power in a large theatre, and not to force his voice too much. His special merits are singing well in tune, and a conscientious adherence to the text of the composer. Nor is he by any means devoid of energy and feeling, which he exemplifies in the grand scena in the first act. In short Signor Enrico Maralti is an excellent second tenor, and will prove a worthy addition to the vocal corps.

On Tuesday next, we are informed, in accordance with the wishes of a large number of the subscribers who have left town for the Easter holidays, there will be no performance; but on Thursday there will be a subscription night, when *Masaniello* will be given, and Signor Tambe lik will make his first appearance.

Masaniello will be equally acceptable to the subscribers and the public. The impression Auber's *chef d'œuvre* created at the Royal Italian Opera last season has not yet passed away, and to many visitors to the theatre *Masaniello* will prove more attractive than any other production. The greatest curiosity is excited respecting Signor Tamberlik, of whom rumour speaks in terms of high praise. His power and capabilities will be tested to the utmost in *Masaniello*, the part in which he has chosen to make his *debut*. It tells considerably in favour of Signor Tamberlik's taste that he has selected no threadworn, modern Italian, mawkish sentimental opera for his first essay. He has already prepossessed us in his favour by his choice.

On Tuesday week Grisi, Mario, De Meric, and Tamburini make their first appearance for the season in *Lucrezia Borgia*, Mademoiselle De Meric encountering the part of Orsino, for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera.

Rossini's Opera Seria, *Mosè in Egitto* will be the next novelty. M. Zclger will make his first appearance as *Mosè*. The opera will be mounted with great splendour and magnificence, and the cast will be particularly strong.

A weekly contemporary states that the recitatives in *Der Freischütz* are adapted by Mr. Costa, and not by M. Berlioz. If this be the case, it demands explanation on the part of the Covent Garden directors, who announced in their programme that the recitatives were by M. Berlioz. Relying on the announcement in the Royal Italian Opera prospectus, all the daily and weekly journals, including the writer in the paper referred to, noticed the adaptation of the dialogue as emanating from the pen of M. Berlioz. Now that they are compelled to swallow their own words they are most naturally displeased. But why was this error permitted to go before the public? Were the directors disappointed in procuring the recitatives of M. Berlioz in time, and compelled to employ Mr. Costa at the last moment, when it was too late to give the press intimation—or, in reality, has Mr. Costa only altered the recitatives of M. Berlioz, and thus given some color to the statement of our weekly contemporary?

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

A CRITICISM on the first concert, which though severe, was, on the whole, just, appeared in the leading morning paper on Monday, and called forth the following remonstrance from some friend of the Academy:—

"ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

"(To the Editor of the Times.)

"Sir,—I address you, not with the purpose of complaining of, or refuting the criticisms of the Times, the Herald, and the Morning Post, on the performances of the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music at their concerts, but to dissuade them of somewhat of their severity, by reminding the readers of those papers that these performances are exhibitions of students as they advance in their exercises, who should not be judged as artists pretending to perfection. The concerts are open to the public, but they are chiefly meant for the subscribers to the institution, and the parents and friends of the pupils, and they are held at the Hanover-square Rooms, because the Academy does not afford space for such a number of persons as generally assemble.

"I am, Sir, &c.,

"J. C."

The article which occasioned this explanation was as follows:—

"ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

"The usual series of four concerts commenced on Saturday in the Hanover Square Rooms with a concert of moderate interest. There were two specimens of composition by students in the institution—an overture by Mr. Sieggall, and a madrigal by Mr. H. C. Banister, King's scholar. Mr. Sieggall is a pupil of Mr. Sterndale Bennett, but it may be stated to his credit, that his overture does not contain any flagrant imitations of that professor's fascinating style. We do not insinuate by this that Mr. Sieggall's work is original; on the contrary, it does not contain a new idea; but, on the other hand, it is certainly clever, and is written with evident care, although the treatment of the orchestra shows too great a leaning to the French school of instrumentation. Mr. Sieggall, however, has promise, and with well directed labour may attain a respectable position. Mr. Banister's madrigal has very little to recommend it. It is composed to scriptural text—"This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his trouble"—and is, therefore, no madrigal at all. Moreover, if we overlook the term "madrigal," thus unceremoniously perverted, and read "sacred chorus without accompaniment," Mr. Banister does not improve his position, since the music is of a cheerful character, altogether at variance with the sentiment of the words. The overture of Mr. Sieggall was well played by the band, and made a favourable impression. The madrigal of Mr. Banister was very ill sung, and made no impression at all. We must add, that if these two pieces are the best examples of what the students have been doing since last year, the Royal Academy is in a very poor plight as regards the talent for composition which it can boast at the present moment.

"In the executive department there were also two essays, both on the pianoforte. Miss Comelati, a pupil of Mr. Cipriani Potter, attempted the rondo in B minor, with orchestral accompaniments, of Mendelssohn. Mr. Gray, a pupil of the same professor, tried his strength upon the first movement of the grandest and most difficult of Beethoven's concertos—that in E flat. Mr. Cipriani Potter is the eldest and most experienced of all our professors. To him we are indebted for our best pianists and some of our best composers. But Mr. Potter, like any other professor, must have good material to produce good results; and we are bound to say this was not furnished him on the present occasion. Miss Comelati was so nervous that the passages in Mendelssohn's very rondo were scarcely audible, and when audible they were by no means so correct as could have been desirable. Had Miss Comelati made her public essay in a work of less difficulty she might have come out with better success. No music requires more entire and unflinching command of physical resources than Mendelssohn's, while none demands a greater knowledge of all the secrets of style and expression. Mr. Gray's performance was much nearer the desired mark, but it fell far beneath the exigencies of a composition in which the exuberant fancy and daring originality of Beethoven are so conspicuously manifest. Mr. Gray has a nice equal touch, and

occasionally plays passages very well, but the concerto of Beethoven is at present altogether beyond his comprehension. We must protest against the custom of bringing forward young students in compositions of such depth and complexity. While Dussek, Steibelt, Hummel, and Moscheles have written so many admirable works upon which the style and mechanism of pupils might be advantageously formed and exhibited, there is surely no necessity for placing them before the public in a position from which it is impossible they can come out with credit either to themselves or their instructors. It is true that Sterndale Bennett, when a boy, performed the concertos of Mendelssohn and Beethoven as well as we could wish to hear them; but Sterndale Bennett possessed genius, and every pupil with a pliant finger must not be presupposed to be gifted with that rare endowment.

"The solo vocal exhibitions, we regret to say, with few exceptions, did not say much for the progress of the Royal Academy in that department of musical education. Miss Taylor has a soprano voice at once agreeable and powerful, and though the most trying of soprano songs, "Hear ye, Israel," from *Elijah*, was beyond her present means, there was so much really good and expressive in her performance that we pardoned the ambition for the sake of the promise. Miss Owen, too, exhibited a really beautiful contralto in "The Lord is mindful," the well known *arioso* from *St. Paul*, together with a feeling beyond the common. The song "Jerusalem," from the same oratorio, was altogether beyond the reach of Miss Holyroyd, who does not improve as we had hoped. Mr. W. Lyon has a pleasing voice, though feeble, and gave some part of Handel's air, "No, cruel father," (*Soul*) very well. Mrs. Byliss dragged the "Lord have mercy," of Pergolesi dreadfully, and Miss Haywood (soprano) by no means shone in "Pious orgies," from *Judas Maccabeus*. The other vocal performances were respectable, but call for no particular notice.

"The orchestra was admirably conducted by Mr. Lucas, M. Sauton acting with his accustomed ability as principal violin."

That the above review is severe we shall not deny, but we must confess that the letter of J. C. does not show it to be unjust. If the Academicians come before the public they must expect to be reviewed by those whose duty it is to protect the public interests. For our own part, we think, that a little honest and straightforward criticism is just what the Royal Academy of Music, and they who direct its affairs, at present stand in need of. There has been a great deal too much negligence in the recent management of the institution. Property and patronage, perchance, have engendered indifference; and we shall not be sorry if the strictures of the press bring out some of the old vigilance. Meanwhile, the Royal Academy of Music being unquestionably a public institution, has no feasible right of complaint.

Any criticism on the first concert, after what has been quoted at length, is unnecessary on our part. We therefore cite the programme without comment.

PART I.

Overture (MS.). Sieggall.*
 Recit. "Ye sacred priests," and Song, "Farewell" Mrs. Handel.
 Edward Hancock's (*Jephthah*)
 Recit. "O filial piety," and Song, "No, cruel father," Handel.
 Mr. W. Lyon (*Saul*)
 Hymn, from "Lauds Spiritualis"—"Alla Trinità beata" (full Choir)
 Rondo, in B minor, pianoforte, Miss Comelati. Mendelssohn Barthyoldy
 Recit. "And he journeyed towards Damascus," and
 Song, "But the Lord is mindful," Miss Owen (*St. Paul*)
 Mendelssohn Barthyoldy
 Song, "Jerusalem," Miss Holyroyd ditto.
 Ode, "The transient and the eternal," principal parts by
 Miss Taylor, Miss Pitt, Mr. W. Lyon, and Mr. Pollard. A. Romberg.

PART II.

Overture, Chorus, "Morning Hymn," and Romance, Miss Owen (*Joseph*) Mehl.
 Song, "Hear ye Israel," Miss Taylor, and Recit. and Song, "If with your whole hearts," Mr. Swift (*Elijah*) Mendelssohn Barthyoldy.

Concerto, in E flat (1st movement), Pianoforte, Mr. Gray Beethoven.
Sacred Madrigal, (MS.), "The Poor Man cried" (full Choir) Bannister (K.S.)
Song, "Pious Orgies," Miss Heywood (Judas Maccabeus) Handel.
Kyrie and Gloria, from Mass, in D flat Hummel.

We shall shortly refer to the Royal Academy question at length. We have many suggestions to offer on the subject.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE three usual performances of *The Creation* produced the usual large receipts. At the last, Herr Formes, having recovered from his indisposition, re-supplanted Mr. Machin, and sang the music of Adami—how powerfully we need not say.

On Friday, the 22nd inst., the programme was a varied one, including Haydn's Third Service, Mendelssohn's "Praise Jehovah" (*Lauda Sion*), and Spohr's oratorio of *The Last Judgment*.

Haydn's service (or rather mass) in D, one of the finest he ever wrote, is worth all that is extant of his brother Michel, who, without adequate reason we think, has been considered a greater composer of the church than Joseph. There are points in this mass which have rarely been excelled for grandeur of expression. Without entering into details, we may cite the manner in which the "Miserere" is rendered as quite equal to Beethoven in his first and best mass in C. The "Benedictus," too, in the minor key, is as original as it is beautiful. The "Gloria" contains a masterly fugue, and the "Credo" is sublime. The mass was very finely executed.

The solo parts were sustained by Misses Birch, J. Hayes, and Dolby; Messrs. Lockett and Phillips.

Of Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, which improves on every hearing, we have said so much already that we must be content at present to render homage to the almost faultless style of its performance. The elaborately accompanied *corale* in A minor produced, for the first time in London, the entire effect of which it is capable. The lovely choros in C, with which the work concludes, was given with delightful smoothness, and the modulations in the middle part were as clear and decided as could have been desired. The solos and airs were executed by the four vocalists already named. Miss Birch's voice told very effectively in the *supra*no air in F, which is instrumented for the wood instruments with such transparent delicacy.

Spohr's *Last Judgment* is beyond all question his greatest oratorio. Its general style is more lofty, its writing more severe and masterly, and its choral effects more varied and impressive than in the *Fall of Babylon*. The instrumentation, also, while abounding in the most seductive instances of what have been termed the "mannerisms" of the composer, does not fatigue by its incessant fullness and excessive chromatic elaboration, as in the later oratorio, which again it excels in a style as eminently sacred as the other is almost purely operatic. It is true the subjects differ materially, the *Last Judgment* being as severe as the *Fall of Babylon* is theatrical; but Handel has shown, in an oratorio too much neglected, how the familiar theme of *Belshazzar's Feast* may be appropriately treated without any violent departure from the sacred style. Spohr's fine work was performed as it has never before been performed at Exeter-hall, and the influence of Mr. Costa's experience and decision was most favourably manifested. While talking of Spohr, we may express our surprise that his oratorio of the *Crucifixion*, which many consider his best, should be so entirely overlooked. Surely the book may be modified to

quiet the solemn objections of the audiences of Exeter-hall. Haydn's masses are turned into services, and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* has been metamorphosed into an unintelligible story called *Engedi*. There can therefore be no eligible reason why something of the kind may not be done for the sake of making a great work by a great composer as Spohr familiar to the numerous devotees of the highest order of sacred music who exist in this metropolis, thirsting for novelty. What would have been done had Mendelssohn survived to complete his last oratorio, *Christus*? The same objection which deprives us of the *Crucifixion* would, by a parity of reasoning, have deprived us of that. The principal singers already named, were highly effective in the vocal solos. The hall was fully attended.

On Wednesday, *The Messiah* attracted the customary "Passion week" crowd. The hall was crammed. The oratorio went admirably. The principal vocalists were Misses Catherine Hayes, P. Horton, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes.

Mendelssohn's *Elijah* is announced for the 5th proximo.

M. BILLET'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

WE gave the programme of the last concert, and have only to add that the performance was as good as the selection was interesting. M. Billet was encored three times during the evening—Scarlatti's fugue in G minor ("Cat's Fugue"), the last movement (*prestissimo*) of Mendelssohn's *fantasia* in F sharp minor, and the study in G of Moschelles, being all re-demanded. Pinto's charming sonata in A major*, played with appropriate tranquillity of style, pleased even more than before. Weber's gorgeous sonata in A flat, a work of as much difficulty as beauty, long as it is, was listened to with continued attention and interest. We liked the study of Chopin less than anything else; wishing to express too much, M. Billet expressed nothing at all; and indeed the second part of the study, with its showers of chromatic chords, is not very suggestive of meaning. That in G minor of Sterndale Bennett, played with immense energy, was an effective climax to the concert. We strongly recommend to our readers the two studies of which this is one. They are published separately, under the title of *L'Amabile* and *L'Appassionata*,† and are well worthy of a place in the Set of Six Studies, which now form a part in every pianist's education—at least in Germany and England. M. Billet played both the studies at his first concert.

Signor Piatti's exquisite tone and perfect execution found good scope in the delicious *Air Varié* for piano and violoncello of Mendelssohn (in D major). The "great little Italian" was cheered to the echo, both before and after his performance.

The Misses Cole sang charmingly, and were deservedly encored in Mendelssohn's dnet, "I would that my love could silently flow." Mr. Walter Cecil Macfarren accompanied the vocal music in a most able and effective manner.

At the next and last of the present series of concerts, M. Billet has announced a rich and varied selection—Dusek's *Elegy on the Death of Prince Ferdinand*, will be heard by every amateur with delight. M. M. Saindon and Piatti will both exhibit their admirable talents in the former, in a Sonata of Haydn, the latter in the *Sonata Duo* of Mendelssohn, in D major.

* At Chappell's, Bond Street.

† From "Classical Practice"—Mr. Coventry's interesting selection of *chefs d'œuvre*.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

It is not often we edify our readers with extracts from the debates in the House of Commons, but we think few will be dissatisfied at being enabled to refer at leisure to the following conversation, which occurred on Tuesday, the subject being one so nearly connected with the interests of art.

"THE ROYAL ACADEMY."

"Mr. Hume moved for an account of the receipt and expenditure of the Royal Academy in each year since 1836, and a statement of the amount appropriated in salaries, pensions, &c. He was induced to do so by an intimation which the noble lord at the head of the Government had given of his intention to propose a vote of money with the view of providing for the accommodation of the Royal Academy. In a former year he had submitted a somewhat similar motion, stating that, as the time was approaching when the Royal Academy must be removed from the National Gallery, it was proper to know what were the resources of the Royal Academy. The right hon. baronet the member for Tamworth (Sir R. Peel) and the noble lord (Lord J. Russell) voted against that motion. A committee, appointed on the suggestion of the Government, had recommended that the whole National Gallery should be devoted to a national collection, and the Royal Academy be removed. It had been stated in evidence before that committee that in 1836 the Royal Academy possessed funds amounting to £17,000. The National Gallery had cost £96,000. The Royal Academy, which occupied it free of rent, was the only body of a public or private character in London that had refused to admit the public gratuitously to their exhibition after the lapse of a certain period: in gratitude they might have admitted the public for a month after the admission by payment ceased. The effects of affording the public opportunities of cultivating an acquaintance with the fine arts had been not beneficial. No country could boast of possessing such a collection as that at Hampton Court, where people, instead of spending their time in public-houses and tea-gardens, went to the number of 500 in a summer's day to enjoy themselves; and, to their honour be it said, it never happened that any of the artists were injured. (Hear, hear.) He would not agree to vote a single shilling for the Royal Academy till it should have been seen what funds they had of their own applicable to the purpose to which the noble lord had referred. Founding on calculations made in 1836, they ought by this time to have realized £100,000 from exhibitions. A general rule, sanctioned by the Sovereign, allowed them to accumulate £20,000, the interest being appropriated to pensions. But, whatever the funds were, they had a right to know their amount before a claim was made on the public purse."

"Lord John Russell had frequently had occasion to object to returns of the description now moved for; and, when the house had once, late at night, sanctioned a similar motion, the right hon. baronet the member for Tamworth had, in conjunction with himself, succeeded in inducing the house to rescind it. He did not see on what ground the hon. gentleman could propose such a motion. The hon. gentleman might maintain the opinions he did maintain; he might say that the Royal Academy was a body not calculated to promote art; that it ought not to be allowed accommodation in a building raised at the public expense; that it was a mistake to give it accommodation in Somerset-house; that Sir Joshua Reynolds and all the great artists whose names were associated with its history were mere dabblers. (A laugh.) All that might be maintained; but how the hon. gentleman thought it was to be maintained that the House of Commons might require returns of the amount of money obtained from exhibitions, it was hard to understand. They might as well make inquiries relative to any other exhibition. They might ask Madame Tussaud, for example (laughter), how much she received."

"Mr. Hume.—If you gave her a house I would. (A laugh.)"

"Lord J. Russell was ready to admit that if George III. and his Ministers had afforded accommodation for the exhibitions on condition that the Royal Academy's pictures were the property of all the artists, there would have been a perfect right to turn them out on a refusal to render such account. But if it was arranged that the Royal Academy should have rooms in Somerset House or the National Gallery, that did not confer a right on the House of Commons to demand an account of what the Royal Academy received. The money was money received, not from the public, but from the exhibitions. Rooms were given to the Royal Academy, but the pictures were the property of all the artists. It was a matter to the discretion of the Royal Academy to admit, or not to admit, the public, for some period gratuitously, and he regretted that they had not done so; but Sir M. Stree had told him they were apprehensive that many valuable pictures might be injured and many miniatures stolen. He (Lord J. Russell) believed that they were wrong in coming to that conclusion, and that the gratuitous admission of the public would be as safe as their admission on payment of a shilling. Neither the Government,

however, nor that house, had a right to say to the Royal Academy, 'These pictures, the productions of your own skill and knowledge of art, the source from which you receive your income, you must show for nothing; and if they are injured or stolen you must take the risk.' If the house were of opinion that no grant of money ought to be made for the purpose he had stated on a former evening, the Royal Academy must continue to exhibit the pictures in the present place till the Crown and Parliament took it away from them. But the fact of the pictures being exhibited in the National Gallery gave the house no right of looking into the private emoluments of the Royal Academy, their expenditure on the school of art, or the sums devoted to the payment of pensions to widows."

"Mr. Ewart seconded the motion. So long as the Royal Academy remained in the private building given them by George III. they were a private body; but when a national gallery was provided them by the country, that moment they became a public body responsible to the nation. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had given notice of his intention to apply for a grant of public money in order to give them another building, and this was another reason why this motion should be agreed to. But when they were asked to account for their money they said they were a private body, and when they wanted a new building they were a public body. One of the legs of this great Colossus stood upon public ground and the other upon private monopoly. (Hear, hear.) About 15 years ago the funds of the Royal Academy amounted to £17,000, and he should think that by this time they nearly reached £100,000. He wished no ill to the Royal Academicians, and of course should not think of attempting to cast a slight upon Sir Joshua Reynolds; but the house should remember that Sir Joshua Reynolds made the Academy, and not the Academy him. He was sorry to see that the noble lord at the head of the Government had left the house, but, in the absence of better reasons than those advanced by the noble lord against this motion, he should certainly give it his support."

"Mr. Banks said, if he were prepared to advance one shilling of the public money to the Royal Academy he should support the motion (hear, hear); but, as he was not prepared to do so (and he was surprised that it should enter into the head of the noble lord to make such a proposition under existing circumstances), he should hesitate before giving his vote for the hon. member for Monmouth, because it appeared very clear to him that the institution was to be considered as a public or a private body, and he was fearful of doing that which might be regarded as a precedent for investigating into the funds of private institutions. It was unfortunate for the character of the Academy that they had refused to throw open the institution at certain times to the public free of expense; as for the apprehension that the miniatures might be abstracted, it was at once trifling and absurd. (Hear, hear.) For instance, he had seen the institution removed as soon as possible, and, if they chose to be considered as a private body, with all the benefits of privacy, let them build a chamber for themselves. (Hear.)"

"Mr. Hawes asked the house to review the history of the Royal Academy. It had been established by George III., who granted them a charter, and gave them rooms in Somerset-house for the exhibition of their works. All those rooms had been since surrendered to the public use, and in consideration of the surrender they had had other apartments granted them in the building at Charing-cross. Now, did that make them a public institution? (Hear.) Did it bring them within the jurisdiction of Parliament? He contended that it did not. If the Royal Academy had ever had a single farthing granted by that house, he admitted that Parliament would have a right to inquire into the appropriation of the funds; but that was not the case. Here was an institution which had raised a school of art which was an honour to this country and to Europe; it had obtained funds entirely by its own exertions and its great abilities; and surely they had a right to expend their funds as they pleased. It was only within the last few years that that house had made the smallest advances for the purposes of art; but this Academy, without the aid of Parliament, had done so; it had established schools for instruction in the arts, it had sent artists abroad, and had conferred pensions upon the widows of artists who in their efforts to raise art had not been enabled to make provision for those that they left behind them. Such was the expenditure of the fund, and such was the fund Parliament proposed to inquire into as if it were a public institution. The result of the inquiry he was convinced, would be to the honour of the Academy; but it could not lead to any public advantage, inasmuch as the public had no control in the matter. (Hear, hear.)"

"Sir B. Hall could not agree that the funds of the institution had been entirely acquired by their own private exertions. The fact was that they were derived from payments made by the public for seeing pictures, which certainly did emanate from the artists, but which were exhibited in a building belonging to the public. In his opinion, the Academy had shown its liberality in refusing to allow the admission of the poorer classes to the exhibition during certain days of the week; and when the question came for a grant of public money to enable them to erect a

building, he should concur with the hon. member for Dorsetshire in most positively objecting to it. (Hear, hear!) As for the Royal Academy sending artists abroad, it amounted to very little, not above 23 or 24 having been sent abroad since the establishment of the institution.

"Mr. Hensley thought it had not been satisfactorily explained whether this was truly a private or a public body. He would inquire whether the rooms in Somerset House were granted to them in perpetuity. If not, by whose sufferance did they hold the present building? Who paid for the repairs of the building? He believed it was not repaired by the Crown, but out of the general revenue of the country. They held it by the sufferance of the public; and so, holding that building free of expense, they were enabled to accumulate their funds. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had given notice of his intention to ask for a vote of public money for this very body; but, certainly, before coming to a decision upon that point, he should like to know what position this quasi public body was in, and what was the state of their funds. (Hear!) Upon the whole, it was a very mixed question, and though he might have been inclined to lean to the other side, but for the announcement of the Government that they were going to ask for a public vote, he should, under present circumstances, support the motion.

"Mr. Newdegate looked upon the Royal Academy as a private body, which had had certain facilities afforded them by the public, and he could not see what right Parliament had to require a return of their funds—the proceeds of their own industry—with the view of disposing of them, for that was what the motion amounted to. If it were of that desirable, let them turn the Royal Academicians out of the present building, and let them erect one for themselves; but, was a gross injustice to insist upon their making returns similar to those which were exacted under Schedule D.

"Mr. P. Howard did not think that the possession of a charter necessarily made the Royal Academy a public body, since there were numerous companies purely private that had charters. He should oppose the motion, and must say that he thought it very ungenerous to lay so great a stress upon a very small gift to those who so generously contributed to the gratification and elevation of the public taste. Considering that where house-room was the only boon which the nation had ever given to the artists of England, he thought it would be taking a most ungenerous advantage to require from them in return a statement of their income, which had been derived not from the public purse, but from the generosity of private individuals of taste. He asked the house not to forget the well-known lines of the poet Prior, which were as philosophical as they were true and true:—

"If I owe Jack some obligation,
And Jack immediately think fit
To publish it to all the nation,
Sure Jack and I are more than quit."

"Mr. Hume said it was evident the hon. member knew nothing about the matter. (A laugh.) He would tell the hon. member, however, that when the Royal Academy were anxious to obtain public assistance they came before a committee of that house and showed their accounts without hesitation or scruple. They said, 'We have received up to this period only £47,000. and have, consequently, not the means of erecting a building for our accommodation; give us, therefore, a portion of the National Gallery for that purpose.' It was upon that plea that their request was granted. (Hear, hear.) The hon. gentleman the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, in his simplicity, did not seem to know the difference between money and means. He begged to remind the hon. gentleman, however, that the Royal Academy, though they had received no public money, had been for many years in possession of a building equal to £2,500 a year, for which they paid nothing. A committee of that house last session had unanimously recommended that the Royal Academy should be removed from that building, in order to make room for the pictures of the National Gallery. It was stated by Mr. Spring Rice, when the Academy first obtained possession of the building, that they were to retain it only until the public required it. Let them remove and build a house for themselves, and he should not care a whit about their accounts. (Hear, hear.)

"The house then divided. The numbers were—

"For the motion	19
"Against it	47
"Majority against it	—28."

The *Times* of Wednesday devotes a third leader to the Royal Academy, which, as it expresses our own sentiments in much more forcible language than we could use, we quote entire, as a pendant to the above.

"The public is at length favoured with an announcement of the

Ministerial plan for adjusting the differences between the nation and the Royal Academy. The curious structure that crowns 'the finest site in Europe,' and which has for some dozen years been devoted to the impossible experiment of reconciling the general interests of art with the particular interests of an exclusive society of artists, will be released with all convenient speed from the performance of this divided duty, and be appropriated solely to the reception of the national collection. In the interval that must elapse before this desirable change can be effected, the overflow of the National Gallery beyond its present too narrow limits will be received into Marlborough House, where the Vernon pictures and any others that through the patriotism of individuals, or the liberality of Government, may become the property of the nation, will possibly be seen to advantage. The banished Academy will be compensated with a grant of public money for the purpose of providing itself with another habitation. Such is the substance of Lord John Russell's answer to Mr. Ewart, in the House of Commons, on Monday night.

"We purposely ignore Mr. Hume's motion for an account of the Academy's receipts and disbursements, because that account cannot be demanded without conceding the Academy a public position which it ought not to hold, and which it has itself repudiated. It may be true that this society has played a double part to suit its own purposes, presenting its private mask to all public interrogators, and insinuating itself to national dimensions whenever there was a question of national aid. But this Protean policy on the part of the Academy, so far from affording ground for similar conduct on the part of its opponents, should make them all the more steadfast in their own position. It should never be forgotten that the Royal Academy is a private society. As such, it is independent of public control, and its finances are not amenable to public audit. But for the same reason it has no claim whatever to public support. There is no charter here either expressing or implying a responsibility of any kind. The Academicians, with singular prudence, have always declined an honour attended with such inconvenient obligations. It would be, therefore, most unwise to invest them now with a character which they might, perhaps, be willing to play for the nonce, but which they would undoubtedly discard at the first suitable opportunity.

"The Ministerial arrangement, in so far as it recognizes the paramount importance of the National Gallery over the Royal Academy, and promises to restore to the former the building designed for its exclusive use, is entirely satisfactory; in fact, it concedes all that we have asked. But, inasmuch as it goes further—admits the Academy's claim for compensation, recognizes its public services, and proposes to endow it with a grant of public money, we, in common with the majority who spoke last night, are compelled to withhold our approval, at least until some better case is made out for the Academy than any which has yet been advanced.

"The right, if any there be, of the Royal Academy to the use of a public building, rests upon no better foundation than an implied promise alleged to have been made by George the Third. The conditions upon which the apartments in Somerset House were originally bestowed are nowhere expressed; but it is asserted that his Majesty, when he gave up his palace of Old Somerset House, stipulated that a sufficient space should be allotted to the Academy in the new building. If such a stipulation were made, it is to be presumed that some evidence of it exists, and the public may reasonably demand its production before their money is given away to a private society. If, on the other hand, no such evidence can be produced, and the advocates of the Academy can prove nothing more substantial than the vague understanding supposed to have existed between two parties whose testimony cannot be obtained, it seems but reasonable that the public should decline an obligation so ineffectually imposed, and remit the applicants to such other remedies as their original private relations with the Sovereign may, in their own estimation, afford.

"The case against the Academy, however, does not stop here, nor rest solely upon an objection which, as it might possibly raise a disagreeable discussion, the Academy have perhaps thought would not be insisted on. Assuming the implied promise, the alleged understanding, and the original rightful possession, there remain other questions to be decided, of equal importance to the validity of the Academy's claim. These questions concern the

amount of benefit which our Gracious Sovereign's grandfather intended to confer, and the duration of the occupancy he intended to secure. Was it part of George the Third's design that the Academy should be housed, and therefore, in effect, supported at the public expense for ever, and should be invested with perpetual succession to any and every public building which might be devoted to the service of the arts? For 70 years the Royal liberality has enabled the Academy to live rent free, and the money value of that gift cannot be estimated at less than £140,000. During all that time the public have been paying the Academy for admission to their own buildings; and it was confessed by the President and Secretary, 14 years ago, that the annual receipts from this source, and the sale of catalogues, amounted to £5000. This was before the removal of the Academy to the National Gallery, since which time the profits have considerably increased, and may now be set down at £7,000. Add to this that the society had accumulated in 1836 the sum of £47,000, which is said to be now more than doubled;—and we arrive at the conclusion that, however munificent may have been the design of its Royal founder, and however large the expectations of the original members, that design and those expectations have been fully realized—so far as money can realize them—and the society cannot reasonably complain at being left at length to its own resources. It might perhaps have been necessary for this handling of the arts to be nursed in a public cradle, its first tottering steps guided and supported by Royal leading strings, and its infant efforts heralded by the highest authority; but after a lapse of 70 years it may be supposed to have reached some sort of maturity, and to have attained at least the academic standard of vigour. If not now, when will the Academy be able to go alone?

These statements may, perhaps, induce our readers to think that the Ministerial proposal, so far from being a decision of the point at issue between the nation and the Royal Academy, only raises another and more important question, which it behoves Parliament and the public to decide. Are we to have free trade in art as in all other pursuits of a kindred nature; or is there something exceptional in painting and sculpture, so as to render Government patronage necessary to their maintenance and development? If the latter, is it expedient to delegate the duties of maintaining and developing the arts to a particular society, invested with exclusive privileges for the purpose, but without any public responsibility; or is it better to perform those duties directly under the same control and with the same publicity that watch and control all other public acts? It is obvious that the decision of this matter involves an inquiry, not only into the conduct of the Royal Academy, but into the very nature and constitution of all academies for the promotion of the arts. Such an inquiry we are not indisposed to make when a fitting time arrives: at present it is enough to protest against the installation of the Royal Academy in another building at the public expense."

We shall continue to watch progress. Meanwhile the motion of Mr. Hume—"Old Joe," as *Punch* calls him—although negative, has been of essential service in provoking a discussion which has incited public curiosity to ask the Royal Academy a few plain questions, that, we imagine the Royal Academy will find it somewhat awkward to answer, without equivocation and shuffling. Sir Martin Sisco's objection to admitting the public to the annual exhibition of new pictures, without fee, is as amusing as it is complimentary to the nation.

THE GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND.

(From our own Reporter.)

THE annual dinner of this charity took place on Monday, at the London Tavern, and was worthily presided over by Mr. Webster, the well-known lessee of the Haymarket Theatre. About 200 gentlemen assembled to do honour to the occasion, and there were nearly an equal number of ladies present in the gallery.

The usual toasts having been proposed and honoured, the

chairman gave, "the Army and Navy." The latter branch of the united services was responded to in a very appropriate and effective manner by

Mr. T. P. Cooke, who said that he had been so accustomed to use the language of others, that he felt his deficiency when thrown upon his own resources. He felt that he was placed in a false position in being called upon to respond to such a toast, as he could not suppose that there were not officers of the navy present, upon whom the task which he then fulfilled would more properly have devolved. He rapidly and in modest terms reviewed his life as a sailor, and concluded by saying, that whether on the deck of the vessel or on the boards of the theatre, he had, to use the words of Nelson, always endeavoured to do his duty.

Lord Ernest Bruce responded in brief and appropriate terms, to the toast of "The House of Lords and the House of Commons."

The Chairman then announced that he had arrived at the main business of the evening, which was to propose "Prosperity to the General Theatrical Fund," one of the most excellent and deserving charities that graced the land in which they lived. With prosperity to the institution, he coupled in eulogistic terms, the name of Mr. Buckstone, who held the strong box, and provided the wherewithal to support the decayed members of the time-worn theatrical profession. He then proceeded in clear and concise terms to state the results of his experience as an actor and manager, to show the unsubstantial and precarious character of a theatrical life—the number of aspirants as compared with those who achieve success, and the great difficulties to be encountered, and the talents and industry required, before the rewards which the stage presents are secured. In language replete with classical and dramatic quotation, he vindicated the character of the actor from the charge of improvidence, and in support of his views on this subject, he quoted the cases of Garrick, Quin the epicure, Smith, Moody, King, Lewis, Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, and, in the olden time, Shakspeare himself.

Mr. Buckstone, according to annual custom, and as treasurer to the institution, acknowledged the toast. His statement was a very appropriate one, conveying all the necessary information with respect to the position of the charity, in brief and well-chosen terms. Yet, somehow or another, the familiar tones of the comedian's voice created quite as much merriment as what he said claimed attention. Even the preliminary "Gentlemen" was followed by a burst of laughter. He stated that the invested capital of the charity now amounted to £5,300; that there were five annuitants receiving £30 each, and that this year £30 had been returned to the widow of a deceased member. Their members now numbered 112; and though they possessed a respectable income, he reminded the company that they might soon have a large family to support. He could see that all around him had come there in the spirit of that great knight, Sir Roger de Coverley, who continued to keep his old pad with great care in his stables, "though he had been useless for several years." (Cheers and laughter.)

Mr. Sheriff Nicoll having responded to his health, which was proposed by the Chairman,

Mr. C. Dickens then congratulated the company upon the very agreeable way in which they were spending quarter-day—a day not always devoted to such pleasing associations or such festive pursuits. He congratulated them on the continued prosperity of the fund, and on the constancy with which its members continued to contribute to its resources. He never went to any of the smaller theatres, such a theatre as he was

at lately, where no particular piece appeared to belong to any of the great headings in the bill, and where the principal sailor fought a combat with any person he met who might happen to be possessed of a sword—(a laugh)—he never went to such a theatre without having an increased sense of the constancy of those who continued members of the fund, and he believed that in that respect they set an example to the members of more lauded professions. (Cheers.) Coming to the toast which he wished to propose, he would not express the regret he felt that it had not fallen into better hands; for to tell the truth, he was glad that he held it in his, as it gave him an opportunity of rendering respect to a gentleman to whom the fund was much indebted. He then in highly eulogistic terms, and amidst the warm applause of the company assembled, proposed the health of Mr. Webster, whom he described as never behind the requirements of the public, as the encourager of the English drama, as not only employing the largest number of actors in the kingdom, but as honourably distinguished by the punctuality with which he remunerated their services. For 13 years he had fought manfully a stand-up English battle, not only against rival managers belonging to his own country, but against French, Swedes, Italians, and had encountered all sorts of strange animals—lions, tigers, bears, and even nightingales. (Laughter.) Mr. Dickens concluded a humorous speech by inviting the company to drink Mr. Webster, their chairman's, good health, which, it is almost unnecessary to say, they did in a very hearty manner.

The Chairman returned thanks, and various other toasts succeeded, to which Mr. Dickens, Mr. Stone, Mr. Brewster, and other gentlemen responded.

During the evening the Secretary announced a long list of subscriptions, amounting altogether to the sum of £4:0 and upwards.

The proceedings of the festival were greatly enlivened by the performances of many of our best known and most admired vocalists gratuitously offered on the occasion. Mr. Toole officiated as toastmaster.

The musical arrangements were under the able direction of Mr. Balfe, who presided at the piano. The vocalists were—Miss Dolley, Miss Lucombe, Miss Williams, Miss Messent, Miss Ransford, Miss Rainforth, Master Sloman, Mr. Land, Mr. George, Mr. Dawler, Mr. Smith, &c. Mr. Chatterton performed a solo on the harp.

A SKETCH OF THE PHILHARMONIC.

THE following, from the *Lady's Companion*, is a specimen of a certain style of writing which obtains largely in the present day. It reminds us not a little of Theophile Gautier, and other French *feuilletonistes*, when, with nothing for a theme, they are compelled to manufacture an article of twelve columns:—

"MUSIC.—A SKETCH OF THE PHILHARMONIC.—There are few things more interesting, in the London season, than the gathering of the Philharmonic Society on its first rehearsal day. The sight of the members of that renowned band, numbering first-rate musicians among them, the very ripens being men of talent; the several well-known faces, re-appearing with one more year's shadow of age, but with still ripened skill and added respect; the friendly greetings among themselves; the reunion, once more to enjoy together the highest productions of their glorious art, executed in the highest perfection, is in itself pleasant. Among the audience, too, we recognise many a face well known to us, associated with music; some of its best judges, its fondlest lovers, as well as being noted for individual attainments and excellence in arts of their own. Now a literary head, terming, we know, with many a thought, suggested, aided, developed, perhaps, by the sounds heard in

that room; now a countenance bringing to our mind the richest resources of comedy, while it assumes gravity in listening to an *adagio* or *andante*; now another, with deep-cut lines bespeaking the face accustomed to illustrate the emotions of tragedy, relaxing and unbending beneath the influence of a *schizzo* or *allegro*; now some artist's eye, full of glorious imagery, hints of which may happily spring from the lovely poetic delineation of the "Pastorale" or the "Moonlight Sonata," successively present themselves; for men distinguished in divers professions—the author, the actor, the painter,—all take delight in haunting the Philharmonic rehearsal room. Another circumstance which gives a peculiar charm to these meetings of a society essentially composed of musicians concerned for the enjoyment of music, is the sight of those great veterans in the art, whom time has transformed into listeners in that very circle where they themselves were once among the most distinguished performers. They form scarcely less a proud ornament of the room, in one capacity, than in the other. We behold with reverence the soul that gave animation to that time-touched frame, still revelling in the art it loves; we see the face still lighted with the enthusiasm which erst informed the fingers; we look upon the forehead that in its smooth season had well nigh the graces of a young Apollo, now furrowed, but yet beaming with the reflex of the beauty within—the glories of his divine art; we watch the hand that rests on the back of the next seat, wrinkled, but white and sinewy, and remember well the unequalled *legato* for which it was once renowned, and think how fully it has earned a right to be reposing there, softly marking the measure which formerly it interpreted. Then enters the "Ruler of the Sphix's" of the orchestra. He is greeted with the earnest though quiet tapping of bows on the backs of instruments, or on the ledges of desks—an emphatic mode of greeting peculiar to performers, and with the gentle clapping of palm usual with lovers of music—who think a great noise noisier necessary in the expression of approbation. There is interest in the despicably way he exerts, marshalling those potent geniuses to "do his spitting gently; what an imperial wave of the baton over his head which he would invoke a *fur-tissimo*; with what a sweeping rush of it he commands a *crescendo tutti*! And how expressive the intimation of the left hand—perfectly Italian in its eloquence of gesticulation—when he would have the delicacy of a *piano*!"

The "great veterans" are Messrs. Griffin, Ayrtton, Burrows, Neate, &c. But the elaborate sketch of "him with the white hand," is no less a personage than John Cramer—"Glorious John" himself. We learn, from the insinuation of our eloquent cotemporary, that the "Moonlight Sonata" of Beethoven is an orchestral composition. We were not aware of it.

MADAME ANNA THILLON.

[THE following rhapsodical effusion appeared lately in the columns of the *Toulouse Epingle*, apropos of the charming Anna Thillon in the character of Lucia in Donizetti's opera, *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Setting aside the inflation of language and eulogistic extravagancies so abundantly exhibited in the article, the reader may glean therefrom a quantum of truth, more especially as he must be already acquainted with the graces and accomplishments of the fair artist. The article, for its own sake, is worth the preservation.—Ed. M. W.]

It was the Lucy of Walter Scott and of Donizetti which was revealed to our wondering senses. It was the virgin-dream of the poet with her pensive and feminine softness. We beheld the very auburn locks of poor Lucy, nay the very smile which had fanned the love of Edgard! Never was the character better realised or made more vivid. A larger crowd than usual was collected together at the bidding of the graceful and charming Anna Thillon. It has been frequently said that Lucia was the great triumph of the artist, since nature had placed her birth exactly in those lands of mist and storm where her elder sisters who interpreted the character had never been. But let us hasten to the performance—we shall assist at the magic conjuration of the tenderness of lovers and of the most unfortunate of brides. The audience were panting with anxiety, trembling with enthusiasm. As has been said

by a contemporary, Madame Anna Thillon makes her personage when appearing before the public by her look, gesture, and the carriage of her person, no less than in her voice, style and method of singing; she enchains her hearers. This look is in fact the touchstone of the true and great artist.

I do not exaggerate, but in the representation enthusiasm had reached its utmost height; it expressed itself—from time to time, in loud cries of bravo and clapping of hands.

It is but just to say, that Marie excellently supported Madame Anna Thillon, and by the side of the great artiste he felt perfectly at his ease; he displayed vigor and energy, and was on several occasions received with cheers.

The most remarkable portion of the performance was the Fountain Scene, where the interchange of love vows takes place, before the protecting nymph of lovers, in the tenderness and delicacy of which the genius of the composer seems to have entirely centred. This scene produced a magic effect on the audience. We could say as much of the scene of the malediction, in the second act; after which the two artistes were recalled, amidst the most enthusiastic applause, while showers of bouquets were rained on the stage from all parts of the house. Never did I witness a more perfect *furor*.

The histrionic qualities of Madame Thillon showed themselves more particularly in the scene of madness; her acting was so natural, so overpoweringly truthful, that she made my very hair stand on end.

Madame Thillon is a thorough comedian, and when she leaves us, to reap other crowns, it will be like a splendid luminary which has suddenly disappeared from the sky. It will leave a blank and many regrets, which it is impossible to avoid! God is great.

FREDERICK G.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS.—The performances of the company of the Opéra Comique terminated on last Friday week, with the *Diamans de la Couronne*, by Auber. We have had frequent opportunities of remarking on the merits of the principal performers; we shall, therefore, merely record the fact, by stating, that this was one of the most brilliant nights of the season, both on account of the intrinsic merit of the attractions presented, and the great concourse of spectators, anxious to profit by this last opportunity of hearing their favourites. Mdlle. Charton was as usual hailed with tumultuous applause, and on being recalled after the opera, was literally covered with bouquets and wreaths. It must be confessed, she never sang better than on Friday last, and was admirably supported by Mdlle. Guichard, and by Messrs. Lac and Châteaufort. The second season of the Opéra Comique is now over, and the manager has, we hope, every reason to feel satisfied with the success of his undertaking. If he be as content with the patronage which he has received, as we have every reason to be with the fare which he has provided for our entertainment, he will have reaped a rich harvest both of profit and honour. If ever manager deserved well of the public, Mr. Mitchell has done so; he has given us certainly the best operas—he has spared no expense in their production—and his *troupe* has been as good as any that could be produced out of Paris. His orchestra has been excellent, and scenery most appropriate. On the whole the company was stronger than it was last year, with the sole exception of M. Coudere, whose absence we deplored; but in his place we had M. Chollet and M. Lac,

who, combined, more than counterbalanced the loss we sustained. Mdlle. Charton was again the *prima donna*. This lady has secured the good-will and admiration of the English public, by her lady-like manner and her talent quite *hors ligne*. Her vocalization is perfect, her manner of phrasing correct, and her intonation faultless. More especially in rapid passages her execution excites our astonishment by the neatness and distinctness of her utterance, and the aplomb and certainty with which she throws off the most daring flights and most dangerous intervals. As an actress she has made much progress; she has acquired confidence, and now displays considerable energy, and a true sentiment of the pathetic. Few actresses have possessed to such an extent the secret of predisposing the public in their favour, and captivating their attention by her modest and unassuming demeanor. In Mdlle. Guichard we have had perhaps the best of *Dugazon*s. Both her acting and singing deserve especial commendation; she is a great favourite, and by her talents has contributed much to the success of the performances at the St. James's. Mdlle. Mancini also deserves a word of praise, as a careful actress and excellent duenna. Neither must we forget Mdlle. Cotti, who displayed considerable talent in the part of Georgette, in Halévy's opera *Le Val d'Andorre*. We shall now turn to the men, and first we find the ever-green, inimitable Chollet. M. Chollet's line is principally the comic, and in such parts he is superior to any singer now on the French stage. In serious parts his voice does not always answer to his intention, but he possesses so much art in the management of it that we scarcely perceive the defect. He is an excellent actor, and we hope that this will not be the last time of his coming among us. M. Lac made good progress during the season, and, in the present dearth of tenors, may be considered as an acquisition. His voice is good and his acting appropriate. Of M. Killy Leroy we cannot say much good, and leave him to his fate. M. Châteaufort is one of the best actors of low comedy we ever saw; his presence on the stage is marked by shouts of laughter, and his singing is well adapted to the parts which he represents. M. Buguet is also a good actor, but, perhaps from a stubborn memory, is apt to forget his part; we advise him to do his best to avert this defect. In the part of the porter of the convent, in the *Domino Noir*, we should not wish for a better actor, but in others he has not come up to that standard. M. Nathan promised more than he has kept; his voice is good, but he too often sings sharp. The chorus has been better managed and drilled this year, and have consequently been more effective; the orchestra, under the direction of M. Hanssens, was all that could be wished. The greatest care has also been taken in the decorative and scenic department. On the whole we consider that we have every reason to be satisfied with the manner in which the manager has redeemed his pledge to the public, and we hope that he will find sufficient inducement to continue his efforts.

After Easter the theatre will open with comedy and vaudeville. Some of the first acts of the French stage have been engaged, and a variety of the best pieces of the modern *repertoire* are underlined for performance. Among the engagements we may mention the names of Madlles. Denain and Nathalie, of the Theatre Français, both well known to the English public, and those of Messrs. Regnier and Lafont, old favourites, and M. Samson, who combines the talents of an actor and author, and has as yet never appeared in London. The principal pieces promised are *Bertrand et Raton* and *La Camaraderie*, both five act comedies, by Scribe; *L'Ecole des Vieillards*, *Un Naufrage*, *Ma femme et ma place* by Samson; two proverbs by Alfred de Musset, the most elegant of modern

French writers; *Gabrielle*, by Emile Augier; and *Les Deux moiselles de St. Cyr*, by Alexander Dumas; also *Le mari à la campagne*, and a host of other novelties, too numerous to mention. The after season will open with Scribe's *Bertrand et Raton*, in which M. Samson will play the part of the Count Bertrand de Ranzan. We had forgotten to mention the names of Madlle. Brasseur, from the Palais Royal, Madlle. Arvenc, from the Odéon, and Renaud, from the Vaudeville, as having accepted engagements. Madlle. Rachel will close the season; of her we say nothing, the name is sufficient.

In opera, M. Mitchell has produced *Le Val d'Andorre*, *Zampa*, *Le Caid*, *Le Pastillon de Longjumeau*, *Le Roi d'Yvetot*, *Le Maçon*, *L'Esclave du Cameroun*, all new to this country; he has also given *Ne touches pas à la Reine*, *Le Domino Noir*, *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, *La Dame Blanche*, and *Le Maître de Chapelle*. We have no doubt that his selection of comedy will be equally judicious, the samples given being of the best quality, and we do not doubt of his success.

J. DE C—

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

HALLÉ and ERNST gave the third of their delightful series of concerts on Thursday, the 21st inst.; the room was as full as ever, and the audience as attentive and enthusiastic. The programme was more varied, and on a different plan, as will be seen by a reference to it; the greatest work being given last, instead of at the beginning of either first or second part:—

PART I.—Quartet (No. 76, in D minor), two violins, tenor, and violoncello, *Haydn*. Song, "The First Violet," Miss Kenneth, *Mendelssohn*. Andante con Variazioni (from Sonata in F), pianoforte and violin, *Mozart*.

PART II.—Quartet (in A minor, Op. 3), pianoforte, violin, tenor, and violoncello, *Mendelssohn*. Cantata, "An Ode," Miss Kenneth, *Mozart*. Grand Sonata (in C minor, Op. 30), pianoforte and violin, *Beethoven*.

We noticed several new visitors at this concert, including some keen lovers of music from Bury and other neighbouring towns— attracted no doubt by the celebrity of the executants—and we found also the usual great charm of these concerts in the evidently deeply interested and delighted auditory. Every one looks animated, pleased, and excited. The opening piece was a quartet for the four-stringed instruments (by the same performers as at the last concert), *Haydn* in D minor; and an excellent example of his particular school it was; the performance being distinguished by the same remarkably acute perception and thorough appreciation of the composer's intentions, with the same talent and power of giving them effect that we have before praised so highly. The first movement (allegro) was very charming; the andante still more so; it got warmly applauded. The minuet was knocked off in that rollicking style that its character demands; it almost borders on the vulgar, but the playing of Ernst and his colleagues gave refinement to it. The next instrumental treat was the andante, with variations, from Mozart's Sonata in F—an example from another of the great masters, and most exquisitely rendered by Ernst and Hallé; the *opéram* and certainty with which these two artists play together is truly marvellous, to say nothing of the delicacy and beauty of their performance.

The interest seemed to increase as the concert proceeded, for the second part opened with a pianoforte quartet of Mendelssohn's—that is, one with three-stringed instruments and pianoforte—the one in D minor (Op. 3). If Op. 3 means the third of Mendelssohn's Chamber compositions, or even the third composed of his quartets, it is the more marvellous that in so early a work its gifted author should have displayed such talent, taste, originality, and fancy. The first two movements are very beautiful, abounding both in the sweetest melodies and fullest harmonies; they alone would prove Mendelssohn to be the composer, on whom the mantle of Beethoven was worthy to fall. In the scherzo he makes a remarkable union with the three strings—violin, tenor, and violoncello—

accompanied by the pianoforte. (Here Hallé surpassed all his former achievements.) The second movement (the andante) is very lovely. Lidel had the gratifying notice of a general murmur or whisper of applause after his fine delivery of a solo or obligato passage on his violoncello; and the entire performance was marked by repeated bursts of subdued "bravi" from enraptured listeners, as well as by rapturous applause at the close of each movement; they were too long to enquire (or to repeat, if encored, many of them), but the andante was fairly encored; Ernst, however, merely acknowledged the compliment by one of his expressive and dignified bows. The grand treat of the night, as usual, was a Sonata of Beethoven's for the two—Ernst and Hallé; the great opus in C minor. Anything more sublime in conception or delivery we never listened to; the composition of such music excites our wonder; its execution by such men as Ernst and Hallé must thrill the coldest and most unsuited hearers; the adagio cantabile is about as near divine as any earthly strain can possibly be. To describe it is impossible; it fills and satisfies the mind to such an extent, that, held breathless almost during its performance, all you can do at its close is to exclaim with wonder and delight.

The grandeur, the immense fertility—the elegance and originality of the melodies—exhibited in Beethoven's instrumental works, is certainly beyond that of any other composer. Mendelssohn alone seems to approach him in his chamber composition; and this C Minor Sonata is one of the finest of them. Both Ernst and Hallé seemed to surpass all their former excellence—the expression was so beautiful; Ernst's violin in the Adagio was mournfully eloquent; we could almost fancy it endowed with vitality, and that it was the wail of some living thing. The applause was again prolonged and loud. Miss Kenneth made her first appearance at these concerts this season; she was looking very well; she has adopted the Alboni style of dressing her hair, which becomes her exceedingly; she has improved too in her singing, and we commend her taste in the selection of her songs; the only drawback we have to make, is a little unsteadiness still in her tones, and a deficiency of expression, as well as indistinct articulation; these faults she should overcome by all means, as she possesses a voice of excellent quality. The song about the violet is one of Mendelssohn's happy inspirations, and would have been more warmly appreciated if the audience could have heard the words so as to distinguish them.

The next is (alas!) the last concert for the season, and takes place on the 4th proximo. We wish we could hear it twice—should be glad of a dual instead of single ticket, to try.—Meanwhile we are delighted with your account of the opera openings, and more especially of the *Der Freischütz*, at Covent Garden. How dearly we should like to come and hear poor Wober's master-piece, with such a cast ("Caspary" greatest of all)—chorus and orchestra—the overture, and all those lovely and exquisitely dramatic accompaniments, must be glorious, played by such a band, under Costa's baton! Well! at present we must content ourselves with reading your excellent critiques thereon quietly at home.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

THE Concerts for the People, which have now extended over six months, have been very liberally supported. The music has been of a popular character; and, as an arena for the productions of our native composers, these concerts have supplied a long-felt desideratum. On Monday last we had an oratorio by a resident professor here, Mr. Glover. *Jerusalem* was first performed here some two years ago, and met with a highly flattering reception. Since that time the Hargreaves Concerts have suspended, and in this much boasted musical city, strange to say, we have at present no regular organised church society. Mr. Peacock is now, therefore, the only concert speculator we have among us, and certainly deserves much praise for his enterprise and spirit in endeavouring to provide high class entertainments. The Weekly Concerts are also under his management, and are supported by a vocal corps of some fifty voices, all resident in the town; the only occasional star is our English soprano, Mrs. Sanderland; the whole of the orchestral arrangements being in the hands of Mr. D. W. Banks, who has admirable tact for his office. Mr. Glover's oratorio on Monday last suffered in several important particulars. Mrs. Sanderland, who was engaged for the leading soprano, disappointed

the audience here sending, at the eleventh hour, a telegraphic message, to the effect that she was indisposed. This came too late to provide a substitute; therefore the part was omitted, leaving the whole pointless—very like the play of *Hamlet* minus the Prince. An organ accompaniment was the only assistance rendered; hence we must not judge of the work until a further hearing, which we hope will be soon. Sufficient, however, we heard to justify us in anticipating for it a cordial welcome whenever it shall be heard within the sound of your "Bow bells." The author had the distinguished favour of being personally acquainted with the ever-to-be-deeply-lamented Mendelssohn, who, while living, took a deep interest in this young production of Mr. Glover's, and in the kindest manner offered to revise it. I have only just time to say, a very general feeling is now being manifested in Mr. Glover's behalf. About ninety of the chorus here have generously offered their gratuitous services for a performance of *Jerusalem*. Among the number I may name Miss Parry and Miss Shaw—our leading sopranos. Of the results you shall know anon. I am afraid of encroaching on the territories of your regular correspondent, or would just give you a line on the "Gentlemen's Glee Club," which held their annual dress concert on Thursday evening, 21st inst. Mrs. Sunderland was the principal vocalist, and sang most admirably, her singing being a long and a short note, but will not trespass further than to observe that Mr. James Isherwood, son of the never-to-be-forgotten father of the Club, the late Mr. John Isherwood, achieved many laurels deserving of his name; this gentleman is by far the most accomplished vocalist here, he possesses a clear baritone voice, and in his efforts always manifests a most praiseworthy ambition to give energy and point to his music. His conception is just, and in feeling and expression he will bear comparison with any of your metropolitan artists. Apologising for the length I have taken, and promising to drop a note in your box now and then, I subscribe myself, yours,

S. W.

MUSIC AT SHEFFIELD.

(From a Correspondent.)

WELL known, that you are ever desirous of hearing of the musical doings in the country, I feel assured that you will give my humble letter a space in your interesting journal. Mr. Saunders, professor of singing, in Sheffield, has given a series of ten grand promenade concerts, *à la Julien*, during the past season. His band has been composed of all the principal instrumentalists residing in Sheffield. Mr. Saunders has himself conducted. Mr. H. Bell, violinist, was the leader; and Mr. J. S. Booth the pianist. In addition to the band, numerous well known artists from London, Liverpool, &c., have been engaged, among whom I can only remember the Misses Williams, Mr. Richardson, Mr. H. Blagrove, Mrs. Sunderlaud, Mrs. Pankes, Mr. Ryalls, Mr. H. Phillips, and Mr. Thalberg.

The selection of music consisted of many established classical pieces, and the chief popularities of Jullien, Strauss, König, besides many compositions by the conductor, Mr. Saunders. On Tuesday evening the tenth and last of the series was given. The usual concert band was assisted by the reed and brass band of the Third Dragoon Guards. Mrs. Parkes and Mr. Ryalls were the vocalists.

The Music Hall was densely crowded, and hundreds were turned away. The programme contained the overtures to *Masaniello* and *Fra Diavolo*, which were warmly applauded; the "Olga Waltz," "Dram Polka," and "Peat Horn Galop," which pleased generally, and were effectively played by the bands. The "Victoria Galop" and "Belle Polka," by Mr. Saunders, which were quite deserving of all the applause they received. Mrs. Parkes and Mr. Ryalls were both in first-rate voice, and were encored in every thing they sung. Mr. Saunders also, in "Lo! the Factum" ("Largo al Factum"), received a well-deserved encore. The lighting of the hall was splendid, and the music, in every three things, so pleased were the audience with its spirited execution. The concert was a long one, not being over till twenty minutes past eleven. Mr. Saunders has announced two extra nights for the 1st and 3rd of April.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SEBASTIAN BACH.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

7 Sir,—Allow me through the medium of your excellent journal to make a suggestion relative to a matter which, I am somewhat surprised to find, has been overlooked by those more competent to the task.

It seems to me he escaped the notice of the *Back Society*, that the centenary of that great composer occurs on the 30th of July next. Surely such an occasion ought not to be passed over altogether unmarked; and I trust that there are many professors and organists in the metropolis (to say nothing of those in the provinces), and among them the talented President of the *Back Society* himself,—I mean Sterndale Bennett,—who would gladly assist in getting up a festival worthy of the occasion.

The arrangements I leave to abler hands than mine; but I may suggest that a grand congress of Organists, both English and foreign, would be an interesting feature; and we should then have an opportunity of comparing our best organ-players with those of Germany and Holland.

Germany, and that the hint thus hastily thrown out may have the desired effect; but it would be more than useless were it confined to a mere performance by a small body, such as the *Bach Society*. The demonstration ought to be on a scale of grandeur befitting the transcendent genius of the great contemporary of Handel. Take the Beethoven Festival at Bonn, or the Commemoration of Handel at Westminster Abbey, as a model of what ought to be done on the occasion.

I may add, in conclusion, that the period at which the festival would take place will enable provincial organists and professors to attend, and render their valuable assistance in furtherance of the scheme.

Let me again express the hope that the plan will be taken up by our leading composers and performers. If this be done I feel assured that their efforts will be warmly seconded by every sincere admirer of Sebastian Bach, and by none more so than your's truly,
A WEST COUNTRY ORGANIST.

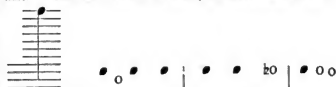
P.S.—How comes it that French Flowers has overlooked so interesting a fact?

Deerhamshire, March 27, 1850.

FLUTE FINGERING.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—Believing the *Musical World* is fond of disseminating anything of interest among its numerous admirers, I have the pleasure to send you a new fingering on the Böehm flute for a nete, I think, higher than has ever hitherto been produced on the flute. Nicholson introduced the E flat, but here is the F natural.



I have mentioned the fingering to two or three professors, who all admit it to be a new note. I send it to you, lest any foreigner should claim the discovery.

Your constant reader and subscriber,
W. A. H.

March 15, 1850.

ON SINGING AND SINGING MASTERS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—It is the duty of every man to pursue a solid and straightforward course, even though it may be in some respects prejudicial to his interests. But too often men depart from this principle, by screening the few and powerful to the injury of the many and powerless. My late observations on the singing masters of this country have been made from no illiberal or personal motives, but

solely to benefit an evidently disappointed and discontented class of musical interpreters, called singers. And why are they so? Because they frequently place themselves under masters, and find their natural voices enfeebled and unmanageable after paying handsomely for their instruction or ruin. This, Mr. Editor, is a fact of nearly every-day occurrence, and it requires an energetic investigation into the causes of the frequent loss of voices. Masters are not responsible for the natural qualities of their pupils' voices; but, Sir, the feeblest voices may be taught to vocalise naturally, and masters have no excuse to offer for bringing out a pupil with an insignificant school of voicing. We all know that a small voice well managed will produce three times the pleasure that a large and better voice would do if badly managed. Masters who have the great school of vocalisation can show it by the production of the feeblest voice; and if they cannot do this, they are totally incapable of managing the noblest and richest voices. I hold this to be a reasonable doctrine; and if it be so, what becomes of all the singing masters, both foreign and native, in this country? and what are they all about by sending before the public such a host of poor singers, who have neither a good school of vocalisation nor a knowledge of the principles of music, and some are wanting in head, heart, and grace. It is often urged that our sons and daughters have inferior voices to foreigners: this idea is, like many others, an English prejudice. How frequently do we hear the inferior voices of foreigners fascinating the public, whilst the superior voices of our vocalists fall in so doing; but the reverse of this seldom, if ever, falls to the lot of our countrymen. This tends, in some measure, to show that it is not the voice, but the school of singing which is defective; and until it be changed, our vocalists must be condemned by the public, cut to pieces secretly by foreign singers, and damned with faint praise by the press. Knowing all this, why should I any longer keep silent? For years this state of things has been going on, and the music publishers, who think themselves very wise in all matters of music, lend in no small degree to help little foreign singing masters to trifle with the voices of the people of this country. Have the foreign masters whom they and the world patronise produced singers able to appear at the Italian theatres? No. Then why not seek out celebrated singing masters—not men whose brothers, fathers, &c., are great, and built fame for their names—who have produced great and dramatic singers. Then native vocalists will have fair play done them; but at present they have no chance. Lastly, the school of no singing master is correct, good, and natural, who has ever ruined one voice in the course of his practice.—I am, sir, yours obligod,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

RIGHTS OF VICARS-CHORAL.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I beg leave to hand you some particulars relative to the Vicars-choral of St. Paul's Cathedral; and as you have obliged me upon several occasions by inserting in your valuable journal sundry articles I had written on behalf of those celebrated musical gentlemen, perfectly disinterested, I trust that you will now be pleased to insert what I consider anything but fair play to Mr. Shoubridge, who is as estimable and accomplished a singer as any member of the choir. I hope justice may be done to him, and he receive his portion of the said fine. It was my intention to have forwarded the article at the time, but being called away hastily, it escaped me. I have not seen any further mention of the affair in the public prints, so conclude the case has not been tried. Precedent may be sought for; but I think, in equity to Mr. Shoubridge, as it appears he was more than twelve months in probation, different from the rule laid down, if there should arise any doubts, they ought to be given in his favour. It appears the stipend of the Vicars-choral is a very comfortable thing, being better off, in a pecuniary point of view, than many clergymen, and their duties not heavy.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

CIVIL.

Westminster, March 21, 1850.

"COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.—SHOUBRIDGE v. CHARRK.

"This was an action by one of the Vicars-choral of St. Paul's

Cathedral and pittance, to recover the sum of £175 16s., as the plaintiff's share of a fine paid on the renewal of a lease, during the year plaintiff was in probation, and before he had been fully admitted a Vicar-choral. The question at issue between the parties was,—whether a probationary Vicar-choral is entitled to a share of the fines paid during the probationary year, or whether such fines are divisible between those only who have been fully admitted Vicars-choral. The Vicars-choral of St. Paul's Cathedral are six in number; and upon a vacancy in the body, a successor is appointed on probation for a year, at the expiration of which period he is, if approved of, admitted by the Dean and Chapter as a full member of the body. The Vicars-choral are possessed of certain estates in the country, and of several houses in Ludgate-hill and Newgate-street, which denuded on terms renewable at certain periods upon the payment of fines, the amount of which is divided equally between the members of the body. The plaintiff received his probationary appointment on the 19th of July, 1847, and was fully admitted on the 28th of July, 1849; in the interim, a fine of £1100 was paid to the Vicars-choral upon the renewal of the lease of an estate at Steeple-Bumpstead, which sum the six fully admitted Vicars-choral divided equally between themselves. The plaintiff claimed to share with them, but they disputed his claim on the ground, that he was not a fully admitted member of the body at the time the fine was paid. The Lord Chief Justice said it was evident that the matter must be turned into a special case for the opinion of the Court above, and suggested that it would save time to do this at once. The counsel on both sides agreed to this, and the jury were discharged."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

BRUNSWICK, March 8.—Led by the impulse of my heart as well as by my feelings for art, I offer a few words on last night's performance. I do this under the living influence of the impression it has produced, partly as an agreeable signal (*freundliches signal*) for the public: partly as a proof of high respect and sympathy for the composer.

It is often really painful to praise an artist's work, merely on account of certain unfortunate circumstances connected with it; what consolation and even elevation, therefore, when on the other hand, such a production, produced with the most painful labor, shows the mark of genius, and thereby proves that true and divine art stands high and pure over worldly pains; and indeed the composition of our artist, animated only by inward intellectual light, contains so many beautiful original and genial parts, that it would have met with success, even had the composer himself been able to read and to write down with his own hands the outlines of his first ideas, and the arrangements of the score; but this sympathy approaches almost to a melancholy admiration, when we consider the deplorable fate of that artist; when we think, to mention one fact only, how the score was produced; how it was written by the aged mother of the composer—to whom he had to dictate every note, and even the smallest signs of expression. One page of the score, dear readers, often contains thirty different staves, and therefore it often happens that one bar, rapidly passed over in performance, requires sometimes 300 or 400 musical signs. How delightful and cheering, how powerful and deeply affected must we feel on hearing such music produced under such wearisome and gloomy circumstances.

I need hardly say that every part of the work is not of equal value; but the noble and attractive is predominant; genial, melodious, rich harmony, and a fullness (obtained sometimes even by too powerful an instrumentation), are to be observed in almost every piece.

Some parts in this work contain beauties which might adorn any opera, for instance, the chorus in the second act; the

torzetto, in the third; the air of Suleika; Amgort's *preghiera*; Rudolf's *cavatina*, and several others.

If the composer could be induced to allow some absolutely necessary abbreviations (principally of the ritornellos and finales, the last especially) there is no doubt that in spite of some objections to the plot, the opera would grow higher and higher in the estimation of the public on every new performance, more particular since the first representation was so generally perfect. The excellent orchestra fulfilled its difficult task under the able leadership of Mr. Stöpel, with complete precision. The great applause and unanimous calls for the composer at the end of the second and third act, must have rewarded him for many hours of labour and officiation.

A. METHESSEL.

[The above article, from a Brunswick paper, by a well known critic, relates to an opera called *The Faithful Brothers*, by Mr. Alexander Mitchell, a member of the Society of British Musicians, who is stone blind.—Ed.]

COMPARISONS OF DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

(From the "World.")

THE nature of the pleasure caused by dramatic entertainments differs from that which we receive from the kindred art of poetry, painting, or sculpture, both in kind and in degree. In poetry, for instance, that art to which the drama is nearest akin, and of which, indeed, it is usually considered to form a sub-genus, a certain dreamy indistinctness is allowed; the mind, wandering abroad on the wings of the imagination, works out for itself many a half-sketched outline, supplies many an absent tone, and perfects, according to the perceptions of each individual reader, the harmony, of which only the key notes have been struck by the author. But no such liberty can be allowed to the dramatic writer; his picture must be filled up in all its details—nothing of the conduct and action of his composition can be left to the imagination; for on the stage we see not only the form and figure of man, but even expect to behold the very workings of his heart.

Truth of sentiment, as well as truth of diction, are nowhere so essential as in the theatre; for it is man himself that we go to see—man, not as he might be, but as he is—man, painted perhaps in colours, a little, and only a little, broader and deeper than those of nature—man, with his passions and vices, his virtues and his weaknesses. On the stage, we gratify a moral curiosity to observe the thoughts and actions of our fellow-men; we like to follow as simple spectators, though not uninterested, their motives and passions—to laugh at them when they are ridiculous, and to sympathise with them when they are unhappy. The pleasure we enjoy is akin to that described by Lucretius—

"E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem."

The first condition of dramatic emotion is, that the passion which excites it should be *true*. Now truth, in its highest expression, can only be predicated of those passions which are common to all mankind in all ages—such as love, jealousy, terror. There is, however, besides, a lower grade of truth, if we may so say, which applies to individuals, not to man in general; as, for instance, it may be conceived that the feelings and consequently actions, of a particular man, placed in particular circumstances, might differ from those which would be entertained by the rest of the world if placed in the same position. So we would distinguish, in speaking of the truth of passions, general from particular truths.

And here we must remark one of the principal distinctions between the ancient and modern drama. The ancient dramatists, not only the Greeks, but likewise Shakspeare and Corneille, took for their subjects the most ordinary passions of the human breast; as love, in the *Cid*—jealousy, in *Othello*—ingratitude, in *Lea*. Many modern writers, on the contrary, have made the interest of their compositions consist in the peculiarities of particular dispositions, describing, often with painful elaboration, forms of character and feeling which, if they exist at all except in the brain of the dramatist, are to be found but rarely; conceiving that by carrying on into the passion the novelty that should exist in the plot, they increase the interest of the spectator.

The strongest possible examples of this practice are to be found in the works of the modern French dramatists. M. Victor Hugo, for instance, would seem to have written many of his dramas upon the principle of allying the most contradictory passions in the same person, mingling in the same character every vice with one virtue; as in *Lucrezia Borgia*, Lucrezia is painted as incestuous, bloodthirsty, polluted with almost every crime, but possessing one solitary human feeling—maternal love; and in *Marion de l'Orme*, where the heroine, a courtesan, is described as loving Didier with all the purity of virgin affection. It is impossible to deny that M. Hugo, M. Dumas, M. Soulié, &c., have written plays containing very high dramatic interest, but it must be admitted that they have not acted upon the maxim of the great painters of Italy—a maxim which seems to us perfectly applicable to theatrical composition—namely, that the most powerful effects are produced by the use of the simplest colours.

In continuation of this part of our subject, we shall attempt to analyse the different treatment of a particular subject—namely, the ingratitude of children, by three authors of different ages;—Sophocles, in the *Edipus Colonus*; Shakspeare, in *King Lear*; and Balzac, in the novel (which has been dramatised) of *Le Pere Goriot*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOM.—Miss Emma Stanley, late of the Princess's Theatre, gave a monological entertainment, entitled, "A New, Original, and Musical Melange," on Tuesday evening. The entertainment is written by George Sala, Esq., the words of the songs by T——, Esq., and the music arranged and composed by W. Lovell Phillips. The melange is very amusing, and the music adapted most cleverly and with much *esprit*. The room was tolerably full.

HEAR GEORGE SCELLI, the popular concert singer, is expected in London shortly. During the winter he has been singing with success in Milan, and since, has made a profitable tour in Germany.

KINGTON.—The fifth meeting of the Kingston Musical Society took place on Friday last before a large and brilliant audience, including the Earl and Countess of Oxford. It being Lent, the selection was of a sacred character. Several juvenile members of the Hereford Cathedral Choir were added to the chorus, which greatly enhanced the effect of the performance. The Chorus sang "Lift up your Heads," "The Hallelujah," (Handel), "I will give thanks," (Mozart), Mendelssohn's "O rest to the Lord," and Handel's "O thou that tellest," seemed to be the favourites, as several of them were encored. Dr. Nare's pretty duet for two sopranos was chaste sung by two of the Cathedral boys. In the course of the evening, Mr. Ridley, the conductor, from whose spirited exertions the society originated, played three of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte." The beautiful odes in A and A² were rapturously encored. The last meeting for the season takes place in a month. In the interim, we are to be favoured with a visit from H. J. Phillips, the English Basso.—*Abridged from the Hereford Journal.*

MIDDLE. CHARTON.—Mr. Mitchell brought the first division of this season to a close with Auber's *Les Diamans de la Couronne*. We have recorded our opinions so fully on the merits of this graceful production that it were superfluous to repeat their substance here. But, trio as would be any observations of ours on the story or the music, Middle Charton's rendering of both is ever fresh and new.

It was injustice, not so much to the artist as to the public, to leave such a performance altogether without notice. It was neither a lifeless repetition of what is set down in the score, nor in the slightest degree an indication of extraneous effulgence on the thoughts of the composer. It was nature speaking in the chastened utterance of art. Yet not a jot of the glowing warmth of the former was lost in the exquisite finish of the latter. The audience, which was as numerous as the house could contain, and which consisted of the élite of fashion and taste, seemed entranced by the magic of the enchantress. The applause was frequent and fervid, and the feeling when the curtain fell was manifestly one of regret that the opera could not be then and there repeated. Mademoiselle Charton was re-demanded and greeted with a shower of bouquets and garlands, as an intimation that her absence from the scene of her triumphs could not be so brief, or her career so brilliant, as would meet the grateful wishes of those whom she had at once delighted and instructed. —*Morning Post.*

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY have announced Mendelssohn's *Elijah* for next Friday, the 5th inst., Miss Catherine Hayes, Misses Williams, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, and Herr Fornes, sustaining the principal vocal parts.

The *Athenaeum* announces that the Queen has bestowed a pension of £100 a year on Mrs. Besy Moore, wife of the celebrated poet Thomas Moore. The pension, as the warrant sets forth, is granted "in consideration of the literary merits of her husband and his infirm state of health."

BEAUF JENNY LIND!—Jenny Lind was offered some thirty thousand pounds to sing at the Imperial concerts at the court of Russia. Jenny's significant negative to the offer was "Hungary." Great is the triumph of genius, when the nightingale is too much for the eagle. —*Morning Post.*

THE LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, we are informed, intends producing Mr. Horsley's oratorio. Mr. Horsley, we understand, is the son of the composer, who, as a glee writer, is so well known in Manchester. A symphony, by Mr. C. Horsley, has recently been played at Cassel, conducted by the veteran Spohr, who, we learn, is quite recovered from his recent fall.

MA. OSBORNÉ, the popular composer and pianist, is at Paris. He will return to London at the commencement of April.

DE BERTOT is spending his *congé* at the *Conservatoire* of Brussels, at Paris.

VIEUXTEMPS.—This celebrated violinist will devote the first part of his *congé* from St. Petersburg to visit Brussels, his native city. He has composed a new concerto. It is probable that Vieuxtemps may pay London a short visit this season, about June. He will arrive at Brussels in May.

GARRI AND MARIO, the "incomparable twins," quitted St. Petersburg on the 20th. They are daily expected in London.

MADAME PLEYEL, the queen of pianists, is in Paris, spending her *congé* from the Brussels *Conservatoire*, we trust pleasantly and profitably. Her visit to London is at present problematical.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mr. Bunn closed his present season here on Saturday last, and spoke the following farewell address:—"Ladies and Gentlemen,—It would be the height of all ingratitude were I to suffer this evening to pass over without acknowledging the heavy obligations which your kindness has imposed upon me. You have given me, throughout my undertaking, a reception rarely allotted to performers of even the highest standing, by virtue of which I have received provincial offers I now go to carry out in every part of the empire; and I will trespass on you no further than to say, that when I cease to remember this, I hope you will cease to remember me."

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—On Monday evening Mendelssohn's oratorio of *Elijah* was given by this society, to a crowded hall. The vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss Bassano, Mrs. Noble, Miss Byers, Messrs. Lockey, Lawler, &c. The novelty of the evening was the first appearance of Miss Bassano at these concerts. Miss Bassano has been long known as one of the most distinguished

of our mezzo-soprano singers, and in every respect qualified to interpret the inspirations of the great sacred writers. Her performance on Monday was what might have been anticipated. She gave the recitatives with great energy, and obtained a merited encore in the air "Oh! rest in the Lord." Miss Birch sang with her wonted ability, especially in the song, "Hear ye, Israel." The trio without accompaniment, "Lift thine eyes," was encored, an honor due to the manner in which it was delivered by the Misses Birch and Byers, and Mrs. Noble. The chorus sustained its reputation. The Bial choruses, with Mr. Lawler's bass recitatives in bold relief, were delivered with characteristic force, as was also the "Woe unto him; he shall perish," one of the finest choruses of the work. *Judas Maccabeus* will be given on the 17th April.

STOCKPORT.—THE MESSAS. DISTIN'S CONCERT took place at the Mechanics' Institution, on Friday evening, being their first appearance since their return from America. The house was so crowded, that numbers were unable to obtain admittance. The performances commenced with Donizetti's quartet from *Belshazzar*, which Mr. Distin and his three sons played on their silver sax-horns, in beautiful style, accompanied by Mr. Willy on the piano-forte. Miss Morlat O'Connor sang several ballads during the evening with exceeding good taste. She has a good voice—but appeared to better effect in concert with the Brothers Distin, who are also singers, one or two possessing considerable pretensions. The ancient madrigal, composed in 1541, "Down in a Flowery Vale," "Sol Fa, or Singing Lesson," "A Vocal Quartet," and "Annie Laurie," a Scotch ballad, sung by Miss O'Connor, were all encored. Amongst the instrumental accomplishments was a solo from *Sonambula*, by Mr. H. Distin, introducing the air "All is Lost," which was applauded. "The Echo Hunting Duet," arranged by Mr. Distin, and represented on the French horns by Messrs. H. and W. Distin, was deservedly encored. The echo, we are informed, was produced, not from a third wind instrument in the distance, as one would suppose, but by a novel application of science conveying the sound into a glass globe, whence, at a slight interval, the softened echo arises with infallible correctness. The Fantasia from *Lucia di Lammermoor* and *La Fugita del Reggimento*, was brilliantly executed on the sax-horns; but the best performance of the evening was the "Quartet" from a favourite opera, by Messrs. Distin. The talents of these artists were fully brought out in this composition. The ensemble of the instruments, from the smallest to the largest, was perfect. The performances were successful in eliciting enthusiastic applause. The Concert concluded, at ten o'clock, with "God Save the Queen," arranged by Mr. Distin, and accompanied by Mr. Willy.—*Stockport Advertiser*, March 21.

BATH.—A numerous meeting of the members of the Harmonic Society attended the Concert at the Assembly Rooms, on Friday evening last. E. Fletcher, Esq., presided. The programme and the performance were particularly good, and, tested by the applause, were well received. The pleasing duet, "Oh, where have you been, sweet sister Fay?" was charmingly sung by Mrs. K. Pyne and Miss Gilbert. An encore was requested. "The madrigal, 'My bonnie Lass,' was given by the choir with admirable precision. Dr. Calcutt's 'Thou art beautiful, Queen of the Valley,' and Rossini's 'Charity' chorus, arranged as a quintet, were both effectively sung, and listened to with marked attention. Dr. Cooke's pleasing glee, 'In the Merry Month of May,' cleverly sung by Mrs. K. Pyne, Messrs. Bell, Pyne, and Bianchi Taylor, was encored. In the second part, Miss Patton and Mr. B. Taylor sang the duet from *Maritana*, 'Of Fairy Wand had I the power,' with characteristic effect and ability. Other favourite pieces were given very successfully, the concert concluding with the music from *Macbeth*. We have seldom heard it given with better effect, particularly the "Echo" chorus, and the slow movement, "At the Night Raven's dismal Voice." We regret, with others, that these meetings will so soon terminate. The Ladies' Night, on the 12th of April, being the last this season.—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*.
MA. HENRY RUSSELL has been giving a series of entertainments at the Lyceum during the week, in which he introduced his favourite dramatic scenes, "The Ship on Fire," "The Gambler's Fate," and others. Mr. Henry Russell has attracted unusually good houses, the receipts averaging eighty pounds nightly.

ANTONIO MINATI, the well-known flautist, has arrived in London from India, after a sojourn of three years.

DIORAMA OF THE OVERLAND ROUTE.—On Thursday afternoon such portions of this diorama as are already completed were exhibited to private view. They consisted of two stationary views of Gibraltar and Malta, of a moving picture, commencing with a representation of Cairo, and terminating at Suez, a stationary view of a portion of the island of Ceylon, and another of Calcutta. Although many drawbacks existed, from the incompleteness of the arrangements at present, and the unfinished state of some of the pictures, an excellent notion could be formed of the effect of the whole when carried out. In completeness of detail, interest of subject, and effectiveness in the general treatment, it is not surpassed by any exhibition of the same kind. The portion of the moving picture which was exhibited, representing the route over the desert from Cairo to Suez, a subject offering but few opportunities for variety of effect, is treated with great skill, every occasion being seized of keeping up the interest by the introduction of characteristic details. At the station from which the caravan starts we have a group of figures representing the various classes of personages who are usually to be met with on the overland journey; and as we proceed onward the carcass of a dead camel mourned over by its Ethiopian owner, the whitening skeletons of similar victims, an encampment of Arabs, a cluster of vultures awaiting their prey, or a troop of Arab cavalry, serve to diversify the dreary waste of sand over which the eye is made to travel. The human figures and animals introduced in these pictures are executed with more care and finish than is usually to be found in such exhibitions and contribute greatly to raise the effect of the various scenes. The stationary view of Calcutta is perhaps the most effective work of this kind that has ever been painted, the noble masses of building in the background, and the groups of equestrian and pedestrian figures in their varied costumes, European and Oriental, forming a most striking picture. The exhibition was explained and commented on by Mr. Stocqueler, whose remarks on the various points of interest were extremely apt, and conveyed all the requisite information in a very pleasant form. A large number of spectators were present, among whom we noticed several distinguished artists and literary men, who marked their approbation by repeated bursts of applause. The Diorama is to be opened for public exhibition on Monday next, and we have no doubt it will attract with all the patronage it deserves from the Easter holiday-makers.

SOUTHEY'S OPINION OF COLERIDGE.—You are in a great measure right about Coleridge; he is worse in body than you seem to believe, but the main cause lies in his own management of himself, or rather want of management. His mind is a perpetual St. Vitus's dance—eternal activity without action. At times he feels mortified that he should have done so little; but this feeling never produces any exertion. I will begin to-morrow, he says, and thus he has been all his life-long letting to-day slip. He has had no heavy calamities in life, and so contrives to be miserable about trifles. Poor fellow! there is no one thing which gives me so much pain as the witnessing such a waste of unequalled powers. If he dies without doing his work, it would half break my heart, for no human being has had more talents allotted.—*Southey's Life.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW SONGS,

LET US BE JOYOUS! "PEACE TO THEE,"
BENEATH THY CASHEM; "GAY LARK;" "ADIEU, YE WOODS;"
"NO FORM BUT THINE."

These six highly successful songs, price 2s. each, composed by HENRY LUNN and JOHN ANIMORE, and sung in WATKINSON LUNN'S "Literary and Musical Evening," are just published by

ADDISON, AND CO., 210, Regent Street.

"They are all distinguished by a melodious flow, which must render them general favourites."—*Musical World.*

EXETER HALL.

WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

WEDNESDAY NEXT, APRIL 3rd will be held the Sixth of the Spring Series of the LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS, when Herr FORMER, Mr. Henry Drayton, Signor FIATTO, and Mr. Alexander Billet, will appear, together with other Artists of eminence.
Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; Reserved Seats (numbered), 4s.; Stalls, 7s. May be had of Mr. STAMMER, No. 4, in Exeter Hall, and of all Musicians.

INDIA OVERLAND MAIL.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street,
Warren's Picture-A-Glance MOVING DIORAMA, ILLUSTRATING
THE ROUTE OF THE OVERLAND MAIL TO INDIA, depicting every object worthy of notice on this highly interesting journey from Southampton to Calcutta, accompanied by descriptive detail and appropriate music, (which has been in preparation for the last nine months), is now OPEN DAILY, at Half past 2 and 8 o'clock.
Admission, —1s.; Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d. (which may be previously engaged.)

SIGNOR AND MADAME FERRARI

BEG to inform their Friends and Pupils that they have REMOVED to their permanent residence, No. 69, UPPER NORTON STREET, Portland Place, where they continue to give Instructions in the Cultivation of the Voice, and the various branches of singing. Their course of Spring Classes is now forming.

Signor and Madame Ferrari have a vacancy for one lady as IN-DOOR ARTICLED PUPIL.

HERR DREYSHOCK

RESPECTFULLY informs the Nobility, Gentry, and Public that he will arrive in London during the first week in April, and will feel obliged by communications being addressed to him, and left with his Publishers, Messrs. Robert Cook and Co., Publishers to Her Majesty, New Burlington Street, who are empowered to enter into any engagements on his behalf.—*Prague, March 6, 1850.*

MR. CREVELLI

Desires to acquaint his Friends and the Public that his Work on
THE ART OF SINGING,
Adapted with alterations and additions for the BASS VOICE, may be had at his Residence,
71, UPPER NORTON STREET;
And at all the principal Music-sellers.

To be Published by Subscription—Price One Guinea,

"EMMANUEL;"

AN ORATORIO,

By WILLIAM GLOVER.

(Author of "JERUSALEM.")

5, STANLEY TERRACE, RED BANK, LANCHESTER.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL,

89, LONG ACRE.

MR. ALEXANDER BILLET,

(FROM ST. PETERSBURGH.)

BEGS to announce the Last of a Series of Three EVENING CONCERTS OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, at the above Hall, on FRIDAY, April the 5th; in the course of which will be performed specimens of all the great Pianoforte Composers, including—
Bach, Scarlatti, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Dussek, Seibel, Pinto, Clementi, Weigl, Moscheles, Weber, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Cramer, Hummel, Chopin, Stephen Heller, Sterndale Bennett, &c., &c.

- On this occasion Mr. Billet will have the honour to introduce
1. Sonata in F major, Pianoforte, M. BILLET. *Mozart.*
 2. Duet, the Misses COLE. *W. S. Bennett.*
 3. Grand Sonata in B minor, Op. 60 (dedicated to Cherubini), pianoforte, M. BILLET. *Clementi.*
 4. Duet, the Misses COLE. *Mendelssohn.*
 5. Duo, Violin and Pianoforte, M. SAINTON and M. BILLET. *Haydn.*
 6. Elegy, on the Death of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, in F sharp minor (by desire, first time in public) Pianoforte, M. BILLET. *Dussek.*
 7. Duet, the Misses COLE. *Macfarren.*
 8. Prelude and Fugue in B minor. *Bach.*
 9. Study in G. *Cramer.*
 10. Study in E. *Hummel.*
 11. Prelude and Fugue in B minor. *Mendelssohn.*
 12. Duet, the Misses COLE. *Mendelssohn.*
 13. Sonata Duo, Pianoforte and Violoncello, in D major, M. BILLET. *Mendelssohn.*

Signor FIATTO and M. BILLET has the pleasure to announce that the eminent Violonist, M. SAINTON, and the celebrated Violoncelloist, Signor FIATTO, have kindly accepted their eminent services for this (the Last) Concert.

Tickets for a single Concert, 2s.; Central Seats, 3s.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Subscription to Reserved Seats for the Series, 16s. 6d.; to be had at St. Martin's Hall; of Messrs. and Co., 225, Regent Street; Purday, Holborn; Footman, Strand; and Esler and Co., Norgate Street; also at Mr. Billet's Residence, 13, North Bank, Regent's Park.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF MADAME SONTAG.



GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

COMBINING THE TALENTS OF
MADAME SONTAG;

SIGNORI LABLACHE, BELLETTI,
CALZOLARI, SIMS REEVES;
MADAME PARODI;

AND
MADAME CARLOTTA GRISI, MADAME AMALIA FERRARIS.
MADAME MARIE TAGLIONI.

It is respectfully announced that
GRAND ENTERTAINMENT
will take place on **THURSDAY, April 4th, 1850**, when will be presented
DONIZETTI'S Opera,

DON PASQUALE.

Norina - - - Madame SONTAG,
(Her First Appearance at this Season.)
Ernesto - - - Signor CALZOLARI,
Dr. Malatesta - - - Signor BELLETTI,
Don Pasquale - - - AND
Signor LABLACHE.
(His First Appearance at this Season.)

A DIVERTISSEMENT.

In which MADAME AMALIA FERRARIS will appear.
To be followed by the Last Act of "ERNANI," by MADAME PARODI,
Signor BELLETTI, and SIMS REEVES.

To conclude with the admired new Grand Ballet by M. P. TAGLIONI,

LES METAMORPHOSES.

In which MADAME CARLOTTA GRISI, MADAME MARIE TAGLIONI,
MADAME ROSA, JULIENNE LAMOUREUX, ALEXANDER M. CHARLES,
and M. P. TAGLIONI, will appear.

In the Ballet, for the First Time, a NEW GRAND PAS DE CARACTERE,
by MADAME MARIE TAGLIONI.

The Subscribers desirous to attend this Extra Performance, will have the
option of taking it in lieu of a Subscription Night.
Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of
the Theatre.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR - - - - - MR. COSTA.

NEXT FRIDAY, Mendelssohn's "ELIJAH." Vocalists:—
Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss A. Williams, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams,
Mr. Lockey, Mr. J. A. Novello, and Herr Formes.
Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each; at No. 6, in Exeter Hall; or of Mr.
Bowley, 53, Charing Cross.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

Under the Patronage of H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, and H. R. H. the
Duke of Cambridge.

B. MOLIQUE'S THIRD EVENING CONCERT.

WEDNESDAY, April 3.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

PROGRAMME:

String Quartet, Op. 13	Napoli.
Idio	Mendelssohn.
Pianoforte Sonata, F minor, Op. 37	Beethoven.
Chaconne, Violin (by desire)	Bach.
Duo, Two Violins, Op. 67	Spohr.
Song and Duet	Mendelssohn.
Three Songs	Molique.

Performers:—Misses WILLIAMS, Mendles. GRAUMANN and
MOLIQUE. Messrs. MOLIQUE, CARROUS, A. MELLON, and
HAUSMANN.

Tickets to be had of Messrs. Cramer & Co., Regent-street; EWER & Co.,
Newgate-street; and B. MOLIQUE, 9, Houghton-place, Amphil-square.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF SIGNOR TAMBERLIK.

"MASANIELLO" NEXT THURSDAY.

THE DIRECTORS have the honour to announce, that, in
compliance with the desire of a large portion of their Subscribers, who
have left town for the Easter recess, NEXT THURSDAY, APRIL 4th,
will be given as a SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT, instead of NEXT TUES-
DAY, APRIL 2nd, when will be performed (for the First Time this Season)
AUGER's grand and popular Opera of

MASANIELLO.

in which Signor TAMBERLIK will make his First Appearance in
England.

Elvira	- -	Madame CASTELLAN,
Fenella	- -	Madame BALLIN,
Emma	- -	Madame COTTI,
Alphonso	- -	Signor LUIGI MEI,
Borella	- -	Signor ROMMI,
Pietro	- -	Monsieur MARSSOL,
Pescatore	- -	Signor RACHE,
Selva	- -	Signor GREGORIO,

AND
Signor TAMBERLIK.

(From the Theatre San Carlos at Naples, and the Grand Opera at Barcelona,
his First Appearance in England.)

The Characteristic Dances incidental to the Opera will be supported by
Mons. ALEXANDRE and Madame LOUISE TAGLIONI,
(Première Danseuse of the Académie Royale at Paris), with whom the
Directors have effected an Engagement.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

On SATURDAY, APRIL 6th, A GRAND OPERA.

On TUESDAY, APRIL 9th, will be performed DONIZETTI'S Opera,

LUCREZIA BORGIA.

in which Madame GRISI, Madame de MERIC, Signor TAMBURINI, and
Signor MARIO, will make their First Appearance this season.

The Performances commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had (for the Night or
Season) at the Box-office of the Theatre.

MISS BIRCH AND MISS ELIZA BIRCH

REG to announce to their Friends and the Public that
they have REMOVED to No. 70, GERRARD STREET, Park Lane,
where they will be happy to receive applications for Pupils as usual.

DISTIN'S CONCERTS.

MR. DISTIN and SONS will perform at the following
places:—

Recehade, April 1st: Manchester, Free-Trade Hall, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th;
Oulton, 5th, Vocalist, Miss Mariott O'Connor; Viano, Mr. J. Wiley.
AMATEUR CORNET CLASSES, for the Practice of Quartets, &c.,
assemble nightly, at H. DISTIN'S CORNET and SAX HORN DEPOT, 31,
Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square.

MR. AGUILAR

REGS to announce that he will give an EVENING CONCERT
at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on WEDNESDAY, 24th April.
Vocalists:—Miss Lombardi, Madame Groussier, Miss Lorr, and the Misses C.
and S. Cole (Pupils of M. Panofka); Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Marchesi.
Violin, Herr ERNST; Violoncello, Herr HAUSMANN; Oboe, Mr. NICHOLSON;
Clarinet, Mr. LEXARD; Horn, Mr. JARRETT; Bassoon, Mr. BRAUNMAN;
Pianoforte, Mr. AGUILAR.

Conductor, - - - - - Mr. HANSDICT.

Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 7s.; to be procured at Messrs. Cramer, Beale,
and Co., 20, Regent Street; at Messrs. Wessell and Co., 279, Regent Street; and
at the Residence of Mr. Aguilar, 64, Upper Norton Street, Portland Road.

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Parkes, Dean Street, Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Holywell Street,
and at all Booksellers',—Saturday, March 30th, 1850.

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s. Stamped; 12s. Unstamped; to be forwarded by Money Order or Postage Stamps, to the Publisher, W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

No. 14.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1850.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE.
STAMPED FOURPENCE.

VIVIER.

A SERIES of papers have been written, expressly for the *Musical World*, by an able and experienced pen, on the life and genius of this ighly gifted artist. The first will appear in our next number.

Vivier has reappeared among us, and his name is likely to figure conspicuously in the musical programmes of the season, both metropolitan and provincial. This will be welcome intelligence to all who admire talent at once original and expressive. Nothing we can say, however, would induce a more general feeling among musicians and the public in favour of Vivier both as a man and as an artist than exists already; and we shall leave the analysis of his many gifts to those more capable than ourselves of doing them justice.

STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from page 125).

THE *Art de Phraser*, Op. 16,* consists of twenty-four studies, of various lengths, in all the major and minor keys, in the course of which almost every kind of measure and rhythm, simple and compound, is employed. The pupil who diligently practices these studies will soon acquire the most important element of expression—a satisfactory manner of phrasing, without which the utmost mechanical facility becomes cold and monotonous. This is the principal aim of Mr. Heller in the present work. Each of the studies is a song, more or less elaborately developed, with a peculiar figure of accompaniment. In some the melody is given to the right hand entirely, in others to the left, and as often it is divided between the two; occasionally the song is confined to the bass throughout, occasionally to the top line, and sometimes arranged in the form of duet. Almost every species of figure is employed in the accompaniments, and out of the four and twenty studies there are not two which bear any resemblance to each other. The style is exquisitely finished, and the effects, though various and rich, are never irrelevant to the instrument for which they are composed. Except some of those in extreme keys the studies are of moderate difficulty, within the reach of performers of modest pretensions. Viewed in this light alone the *Art de Phraser* is the most attractive, as well as the most useful, compendium of practice which the pianoforte possesses. It advances the taste of the pupil while it assists the development of his mechanical capability. At the same time there is quite enough of purely musical interest in them to enchain the admiration of the most cultivated professor of the art. We had entered into a separate analysis of each of the twenty-four studies; but on further reflection, having so much to say on works of greater length and importance, we have come to the

conclusion that the introduction of such minute criticism into these papers would be superfluous to the plan which led to their composition, and would, moreover, occupy too large a space in the already overcrowded columns of the *Musical World*. We may therefore leave the *Art de Phraser* with the general recommendation embodied in the foregoing remarks, backed by the simple asseveration that a more profitable compendium of exercises for the pianoforte, or a better introduction to the elaborate and difficult works of the greatest masters ancient and modern, does not exist. They teach style and execution together, through the fascinating medium of music at once simple expressive and beautiful. Had M. Stephen Heller produced nothing else, the *Art de Phraser* would alone have sufficed to rank him among the most original and distinguished of modern composers for the piano. Let us hope that this strong and sincere testimony to their value may serve to draw the attention of the professors and students of Great Britain to their merits. The London edition of Messrs Wessel is divided into four books, each book containing six studies, and of course to be had separately.

CARLOTTA CRISI.

THE new triumph of this most gifted and fascinating of danseuses has been the universal theme of praise among all our cotemporaries. That the *ballet* has now every chance of being restored to all its ancient popularity—that the days of *Emeralda*, *Giselle*, and the *Pas de Quatre*, are about to be revived—seems to be the general opinion. Mr. Lumley has it in his power to re-erect that fairy castle, in which, of yore, he was enabled "to see as from a tower, the end of all"—to mock at competition from an airy height—to watch the hattle of contending speculations from an eminence, himself unscathed, untouched, according to the simile of Lucretius Carus, in his book upon the Nature of Things. Mr. Lumley has it in his power, we repeat, to reconstruct the empyreal edifice in which he was wont to live alone, like some old necromancer, stirring the world with his enchantments. Mr. Lumley has M. Paul Taglioni, a *maitre de ballet* of lively fancy and keen intelligence; he has M. Gosselin, who in the subordinate duties of the office of ballet-master, knows no rival; he has Marie Taglioni, who is as tall as she is pretty, as pretty as she is tall, as clever as she is both, and as popular as she is all three; he has M. Charles, the youngest and most promising male dancer of the day; he has Amalia Ferraris, the new *danseuse*, with feet of steel, whose late success is still ringing in the ears of the Opera frequenters; he has Mr. Marshall, one of the most picturesque and fanciful of scene-painters; he has the handsomest and most efficient of *corps de ballet*; he has Madame Copenh, who knows so well how to keep them in order, and exercises her functions with such zeal and such discretion; and last, which should have been first,

* Dedicated to Mlle. Josephine Rist.

he has CARLOTTA GRISI—the most accomplished and graceful dancer, and the most consummate and expressive mimist in the world. What else does Mr. Lumley want to re-endow the *ballet* with more than its pristine beauty, to re-inspire the taste among his fashionable and aristocratic patrons which shall constitute it a matter of profit as well as of magnificence?

Meanwhile *Les Metamorphoses*, with "the peerless Carlotta Grisi" (as a contemporary filly styles her) as the heroine, is a good beginning. Let that be followed up. Let M. Paul Taglioni set his wits to work upon a new *ballet* for Carlotta; or, if he have not time, let the *Filleule des Fées*, or parts of it, be placed upon the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Marshall's water effects were triumphantly exhibited in *Coralie*; and the great scene of the fountains, in which Carlotta has one of the most piquant and brilliant of her *pas seules*, could not be in better hands. The *Theatre de la Nation* might be rivalled, if not beaten. Mr. Lumley can do anything, with his own originality and readiness of invention, the large and various means at his command, and the all-important aid of Carlotta Grisi. A month of the two months' engagement of this exquisite *danseuse* has already nearly gone. One only remains, and that over, if Carlotta be allowed to fly away, who can say *when* she may return to England? Every one knows she has a superb engagement for St. Petersburg this year, and that St. Petersburg has fascinations not easy for an artist to resist. The Emperor loves the *ballet* to idolatry. It is the only public amusement of which he is passionately fond. With such temptations Carlotta, if she be not frozen motionless, might be induced to remain at St. Petersburg, and make her nest. She is a bird of golden plumage, but she has quick wings that sparkle as they flap. Mr. Lumley must cut them off, and disable her from going. Mr. Lumley must keep her for himself. If Carlotta goes, who is to replace her? Not Rosati—not Cerito—not Amalia Ferraris.

THE EASTERN AMUSEMENTS.

WITH one or two exceptions, all the London theatres entertained their patrons with an Eastern piece on Monday last. Tale of fairy, burlesque, broad farce, and melo-dramatic pantomime, engaged the exclusive attention of our various reporters. Happily, musical societies, and *entrepreneurs* of every grade are accustomed to avoid Easter Monday, as a day so taken up by purely theatrical amusements, that to advertise a concert, oratorio, or opera, would be to solicit the attendance of the winds and showers of April. Moreover, Easter Monday, this year, fell upon the first of April, and though there are plenty of fools and "poissons" (as the French call them) in London, there are very few of them who are amateurs of music. So that with the exception of Mr. Henry Phillips, who gallantly announced the first of a series of Monday evening entertainments, at St. Martin's Hall, nothing in the shape of music invited the presence of any of our numerous reporters and contributors. But, without further preliminary, let us at once proceed to notice the performances at the theatres, beginning, according to time-honoured custom, with Patent-Old-Drury.

DRURY LANE.

The performances commenced with, what a morning contemporary graphically describes as the "dull and lugubrious drama of *Jane Shore*." Mr. Nicholas Rowe was a great man in his day, but the age has grown out of him. On this occasion, at least, the *chef d'œuvre* of that particularly prosy play-right (pardon the

alliteration), seemed unplesant to the "gods," whose impatience was manifested in so noisy a fashion, that the tragedy was performed, for the most part, in pantomime. The ire of the gallery occupants, however, was, at last, appeased by the new fairy drama, written and composed by Mr. G. H. Rodwell, called the *Devil's Ring*, in three acts and four elements, one of the most gorgeous and brilliant spectacles that has been produced of late years. The story may be told in few words. The Princess Eveline (Miss E. Nelson), daughter of Prince Ottocar, has been abducted from her paternal home by a wizard, and at the opening of the piece a throng of knights are discovered at an auberge, returning from unsuccessful attempts to gain the Devil's ring, the possession of which will secure the liberation of the Princess. The ring can only be obtained by one who is neither untrue in honour nor false in love, and Herbert (Miss F. Huddart), a young minstrel, undertakes to achieve the difficult task, despite the jeers of the discomfited knights. In pursuit of his object, it is necessary that he should pass through the four elements,—fire, water, earth, and air, and he has to combat at every step the jealous opposition of the wizard, who is enamoured of his fair prize. After passing through the realms of fire in Mount Etna, making a descent over the great Fall of Niagara, and undergoing a captivity which threatened to be perpetual in the "diamond caves of California," Herbert succeeds in overcoming the power of the magician, makes his way on eagle's wings to the regions of air, and having rescued the Princess from the Palace of Rainbows, is united to her with the full consent of her grateful father, the Prince Ottocar. The plot is elaborate, but an opportunity is afforded for the display of some beautiful scenery, and some new and striking mechanical effects. The comic business rests with Franco (Mr. S. Artaud), a brother of Herbert, enamoured of Leila (Miss Rafter), the Princess's attendant, who is made an unwilling participator in most of his brother's adventures, and with Whirlburg (Mr. Seymour), slave of the ring, an agile sprite, who exercises a beneficent influence over the fortunes of Herbert. Several songs and duets were sung with taste and animation by Miss Rafter and Miss Nelson, and in the second act some pretty dancing is executed by the *corps de ballet*. The piece has been got up with the utmost care and attention. Among the scenery, the City and Harbour of Catania, the City of the Fountains, a Sicilian vineyard, and the Hall of the Hundred Knights, were specially deserving of commendation, and elicited the applause of the audience. The last-named scene, where Herbert and his bride make a triumphal entry in a car drawn by three real horses, preceded by a grand procession of knights, men-at-arms, and attendants, was one of the most gorgeous we have witnessed on the stage. In the third act the action was somewhat tame, and the interest began to flag, but this was probably owing to some unavoidable delay in the "set" of the scenes, to be obviated in future representations. We would, however, recommend curtailment of the "terrific combat between Herbert and the Sable Knight," which was so long protracted that sibilations proceeded even from those who regard such encounters with peculiar favour. Mr. Anderson was loudly called for at the close of the performance, and announced the piece for repetition amid general applause.

Next to "Patent-Old-Drury," by right of position, no less than of convention, comes Mr. Webster's well-conducted, long established, and deservedly patronised theatre, in the

HAYMARKET.

This theatre commenced its Easter operations on Monday night with Shakespeare and Brough Brothers—the former supplying *Much Ado about Nothing*; the latter a grand publication in foolscap, called the *Last Edition of Iseahoe, with all the Newest Improvements*.

On this occasion Shakespeare was well supported, having to rejoice in the assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keon, Mr. Stuart, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Kenley, Miss Reynolds, Mrs. L. S. Buckingham, &c. Of this performance we have already spoken before, and need not speak again.

Brough Brothers were still better supported in their new piece. The whole *détte* of the Haymarket comic company was employed in the cast. We beg pardon—Mr. Tibbity was not included. And

hero we cannot help expressing our astonishment that Mr. Webster should not make use of this transcendent burlesque actor in Christmas and Easter pieces. If the manager could only prevail upon Mr. Tilbury to play a part seriously, it would be the greatest burlesque he could present to the audience. We would suggest for Mr. Tilbury's first appearance in the line, *Macbeth* or *Hamlet*, but all in seriousness. Such a performance would outweigh all that could be effected by the wit and fertility of Brough Brothers, the excellence of the Haymarket company, and the utmost splendour and completeness to the production.

In the new Easter piece, Brough Brothers have equalled, if not surpassed, the best of their previous efforts. If the idea be not so novel and surprising as that upon which the *Sphinx* was founded, the dialogue is as smartly written, and the scenery of a superior kind. *Ivanhoe*, moreover, has the advantage of a stronger cast. Indeed, in this respect, we may say no burlesque hitherto produced has been so complete in its *dramatis personæ*. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Miss P. Horton, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Bland, Mr. Clark, Mrs. Caulfield, Mrs. L. S. Buckingham, with some of the minorities, all appeared. Neither has any production at this theatre excelled *Ivanhoe* in the gorgeousness of its scenic and decorative accessories, nor in the magnificence of its costume, nor in its perfect *ensemble*. A great and inevitable triumph was achieved by Brough Brothers on Monday.

The story is taken entirely from Scott's novel, from which it departs only by the necessities involved in stage entailments and the rigid laws of burlesque. In one instance our good friends Brough Brothers have, we think, unnecessarily and unwisely doffed the cap and bells, and donned the serious robe of the critic. We see no objection to the brisk twain handling over Rebecca to Ivanhoe to be married at the end of the piece, no more than we should if Isaac of York was made to wed Gurth's mother, or Wamba the fair Rowena; but when the authors gravely state, as their reason for their departure from the novel, that poetical justice requires Ivanhoe to be made happy with Rebecca, and that ninety-nine out of every hundred readers must feel the necessity of such a termination to the plot, we take leave to tell the talented brothers that they have fallen into a gross error. No poetical justice demands an utter impossibility—the marriage of a Jewess with a Christian at the period of the Crusades; nor have we ever heard a single reader who did not look upon the catastrophe of *Ivanhoe* as one of the most truthful and powerful and satisfactory ever written. It is certain our interest in Rebecca makes us lament that any barriers should exist between her and Ivanhoe. But take away these barriers, and we deprive Rebecca of her sorrows, her heroism, and her strength of mind; in short, marry her to Ivanhoe and she is no longer the Rebecca immortalised in Scott's pages. In the same spirit it did Nahum Tate and his fellows fritter away the sublime realities of *King Lear*, and alter the catastrophe to suit their frigid notions of poetical justice. But even in the face of Nahum Tate and his fellows, and despite the alleged opinion of ninety-nine out of every hundred—a fallacy, Brough Brothers, a fallacy—we should agree with William Shakspeare and Walter Scott—two W. S.s, what a coincidence—who, on such points, are to us so mean authorities.

But all this while we may be fighting with a shadow. It is most probable that Brough Brothers intend this for the best joke in the piece. It must be so; and the only issue of our animadversions is to find that we have made an April Fool of ourselves. Thank you, Masters Brough, for the sell.

Having said so much about nothing, we have left ourselves but little room to enter into particulars of the piece. The story opens with the banquet of Cedric, at which most of the characters make their appearance, and coincides with the storming of the castle and delivery of Ivanhoe and Rebecca. Cedric is played by Mr. Bland, who has a congenial part in the bluff, rough, Brough old Saxon. He sings a parody on the "Fine old English Gentleman," the most remarkable thing in which is that it has a verse too much. Isaac (Keeley) enters as an old Jew clothesman. The character is an excellent hit, and a hard one, at the sloopeller. Sir Brian de Bore Guilbert (Mr. Selby) comes as a Frenchman who speaks broken English. Mr. Selby's English was so broken that we could not catch half what he said; Brough Brothers' manifold good things suffered consequently. Duckstone's Wamba is one of the best parts in the piece. He has a stock of jokes would set up a second-

hand Joe Miller. We missed our old friend Gurth every time we saw Wamba, and expected he would come on with Fangs—poor Fangs the wounded!—and his grunting herd. Mrs. Keeley as Ivanhoe played in her own unapproachable manner, and uttered her many pungent sayings so that not a word of the authors was suffered to escape the ear. We wish we could say as much for some others of the performers. The whole of the first scene was admirably managed, an incessant fire of smart jokes being kept up from beginning to end. The tournament scene was excellent, and the mock fights on the hobby horses must have proved highly gratifying to the juvenile part of the spectators. The first act is decidedly the best. The scene in the forest commencing act second, between Robin Hood and his merry mees, is somewhat tedious, and, though abounding in shrewd hits and pointed allusions to the current topics of the day, more especially to Snig's End and Feargus O'Connor, its pertinency was not evident. Nor did this part of the performance go smoothly. Some of the actors appeared to have forgotten Brough Brothers altogether. The last tableau, illustrative of the "Grand Exposition of all Nations," is extremely splendid and tasteful. Coming after three somewhat sombre scenes it was particularly striking. An allegorical representation of Britannia is given at the back of the stage, completing a very imposing *comp d'œuf*.

With respect to the music, while doing every justice to Mr. J. G. Reed, whose selection and arrangements are worthy of his taste and talent, we think more popular airs might have been found for introduction; and the best comment on what we have been saying is evidenced in the fact, that not one song was encored during the evening. This is unusual in a piece in which Mrs. Keeley, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and Miss P. Horton sing. The only airs at once recognised by the audience were "A fine old English Gentleman," and "Sam Hall." The first is too long, and the second too commonplace and Cider-cellarish. On a former occasion we had occasion to find fault with Brough Brothers, for introducing "Sam Hall" to the Haymarket audiences. We must now rate them more soundly than formerly, call on them to forbear for the future, and tell them we are surprised they cannot see that such a class of songs is entirely local, and therefore not adapted for burlesque. The travestied tunes were good, and Keeley's singing was grotesquely transcendent, and the trombone, moreover, who supplied the damnation, excellent; nevertheless, the song was a sealed book to all except gents, lads, taverners, and lads of the gas. Two-thirds of the house did not understand what it meant, or why a few voices applauded so lustily. Neither do we admire the eulom of bringing in Italian scenes on every occasion to exhibit the vocal powers of Miss P. Horton and Mrs. Keeley. In the new burlesque Miss P. Horton introduces, in one long song, Rubini's dying cavatina, from the *Lucia*, and Grisi's Polacca, from *Puritani*, which, however vocally effective, was verbally inaudible. Mrs. Keeley has an attempt at the "Still so gently o'er me stealing," an effort to reach the impossible, praiseworthy, no doubt, but not quite satisfactory. Miss P. Horton sings well, and has a good voice, and we should have no objection at any time to hear her sing seriously any Italian scene of which she is capable; but in a burlesque we desire to hear the words, which we never can when Italian music is made the vehicle to convey them. Ballads, plain unfleurished, are the properest medium in music for transmitting a series of witticisms, of which the songs in burlesques are invariably composed. Let Mr. Reed not disregard our hints.

The piece was received with tremendous cheers, and all the performers were summoned before the curtain. Then a universal cry was raised for Brough Brothers, the indefatigable, merry, and side-splitting twain, which they obeyed with an alacrity and readiness of will showing they were the public's most obedient and humble servants to command.

After the Haymarket precedence must be taken by the first and last, the best because only, musical theatre in this wide and much-peopled metropolis.

THE PRINCESS'S.

The entertainments at this theatre began with the *Peggy's Opera*, with a remarkable cast, including Miss Louisa Pyne as Polly, Mrs. Weiss as Lucy, and Mr. Harrison as Captain Mac-

heath, &c. &c. But our business is not with the opera—the *Beggar's Opera* is still called an opera—but with the "new, grand Oriental tale of enchantment," *The Queen of the Roses, or the Sorcerer of Candahar*. "We remember the time," exclaims our admirable contemporary the *Morning Herald*, "when the latter part of the title would have made our youthful hair stand on end with dread." We, alas! remember no such time; in our earliest youth we were bald and grey.* The plot of the piece is, or ought to be, as follows:—The Sorcerer of Candahar is desperately in love with a slave, whom he has picked up at a low figure in the market. Neriltha, the slave, simple and unsophisticated, cannot understand the meaning of love, except as applied to flowers, and the Sorcerer seeks in vain to inspire her with a mutual flame. Stung with resentment, he immures her in his laboratory without hope of escape. Fortunately for his intended victim, the Sorcerer is immersed in business of a public nature, and is compelled to absent himself for a few hours, leaving an appointment to meet some brother necromancers at a cabalistic quarter sessions, a few thousand miles off. During his absence two female friends of poor Neriltha contrive to gain access to her, and with female curiosity begin to pry into the old gentleman's secrets. They possess themselves of his wand, but lack the skill to use it, when on a sudden they spy the cabalistic volume—the necromancer's text-book—as brimful of recipes as M. Sayer's *ménagère*. The volume, singularly enough, being in the vernacular, they are enabled to make a selection without difficulty. It appears that by the aid of certain manipulations, they can gratify any wish they may cherish in their hearts. The general cry is for a dance; but no partners being at hand, they wish all the inanimate objects in the room to be endowed with the power of locomotion. The wand is waved—the mystic sentence uttered—and lo! chairs, tables, settees, in short, all but the landlord's fixtures, begin to move with measured pace, as though Orpheus himself were the fiddler. Much amusement was caused by the graceful evolutions of a carpet-broom, which brought down repeated rounds of applause. This, however, is not their only wish. Neriltha wishes to reign supreme in a region carpeted with roses; while one of her friends, Gulnare, longs to be a Princess. Both are gratified; but the Sorcerer, having at last disposed of his country business, returns and spoils their sport, and attaches some awkward conditions to the gratification of their desires. Neriltha is permitted to become the Queen of Roses, with strict injunctions not to fall in love, kissing being forbidden under the penalty of old age and decrepitude. Things go on smoothly enough to the land of roses, which, by the way, gives an admirable opportunity for beautiful scenery and graceful evolutions on the part of the attendant nymphs, until, in an untoward moment, a young and well-looking Prince makes his appearance. Who can resist a Prince—especially an Eastern Prince—with irresistible turban, and satin ether garments of capacious dimensions and roseate hue? It is not in the nature of things for the female heart to remain firm under such circumstances. Neriltha yields, and from that moment her fate is sealed. She passes in one instant, from nineteen to ninety, while the broad landscape, studded with roses as far as the eye can reach, is at the same moment turned into a blasted heath. Nothing could be more perfect than the manner in which this rapid scenic transformation was effected. Things appear once to have come to a hopeless pass. Neriltha is again in the power of her ruthless persecutor, who, as a measure of precaution, and to prevent illa-visits, has taken her to a coral grotto in the profoundest depths of the Indian Ocean. But here again his public duties suspend for a time the odds of justice. He has another engagement with his brother necromancers, but as the place of meeting this time is the interior of a volcano, he deems it prudent to leave not only his books and implements of art behind, but the groarser part of him, his bodily self—albeit his soul, if soul he have, is gross enough in all conscience. Accordingly Atalmac, the necromancer, whose name has for the first time escaped our pen, attends the meeting incorporeally. Neriltha is at a loss what to devise for her liberation, when happily the well-known "cabalistic volume" once more meets her delighted view. Turning hastily over its pages, she discovers the means of escape, and the secret by which she may regain her

youth and beauty. The first consists of some magic words, which once uttered, she is transported far away from the valley of Desolation, and very close to the palace of her beloved Sultan. The second, however, is not so easy. She, an old hag, must obtain a kiss from the young and handsome Badel Badour. (Badel Badour, the Sultan, is no other than the Prince of Cashmere—the Land of Roses—the Prince whom we have already mentioned, but whose name has only just occurred to us.) The kiss must be delivered with good will, or it is of no avail. But what is there impossible to woman, especially in an Eastern piece? Neriltha obtains possession of a bouquet of white flowers, which she presents to the Sultan on his bridal day, in return for which she demands the kiss in question. Delighted with the bouquet, Badel Badour is by no means delighted with the bargain, and refuses to seal the compact, until, having presented the flowers to his future bride, Gulnare, he receives a positive command from that lady to bestow upon the old woman whatever recompense she may ask. Yielding to such high authority, the Sultan obeys, and no sooner has he kissed Neriltha than she becomes once more the youthful and lovely flower-girl who had first won his admiration and affection. The white bouquet, moreover, has a magic virtue, by which, if pressed to the bosom of one who prefers another to him who has preselected it, it turns red. No sooner has Gulnare accepted it from the Sultan than the metamorphosis of colour takes place. She loves another better than the Sultan, and that other is Aboulfairs, the Sultan's Vizier. But Badel Badour is too happy to be angry, and too glad to be at liberty to espouse his beloved Queen of the Roses; and so, resigning Gulnare to his Vizier, and pardoning both in the bargain (unlike Sultan in ordinary), he throws himself at the feet of Neriltha. And thus the sorcerer, Atalmac, is altogether baffled of his prey.

As a vehicle for the gorgeous and showy in *mise en scène*, this piece is excellent, and the best advantage has been taken of the opportunity it presents. Some of the scenes are beautiful, and among the most striking may be mentioned the "Enchanted Gardens," the "Submarine Grotto," and the "Distant view of Delhi." The costumes are glittering, splendid, and new; the dances and stage arrangements picturesque, and there are some novel effects of gas, which give an almost unknown colour to the glare distributed over the tableau at the fall of the curtain. The parts are well enough acted. Miss Louisa Howard, as Neriltha, looks pretty, and displays a great deal of melodramatic talent; in the assumption of the old woman's voice and gait she was especially happy. Miss Villars, an old favourite, proved herself of more than common value in the character of Gulnare; this lady not only acts with great vivacity and point, but sings exceedingly well, and is very generally useful. Every well wisher of Mr. Maddox will congratulate him on the return of this intelligent and popular actress to the boards of the Princess's Theatre. Mr. Ryder made the Sorcerer as gloomy and serious as need be; and Mr. Forman, who exulted in sundry fool exhibitions, appeared to please the audience by his earnest endeavours to be funny. Two small comic parts, acted with humour by Miss Saunders and Mr. Honey, kept up the spirit of the scene. The music, of which a more than usual quantity is introduced, has been very cleverly put together by Mr. Loder, who presided in the orchestra. Much of it was from Haley's opera, *Les Fées aux Roses*, of which, from the book by Scriba, *The Queen of the Roses* is almost a literal translation. Some of it was by Mr. Loder himself, and where comparisons could be made they were certainly in favour of our countryman, the gifted author of *The Night Dancers*. *The Queen of the Roses* was completely successful, the favourable verdict of the audience at the fall of the curtain being unanimous.

After the Princess's comes the theatre which has recently gained such a high reputation and filled its coffers to overflowing, by the influence of the enchanted brush of Mr. Beverly, the most rising scene-painter of the day, upon whose shoulders the mantle of Stanfield will, in all probability, fall. We mean the

THE LYCEUM.

There was little real necessity on the part of the management of this daintily-conducted theatre, to bring out any novelty in compliance with this prescriptive Easter custom, for the *Island of Jewels*

*It is not the editor of the *M. W.* who speaks.—Ed. *M. W.* Nor is it the sub-editor.—D. R.

has scarcely abated one jot of its attraction. It still stands prominently in the bills, and no doubt will continue to do so, notwithstanding the production of the extravaganza lounded upon Dryden's *Cymon and Iphigenia*, which was played on Monday night. The spirit of decorative enterprise which has so liberally presided over all the works of this class which have been prepared for this house at the holiday periods, has again come forth in its brightest force, undiminished by collateral successes. Dresses of the most expensive quality have been provided, and scenery of the most exquisite design painted; and no *ensemble* of a like character could be more brilliant in its details, or more artistically perfect as a whole.

Our commendation, however, is chiefly confined to the decorations, for Mr. Plancho has not been particularly felicitous in his literary treatment of the original text. He has had unaccommodating materials to deal with, and the comicallities which one looks for in the degenerate lyrics of this class of entertainments are scattered widely, calling loudly for an amount of compression that will take one hour at least out of the piece. The old pastoral, which was formerly a stock afterpiece at the national theatres, is, in a word, revived without abridgment—only clothed anew according to the modern grotesque fashion; and the loves of Cymon and Silvia, and the jealousy of Urganda, the enchantress, are travestied according to the prescriptive recipe. The dialogues of the Arcadians who figure in the drama might have been shortened, because of their tedious length, without the experiment of a performance. Upon the same principle, some of the dry and old-fashioned music of Dr. Arne might have been omitted. However, these are defects of easy remedy, and we do not doubt that when the prompter makes his report, he will be enjoined to excise liberally. This being done, the spectacular splendours of the extravaganza will be better appreciated by being connected with a libretto of closer and livelier movement.

The scenery is painted by Mr. Beverly, who has again distinguished himself in a branch of the art in which he has now hardly a competitor. The "Garden front of Urganda's palace," with its gaze and floral accessories, is an admirable piece of painting, exhibiting some delicious effects of distance. Nor is "The Beechen Shade" less declaratory of the highest order of scenic talent—evinced in the luxurious warmth of the golden atmosphere, which tones and enriches the sentiment. The last scene, representing a group of huge vistas, formed of circular arcs of roses, exhausting themselves in the remotest perspective, with an allegorical tableau of cupids in the centre, is an imposing artifice, beautifully planned for effect, and affording a luminous finale,—without, let it be added, a spark of red fire—not often matched for breadth and elegance. The Watteau-like costumes of the coryphees who personated the shepherds and the shepherdesses combined accordingly with the pictures, for such they may well be called, in the background; and the *coup d'œil*, whenever these silken personages appeared to disport themselves with pedantic formality, was always bright and harmonious, reminding the spectator of the figures on the Dresden china, without doing much violence to the imagination. The taste thus shown in the distribution of colour, and the avoidance of anything that would disturb and counteract the general propriety, betray a sense of pictorial truth not often exemplified; and it is the universal carrying out of these essential principles that constitute the excellence of the stage embellishments of the Lyceum, and establishes a poetical appropriateness which we have never observed at any other house, excepting when Stanfield was at Drury-lane Theatre, during the governance of Mr. Macready.

Mr. Charles Mathews was an agreeable interpolation, personating April the First, a hybrid kind of éthy, acting as a "chorus" (as in *the Thætes and Ariadne*), and dealing out allusive rhymes and verses, with the coolness and deportment of tongue which only this amusing gentleman knows how to affect. Miss Julia St. George was the Cymon, looking not only the quintessence of boyish prettiness in her male attire, but playing with consummate *naïveté*, and singing with the right sort of onergy. Silvia (or Iphigenia) was personated by a Miss Manners, a recent addition to the theatre, on the strength of a copious stock of good looks; and Miss Isabel Dickinson was a dignified Urganda—well supported by Mrs. Humby, her locustaceous attendant, who is finally reduced by Merlin's art to speak only in monosyllables. Mr. Frank Matthews, as the old woman Dorcas, gave an inimitable sketch of deaf obtusity; and

Mr. Robert Roxby sang the whimsical ditties of the swain Linco with a gusto and spirit which no one could have surpassed. Mr. Harley was the Justice, and his eccentric humour occasioned peals of laughter in the closing scenes.

The applause was loud when the curtain fell. Mr. Charles Mathews was called for, when he brought on Miss St. George. Mr. Harley was then invited to appear; and, ultimately, the author, but the cry for the latter was partial and faint, and it soon subsided.

Another theatre of the enterprising and liberal Mr. Webster comes next in order—a small one but a comfortable—that over which the genius of Madame Celeste presides with such unswerving principles of management. We mean of course the

ADLPHI.

Douglas Jerrold's drama, *the Mother's Dream; or, the Gipsy's Revenge*, opened the Easter Week on Monday night, and was followed by a "Now Historical and Anecdotal Vaudeville"—so styled in the bills—called *Playing First Fiddle; or, Follow my Leader*. The piece, which is evidently taken from the French, included in its cast the main strength of the company, a very happy addition being made in the person of Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam, who made her first appearance at this theatre.

The time is laid in the year 1652. The curtain rising discloses the kitchen of the Duchess de Montpensier, called Mademoiselle of France (Miss Emma Harding), in which Lull, a young Italian boy of 19 (Madame Celeste), delights the ears of the servants by his musical genius. A baker's boy, Phillippo Quinault, aged 17 (Miss Woolgar), writes a satirical lullaby upon his mistress, which is set to music by Lull, and the two are overheard singing and playing the song by the Margrave of Bareuth (Mr. P. Bedford), who conceives the idea of eirulating the ballad among the Court, by whom the "baker's widow" is universally understood to mean the Duchess de Montpensier, whose fastidiousness in the choice of a husband is therein ridiculed. The song is brought to the Duchess by Jeanneton, her tirewoman (Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam), and the haughty Duchess is so piqued at becoming the butt of the King and Court that she is about to marry the German Margrave in despair, when the Duke de Lausanne, her lover, appears upon the scene, the Margrave is discovered by the whole Court midway up a ladder leading to the Duchess's room, and the curtain falls upon the presumed happiness of the lovers and the discomfiture of the Margrave.

The moral of the piece appeared to be that Madame Celeste, the prettiest of boy cooks, and afterwards the handsomest of young cavaliers, would continue to play first-fiddle at the Adelphi; and that Miss Woolgar, who looked a charming baker's boy, would "follow her leader." The piece is too slight in its texture to have a long run; but the splendid dresses and decorations and some well-painted scenery will carry it swimmingly through the Easter week. A scene in which the gardens of Chusay le Roi appear ornamented with clipped hedges and statuary after the fashion of the time was novel and exceedingly pretty. The curtain fell amid some dissent, but the majority of the audience were among the "contents."

My Precious Betsy followed, and the laughter which greeted the much-creating pair, Messrs. Wright and P. Bedford, was unmistakable. They were ably supported by Miss E. Harding and Mrs. F. Mathews. *Tom Noddy's Secret* followed, and completed a programme of undoubted attraction for the Easter holidays.

As nearest to the Adelphi and on this side of the water, we may next say a few words about the smallest theatre west of Temple Bar—although, by the way, there was no absolute novelty produced on Monday night.

STRAND.

This snug little theatre now possesses considerable claims on the public favour. Among the members of its company are to be found many of our most clever and distinguished comic performers, and its interior has of late been greatly improved for the accommodation of its patrons. Besides the other re-decorations and

renovations it has just undergone, we may mention that a new set drop and a new curtain very much contribute to its appearance of increased neatness and comfort. Our only wonder is how such a band-box of a place can offer any adequate remuneration for the services of such a company; but that is the affair of the veteras Farren, its present manager, and we own that we cannot afford to waste our sympathies in any very serious apprehensions for the fate which here awaits so able and so long-established a public favourite. The performances on Monday night contained no novelty; but we had some very amusing pieces very cleverly embodied. The first of these was the *Victor of Wakefield*; then followed Lemna Rede's burlesque, *His First Champagne*, and Messrs. M. and B. Barnett's amusing farce, *Out on the Loose*. The *Victor of Wakefield* continues so attractive here as to supersede the necessity to which, under ordinary circumstances, managers submit, of an Easter specialty. Mark Lemon's comedietta, *His First Champagne*, was very well acted. Mr. Compton's return has placed at Mr. Farren's disposal a thoroughly effective Dicky Watt, while the kitchen Ariadne, Mary Grub, is impersonated by Miss Farren, a comedian who has Mrs. Keoley in her eye, and from no impracticable point of distance. The bashful bachelor is represented with infinite appreciation by Mr. Leigh Murray, and upon the whole there seems every reason for anticipating that *His First Champagne* will successfully succeed the *Victor of Wakefield* for many nights to come. The whole evidently contributed to the amusement of a good-humoured and very orderly audience. The house was well attended.

And now for the Clerkenwell department. Here again there was little novelty, but our Easter readers will nevertheless be pleased, no doubt, to hear a word or two about old

SADLER'S WELLS.

Macbeth was brought out at this theatre on Monday night, in a style highly creditable to the management and the talents of the corps dramatique. It was given, according to the bills, from the "original text," and certainly it must be confessed that the tragedy was put upon the stage in as perfect and classical a guise, with respect to costume, scenery, machinery, music, decoration, and general "appliances and means," as perhaps has ever been witnessed in this metropolis. The characters were performed with considerable talent—particularly those of Macbeth by Mr. Phelps, Banquo by Mr. G. Bennett, Macduff by Mr. H. Marston, Duncan by Mr. H. Mellon, and Lady Macbeth by Miss Glyn. Some changes in the conventional mode in which we are accustomed to see this play performed were in keeping with the time of the action, as well as the supposed intentions of the dramatist. For instance, Lady Macduff (Miss Edwards) and her child were introduced, and the scene of their forcible abduction from the castle was also given. The banquet chamber and the apparition were well contrived and very effective, and the witches were strikingly rendered by Messrs. Young, Wilkins, and Hoskins. Another difference in the arrangement of the incidents presented was this, that the combat between Macbeth and Macduff terminated off the stage, and the head of the former was subsequently exhibited surmounting a banner. Locke's music was not the least attractive part of the entertainment whenever it could be distinctly heard amid the usual hilarity of a holiday evening. But we may take the liberty of telling Mr. Phelps that Locke's music and the rubbishing words to which it is set have nothing to do with Shakspeare. The only novelty of the night was an interlude under the title of *A Village Tale*, the chief incident of which consisted of the return of a soldier, who had enlisted for the purpose of rescuing his sweetheart's mother from a pecuniary embarrassment, just at the moment when she was about bestowing her hand on another suitor. A cockney young gentleman named Tony, who is obliged to rusticate from motives of prudence, and whose courtship with a young milliner in the same neighbourhood forms a sort of counterplot, contributed the ingredients of comicality to this piece. The principal characters were well supported by Messrs. Graham, Nye, Dickinson, and the Misses T. Bassano and A. Browne. The performances concluded with the farce of the *M. P. for the Rotten Borough*. There was a full attendance.

The theatres on the other side of the Thames confine themselves to two. We begin with the nearest to Westminster Bridge—the well known

ASTLEY'S.

The age of Charlemagne affords many a theme for the pen of the dramatist, and from it a something has been culled by the veteran Fitzball, which in the bill is called the "*Four Sons of Aymon, or the Days of Charlemagne*," a new grand equestrian spectacle of enchantment."

Charlemagne, the son of Pepin the Small, has lost his only daughter, who, stolen in youth, leads a virtuous life as a peasant girl in the Valley of Roses. There she is seen and loved by Roland, one of the sons of the Count of Aymon, who is ignorant of her real condition. The only impediment to the happiness of the youthful pair appears to be the enmity of one Count Mangis, who, having killed the father, has a natural antipathy to the sons, and, not content with human means, has recourse to the sorcerer's art, in which he is an adept, to prevent the consummation of their wishes. But the malicious Count is no match for the four sons, who are also aided by the powers of enchantment—for their mother was a powerful sorceress—and are enabled to countervail his machinations. Stirring incidents occur, and innumerable schemes and counter-schemes are devised, but the sons cannot be vanquished by earth, air, fire, or water. Through their passions alone are they vulnerable—and, alas! the demons of love, war, wine, and gambling are at the command of the wily Count. The malicious Mangis attempts to palm off his own daughter as the long-lost child of Charlemagne; but the emperor, possessing some knowledge of the mystic, has an infallible ordeal before which all must go who claim to be his daughter. This is no other than a crown which strikes to death those who approach it with an untruth. The fair damsel of the Valley of Roses, rescued from death in a thousand hideous shapes by the gallant Roland, son of Aymon, has already stood the test, and challenges Mangis and his daughter to follow her. They accept the challenge, and, accompanied by their four families, are all at once despatched to Orcus. Odette is then acknowledged by Charlemagne; Roland is received as her affianced, and in the royal tent of Charlemagne the triumph of the four sons of Aymon is accomplished amid a glorious tableau. Paying our tribute to the great splendour of the decorations, and the magnificence of the spectacle, we may safely recommend this production to the attention of the playgoers. Among the *dramatis personæ* who most effectively sustained their roles were Mr. Crowther, Miss Pearce, and Mrs. Brookes; and the dancing of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, in a little ballet, was deserving of commendation. Scenes in the circle followed, of which the novel and brilliant *entrée* of the dames of the foxhunting chase pleased us most, but each scene had its admirers. The reappearance of the Young Hernandez created an immense *furor*. On the whole, Astley's, under Mr. Batty's management, sustains its well-earned reputation.

Last though not least, comes the Theatre of Blackfriars, the scene of Elliston's, and Davidge's, and Douglas Jerrold's, and T. P. Cooke's, and Osbaldestone's and Miss Vincent's many-colored achievements. We mean the

SURREY.

The performances at this theatre opened with the *Adventurer's* or *Plots in Spain*, a romantic drama in three acts, full of stirring incident. Though the piece is long, the audience heard it throughout without any marks of impatience. The *Adventurer* will probably have a long run at the Surrey, where vigorous efforts are making by Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick, the lessees, to elevate the public taste. The performance of the evening, however, was an extravaganza entitled the *Three Princes*, in which the St. Cloudy, King of the Lonely-mid-Lantern-where-they-where-Islands, has "a flourishing daughter" (Miss E. Bromley), called Brighteye, who is carried off by an evil genius called Kawiendun-of-the-winter, to his castle in an enchanted forest. Thither three princes—Prince Faithful, Prince Blush, and Prince Jealous, represented respectively by Miss Jane Coveney, Miss Laporte, and Miss Daly, set out for her relief, having previously resolved to join

in some expedition to destroy *enemi*, and to gain a bride. They are encountered in their chivalrous errand by "two uncivilized savages from the ——— regions," who appear shaped as griffins, and are exposed to many dangers, deterred by which Princes Blush and Jealous fail in the expedition. Prince Faithful, however, assisted by the fairy Goodfriend (Miss Bloomfield), reaches the enchanted castle and restores the imprisoned damsel to her disconsolate parents. In working out this plot, a variety of striking and magnificent spectacles, are enlivened by dialogue, smart and well sustained; there are numerous and not inapt allusions to recent and passing events—to the purification of the muddy Thames—the lightening of taxation on "heavy bricks"—the price of gas, which, with the window duty, "makes light rather heavy"—the reduction of official salaries—the danger of riding in carriages with ladies who carry babies (the Shore-ditch Foundling to wit)—the French in Rome, and similar topics. Many popular songs are parodied with effect. The dresses are in the best taste, and taken altogether, the piece is one of the best of the kind that has been produced on the south side of the river for many years. The scenes have been painted by Mr. W. J. Calcutt; the appointments are by Mr. T. Elliott; and the whole has been produced under the direction of Mr. Shepherd. The Scottish drama of *Cromwell* concludes the entertainment. The house was well filled, but not so crowded as might have been expected on the evening of Easter Monday.

And so, good-bye, till next year, to Easter and Easter theatrical amusements. We flatter ourselves that we have given our readers enough for the nonce—and enough is as good as a feast.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

(From an occasional Contributor.)

THE programme of the sixth concert of the series was, in nearly all respects, admirable. The first part consisted of selections from the concert and dramatic works of Weber; and some of the most popular and finest compositions of this great master were given with such excellence as to enhance, considerably, the reputation of the Wednesday Concerts. The overtures to *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz* were played with great energy and decision by the band. The vocalists were Madlle. Schloss, Miss Ransford, Herr Sperling, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, and Herr Formes. Madlle. Schloss made her first appearance at these concerts, and it was evident from the coldness of her reception on her appearance, that she was entirely unknown to the audience. She, nevertheless, sang the grand aria of Agata from *Der Freischütz* so well as to elicit a universal demand for an encore—a compliment rarely bestowed upon the performance of so long and difficult a piece. Madlle. Schloss possesses a mezzo soprano voice of great compass and purity of tone, and understands how to use it to the best advantage. She also took part in the quartette from *Oberon*, "O'er the dark blue waters," and in the lovely duet, "Come, be gay," from *Der Freischütz*, with Miss Ransford, who made her first appearance at these concerts this season, and was warmly received. Miss Ransford sang the solo parts in the *finale* to the first act of *Euryanthe*, with chorus. This sparkling composition was well calculated to display the power of her voice, its rich quality, and its capability for *bravura* passages. She was greatly and deservedly applauded. Herr Formes sang the grand aria, "Revenge," from *Der Freischütz*, splendidly. He also gave the popular "Drinking Song." Both were re-demanded unanimously, but Herr Formes re-appeared only to bow his acknowledgments for the compliment, wherein he showed the greatest discretion. Mr. Bridge Frodsham acquitted himself exceedingly well in one of the tenor romances from *Eury-*

anthe. Several concerted pieces were sung by the company. The instrumental solo was the March and *Finale* from the justly-celebrated *Concert-Stück*, performed by M. Alexandre Billet, who evinced a brilliant and correct execution, admirable mechanical powers, and a classical appreciation of the meaning of the composer. M. Billet was much and deservedly applauded. The second part (miscellaneous) consisted of ballads, solos, &c. Miss Ransford was encored in a lively ballad by S. Glover, "Smiling faces," and produced a charming effect in a graceful and musician-like song, by Piatti, with violoncello *obligato*, performed by the composer in the most perfect manner. Madlle. Schloss sang two German *lieder*, by Molique and Lindblad—the "Schifferlied," and "Poor Bessy's Song"—the first a beautiful romance, the second somewhat common-place. Both, however, thanks to Madlle. Schloss's excellent singing, were well received. Herr Formes obtained a boisterous encore in Rossini's "Largo al factotum," which he executed with immense vigor; and Mr. Bridge Frodsham, in the "Lass of Gowrie," was also redemanded, and merited the compliment. Miss Lanza sang two ballads and was much applauded. Mr. Drayton gave Dibdin's naval song, "Blow high, blow low," and Moore's Irish melody, "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," exceedingly well; but the naval songs are not at present the fashion in concert rooms, and therefore they did not create the sensation they would have done some years ago. The applause bestowed was for Mr. Drayton and not for the music. The instrumental pieces in the second part were by Signor Piatti and M. Billet. Signor Piatti played a Fantasia from *Lucia*. The fine quality of tone, the perfect mechanism, and refined taste of this great artist could not fail to demand proportionate success. The audience listened with the utmost attention during his performance, and applauded vehemently at the conclusion. M. Billet gave two concert studies, of his own composition, for the pianoforte. These studies are brilliant and well written for the instrument, and are as well adapted for the concert room by their effect as for the practice room by their peculiar form. They were played with great delicacy and neatness by the composer, and much applauded. A new dramatic overture, by Mr. Lovell Phillips, commenced the second part. It is a composition of great merit, worked with the skill of an accomplished musician, and abounding in combinations at once bold and effective, which were admirably brought out by the orchestra. The concert concluded, before eleven o'clock, with a clever and animated march, on Hungarian national airs, by Herr Anschuetz, director of the orchestra. A German chorus, which was engaged for this occasion, produced a highly favourable impression, and may be made eminently useful in future concerts. Altogether this was one of the best London Wednesday Concerts ever given. The programme was judiciously varied, besides being intrinsically good. The introduction of concerted music will go further to establish a permanent success for these concerts than the system upon which the undertaking was at first commenced, in which ballads were so obtrusively prominent.

M. ALEXANDER BILLET'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

THE third and last of these interesting and well-directed concerts took place yesterday evening at St. Martin's Hall. The room was crowded to suffocation. The following admirable programme was performed.

PART I.

Sonata, in F major, pianoforte, M. Billet	Mozart.
Song, "The first violet," Miss Eyles	Mendelssohn.
Grand Sonata, in B minor, Op. 40 (dedicated to Cherubini), pianoforte, M. Billet	Climanti.
Duet, "The May Bella," Miss Eyles and Mrs. Newton	Mendelssohn.
Sonata, in C major, violin and pianoforte, M. Sauton and M. Billet	Haydn.

PART II.

Elegy, on the Death of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, in F sharp minor (by desire—first time in public), pianoforte, M. Billet	Dussek.
Cantata, Mrs. Newton	Mozart.
Pianoforte, M. Billet—Prelude and Fugue, in B minor	Bach.
Study, in G	Cramer.
Study, in E	Hummel.
Prelude and Fugue, in B minor	Mendelssohn.
Duet, "The Caudal Blast," Miss Eyles and Mrs. Newton	Mendelssohn.
Sonata Duo, pianoforte and violoncello, in D major, Signor Piatti and M. Billet	Mendelssohn.

Conductor, Herr Ganz.

The *Elégie* of Dussek, and the two duets with Sauton and Piatti, were the grand points of the performance; but we must defer particular criticism till our next.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. LUMLEY gives us nothing but triumphs to record. The applause bestowed upon the *début* of our countryman, Sims Reeves, still ringing in our ears, we witnessed another success equally decided and equally well deserved, from another compatriot, on Tuesday night. Need we say that we allude to the *début* of Miss Catherine Hayes on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre, in the character of Lucy of *Lammermoor*.

We need not enter critically into the merits of Miss Hayes, as a graceful actress and an accomplished singer; they are familiar to all our readers, and we have frequently apostrophised them as great length. Suffice it that the Lucia of the charming Hibernian is a performance of exquisite sweetness, winning all hearts by its feminine tenderness and unaffected simplicity. The "Perche non ho," brilliantly sung, at once established the position of Miss Hayes with the crowded audience that flocked to witness her *début*; and this, with the subsequent scene of the contract, and especially that of Lucia's madness, fixed it beyond criticism. She never sang better, or exhibited the agreeable combination of vocal and histrionic qualities that constitute her talent, and have made her so great a favorite with the English (as with the Italian and German) public, to more eminent advantage.

Edgar is, beyond a question the masterpiece of Sims Reeves, which on this occasion was proved to the satisfaction of everybody. Our great tenor was twice himself. In the opening scenes, especially in the duet with Lucia, where he took the high B flat from the chest with immense power; in the contract scene where the famous "Maledizione" was pronounced with intense and manly vehemence; and, best of all, in the last scene, where passion and despair were expressed in tones that left none unmoved, Mr. Reeves was equally great and equally successful. His triumph was complete.

Both Miss Hayes and Mr. Reeves were recalled and encoored unanimously on several occasions. Their acquisition to Mr. Lumley's establishment cannot be too highly estimated.

Belletti and F. Lablache, as Enrico and Bide-the-Bent, were all that could be desired. The opera went very well altogether, and Mr. Balie made his presence eminently felt by the *ensemble* he produced, through his energetic and artistic conducting, in the *finale* of the second act, the finest and most dramatic piece of music ever composed by poor Donizetti.

Between the second and third acts of *Lucia*, Mdle. Amalia Ferraris repeated the grand *Pas de Deux*, with M. Charles, in which she made her *début*. On the whole, we are glad to be able to join our contemporaries consecutively in much that has been said in her praise. Her strength of limb, her muscular power, her firmness, her *aplomb*, and the readiness and agility of her *pirouettes* and *entrechats* in every variety, cannot be too highly lauded. What she wants to constitute a perfect dancer is a more easy carriage of the upper part of the person. Her gestures are somewhat angular, her arms are held too closely to her body, and the *haut de corps* indulges in an *abandon* which is not accompanied by equivalent grace; besides which she takes all her impetus from the shoulders, like a pianoforte player who plays from the elbows instead of the wrist, which in both cases gives force but stints *legèreté*. It is from this latter cause that a certain rigidity is observed in the body while Mdle. Ferraris dances, which she must strive her utmost to conquer. In other respects she is an able, nay, a wonderful dancer, and must be regarded as an immense acquisition to the strength of Mr. Lumley's *ballet*, which was already so strong without her. Mdle. Ferraris may be congratulated on her success, which was not only triumphant but well deserved, and, by her second appearance on Tuesday, more than confirmed.

In the new *ballet* of *Les Métamorphoses*, Carlotta Grisi, who dances as Ernst plays upon the violin—which means to perfection—gave a lesson in her pantomime, and in her grand *pas*, which all the mimists and all the dancers in the world might have studied with advantage. Pretty Marie Taglioni, with her charming *Pas de Rosettes*, was more *piquante* and attractive than ever.

On Thursday another crammed house, and another complete triumph. The aristocratic syren, Madame Sontag, the wonder of her own time and of ours, made her *réentrée* as Norina, in Donizetti's sparkling *Don Pasquale*, and was accompanied by the portly and inimitable Lablache, who also made his first appearance this season.

As circumstances unavoidably prevented our attendance on this occasion, we shall offer the notices of two eminent and qualified contemporaries, which must serve till next week, when we shall ourselves pay homage to the admirable vocal talent of Madame Sontag, and the unsurpassable comedy of the grand Lablache. The *Times* writes as follows:—

"Although during the period before Easter there was an extra performance on a Thursday evening, last night (Thursday) was the first that properly answers to the description of a 'long Thursday'; that is to say, the entertainments selected were of that varied kind, that the non-subscribers could see almost as much as possible of the company on a single visit. *Don Pasquale*, with M. Lablache and Madame Sontag; the last act of *Ernani*, with Mr. Sims Reeves and Mademoiselle Parodi; the *pas* by Mademoiselle Ferraris, and the *baller* of *Les Métamorphoses*, with Mademoiselles Carlotta Grisi and Marie Taglioni, made up a bill remarkable for no little variety and contrast.

"The great event of the evening was the first appearance this season of that most accomplished vocalist Madame Sontag. Having surprised the London public by the freshness of her voice and the perfection of her singing last year, she now came with the additional glory of her Parisian success. The French critics have been boundless in their praise of her; and M. Adolphe Adam could find no better mode of complimenting her on her lasting youthfulness than the facetious diffusion of a report that Mr. Lumley had engaged a daughter of the Countess Rossi, and not the Countess herself. Certainly, a younger and more fascinating Norina could not have been found than the one represented by Madame Sontag last night. Her assumption of the character is especially distinguished by a ladylike delicacy, which never allows the more violent outbreaks of

caprice to pass the limits of gracefulness. There is a sense of gentleness in all her tyranny over the unfortunate Don. Her voice seems even fresher than last season, and her execution is marked by the most perfect precision and the most delicate colouring. The lightness with which she sang her first aria at once captivated the audience, and the finale created a *furore* recalling to mind the great demonstrations in the days of Jenny Lind. The pit and stalls literally rose to greet Madame Sontag.

"M. Lablache likewise made his first appearance for the season, and was received with all the applause due to so distinguished a veteran. He is still the same as ever in *Don Pasquale*, and keeps up the accustomed roar at the vanities and sorrows of the eccentric old bean. The perfect good humour of Lablache is quite on a level with his power of invention, and he no sooner sets foot on the stage than a sympathy is established between him and his audience.

"The part of Ernesto was most sweetly sung by Calzolari, and the serenade was, of course, an *encore*. Belletti was all that could be wished as Docteur Malatesta. Thus the whole of the *dramatic persona* were sustained in a first-rate manner, and the performance of the opera was as complete as possible.

"The house was filled in every part, the pit and gallery being densely thronged, and the boxes presented a most brilliant appearance. Although the night was an 'extra,' there was all the fashionable character of a 'subscription' audience."

The *Morning Herald* presents its readers with the following article on this important and interesting double-*rentrée*.

"There was a brilliant audience last night to witness the *rentrée* of Sontag, who comes to fulfil her engagement with the lessee, and give *éclat* to a season which has begun more auspiciously than many were prepared to expect. The success of Sontag in Paris has been immense, the concerts in which she appeared, under the auspices of Mr. Lumley, being attended by the *élite* of the Parisian fashion, who were disposed to award all the honour that was due to a vocalist of such well-established repute."

"The opera that was chosen for her re-appearance in this country was *Don Pasquale*. Her version of Norina would necessarily differ from that of Grisi, whose vigorous and flashing style always came out in its most vivacious colours as the pseudo wife. Sontag has but little of the fire of her gifted contemporary, but she has a method of her own, and her interpretation of the character is full of agreeable point. The sentiment she evolves is that of the drawing-room; Sontag never caring to shake off the polite and well-bred deportment which belongs to her, both by nature and position, and hence a feminine grace clothes all her personations, and communicates the sweetest colour of gentility. Her opening scene with *Don Pasquale* when she captivates him with her modesty and deference, was a triumph of comic acting and expert hy-play. Her affected passion in the second act was as bold as we could expect. Her singing throughout was a display of execution the most finished, and taste the most delicate. Nothing could be more deliciously exquisite. The mechanism of this charming artist is still unapproached for ease, truth, flexibility, and grace; and no instrument was ever under more faultless control. As an exhibition of vocal art her performances last night have seldom been rivalled. All the *merceux* in which *Norina* is concerned were delivered with a novelty and finesse inexpressibly elegant, but at the same time how bewitchingly suave and amiable! The ornaments which she bestowed upon the cavatina, "Quel guardo il esvaliere," and upon her verse in the finale, were ravishing examples of execution, phrases exceeding phrases with a fluency the most consummate, and with an effect as chaste as it was beautiful. The latter was *encorel*. The preceding duet, "Signorina in tanta fretta," had also been redemanded, which, we may add, was but a natural consequence, for it was delivered on the part of Sontag with a playful indifference, which made the blubbling agony of her victim the more amusing.

"The occasion was further distinguished by the re-appearance of the elder Lablache. The matchless buffo was warmly welcomed. The addition of a twenty-fourth to his age does not seem to have affected him in the least; neither has he diminished an inch in bulk. He is as potential in voice and as unctuous in humour as

ever, and this involves everything that need be said, for who is there that is not familiar with his personation of the amorous Don—with his diverting vanities—and with his cruel perplexities? His acting in this character is a sublime bit of comedy; and when he retires—*Don Pasquale* will retire too!

"Belletti was the Malatesta, and Calzolari the Ernesto. The latter was *encorel* in the serenade. The recalls were numerous. Sontag appeared after each act, and again when the curtain fell. The applause she received was as enthusiastic as it could well be."

Thus much must suffice for the present. Neither of our contemporaries make mention that an act of *Ernani*, with Mr. Sims Reeves, followed; that Madlle. Ferraris repeated her *pas de deux* with M. Charles; that Marie Taglioni introduced a new *pas caractéristique* in the *Metamorphoses*; that Carlotta Grisi was more delightful than ever, although she omitted her grand *pas* with M. Charles; and that, thanks to the energy, decision, and judgment of Balfe in the orchestra, the opera of *Don Pasquale* never went off better at Her Majesty's Theatre. But these things were in everybody's mouth when the performances were over, as we were abundantly informed by many good judges who had been to the theatre, and who, like ourselves, had come to enjoy some conversation and some smoke, at a cosy and hospitable after-Opera place of *rendezvous* in a quiet part of London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

We have to record two great events on Thursday evening at this establishment—the reproduction of *Masaniello*, and the first appearance of Signor Tamberlik, the new tenor about whom there has been so much talk of late. Auber's great work was given with all the splendor and magnificence of last season. The performance was a series of triumphs from first to last, and was on the whole one of the finest we have heard at the Royal Italian Opera. The chorus were entitled to especial notice throughout. Not only in the stirring and brilliant music of the opening chorus of the second act, in the market chorus, and in the fiery insurrection chorus, did they display immense energy and completeness of *ensemble* singing, but also, what is much more difficult for a large body of singers to accomplish, the utmost delicacy and purity, as instanced in the bridal hymn in the first act, and in the celebrated prayer in the market scene. The latter obtained a tumultuous *encore*, but the former was, if possible, a *fluer* specimen of choral singing. By the way, the second prayer, although it has commonly the *prestige* of an *encore*, must yield the palm for grandeur and beauty to the first. The organ and choir behind the scenes has a magical effect.

The getting up of *Masaniello* at the Royal Italian Opera has not been surpassed within our recollection. The variety and exquisite beauty of the scenery; the gorgeousness and magnificence of the court dresses, contrasted with the appropriate and picturesque costumes of the fishermen and their wives and children; the bustle and animation evidenced in the coast and market scenes, the fire and abandon shown in the outbreak of the mob, together with all necessary means and appliances in the shape of stage properties, demonstrated in the most satisfactory manner that the directors have left nothing undone to render Auber's *chef d'œuvre* worthy of their promises to strengthen and sustain the lyric drama.

The cast differed from that of last year in two other instances besides that of *Masaniello*. Madame Castellani appeared as Elvira, in the room of Madame Dorus Gras, and Mademoiselle Ballin (Mrs. Gilbert), supplied the place of Madame Pauline Leroux in Fenella. Madame Castellani is certainly the more acceptable of the two Elviras. In look

and voice, as well as in dramatic feeling, she is decidedly the superior of her predecessor. The Fenella of Mademoiselle Ballin has points of great merit. It is a performance earnest and natural, and though by no means so picturesque and striking as that of Madame Pauline Leroux, is well studied and artistically finished.

Signor Luigi Mei is scarcely up to the mark in Alphonso. The music does not appear to suit him. The fine song in 9-8 time in the first scene was endangered by his singing flat. In the fourth act Signor Luigi Mei improved considerably.

Massol's Pietro was as admirable as ever. He sang the great duet with Tamberlik, and the fine barcarole in the last scene, in splendid style. All throughout the opera his services were most essential.

Despite of many counteracting circumstances, Signor Tamberlik's *début* was one of the most triumphant we have witnessed for years on the operatic stage. He only arrived from the Continent on Wednesday morning, and up to the last moment was studying his part, the text of the Royal Italian Opera version of *Masaniello* being different from that to which he was accustomed. Coupling this with the nervousness inseparable on such an occasion, we should be inclined to make great allowance; but without making the slightest concessions, and judging of the new tenor only by what we have heard and seen, we do not hesitate to award him a high place among the greatest dramatic singers.

Signor Tamberlik comes from the San Carlo at Naples and the grand opera at Barcelona. In both places he has enjoyed an immense reputation for several years. With such a name, it may be asked, and with such talents, how comes it that the artist should have escaped the lynx eyes of the directors of Her Majesty's Theatre and Covent Garden? To this, most probably, no satisfactory answer could be returned, unless we might suggest that Barcelona is a long way off, and that reputations made there have not the wings of such as are achieved in more musical localities. We learn from good authority that Signor Tamberlik some years since was engaged at the San Carlo, and was purchased, according to the custom of Italian managements, by the *impresario* of the opera at Barcelona, and that the term of his engagement there only expired last season. This perhaps, may account for the non-appearance of the Signor at either of our operatic houses, the directors of which have been on the look out for tenors a long while.

Signor Tamberlik's voice is a *tenore robusto*, or pure chest voice, of a fine, ringing, sonorous quality, capable of the most varied expression. The upper notes are powerful and clear, the middle round and sweet, possessing a remarkable evenness throughout. The voice is very extensive, reaching as high as the C in alt, which the singer gave out with tremendous power on Thursday evening. Signor Tamberlik makes no use of his *falsetto*, at least uses it very rarely. He thus presents a strong contrast to Rubini and Mario, some of whose best effects were and are produced by this means. Signor Tamberlik's *sotto voce*, however, is admirable, and serves him instead of a falsetto. The new tenor belongs decidedly to the Donzelli school; but he is a better artist than the great head of that school. His style is simple, pure, and unaffected, and his best effects are produced by legitimate means. He never exaggerates. He adheres conscientiously to his text—at least so far as we have heard him—and sacrifices nothing to obtain applause.

The cheers which greeted Signor Tamberlik on Thursday evening on his entrance were rather encouraging and patronising than expectant and enthusiastic. Indeed, so little was expected from him that something approaching to a failure was

feared. At rehearsal in the morning he did not sing out, and when he did sing at all his voice sounded small and shaky. On his entrance at night his first notes were waited for with much curiosity. The first few bars of his opening recitative proved that he had a pure and fine tenor voice. He commenced the barcarole well in tune, and took the first *A sotto voce* beautifully; but in the repeat, taking it in the chest voice *forte*, the note was so tremulous as to sound any thing but agreeable to the ears. He finished the verse so well, however, as to receive most encouraging applause from all parts of the theatre. From this cause, gaining voice and courage both, he began the next verse confidently, and gave the *A forte* in such splendid style as to bring down the whole house with an explosion. The barcarole was rapturously encored, and Signor Tamberlik, singing better and better as he went on, made a great and unmistakable hit. He was recalled at the end of the song, and was received with tremendous cheering. In the grand duet with Pietro he improved his position immensely, obtaining another enthusiastic encore, and a subsequent recall. The power and dramatic force of Signor Tamberlik's style were strongly evidenced in this duet. At the end of the act he was called before the curtain, and was received by the whole house with cheers, clappings, waving of hats and kerchiefs, and all the signals of a "*furor*." The weather-glass in the interior of the theatre rose ten degrees after this event.

In the third act Signor Tamberlik had several opportunities afforded him of testing his histrionic powers, which he turned to advantage. He acted the scene where the officers seize on Fenella and endeavour to drag her away until stayed by the hands of Masaniello, with great effect. His defiance of the soldiers and their royal order was in the highest degree melodramatic, and he threw immense energy into the lines,

"Venite a me, fratelli—
O per costor morrò!"

The celebrated "Sleep Song" was a most admirable specimen of *cantabile* singing, and was most deservedly encored. The first time Signor Tamberlik sang a little flat, but the second time it was irreproachable. Nothing could be rendered with more purity of taste or more genuine feeling.

The mad scene still further exhibited Signor Tamberlik's great dramatic capabilities. He played with surprising vigour and energy, and produced an immense effect by taking the C in alt as clear as a bell.

Signor Tamberlik shall claim a longer notice from us next week, when we confidently anticipate reporting a still greater success for him in his performance of to-night. Meanwhile, we may say that his triumph is acknowledged on all sides.

In conclusion, notwithstanding all we have said in praise of the performance, we have to call the directors to strict account for an unwarrantable liberty taken with Auber's score. The only effect of cutting the *Guaracha*, the Market Chorus, and the duet between Masaniello and Pietro, is to spoil the three best pieces of music in the opera. We expect, and shall be satisfied with nothing less at the hands of the directors of Covent Garden, than integrity and entirety in the production of works like the *Muette di Portici*.

The *Puritani* is to be produced on Thursday, with two acts of *Masaniello*. We are sorry to learn the latter part of this announcement. It is unjust to Signor Tamberlik, whose triumphant success such a fragmentary performance cannot fail to endanger; it is unjust to *Masaniello*, which deserves a better fate than to be made minced meat of. We trust the directors will think better of this!

MR. GRATTAN COOKE AND THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From the *Athenæum*.)

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—A pamphlet has been circulated by Mr. Grattan Cooke, among the Subscribers and Members of the Philharmonic Society, to which we must call attention. Those who during a long course of years have adverted to defects calling for reform,—and who have already testified to the instant and clear profit attendant upon their removal,—must not forbear, however unpleasant it be, to speak when called on by a statement of a case in which progress could not be secured without individual grievance; but in which the aggrieved party represents himself as having been unworthily treated. We have adverted [*ante*, p. 267] to the new appointments of first oboe and first horn this year, made in the Philharmonic orchestra. In the pamphlet alluded to, Mr. Grattan Cooke, as the player on the former instrument, publishes the fact of his displacement—his vexation at the manner in which it has been made—and his conviction that it is ascribable to "*partial and personal motives*." It appears that the Philharmonic Directors availed themselves of Mr. G. Cooke's nomination to the mastership of the band of the 2nd Life Guards (by his own letter of September last announced to them, with some deprecatory hesitation), to invite him to resign his oboe-ship in their orchestra on the plea of the two appointments being incompatible. This intimation Mr. Cooke would neither understand nor accept; whereupon he subsequently received a notice that his services would not be required for the current season. He has published his correspondence, with a preamble, in which, by his allusion to the Birmingham Festival of 1849, and the Sacred Harmonic Society, Mr. G. Cooke clearly conveys the impression that his dismissal was owing to Signor Costa's interference. We observe in a recent number of the *Times* an official statement, made on the part of the Philharmonic Directors, that Signor Costa is not one of their Council, but merely their Conductor, and that he has no voice in the making of their engagements. Such being Mr. Cooke's view, and such the tone of his circulated appeal, we have no choice but to comment thereon by a few plain truths. He seems unaware that for many years past it must have been felt by every listener to the Philharmonic performances, that the nervousness and unsteadiness in time of the first oboe as an orchestral player stood in the way of a sure and perfect execution. Six seasons ago, ere Signor Costa's appointment was thought of, in the time of Dr. Mendelssohn's short and stormy presidency, it will be found that this journal [*Athen. Nos. 866 and 872, &c.*] pointed to particular instruments as "not up to the mark,"—avoiding specification from averseness to giving pain. Mr. G. Cooke forgets how great has been our recent advance in every department of orchestral execution—how, to name merely one instance, it was necessary to abolish that old change of leadership which one night exhibited the incompetence of Mr. Weichsell, another the deficiency of Mr. François Cramer, &c. To many worthy men, these modifications of a constitution, infinitely pleasing to its members, but obsolete as not meeting the requisitions of our time, must have been mortifying. But help there was none—unless our model concert was to perish of inanity and self-importance—save in self-help on the part of the players laid aside. If, in place of contenting himself with the old sympathies and traditions of the Philharmonic Society, in place of resting with a natural complacency on testimonials of regard from Dr. Mendelssohn and Dr. Spohr, Mr. G. Cooke had taken them to heart as a stimulus, he would not now have

stood in the false position of an artist who, unable to perceive his own incompleteness, absolutely draws attention to it by endeavouring to establish a case of persecution, and compels those who, like ourselves, cordially own and recognise his many gifts and agreeable talents, to draw the line between what is unjust to the individual and what is indispensable to the progress of art and the requirements of taste. We are often at issue with the Philharmonic Directors on account of their timid resolution to move in the narrow groove of precedent, especially as regards their *solo* engagements. We think their counsels unwisely narrow as regards their trial and acceptance of new compositions. In the case before us, we think that they might have done wisely by more emphatically insisting on their duty to make their band as perfect as possible, thus destroying for the future, the idea that service establishes a claim which shall outweigh defect. But in proportion as we remonstrate, on principle, against the want of generous and large principles in their direction, we are bound to support them in every measure which shall tend to improve their performances. In the instance before us, moreover, they appear to have acted with considerate delicacy, which Mr. G. Cooke has been unwise in misinterpreting. It is to himself that he owes the pain of being told publicly that there was "*just cause and reason*" for the appointment of another first oboe at the Philharmonic Concerts.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

(From the *Illustrated London News*.)

MANY questions have, at various times, been asked on the subject of the Royal Academy—on its usefulness to the public—on the object of its existence—on its influence upon art, and on the amount of its revenues, and the manner in which they are expended. The *Times* of Wednesday, in an article which will, we think, give satisfaction to the public, to the patrons of art, and to all artists who are not Royal Academicians, asks very pithily, "*What is the Royal Academy?*" and "*What business has it in the National Gallery?*" It answers the first question by tracing the history of the Academy, and by showing very clearly, that, whatever it may do towards the elevation of the social position and emoluments of a few artists, it has done, does, and can do nothing for the elevation of art. Our contemporary justly draws the distinction between a society for the benefit of artists and a society for the promotion of art; and having placed the Royal Academy in the first category, will not allow that it belongs to the second by any perceptible relationship. This, however, is a wide question, which it would occupy much space and time to discuss fully; but, without doing injustice to the real merits of the Royal Academy, it may be asserted that the public, and artists generally, are right when they say "*that whatever may have been the purpose of the Royal founder and patron of the Academy, that Institution has not elevated the arts, but has simply produced a personal benefit to certain artists; and that it has not improved the public taste, but has merely ministered to the taste which it found.*" If this be, as we believe, a true description of the Royal Academy, the public may well demand to know by what right this private body claims a joint possession of the National Gallery? It is quite rich enough with the proceeds of the shillings that it levies upon the public purse at the doors of its exhibition, to build or rent an edifice for its own purposes. Were there room to spare in the National Gallery, without doing injustice to the public, by unduly cramming the national pictures into small

space, the privileges claimed by the Royal Academy—though a proof of the shabbiness of that body—might be conceded. But where the reverse is the case, it is time that the Royal Academy should keep itself to itself, live upon its own resources, and leave the National Gallery to the purposes for which it was instituted—purposes with which, collectively and in its corporate capacity, the Royal Academy has nothing to do. Its occupation of room which was not intended for it is an intrusion—all the more inexcusable because it is not in a state of pauperism, or condemned to appeal to the generosity of the public to give it house-room. "Instead of spurious galleries, where the public might receive instruction by viewing the works of the great masters, classed according to their age or style, we are condemned to the confusion of an auction-room, in order that a rival establishment may exhibit its wares for money, and receive its shillings at the door after the fashion of Tom Thumb." The British Institution, or the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, might, with quite as much justice, claim a similar privilege. Our National Gallery would be wretched enough in its accommodation, had it no such interlopers; and there is no reason imaginable why the Royal Academy should make bad worse.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

NEW YORK.—(From *Saroni's Musical Times*.)—The season is over at the Astor Place Opera, as far as New York is concerned. We did not happen to be present on the night of Mr. Maretzek's farewell benefit. We can therefore say nothing, from personal knowledge, of the speeches, the gold snuff-box, the silver goblet, or the pitcher. This much, however, we can say, that with the evening in question closed a most successful operatic season. There is no denying that this happy result is owing, in a great measure, to the manager's tact and discretion, as well as to a newly awakened feeling on the part of the public. This feeling being now no longer confined to the foreigners who reside among us, nor to certain exclusive classes, but being distributed among many, it must be acknowledged that, even as Mr. Maretzek remarked publicly on the evening in question, the Opera may be considered as fairly established in New York. Musical criticism, too, is now established on a higher and surer footing than it ever was. We trust that we may claim our share of the efforts that have been made to attain that desirable result. At all events it must now appear certain that music has entered on a new career of success among us, and that a very general appetite has been created for musical performances of an exalted order. This being the case, the supply must soon keep pace with the demand.

Some of our contemporaries, in speaking a farewell word of the opera, assert that the last season has not proved remunerative to the manager. A paper which is confidently stated to enjoy to a great degree the confidence of Mr. Maretzek, even went so far as to name the sum which that gentleman lost. This may be exact; but we confess that we are sceptical. We have never noticed any symptom of extravagant outlay at the Astor-Place Opera. On the contrary, we have often had occasion to admire the vigilance with which every source of waste was watched over and stopped, from the most important to the most trifling items. It seemed as if the eye of an intelligent master was every where. Nor were empty houses the order of the day (or night) during any part of the season. The subscription list was very considerable. The lower part of the house was always respectably filled, and the invariable "taken" which

decorated two-thirds of the seats of the parquette every evening, attested a very general impression that it was worth while to engage seats even at an additional expense. The little ceremony of presenting plate was proof, likewise, of the existence of a most cordial feeling between the manager and the different departments of his administration. Only in one respect did the just expectations of the opera seem not to be justified by the result. The benefit nights did not draw as well as might have been expected. Perhaps this fact has a *morale* attached to it. Will Mr. Maretzek the hint?

REVIEWS.

"*England, the Land of my Home*;" *Ballad, dedicated to EDWARD THIRLLE, Esq., Organist of Boston, Lincolnshire; composed by FREDERICK WIDDOWS, Professor of Music, Spalding.*—ALEXANDER NOVELLO.

THE words of this ballad are selected from the Rev. Richard Corbould's "Young Man's Home." It is a regular patriotic song, but, at the same time, we must add, one of the best and the least affected we have seen on the theme of "Old England." The music is simple and homely—in keeping with the words—but it is expressive, nevertheless, and vocal in the bargain. The melody is rhythmical, and easily caught by the ear. The accompaniment in *arpeggios* is very easy, graceful, and well written. We can recommend this ballad, conscientiously, to our concert singers.

COMPARISONS OF DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

(Concluded from page 201.)

First, let us examine the work of the Greek poet. From his birth to his death, the history of *Œdipus* displays a *tenet* of Grecian religion, in which the highest tragic elements exist. He is the victim of fatality. Destined to misfortune ere his birth, exposed as an infant on Mount Cithæron, preserved as an instrument of the anger of the gods, killer of his father, husband of his mother, blinding himself in despair at his involuntary crimes, banished from Thebes by his own children, he has taken refuge in Colona, accompanied only by his daughter Antigone, in the grove sacred to the Furies, where, in accordance with the Delphian Oracle, he seeks only his death and his tomb. Every line in *Œdipus* breathes of the sanctity of the paternal character. The misery and destitution of *Œdipus* himself is the just retribution of his parricide; the filial ingratitude of his sons, Eteocles and Polinices, is the cause of their death. *Œdipus* is not a free agent; he knows himself to be the mere instrument of divine anger—the heavy cloud of inexorable destiny ever overshadows his head. So, when his son Polinices humbles himself before him, praying for mercy and pardon, it is only at the request of Theseus that the father consents to hear him. What is his answer to the supplication of his son? A mere earthly father might pardon; but *Œdipus* knows that he is at once the victim and the minister of the divine will; and his reply to Polinices is his curse and condemnation. According to ancient morality, *Œdipus could not pardon his sons, because their ingratitude to him was a crime against fathers in general; he knows that mere human pity can have no place in his heart, for by his voice the will of the gods speaks. Hence in his sorrow there is nothing weak or common; his poverty and exile are forgotten, and he sees in himself, as the reader Lear, on the contrary, outraged and offended, speaks out of his own heart, and gives loose to all the natural impetuosity of his disposition.*

"Hear, nature, hear! dear Goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful.—
Into her womb convey sterility,
Dry up in her the organs of increase,
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her!"

Finally, *Lear* feels his wrongs, unlike *Edipus*, to be all personal, and he resents them as such; and here lies the difference between the English and Greek poets, in their manner of treating the same subject.

We shall now examine the manner in which filial ingratitude has been treated by a modern writer of very great talent, M. de Balzac, in his novel, "*Le Père Goriot*." Goriot, an ex-vender of vermicelli, having made a large fortune by trade, retires in his old age to a humble boarding-house, after giving all he possesses, with the exception of a few hundreds a year, to his two daughters, who have married, one a nobleman, the other a banker. They soon begin to blush at their father's vulgarity; they refuse to receive him at their houses; but soon they require money to enable them to gratify some costly caprice; their fortunes are in the hands of their husbands, so they have recourse to the old father, who sells, by degrees, all he still possesses, to gratify the extravagance of his children, and finally expires in a garret, without either of them even visiting him on his death-bed.

Assuredly there is as great a difference between *Lear* or *Edipus* and the old seller of vermicelli, as there is between Sophocles or Shakespeare and M. de Balzac. But Goriot is a father, like *Edipus* and *Lear*, and like them, a father outraged by his children; like them, therefore, he has a right to our respect and pity. But in order that we should fully sympathise with the miseries of a parent suffering under the ingratitude of his offspring, we have a right to expect that the father should himself feel something of the dignity of paternal character. It is not sufficient that he love his children, he must likewise feel that it is their duty to love him, and that they are guilty before God and man, if they neglect or insult him. Nothing of this sort is to be found in the passion of Goriot for his daughters; his affection for them is unreasoning, almost bestial, in character—the affection, in fact, as the author takes care to inform us, of a dog for its master. When M^{me}. de Nucingen or her sister close their doors against their father, or will not recognise him in the street, Goriot does not feel that his dignity as a man and a father is outraged. His children, who refuse to see him—he sees them pass rapidly by in an open carriage—they look handsome and happy, and he is content. It is too much to expect that the reader should sympathise with the misfortunes of a man who either feels so little, or is so easily consoled for them. Here is an example of that individuality of character to which we have referred in the early part of this article. That such a man as Goriot never existed, would be too much to affirm; but we may safely assert that such characters are extremely rare. *Lear* and *Edipus*, on the contrary, both think and act just as men in general would do, if placed in the same position of thought and action.

MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

(Continued from page 170.)

Plagiarism the forty-fourth.

While some bring leaves of henna to imbue
The finger's ends with a bright roseate hue,
So bright, that in the mirror's depth they seem
Like tips of coral branches in the stream.

This image is suggested, either by—

The story of Futurn in the *Bahadramas*—

They tinged the ends of her fingers scarlet, with henna, so that they resembled branches of corals.

Or by a note to—

SOUTHEY.—*Talaba the Destroyer*, Book III.

Her fingers in beauty and slenderness, appearing as the *Yed Birzer* (the miraculously shining hand of Moes), or the rays of the sun, being tinged with henna, seemed branches of transparent red coral.

Plagiarism the forty-fifth.

Where, in the mist, reflecting back the rays
In broken rainbows a fresh fountain plays.

SIR W. JONES.—*Laura*, vol. iv., p. 461.
There living waves in sparkling columns rise,
And shine like rainbows to the sunny skies.

SIR W. JONES.—*The Seven Fountains*, vol. iv., p. 435.
Six fountains there, that glitter as they play,
Rise to the sun with many-coloured ray.

Plagiarism the forty-sixth.

He thinks me weak—this glare of luxury
Is but to tempt, to try the eagle gaze
Of my young soul;—shine on, 'twill stand the blaze.

In one of Moore's Minor Poems, the same thought occurs—

The genuine virtues that with eagle gaze
Sought young Remon in all her orient blaze.

It is anything, however, but original, as I shall prove by an army of authorities:

SPENSER. *Fairy Queen*, canto x., st. xlviii.
All were his earthly eien both blemt and bad,
And through great all had lost their kindly sight,
Yet wondrous quick and persant was his spright
As eagle's eye that can behold the sun.

GILLES FLETCHER.
She was a virgin of austere regard,
Not as the world esteems her, deaf and blind,
But as the eagle that hath oft compared
Her eye with Heaven; so, and more brightly shin'd
Her lamping sight.

THOMAS HEYWOOD. *The Royal King and Loyal Subject*, act I., sc. I.

I was born eagle-eyed and to gaze
In the sun's forehead; I will brook no cloud
To stand betwix me and his glorious fire.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

CARLOTTA GRISI.—In speaking of the performance of Carlotta Grisi in the new ballet of *Les Metamorphoses*, a contemporary observes—"It is enough to add that the various transformations afford Carlotta Grisi an opportunity of exhibiting her histrionic talent with incomparable effect. We know not in what costume most to admire the charming danseuse—whether when, as a rustic coquette, she wins the student's heart and teases him to death—or when, as a *domino*, she perplexes him in a thousand different ways—or when, as a cavalier, she shows herself a better master of fence than Karl himself, whom she disarms with exquisite coolness and effrontery; suffice it, in each and all Carlotta is equally irresistible and inimitable. Her dancing and acting are so blended together, and both at once so naturally and artistically finished, that she makes it appear as though as many and as powerful emotions could be expressed by the pantomimic movements of the arms and feet as by the most eloquent and searching tones of the human voice. In no ballet—not even in *Emeralda*, Perrot's masterpiece—has Carlotta had a happier opportunity of displaying her admirable accomplishments to advantage, and in none has she employed them with more grace and fascination. In the grand *pae* with M. Charles (from the *Filleule des Fées*) Carlotta Grisi exhibits the prodigies of grace and mechanical perfection which she has so entirely at her command. The success of *Les Metamorphoses* was triumphant, and may be regarded as the dawn of a new life for the ballet, which,

with all its attractions, owing to the exclusive sway of Madlle. Jenny Lind over the public mind, has been of late somewhat on the wane."

BALFE.—In reference to the reappearance of this excellent and popular musician at his old post of "composer, conductor, and director of the orchestra" at Her Majesty's Theatre—an event which, without any obvious reason, was for a long period considered unlikely—a new monthly journal, called *The London Review*, says:—"The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Balfe, whose appearance was hailed with unanimous and long continued applause. It was satisfactory to every one to find our popular countryman once more in the place which he has filled with so much real energy and talent during four successive seasons. This at once put an end to all the malvolent reports which insinuated that a difference between Mr. Balfe and the management would prevent his attending this season at his old post." There can be but one opinion on this matter. The press, as well as the best friends of either party, are convinced that separation would have been a thing to be regretted as much by Mr. Lumley as by Mr. Balfe, and as much by Mr. Balfe as by Mr. Lumley.

FORMES.—In reference to this gentleman's fine performance of the character of Caspar, in *Der Freischütz*, at the Royal Italian Opera, the same authority remarks:—"The Caspar of Herr Formes has been greatly lauded, but not a bit too much. We have not for a long time witnessed a more graphic and powerful representation. Every phase of the character—one of the most romantic ever drawn—(the pure creation of Kind, who furnished Wolfer with the book, since Caspar does not appear in Apoll's *Freischütz*) is understood and embodied by Herr Formes with masterly completeness. The fate which hangs over Caspar's doctored head is made finely prominent. A man knowing himself condemned, yet clinging to a forlorn hope, is continually present. Herr Formes never forgets this, even when Caspar is most a hypocrite, endeavouring to cajole poor Max with false promises, under the cloak of affected hilarity—even to the very last, when Samiel comes to claim his victim, and Caspar, still unwilling to own that his hour is nigh, struggles to conceal his terror under a mask of audacious defiance. That Herr Formes is a consummate actor this character is quite enough to prove. That his splendid voice would do full justice to the wild and beautiful melodies of Weber, none doubted that had ever heard him sing—no matter what, no matter where—at the Wednesday Concerts or at the Philharmonic. His grand vocal effect was produced in the magnificent air upon which the curtain falls at the conclusion of the first act—the "Revenge" song. A finer example of magnetic singing was never heard within the walls of a theatre. Rough it was, if you please—rough and wild—nay, savage in the bargain; and so it ought to be. Herr Formes understands what he is about. He is no novice. So moved were the audience by this vocal effort—or rather dramatic and vocal effort combined—that they recalled Herr Formes, with one voice, when the curtain fell. His subsequent scenes were equally great. His admirable acting in the incantation scene, and his death, a masterpiece of art—melodramatic as it would call it—produced a powerful and ineffaceable impression.

FORMES IN CASPAR.—Formes has gained greatly in his singing since the first night; the language and recitatives were more familiar to him, and he was consequently not so much fettered in his acting as on his opening performance. The roughness of his execution becomes almost a beauty in Caspar. The poetical nature of the singer asserts its supremacy in every phase of the terrible drama: his drinking-song, so full of demoniac gaiety; his revenge bravura, so replete with overwhelming energy; his incantation scene, so striking in picturesque pantomime and varied vocal power; and his final death-struggle, and defiance of all authority, above and below, realize completely the picture of the doomed hunter, so vividly created by poet and musician.—*Illustrated London News*.

MR. HENRY RUSSELL.—(From an occasional Contributor.)—This popular vocalist has given a series of entertainments, at the Lyceum Theatre, during the Passion week, which has been highly successful. The theatre has been crowded on every evening of performance. The last concert took place on Saturday evening. The subjects which Mr. Henry Russell has selected to wed his music to, have great interest amongst a numerous class of the

community, and, with his manner of interpretation will, for a long period, be likely to command a certain degree of public attention. On Saturday night, Mr. Russell addressed the following apology to the audience for his frequent repetitions of a particular song—"The Song of the Shirt":—"Ladies and gentlemen, I owe some apology for continuing to bring this composition so constantly before your notice, but I desire that my songs should have a wider aim than a mere momentary gratification. I use music as a medium for bringing this unfortunate class constantly to public notice, hoping thereby to amoliorate, to some extent, their present horrible position." This is certainly a "widur aim" than usual, and it is to be hoped Mr. Russell may not hit "wide of the mark." On the present occasion, at least, the philanthropic sentiments of the audience were aroused, and the success of Mr. Russell was as great as he could desire. During the week Mr. Russell has sung nearly all his most noted songs—"The Gambler's Wife," "Woodman sparo that tree," "The Ship on Fire," "The Ivy Tree," "The Scaffold," &c., &c.—many of which were re-demanded on Saturday night, and the others applauded so warmly as to leave no doubt of their retaining their popularity. Mr. Russell also introduced some "nigger" melodies so called, and some "nigger" anecdotes so entitled, some of which appeared as fresh as if they had been just invented; it is probable they were invented for the occasion. We except the stories of the tooth-brush and table-cloth, which are as old as the hills; but that is of little consequence, they served to pass away an evening pleasantly and harmlessly, and as long as such is their tendency it is but of little moment who wrote the "nigger" anecdotes, and who did not write them, who composed the "nigger" melodies and who did not compose them. The entertainment wound up with "There's a Good Time Coming"—the audience, under the direction of Mr. Russell, joining in full and *ad libitum* chorus—a practice somewhat novel, but evidently very satisfactory, for the good public afterwards were zealous to display their vocal abilities in the national anthem, upon their expressing which desire, Mr. Russell very good humouredly accorded them the advantage of his leadership. "God Save the Queen" was chanted by the Concert-giver, boxes, pit, and gallery, with uproarious loyalty and generous lungs. The pianoforte used on this occasion, one of Kirkman's sweet-toned "Pondas," was remarkable for fulness and equality—merits which Mr. Russell displayed liberally in the very original symphonies and accompaniments of his songs.

HENRY SMART.—We understand that Mr. Henry Smart, the eminently talented organist and composer, is expected at Clifton, on Monday next, on a visit to his friend, H. J. Haycraft, Esq. We trust an opportunity will be afforded the lovers of the science, during his stay, of hearing so justly celebrated a performer. Mr. Smart arrives here from Liverpool, where on Sunday (to-morrow) he opens a large organ built by the Messrs. Davison, of London. This is the seventh instrument Mr. Smart has been engaged for on similar occasions, in that city and neighbourhood.—*Iris-ist Journal*.

M. JULES DE GLIMES, the popular professor and conductor, is expected shortly in London, to resume his professional duties.

MR. LOVE, the ventriloquist, gave one of his entertainments on Monday night in the Music Hall, Store-street. He repeated it on Tuesday night at Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate-street.

GRISI, MARIO, TAMARINI, TAGLIATECO, and Madlle. DE MERIC have arrived in London from St. Petersburg, and will all make their *reutrie* on Tuesday next in *Lucreria Borgia*.

TAGLIATECO.—The foreign papers inform us that this celebrated dancer and her husband, the Prince Alexander Trubetzkoi, have been condemned to pay 6,400 livres in the Austrians, at Milan, as their share of fines imposed on the liberal nobility.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY have announced *Elijah* for repetition on Friday next, the 12th inst. Of the fine performance of this greatest of *chefs d'œuvre*, which took place last night, we shall speak in our next.

PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOM.—Madame Schwab, the talented pianist, has announced her annual evening concert for Wednesday next, on which occasion she will be assisted by some of our popular vocalists. She will perform in Mozart's Quartett in E flat, and with Mr. Ferdinand Praeger, a "Grand duo brillante" for two pianos, composed by that gentleman. Messrs. Hill, Thirlwall, Briccialdi, &c., are named among the instrumental soloists.

ALBION HALL, HAMMERSMITH.—Miss Clara Seyton has been giving her entertainments at this establishment to numerous audiences.

MANCHESTER.—CONCERT OF THE DISTIN FAMILY.—On Tuesday evening last this interesting family gave the first of three concerts announced to take place in the Free Trade Hall. They were assisted by a Miss Maria O'Connor, a lady not altogether unknown to the Manchester public, and who sang several songs with good taste and feeling. The demands on our space will not permit of a lengthy notice, but we may add that the many clever performances of the evening were fully appreciated by a numerous and enthusiastic audience, there being no less than six encores.—*Manchester Examiner and Times.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR MR. COSTA.

NEXT FRIDAY, 14th of April, Mendelssohn's "ELIJAH."
Vocalists:—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss A. Williams, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. J. A. Novello, and Herr Formes, with Orchestra of 100 Performers.
* Tickets, 3s., 2s., and 10s. 6d. each; at No. 6, in Exeter Hall; or of Mr. BOWLEY, 53, Charing Cross.

To commence at Eight o'clock.

PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOM,

OXFORD STREET.

MADAME SCHWAB'S ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT, on
Wednesday, April 10th, 1850. She will be assisted by the following eminent artists:—

Madlle Nan, Miss Poole, Miss Mesent, Miss Pyne, Miss Thirlwall, Miss Leslie, and Madame F. Labiche; Signor Marras, Herr Mengib, Mr. Burdini, Mr. Frank Rodda, and Mr. Whitworth.

Instrumental Performers:—Pianoforte, Madame Schwab, who will perform (by desire) Mozart's Quartet, in E flat; also with Mr. Ferdinand Praeger, a "Grand Duo Brilliant," for Two Pianofortes, composed by F. Praeger, for the occasion; Flute, Signor Ercicaldi; Violin, Mr. Thirlwall; Viola, Mr. Hill; Violoncello, Mr. Reed.

Conductor, MR. NEGRI.

To commence at Half-past Seven.

Tickets, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d.; Family Tickets, to admit Three Persons, 10s. 6d. Tickets to be had of all the principal Musicians, and at the residence of Madame Schwab, 31, Milton Street, Dorset Square.

MUSICAL UNION.

SECOND MATINEE.—Tuesday, April 9th, at Half-past
Three o'clock.—Quartet, E minor, Op. 44, Andante and Scherzo, Posthumous Quartet, — Mendelssohn; Sonata, in G, Piano and Violin, — Beethoven; Quartet, No. 10, E flat, — Beethoven.

Artists:—Ernest, Doleffe, Hill, and Platt. Pianoforte, S. Bennett. Members are requested to pay their Subscriptions to Cramer and Co., where Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, can be purchased. Members can personally introduce visitors on payment at the door. A limited number of resident artists and members of foreign academies will receive Free Admission on applying to J. ELLA, Director.

MR. AGUILAR

BEGS to announce that he will give an EVENING CONCERT
at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on WEDNESDAY, April 24th.
Vocalists:—Miss Lacombe, the Misses C. and S. Cole, Madlle. Schiess, and Madlle. Graumann; Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Marcial.

Violin, Herr KARST; Violoncello, Herr HAUMANN; Oboe, Mr. NICHOLSON; Clarinet, Mr. LAZARET; Horn, Mr. JARRETT; Bassoon, Mr. BEAUMANN; Pianoforte, Mr. AGUILAR.

Conductor, MR. BENEDICT.

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WILL take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS,
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Vocalists:—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Sophia Mesent, Miss Braham, and Madlle. Therese Napier (Prima Donna of the Grand Ducal Theatre at Mannheim); Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Franz Stahl (Principal Baritone at the Court of St. Petersburg).

Instrumentalists:—Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Salaman; Violins, Messrs. Goffrie, N. Muri, Case, and Hill; Viola, Messrs. Richard Blagrove, &c.; Violoncello, Messrs. Haumann and Hancock; Contrabasso, Mr. Howell; Flute, Mr. Card; Oboe, Mr. Gratton Cooke; Horn, Mr. Jarrett.

Conductor MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS.
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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.



The Nobility, Patrons of the Opera, and the Public; are respectfully informed that a **GRAND EXTRA NIGHT** will take place

ON THURSDAY, APRIL 11TH, 1850,
When will be presented (with New Scenery, Dresses, and Decorations,) **Mozart's Celebrated Opera,**

DON GIOVANNI.

The Scenery by Mr. CHARLES MARSHALL.

Don Giovanni	-	-	Signor COLLETTI.
Don Ottavio	-	-	Signor CALZOLARI.
Masetto	-	-	Signor F. LABLACHE.
Leporello	-	-	Signor LABLACHE.
Donna Anna	-	-	Madlle. PARODI.
AND			
Zerlina	-	-	Madame SONTAG.

In the Ball Scene will be Danced by

Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, and Madlle. MARIE TAGLIONI (who will appear as a Spanish Cavalier).—Mozart's

INCIDENTAL MINUET IN G.

And also Mozart's

INCIDENTAL ZARABANDA IN A MINOR,

As performed with the greatest success at the Royal Opera, Berlin.

Between the Acts

A **DIVERTISSEMENT,**

in which Madlle. ANALIA FERRARIS will appear.

To conclude with the highly successful New and Original Grand Ballet, by M. FAUL TATTONI, entitled

LES METAMORPHOSES.

In which Mlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, Mlle. MARIE TAGLIONI, M. CHARLES, and M. PAUL TAGLIONI, will appear.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

Doors open at Seven, the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.

DISTINS' CONCERTS

MR. DISTIN AND SONS will perform on the SAX HORNS in the following Towns:—Monday, April 8th, Bradford, 9th Wakefield; 10th, Pontefract; 11th, Beverly; 12th, Hull.

Vocalist, Miss M. O'Connor; Piano, Mr. J. Willy.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF

Madame GRISI, Madlle. DE MERIC, Signor TAMBURINI, And Signor MARIO.

THE DIRECTORS have the honour to announce, that, on **TUESDAY NEXT, April 9th,** Will be represented (for the First Time this Season) **DONIZETTI's Opera,**

LUCREZIA BORGIA,

in which Madame GRISI, Madlle. DE MERIC, Signor TAMBURINI, and Signor MARIO, will make their First Appearances this season.

Lucrezia Borgia	-	-	Madame GRISI.
Maffio Orsini	-	-	Madlle. DE MERIC.
(Her First Appearance in that Character in England.)			
Don Alfonso	-	-	Signor TAMBURINI.
Don Garcia	-	-	Signor GREGORIO.
Rastigliello	-	-	Signor LAVIA.
Arcana Petrucci	-	-	Signor RACHE.
Jeppe Liverato	-	-	Signor SOLDI.
Gubetta	-	-	Signor POLONINI.
Gioforno Vitellazzo	-	-	Signor LUIGI MEL.
AND			
Gennaro	-	-	Signor MARIO.

The Grand Chorus of Mesquies in the Prologue will be accompanied by a **MILITARY BAND**, in addition to the Orchestra, the Principal Vocal Parts being sung by Signori POLONINI, MEL, SOLDI, LAVIA, and Madlle. DE MERIC.

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

Madame GRISI, Madame CASTELLAN.
Signor TAMBERLIK, Signor TAMBURINI,
And Signor MARIO.

NEXT THURSDAY, APRIL 11TH, AN EXTRA NIGHT will take place, on which occasion a Grand Combined Entertainment will be given. The Performances will commence with (for the First Time these Two Years) **BALLIN's Opera,**

I PURITANI.

Valton	-	-	Signor POLONINI.
Georgio	-	-	Signor TAMBURINI.
Arturo	-	-	Signor MARIO.
Bruno	-	-	Signor SOLDI.
Riccardo	-	-	Signor TAGLIAFICO.
Heorieta	-	-	Madlle. COTTI.
AND			
Elvira	-	-	Madame GRISI.

To conclude with the **SECOND AND THIRD ACTS OF AUBER's Grand Opera of**

MASANIELLO.

Elvira	-	-	Madame CASTELLAN.
Fenella	-	-	Madlle. BALLIN.
Emma	-	-	Madlle. COTTI.
Alphonso	-	-	Signor LUIGI MEL.
Borella	-	-	Signor ROMMI.
Pietro	-	-	Monsieur MASSOL.
Lorenzo	-	-	Signor SOLDI.
Pescatore	-	-	Signor RACHE.
Selva	-	-	Signor GREGORIO.
AND			
Masaniello	-	-	Signor TAMBERLIK.

(His Third Appearance in England.)

The Ballet incidental to the Opera will be supported by **Monsieur ALEXANDRE and Mademoiselle LOUISE TAGLIONI.**

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

The Overture to **MASANIELLO** will be played between the Operas.

The Performances commence at Eight o'Clock precisely every Evening.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had (for the Night or Season) at the Box-office of the Theatre.

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The Musical World.

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NO. 15.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1850.

{PRICE THREEPENCE.
{STAMPED FOURPENCE.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

EVERY week supplies us with one or more new themes for panegyric, in the studied impersonations of the accomplished Made. Sontag. Mr. Lumley has reason to congratulate himself on the unexpected possession of this new and bright star, which, like the lost pleiad, had been missed for a period, but unlike the lost pleiad, has been newly discovered, shining with more than its early splendour.

The *Don Pasquale* was repeated on Saturday, with increased effect. Made. Sontag's Norina has one special excellence—viz., that the compass of her voice does not necessitate the alteration of a single passage. This could not be said even of "the glorious Alboni," who for the final *rondo* of Donizetti was compelled to substitute the final *rondo* of Balfe's *Maid of Artois*. It is true that Balfe's was the best of the two, and that "the glorious Alboni" sang it as well as "the immortal Malibran" herself; but that did not mend the matter. Balfe and Alboni should both have been indicted for a conspiracy against Donizetti, and Mr. Lumley should have been included in the indictment, for "aiding and abetting." However, "*nous avons échangé tout cela*," as the learned critic of the *Morning Chronicle* might have observed, and behold Donizetti restored to his just proportions. But seriously, the Norina of Made. Sontag is a most lady-like and fascinating performance, involving a display of vocal facility that must have satisfied the most fastidious ear, and has completely captivated the ear popular, which hungry for sweet sounds, swallows with avidity the dulcet tones of the "Drawing-room Thrush."

The *Don Pasquale* of Lahlache is a miracle of racy humour. No description can do it justice, and as we are not inclined to profess, much less exhibit, incompetency where mere words and phrases are concerned, we shall not attempt to describe what, in the spirit of candour, we have pronounced as indescribable. The only bit of "gag" in this enormous piece of comedy is when Lahlache picks up the letter, with the assistance of a chair and a toasting fork, and after having accomplished his aim, throws himself into that attitude which painters and sculptors, from time immemorial, have assigned to the more mischievous and frolicsome moods of the small god, Cupid. But then this bit of "gag" is worth an entire pantomime, and would have turned the melancholy grimaces of Heraclitus, the crying philosopher, into such broad grins as Democritus or Flexmore might appropriately wear, if engaged in reading one of the comic romances of Scarron, or Albert Smith, the Scarron of our times (albeit a hachelor.) The fact is Lahlache can do as he pleases, and what he pleases to do is sure to please the public, whom he has held by the coat-button for nearly thirty years. In the *finale* the voice of Lahlache comes out with all its early thunder; an audience of deaf men might hear without their trumpets, and he edified.

Calzolari is very quiet and lover-like as Ernesto; and

Belletti, albeit not corpulent, gives a certain *cachet* to Dr. Malatesta which stamps the impersonation as his own. The singing of these excellent gentlemen, and good musicians, is both gentlemanly and musical. Few know better what they are about, in the particular of vocalty, than Calzolari and Belletti, to whom the Italian composers might honourably erect a monument, since whatever passages they write are sure to be sung:—

TO
CALZOLARI AND BELLETTI,
Arceades Ambo.
By the grateful Italian Composers.

This would be neither more nor less than a simple exhibition of gratitude. Verdi would not be asked to subscribe, since if Calzolari and Belletti continue to sing his music, "in its integrity," Calzolari and Belletti will be likely to lose their voices, which are too valuable to be perilled in such an ill cause.

In *Don Pasquale*, as in everything else, Balfe comes out in full force. Those who do not bear testimony to the nightly improvement of the orchestra, under the direction of this admirable musician, are either blind or prejudiced, and are not critics, but eastermongers.*

On Tuesday our ears were once more regaled with the delightful strains of Rossini's undying masterpiece; need we name it? We need not; but we love to write the name, since every time the three words, *Barbiere di Siviglia*, escape our pen it is accompanied by a pang of pleasant recollections; our ear is invaded by a shower of delicious melodies, and our soul becomes a lyre, upon which some invisible hand plays ravishing music.

The evergreen opera came out fresh as ever, with a strong and effective distribution of characters. Madame Sontag's Rosina is one of the most graceful and engaging of her performances. Her "Una voce," differing entirely in character from the versions of Grisi, Persiani, and Alboni, all excellent in their way, has a coloring peculiar to the accomplished songstress, which adds a new charm, even now that almost every great vocalist, *soprano* and *contralto*, has lavished the most ingenious elaborations of florid art in varying and embellishing Rossini's original text. Madame Sontag, more ornate than her contemporaries, without even excepting Persiani, captivates her audience by the bird-like facility with which she executes the most brilliant and unexpected passages, and invests the whole with a charming air of ingenuousness. Her "Dunque io son" is equally clever, although in this beautiful duet we should be better pleased with a simpler reading. The *furor* created last season by the variations on Rode's air was repeated on Tuesday night, with augmented intensity.

* Query.—Costa-mongers.

Madame Sontag, applauded to the echo, was forced to repeat the last variation, by the unanimous command of the house. Lablache's Dr. Bartolo has lost none of its unctuous and irresistible humour, and his *cavatina* in the lesson scene was as imitatively lack-a-daisical as ever. The Count of Signor Calzolari, and the Figaro of Signor Belletti, in all that appertains to the vocal business, are entitled to unqualified eulogy. The former was much applauded in the *cavatina* "Ecco ridente;" and the latter equally well received in the "Largo al factotum." As far as the histrionic requisites are concerned, neither of these gentlemen can lay claim to the highest admiration. Signor Calzolari lacks ease, Signor Belletti lacks humour. The opera was admirably performed, Mr. Balfe, by his energy and decision, ensuring the complete effect for the overture and orchestral accompaniments. The encores and recalls for Madame Sontag and the principal artists were frequent.

Between the acts of the opera, the new dancer, Madlle. Ferraris, repeated her *grand pas* with renewed success; and the ballet of *Les Metamorphoses*, in which the unrivalled Carlotta Grisi displayed all the graces and mechanical accomplishments of her evolutionary art, and all the fascinations of her finished and exquisite pantomime, concluded the entertainments.

"It now appears to be the general opinion," says our excellent contemporary, the *Morning Herald*, at the end of a lucid and genial notice of this performance, "that (as we have already hinted) the performance of Carlotta in this highly successful production of M. Paul Taglioni, is likely to renew the vogue of the ballet, which was diminished for a time by the engrossing attraction of Madlle. Jenny Lind."

There was a fine house, and among the audience were Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and a brace of the royal infants.

On Thursday, the greatest of all great, the most inapproachable of all inapproachable operas—*Don Giovanni*—was performed, with a very strong cast, the prominent feature of which was Madame Sontag's Zerlina. We were again unfortunately compelled to be absent, and must, therefore, be satisfied to give some extracts from our contemporaries. The *Morning Herald* writes of the performance in the following terms:—

"The second 'long Thursday,' last night, was as much more musically interesting than the first as Mozart's *Don Giovanni* is more musically interesting than Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*. The cast combined nearly all the vocal strength of the establishment, including Madame Sontag, Mdlle. Parodi, Madame Giuliani, Signors Calzolari, Coletti, Lablache, and F. Lablache. The attraction was great, and a crowded house the natural consequence.

"Great curiosity prevailed last night, as at the end of last season, about the Zerlina of Madame Sontag. From Malibran down to Persiani and Albini, this exquisite creation of Mozart has been a favourite part of the most famous and accomplished vocalists. The effect produced by Mdlle. Albini last year was, perhaps, greater in Zerlina than in any other of her new line of impersonations, since she abandoned the exclusive *contralto* repertory, to invade the domain of the *mezzo soprano*, and even *soprano*, with how much success it is unnecessary to record. The Zerlina of Madame Sontag, though differing in almost every conceivable respect from that of Albini, is a performance of the highest charm, full of intelligence and quiet playfulness. In her singing of the airs, Madame Sontag does not so scrupulously adhere to the text as Albini, but whatever she does is so gracefully done, that the most rigid disciplinarian is content to swallow his dissatisfaction, and to cheer with the less particular part of the audience, whose enthusiasm last night was unmistakably evoked by their applause, and the hearty encores awarded to the "*La ci darem*," "*Batti batti*," and "*Vedrai Carino*," in the second of which the exquisite violoncello playing of Piatini was universally remarked. Madame Sontag's Zerlina must be set down as a new link in the chain of her

recent triumphs, and will serve (if anything beyond its musical merits be required) to induce the direction to present the master piece of Mozart and of dramatic music more than once again during the season.

"Madame Parodi's Donna Anna has improved in vocal certainty, while the dignity of *gesturo* and appearance that was admired last season is not less worthy of admiration now. In the grand *scena* where Donna Anna describes to Ottavio the assault upon her honour by the perfidious Giovanni, there were some striking and impassioned passages. The recitative especially was declaimed with much force and dramatic colouring. Of the Elvira of Madame Giuliani, when we have said that the music was admirably sung, the "*In quale eccesso*" particularly, we have said the absolute truth; but to add anything else would be exceeding it. Signor Coletti, who has just returned from St. Petersburg, where he has been sharing the honours lavished upon Grisi, Frezzolini, Mario, Tamburini, Corlari, Gardoni, and an unusually strong company, made his *rentrée* last night. As far as the music is concerned nothing can be more careful and correct than Signor Coletti's Don Giovanni; but, as an actor, he wants the easy grace and dashing deportment indispensable to a faithful histrionic illustration of the character. Signor Coletti was warmly received. His voice has lost none of its depth and mellowness, and he sang the "*Fin che han dal vino*" with such spirit and energy that he was recalled at the conclusion, and to be twice applauded. The Don Ottavio of Signor Calzolari is a highly commended effort, and the "*Il mio tesoro*," was rendered with the utmost finish, and recommended unanimously by the audience. Of Lablache's Leporello nothing new can be said. The acting of the prince of buffos was as ready and imitable as ever in all the early scenes of the opera, and the "*Madamina*" was sung with undiminished power of voice and dramatic effect. We cannot, however, exactly agree with Lablache's conception of the last scene, where, to our thinking, Leporello should be quite as serious as Don Juan. F. Lablache was, as usual, very efficient and amusing in Masetto. The Commandant was well played by a gentleman not named in the programme.

"The *ensemble* of the opera was exceedingly effective. The overture was well played by the band, under the vigilant direction of Mr. Balfe, who also contrived to produce the most satisfactory effect in the grand *finale* to the first act and in all the concerted music. We must reproach the zealous conductor, nevertheless, for allowing the sublimest scene in the greatest of all operas to be curtailed. Such a thorough musician as Mr. Balfe ought to have a greater respect for the divine music of Mozart than to sanction its being spoiled by cuts, interpolations, or any interference whatever.

"The minuet was danced to perfection by Carlotta Grisi and Marie Taglioni; but the *saraband*, though equally well executed and loudly encored, was an unwarrantable interpolation. At the fall of the curtain there was great applause, and Signor Coletti was summoned to re-appear."

We agree with our contemporary about the *finale* and the *saraband*, and shall call Balfe and Carlotta Grisi, much as we like them both, to a strict account. In justice to the latter, however, let us subjoin what the *Morning Post* says of her dancing on the occasion:—

"The attraction of the performance was also materially increased by the incidental dances being executed by Carlotta Grisi and Marie Taglioni.

"The court minuet, as danced by Carlotta Grisi and Marie Taglioni, is alone worth a visit to the theatre; and the new *saraband*, introduced into the opera for the first time last night, is one of the most exquisitely graceful dances we ever witnessed. If we were learned in the technicalities of the salutory art, we could write pages upon this truly refined and beautiful exhibition of skill and agility; but as it is we can but express our admiration of the charming artists in general terms. We feel that their performance gives us unmitigated pleasure, that it suggests to our mind ideas of symmetrical but ever-varying forms, which we might apply to music, painting, sculpture, or literature. We know that the dance possesses wonderful powers of expression, that those exquisite movements of the body which enchant us, and to which we apply at once the epithets "*graceful*," "*beautiful*," "*noble*," must

emanate from an intellectual source, and be governed by that perception of ideal loveliness which prompts us to use the same terms when speaking of other arts; but we cannot go learnedly into its merits. The *saraband* was vociferously encored, and the fair artists were, on quitting the stage, enthusiastically cheered."

Perhaps, after all, if the stern musical critic of the *Post* can be moved to such expressions of enthusiasm by the witcheries of Carlotta's unrivalled talent, and the quiet fascination of everybody's favourite, Marie, we ought not to complain. We are glad after all that we were not there—for, worshippers as we are of Mozart, we are also worshippers of Carlotta Grisi, and could not see it in our hearts to find fault with her. There is a demon in her feet, and a demon in her eyes, that would dance us and glance us out of the best argument we could hold. Therefore, good readers, we shall not enter into the lists against Mr. Balfe and Mr. Lumley, with such a formidable champion on their side. Mozart himself would forgive us, were he living and could see Carlotta. The chance is that the gallant and amiable and passionate little composer of such a world of beautiful things, once having seen Carlotta dance the *saraband*, albeit in the middle of the grand *finale* of his *chef-d'œuvre*, would overlook the sin for the sake of the sinner, compose a new *saraband* which should [become part and parcel of the scene, and fit the music with propriety, and cry out "STAY!"—let it stand—from now henceforward and for ever.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Masaniello was repeated on Saturday, and Signor Tamberlik redoubled his success of the Thursday. His nervousness had entirely left him, and, although on one or two occasions his voice was evidently not up to the mark, he sang with almost unparalleled effect throughout. The "Sleep Song," especially, created a *furor*, and narrowly escaped a double encore. The beauty and purity of Signor Tamberlik's voice, and the grace and classic simplicity of his style were exemplified beyond all dispute, and we did not hear one dissentient opinion regarding his talents and capabilities. That he is a tenor worthy to take his stand by the side of Mario is generally acknowledged. A higher position could not be desired for him.

Although we did not happen to hear one dissentient opinion respecting Signor Tamberlik, we happened to read a few unaccountable statements in some of the journals. A Sunday paper, for instance, says that Signor Tamberlik has a "low tenor voice, and that he is short, robust, and not very prepossessing in appearance." We beg leave to state that our excellent and pleasant hebdomadal contemporary ought to know better. Signor Tamberlik not only gives out the C in alt from his chest with greater power and more purity than even Duprez or Nourrit did, but, what is much more difficult, in the "Sleep Song," he takes an ascending passage *pianissimo* up to B natural in his chest voice without an effort, the highest notes being clear and mellow. Now we question if there be many living tenors who can do this. It must also be borne in mind that Signor Tamberlik sings the barcarole and the "Sleep Song," as Mario did, a note higher than Braham, a striking proof, we take it, that he is not a "low tenor." If Signor Tamberlik be a low tenor, the directors of the Royal Italian Opera must be grievously mistaken in him, since they are about to revive *Guillaume Tell*, an opera which, perhaps, contains the highest tenor part ever written.

The same journal also avers that Signor Tamberlik is short, robust, and not very prepossessing in appearance. "Short," and "robust," are terms that certainly apply to

Signor Tamberlik's figure, the former, however, with a slight qualification; but our contemporary might, without any stretch of pen, have added that a form better knit has not been seen on the stage, nor an artist who exhibits more ease and grace. With regard to his looks, the ladies must decide the question as to their prepossessing qualities, or the contrary. A strong manly expression, and mobility of feature, are what principally demonstrated themselves to our eyes.

It is worth while being thus far particular concerning an artist who is destined to take his standing among the highest and greatest Italy has sent to this country.

Bating the cuts we animadverted upon in our last number, the performance of *Masaniello* on Saturday night was unimpeachable. The encores were the overture, the "barcarole," the duet for Masaniello and Pietro, the prayer in the 3rd act, and the "Sleep" song. Tamberlik and Massol created greater enthusiasm than even on the previous night. The duet was magnificently given. By the way, talking of "cuts," we have omitted to censure the worst of all. The duet of which we speak—the longest and most masterly piece in the whole opera—is so curtailed, for the vulgar expedient of securing an *encore*, that, as it stands now, it begins in one key, and ends in another. Auber repeats nearly the whole of the first part in D, the tonal key; but, at the Royal Italian Opera, the duet is made to conclude in the key of A! What would be the outcry if such a liberty were taken with the "Dove vai," from *Guillaume Tell*, which is written exactly on the model of Auber's duet? Every musician would vociferate, "Aux armes!" And why not with the duet in *Masaniello*, which, if not superior, is quite equal to that of Rossini?

We inadvertently omitted in our last saying a word of Mr. Harris, to whose taste, talent, and indefatigable exertions the groupings, all the stage business so admirably managed, and the animation and picturesque disposition of the chorus, are mainly indebted for their effect. Mr. Harris is quite a host in himself, and displays no mean dramatic powers. He is the most conspicuous in the groups of every scene, and acts with spirit and earnestness.

Of Signor Rommi's Borella we can also speak highly. This gentleman is a good and conscientious artist, and sings like a musician. He also acts well up to the business of the scene. In the last act, when Borella announces the approach of the Spaniards, Signor Rommi is exceedingly effective.

Among the company present, we noticed Grisi in a box on the grand tier; she was absolutely gleaming with jewels, which, however, did not add a jot to her beauty; she looked as lovely as ever. Mario was in the same box, but kept himself in the back ground.

On Tuesday, the *Lucrezia Borgia* introduced Grisi, Mario, and Tamburini, but not Mademoiselle de Merie, who had not arrived from St. Petersburg. The place of the young contralto was supplied by Madame d'Oklaki, the new contralto. The opera was shorn of one of its chief attractions in not possessing the Orsini of Albion. The cast in other respects was not so strong as that of the previous seasons. Marini's loss was sensibly felt in the choruses and the concerted pieces. The substitution of Signor Gregorio was by no means satisfactory. A much more serious loss was felt in Mario, who had a cold, and could not sing his aria in the last act. An apology was made for him by Mr. Harris after the second act.

Grisi, however, made more than ample amends for every deficiency by her superb singing and transcendent acting. She was as great as ever, and produced an immense sensation. She was received with the most rapturous demonstrations. Grisi's visit to St. Petersburg, last winter, will be set down

as an epoch in the annals of the capital of the snows. According to the most authentic accounts, the sensation she created was entirely unprecedented. She threw St. Petersburg into a ferment, which lasted during the whole of her engagement. Never was witnessed such a success. Night after night she created a *furor*, which amounted to something little short of madness. In Norma, especially, she roused her audience to such a pitch of enthusiasm as to become almost dangerous from its extravagance and continuance. The Emperor presented her with jewels of inestimable price, and a coronal of the most costly workmanship, set in diamonds and emeralds, was given to her by the subscribers on the night of her benefit.

"She won them well, and may she wear them long."

Her sojourn in the northern capital appears to have made Grisi thinner. Her figure has gained thereby an accession of dignity and grace.

Mario's success in St. Petersburg was but a degree inferior to that of Grisi. The connoisseurs considered him fully equal to Rubini, while most of the amateurs, particularly those of the fair sex, decided in favour of Mario. He too was feted and loaded with jewels and honors. He obtained an immense reception on Tuesday, but was evidently not in his best voice. By energy and determination, however, he sustained his power until the end of the second act, where no doubt the force and vigour employed in the trying duet with Grisi must have told against him. Both in this duet and the preceding trio he was as fine as ever, and helped to rouse the audience to all their old enthusiasm. Mario's acting in the last scene, and on several occasions, despite his cold, his singing, could hardly be surpassed. The death scene between him and Grisi is one of the most overpowering exhibitions of the histrionic art we remember to have seen.

Tamburini likewise received the enthusiastic greeting due to an old and time-honoured servant of the public. He sang his first song, the "Vendetta," better than we have heard him for many years, simply because he did not introduce at the end those unmeaning and licentious roudales which are out of character with the song. We hope he may always sing it as he did on Tuesday. In his extensive and varied *repertoire*, there is no character in which Tamburini more thoroughly exhibits his great dramatic powers than that of Duke Alfonso in *Lucresia Borgia*. His performance of this part is a masterpiece, the equal of which modern times has not surpassed. It is to be lamented that Alfonso has nothing to do in the last act, but to enter and gaze upon the dead body of Gennaro. But even in this negative scene Tamburini finds occasion to exhibit his artistic acumen. The glance of fiendish exultation when Alfonso first recognises the dead body of Gennaro, the half joyous sigh that escapes him as if there was a weight removed from his breast, and the sudden change into a look of mingled pity and doubt, when he learns from Lucresia's lips that Gennaro was her son, were evidences of profound dramatic genius.

We would wish to speak favorably of Madame D'Okolaki, who undertook Mademoiselle de Merie's part at a short notice. This lady will be found useful in small contralto parts, her voice being strong and well in tune; but for Orsini she is quite unsuited. She received great encouragement, and did not appear in the least abashed at her position. The "Brindisi" passed off without a hand.

The *Puritani* was not given on Thursday. Mario was ill; Arturo could not warble the "A te O cara" and the "Vieni fra" something. Norma was substituted, and a more splendid

representation of the opera was never given in London, or out of it. The great feature of the performance was Tamberlik's Pollio, which won for the new tenor a large increase of reputation. It was certainly the best we have ever seen—and we remember Donzelli and Rubini both in the part. In Pollio as well as in Masaniello, Signor Tamberlik dispenses with all adventitious aids in his singing. By the very simplicity of his means he produces an immense effect. We are more impressed with his unpretending and unaffected manner, than if, following the example of many popular Pollios, he had recourse to exaggeration of sentiment, or redundancy of ornament. Tamberlik's first scene with Adalgisa was full of real, not stage, tenderness. He makes love like a warrior, not like a school-boy. The first song was deliciously given, and was received with great applause. In this song the beautiful quality of Tamberlik's piano voice was made more manifest than before. In the grand trio with Grisi and Vera, he came out with tremendous power, and proved himself an admirable serious actor. In the business of the stage and all its *finesse* Tamberlik is as great an adept as Tamburini. His hyc-play throughout the scene was remarkably fine. The grand coup of the new tenor was the last scene in the duet with Norma. Indeed, Grisi felt this, and was put upon her best metal accordingly. The duet was exquisitely sung by both artists, and the Diva herself appeared to be sensibly touched by Pollio's appeal,—than which a more finished and captivating piece of pathetic singing we never heard. Signor Tamberlik, by his performance of his second part, has demonstrated, beyond a shadow of doubt, that he is entitled to be ranked among the greatest dramatic singers.

Mademoiselle Vera made a very interesting and highly effective Adalgisa. Her modest look and retiring deportment suit well the character. The music of Norma is better adapted to Mademoiselle Vera's voice than that of *Der Freischütz*. Being simpler and more manageable, it comes readily within the scope of the artist's means. In her first scene with Pollio, Mademoiselle Vera displayed much dramatic feeling and energy, and in the famous duet with Norma, she sang with great skill and force. Altogether, Mademoiselle Vera may be said to have made a favourable impression in Adalgisa, although she could not sustain the comparison with her predecessor, Mdle. Corbani.

Herr Formes undertook Oroveso at so short a notice as to render him incapable of giving the part with his best effect. He was obliged to have recourse to the prompter in every line, and, although well acquainted with the music, did not feel quite at home. We shall await the next performance of Norma before we enlarge upon Herr Formes' Oroveso. This much we may say in the interim, that, as Herr Formes proceeded with the part and grew warm in it, his acting became more impressive, and his singing grander, until in the last scene, the great German basso fairly achieved one of the triumphs of the evening. Nothing could be more powerfully affecting than his acting.

For ten years we have not heard Grisi in such glorious voice as on Thursday evening. Her voice is decidedly fresher and more mellow than it has been since she appeared at Covent Garden. Could this have arisen from her wintery sojourn at St. Petersburg, where, from the coldness of the climate, she was compelled to take additional care of herself? Or is it that Nature, in love with one of her most beautiful creations, and to please her sister Art, has granted her a renewal of youth? If the former be the case, we hope Grisi may continue going to Russia every winter for twenty years to come. The Diva being in such splendid voice, rendered her Norma

more satisfactory than ever. Grandeur and more impressive than heretofore it could not be. As far as Grisi was concerned it was a night of enchantment to the spectators and auditors; every eye and ear, aye, and every heart was filled with Grisi, and took her image, and her voice, and her motions bome to the fireside and supper table. London was thronged with imaginary Grisis, all singing Norma's music, and acting Norma's part, in all sorts of places. If visions could be embodied that night, thousands of Grisis would jostle against each other. Numberless were the bouquets thrown on the stage, and many were the recalls of Tuesday night. But these are inevitable when Grisi appears, and need not be recounted.

The overture and two acts of *Masaniello* followed—the second and third—in which Tamberlik achieved another triumphant success. He sang the bascarole deliciously. The most enthusiastic encore of the evening was awarded to Tamberlik and Massol in the "Vendetta" duet.

The house was very full, Her Majesty and Prince Albert being among the company.

To night *Lucrezia Borgia* will be repeated, with Madlle. de Meric as Orsini, and two acts of *Masaniello*. On Thursday *Don Giovanni* will be given with a splendid cast. *Robert le Diable* is announced with an array of talent unusually striking. Mario, Tamberlik, Formes, Massol, Grisi, Castellani, Tagliafico, and others, looks somewhat astounding.

GRISI.

THE press has welcomed the "Diva" with well merited unanimity. Her great and unimpaired powers have created their usual effect. The *Times*, in the article on her *debut* (on Wednesday), writes as follows:—

"The welcome accorded to Grisi and Mario, the heroine and the hero of the night, involved one of those unanimous ebullitions which demonstrates, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the hearty warmth of feeling that impels them, and the high place in public esteem maintained by the artists to whom they are accorded. Grisi was never looking in better health, never more queenly and handsome, and, we can scarcely help adding, never younger. Hers is indeed an extraordinary talent, a *physique* almost without precedent, that after upwards of seventeen years of incessant and arduous exertion in the most trying and fatiguing of professions (to say nothing of her early artistic career in Italy), retains so much of its pristine strength and charm as scarcely to suggest a point of falling off. When we have said that the extreme high notes of the voice are not so clear and certain as in former years, we have positively "used up" the catalogue of wrongs that time has been able to inflict upon the vocal powers of Grisi. As an actress she is as great as ever; as unrivalled as she has always been in her peculiar walk—the loftier delineations of lyric tragedy. We have nothing new to say of her impersonation of the cruel and passionate Lucrezia. It was last night as majestic and haughty in the scenes with Alphonso and the nobles, as womanly and overflowing with tenderness in the passages with Gennaro, her unhappy son—the unconscious object of the one sentiment in Lucrezia's breast that saves her from being absolutely loathsome—as in the old time, when first the London public was delighted by her genius. The opening *cavatina* in the first scene was the only vocal exhibition of the evening in which the noiseless advance of years could be traced as having stolen something from that voice once peerless in its characteristic beauty. Here there was a slight tremulousness of delivery in the sustained phrases of the *tango*, and the florid *bravura* passages of the *cavatina*, that bespoke an emotion proceeding from mixed impulses, the mere allusion to which, without explanation, is enough. But from this point to the end of the opera there was not one sign of weakness or hesitation. The three grand scenes—the *finale* to the first act, where Lucrezia is recognised, charged with her enormous guilt, and taunted by the young nobles; the dramatic trio in the second act, where she is compelled to be

the miserable and helpless witness of the administration of the draught, thickened with the Borgia poison, her own poison, to her son, by the hand of her husband, with the subsequent duet, where, with vehement persuasions she forces the incredulous Gennaro to swallow the antidote; and, lastly, the solemn catastrophe, when her crimes are visited with a just retribution, and the son of her solitary and unbounded love, once more poisoned by her wicked, though, in his respect, unwitting agency, obstinately refuses to take the antidote, and dies in agony in her arms—these had lost none of their intense reality and grandeur, none of their supreme hold upon the audience, whose pent up feelings were let loose, at the climax of each succeeding *tableau*, in uncontrollable bursts of enthusiasm. To speak of the recalls, the *bouquets*, and other such trivialities, would be superfluous. Grisi stood in need of no such empty demonstrations."

The *Herald*, speaking of the same event, is not less warm in his apostrophes to the genius of Grisi:—

"To speak of the merits of Grisi's *Lucrezia* would be to tell a thrice-told tale. It is universally acknowledged to be one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of that accomplished and wonderful artist, and consequently one of the most perfect triumphs of the lyric stage. Her sojourn in St. Petersburg appears to have been beneficial to Grisi, who looks healthier, and more comely than ever. Her voice retains all its telling qualities, all its delightful sweetness, and her acting has lost none of that sublime which, in her especial line, has long held her aloof from all possible competition. Often as we have seen and admired the prodigious powers of this grand artist in the arduous and lofty rôle of Lucrezia Borgia, we never remember being more profoundly impressed than by last night's performance. The three prominent scenes which constitute the respective *finales* to the three acts into which the opera is divided, and involve the leading incidents that develop the progress of Victor Hugo's magnificent play, were portrayed with amazing vividness, and stirred up the audience into unbounded enthusiasm. The scene where Lucrezia compels Gennaro to take the antidote to the poisoned beverage, which her husband, the Duke Alphonso, in feigned amity has persuaded the hapless youth to quaff; and the *dénouement*, where she witnesses the death-struggle of her son, the only earthly thing she loves, as exemplifications of dramatic and vocal art combined, were nothing short of transcendent.

The same journal, in the article on *Norma*, performed on Thursday, makes the following observations:—

"No character in the *repertoire* of Grisi has been more largely and more frequently commented upon than that of the Druid High Priestess. As an exhibition of passionate haughtiness and offended womanhood, the *Norma* of the accomplished artiste has few parallels. It is a mistake to call it a copy from Pasta. The *Norma* of that great tragedian was distinguished by a stern and emotionless sublimity that raised it beyond humanity. That of Grisi, on the contrary, is essentially human—a very woman, deeply wronged and deeply resenting. She loves and hates with equal fury—if we may be permitted the expression—while a tender word, a sign of contrition, at once melts her anger into pity. Her whole delineation is a storm of passion, if you will, but an intermittent storm, with intervals of mental calm and gushing affection, the climax being an irresistible flood of tears. We are quite of the opinion of those who consider that more than one reading of the character of *Norma* may at once be effective and consistent with dramatic propriety and truth; we can therefore render due homage to the feminine grace and tenderness of Madlle. Jenny Lind, and the severe grandeur of Madame Pasta, without in the slightest degree diminishing our admiration for the varied impulse and overwhelming passion of Grisi's embodiment, which last night came out in all its wonted excellence, and worked up the audience to the accustomed enthusiasm. The prominent features were, as usual, the trio with Adalgisa and Pollio in the first act, the scene with the children, the famous duet with Adalgisa, 'Deh con te!' and the final supplication to Orovoso, before *Norma* is carried to the burning pile, in the last. The usual recalls and other complimentary ovations were profusely awarded to the 'Diva.'"

It is unnecessary to quote any further examples at present.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The third concert took place on Monday night. The programme offered nothing absolutely new, but the third symphony of Spohr is so very rarely performed that it may almost be regarded in the light of a novelty. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in C minor, No. 3, Op. 78 Spohr.
 Trio—"In better worlds" (*Fidelio*), Miss A. Williams,
 Mr. Benson, and Mr. Frank Bodda Beethoven.
 Concerto, violin, Mr. Cooper Mendelssohn Bartholdy.
 Duo—"Quis est homo?" (*Stabat Mater*), Miss A.
 Williams and Miss M. Williams Rossini.
 Overture—The Ruler of the Spirits G. M. Van Helver.

PART II.

Sinfonia in B flat, No. 4 Beethoven.
 Quartet—"When the West," Miss A. Williams,
 Miss M. Williams, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Frank
 Bodda Mendelssohn Bartholdy.
 Trio—"Cosa sento" (*Le Nozze di Figaro*), Miss A.
 Williams, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Frank Bodda Mozart.
 Overture—Don Carlos Ries.
 Conductor Mr. Costa.

The first movement of Spohr's symphony is equal to almost any of his orchestral compositions. The short *adagio* preceding the *allegro*—one of those introductory fragments of which many examples are to be met with in the instrumental works of Spohr—is little more than a series of harmonic progressions, which prepare the mind and ear for what is to follow; but the *allegro* itself is a perfect model, in which the utmost largeness of development and the richest variety of orchestral combinations are made subservient to a simplicity and clearness of outline not often surpassed even by Mozart. The primitive ideas—in other words, the melodies that constitute the two principal themes—are beautiful in themselves and happily contrasted, while their treatment, both separately and in concert, is everywhere ingenious and effective. All the peculiarities of Spohr—incessant fullness of harmony, frequency and boldness of modulation, abundance of chromatic progression, and cloying sweetness of orchestral colouring—are scattered over this *allegro* with a prodigal hand; but the first ideas being melodious and striking, these mannerisms, as they may be called without disparagement, neither fatigue the ear nor induce satiety, which is too often the case in the works of the master. Spohr is a laborious and fertile composer, but it is his custom to accept too readily the first ideas that present themselves to his imagination, acting upon the maxim that a day gone by without something new composed is a day lost. This maxim, however, is erroneous, as Spohr has demonstrated on more than one occasion, when out of feeble "first ideas" he has been unable, with all his extensive learning, and all his untiring industry, to construct an interesting work. A more conscientious musician than Spohr, one with a deeper reverence for art and a profounder conviction of its lofty mission, does not exist; while, on the other hand, few have been gifted with greater natural powers, or have known by intense application, how to obtain a more entire command of its resources; but this habit of daily composition, whether or not inspiration direct his pen, has led Spohr into the production of more music to which a cultivated taste is altogether indifferent—since nothing but labour and the lamp is perceptible—than any other renowned composer of whom the history of the art makes mention. In the first *allegro* of the third symphony, however, the evidence of inspiration is never absent; the plain and exquisite melody of the leading themes has suggested thoughts of equal attraction in their general management, has naturally conducted to a clear and symmetrical plan, and enabled the composer to complete a picture, beautiful as a

whole, and interesting in all its parts. The second movement, a *larghetto*, in F major, 9-8 measure, is also very beautiful, although as a whole inferior to the *allegro*. A passage, incidental to the second theme, where the violins, tenors, and violoncellos all play upon the fourth string with full power, has an effect of surprising intensity. Some modulatory progressions, smelling strongly of labour and the absence of invention, occur in the middle of this movement, which, however artfully dressed up in orchestral devices, produce no other effect than that of a monotonous series of changes of key. In the *scherzo*, too, there is such a profuse quantity of modulation that the ear finds no rest. Nevertheless, there are some fine points in this movement. The theme of the *trio* is very elegant, although tormented by the frequency of modulation, and the orchestration is surprisingly brilliant. The *finale* contains some masterly writing, and is instrumented with admirable judgment. The *motivi*, however, are not very new, and the fugue introduced in the second part is, after all, but a dull display of pedantry. This *finale* is written in the major key, a relief which was well calculated; and the *coda*, a prodigious example of brilliant orchestration, concludes the symphony with great *éclat*. Since Mr. Costa has directed the band of the Philharmonic Society, we cannot remember so manifest a proof of its immense resources as the performance of this elaborate and difficult symphony of the first living composer. Although it has not been executed for many years at these concerts (it has never been given elsewhere in England), and although the laws of the society only provide one rehearsal for each concert, the performance was so perfect that, with the best good-will possible, we could hardly detect an error. When we have said that the *larghetto* should have been taken somewhat faster, since from a certain monotony of rhythm it is likely to become tedious, we have said all that the most attentive hearing enabled us to find fault with.

The fourth symphony of Beethoven, the most brilliant and joyous of the nine, is above criticism. There is nothing left to say of it, unless to reiterate the unqualified praise it was always commanded, and with such good reason. It was very finely played. The *adagio* in E flat, the most lovely of all Beethoven's slow movements, the one gleam of melancholy that throws a moment of sadness over the irresistible hilarity of the rest, was re-demanded by the whole room. We presume Mr. Costa's reason for not complying with a desire thus unanimously expressed was the unusual length of the concert. The overture to the *Ruler of the Spirits* is another imperishable masterpiece; after *Der Freischütz*, the grandest and most complete of Weber's orchestral pieces. Although we should have liked it a little faster, the execution was so fiery and energetic that to complain would have been hypocritical. The overture of Ferdinand Ries reminded us of a shop where a receiver of stolen goods exhibits his wares, each altered in such a manner as would be likely to prevent the owner from recognising it without great difficulty. Scarcely a passage in this overture but recalls something from another composer, Beethoven being the chief sufferer. As a dramatic composition, it is worthless. Schiller's fine play deserved a better musical illustration.

Mr. Cooper stands very high, perhaps highest, among our English violinists. This was his second appearance at the Philharmonic. On the first occasion, though every one praised his playing, every one complained of the music he selected. On Monday night, however, Mr. Cooper appears to have counted upon universal suffrage—at least, on the latter head, since he chose the work which, beyond all that has been written for the violin, demands the highest powers both

of mechanism and style. To say that Mr. Cooper played the one concerto of Mendelssohn to our entire satisfaction would be to say more than the truth; but that he did much that must have pleased all his hearers, and exhibited a talent very far beyond the common, may be asserted without reservation. Mr. Cooper has a clear and powerful tone, and by his manner of playing passages of energy reminds us very strongly of the late Mr. Mori—not a bad model to follow, by the way. His execution is broad and distinct, and, wherever large and open playing is required, he particularly excels. What he wants is delicacy and a greater variety of tone. In the *bravura* passages, and in the *forte* phrases of the first movement, he was admirable; but in the *cantabiles* he overcharged the expression. But for this, his performance of the exquisite *andante* would have been throughout as faultless as it was in the *tremolo* episode, where his tone and bowing were perfect. The *cadenza* in the first movement was very finely played, and the *arpeggios* that lead to the *reprise* of the theme were as crisp and distinct as possible. The *finale* wanted lightness; the subject was not sufficiently *staccato*, and the piano passages were occasionally too loud. The *coda*, however, was brilliantly executed, and Mr. Cooper retired amidst the most enthusiastic plaudits, having achieved a success quite as legitimate as it was decided.

The vocal music was good, but, except the pretty drawing-room duet from Rossini's *Stabat*, which was perfectly sung by the Misses Williams, and Mendelssohn's beautiful quartet, equally well performed, there was nothing particular to remark in the execution.

MOLIQUE'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

(From an occasional Contributor.)

HEER MOLIQUE gave his third evening concert on Wednesday, the 3rd inst. The programme was selected with such care and judgment as might be expected from so accomplished a master as Molique. A quartet (Molique) for two violins, tenor and violoncello, played by Molique, Carrodus, (pupil of Molique), A. Mellon, and Hausmann, was finely executed. This composition deserves especial notice, and is sufficient to stamp the author as a composer of varied, high, and distinguished talents. We hope on a future occasion to be able to give a more elaborate account of this remarkable work than our space in the present number will permit. It is worthy of a careful perusal, and is likely to occupy a position no less elevated than the splendid violin concertos of the author, now so well known to the public. Of Molique's talent as a violinist it is impossible to speak too highly. He is a most conscientious artist, and stands in the foremost rank of exponents, in the art, and in public opinion. With such an artist amongst us, who devotes much of his time to giving instruction, there can no longer be the accusation against the advancement of our native professors—viz., a want of school. Molique, a true German in his love for his art, is a most painstaking master, and it would be wise on the part of many of our aspirants for fame to place themselves under his guidance. They could not be in better hands. Mademoiselle Molique, in Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 57, evinced a thorough appreciation of the importance of the task she had undertaken. Her playing is marked by a correctness and facility that entitles her to a marked distinction, and the different expressions were such as might be expected from a daughter of Molique. Her success was as complete as it was well deserved. We must conclude our notice with a citation of the programme, being greatly pressed for room.

PART I.

Quartet in F major, Op. 18, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Molique, Carrodus, (Pupil of Molique), J. Mellon, and Hausmann . . . *Molique.*
Song, "When last I left," Op. 7, Miss A. Williams . . . *Beethoven.*
Sonata, F minor, Op. 57, pianoforte, Mlle. Molique . . . *Molique.*
Sacred Song, "Unto Thee, O Lord," Miss M. Williams . . . *Bech.*
Chaconne, with Variations, violin, B. Molique . . . *Mendelssohn.*
With pianoforte accompaniment, by Mlle. Molique

PART II.

Duo, for two violins, G. minor, Op. 67, Molique and Carrodus . . . *Spoehr.*
German Song, Zigeunerndäbchen . . . *Molique.*
German Song, Der Gondolier, Madame Graumann . . . *Molique.*
Quartet in E minor, Op. 44, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Molique, Carrodus, A. Mellon, and Hausmann . . . *Mendelssohn.*

The other pieces were exceedingly well played. Mr. Carrodus (Molique's young pupil) improves on every new hearing, and Messrs. Mellon and Hausmann exhibited their usual efficiency and artistic precision. The singing by the Misses Williams and Mademoiselle Graumann was admirable. The Chaconne, as finely played as on the first occasion, produced the same *furor*. The room was fashionably attended, and one of the most delighted of the audience was his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge.

MR. G. A. OSBORNE'S CONCERTS.

(From an occasional Contributor.)

THE Beethoven Rooms rejoiced in an elegant and fashionable assembly on Thursday morning, who met attracted by the excellent programme issued by Mr. Osborne for the first of his three *Matinee Musicales*. A great feature of the concert was Miss Catherine Hayes, who has lately been setting more places than one in a blaze—vide the Irish journals. Mrs. Hampton, the accomplished sister of the accomplished pianist, lent also no small share of attraction to the entertainment.

The *Matinee* opened with Beethoven's trio in D, for piano, violin, and violoncello, most admirably performed by Messrs. Osborne, Ernst, and Piatti. Mr. Osborne not only distinguished himself as an able executant, but demonstrated most satisfactorily that he has a thorough feeling for the works of the great master. It is not of all pianists who obtain a high standing that so much can be predicated.

Miss Catherine Hayes chose the beautiful aria from *Don Giovanni*, "Crudel, ah! mio ben," for her first essay. She rendered it in a very charming manner, not violating the text, nor affecting a world of sentiment.

Mr. Osborne played two of Mendelssohn's songs without words in so brilliant and finished a manner as to elicit a distinct encore even from his fashionable auditory. We are glad to find that the aristocracy are taking Mendelssohn so warmly by the hand.

A very clever and striking composition—a grand trio in G for piano, violin, and violoncello, by Mr. Osborne—commenced the second part. This work displays the skill of a musician throughout, and is on some occasions decidedly original. A single hearing does not qualify us to decide as to its merits. The trio was played to perfection by Osborne, Ernst, and Piatti.

Mrs. Hampton sang a pretty ballad of *Lover's* in the most tasteful and expressive manner. Voice, art, and feeling, went hand in hand to render Mrs. Hampton's ballad singing as perfect as ballad singing could well be.

Mr. Osborne played his new *nocturne* and his new *Pluie de Perles*, which is not a whit less charming, elegant, *spirituel*, and brilliant than its popular elder sister, the *Pluie de Perles*. Mr. Osborne played it with much effect.

Miss Catherine Hayes was loudly encored in a new song by Mr. Osborne, called "O, sing to me." The pure and chaste singing of the fair artist tended as much to the demand for a repeat as the song itself, which is exceedingly tuneful and pretty, and is one of the most catching airs we have heard for some time. There is also a good deal of character about this ballad which is sure to recommend it to the tasteful and elegant ear.

The concert terminated with a fine performance of Mayseider's sonata in E minor for piano and violin, Osborne and Ernst being the executants.

M. BILLET'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

We have already given the programme of the third and last of these interesting musical meetings, at St. Martin's Hall, which was as crowded as the two others. We are happy to find that our contemporaries have noticed M. Billet's praiseworthy efforts to introduce so many neglected *chefs d'œuvre* of the great masters of the piano to public notice. The *Morning Herald* makes the following observations on M. Billet's last performance:—

"At the third and last performance of classical pianoforte music by M. Alexander Billet, several pieces of great interest were introduced, and amongst others Dussek's neglected *Elegy on the death of Prince Ferdinand*, which, though a composition of the highest beauty, has been unaccountably neglected by pianists, who confine themselves too exclusively to three or four particular masters. M. Billet, by avoiding the beaten track, and admitting the names of several great composers, who have been unjustly laid aside, into his programmes, has attracted public attention, and obtained a speciality for his concerts which places them apart from the ordinary class chamber *soirées*. Besides the *Elegy* of Dussek, M. Billet played a sonata in F, by Mozart, which is very little known; it is one of the shortest of Mozart's sonatas, but not the less exquisitely melodious and refined. Clementi's sonata in B minor, a work of prodigious fire and energy, was also a prominent feature. This belongs to the three grand sonatas, Op. 40, which Mr. Sterndale Bennett has published in his *Classical Practice*, an interesting series of works from the great masters of the pianoforte. M. Billet, as usual, gave a selection of studies and fugues, including a prelude and fugue of Bach in B minor (from the "Forty-eight"), a study of Cramer in G, another study of Hummel in E, and a prelude and fugue in B minor, from the grand set of six by Mendelssohn. He also played, with M. Sclinton, a sonata of Haydn in C, for piano and violin; and, with Sig. Piatti, Mendelssohn's grand Sonata Duo, for piano and violoncello, in D. A programme richer in variety and excellence could hardly have been put together. The performance was worthy of the music. M. Billet is a pianist of sterling merit, uniting the brilliant mechanism of the moderns to the more solid and expressive qualities which belong to a higher school. It is enough to say that he was perfectly at home in all the compositions contained in the programme, and played them with equal correctness and effect. Sig. Piatti's superb talent was displayed to great advantage in the magnificent duo of Mendelssohn; and M. Sclinton played the violin part of Haydn's fine old sonata in a style that plainly evinced it to be the music of his predilection. Some vocal pieces, by Mozart and Mendelssohn, carefully sung by Mrs. Alex. Newton and Miss Eyles, gave a pleasant relief to the instrumental performances. The room was crammed to suffocation; even the lobbies were filled."

The *Post*, speaking of the same performances, makes the following remarks:—

"The third and last of a series of classical chamber concerts, given by M. Alexander Billet, took place at the above hall on Friday evening last. We have, on a former occasion, spoken eulogistically of this gentleman's superior ability as a pianist, and we are happy to be now enabled to state that subsequent auditions have served to confirm the favourable impression already recorded. M. Billet is not only a clever artist; he is also a conscientious one; for, although perfectly conversant with the mysteries of the modern "effect" school, his efforts are conspicuously distinguished by a rigid devotion to the works of the best masters. Excellent mechanism thus applied cannot fail to produce results highly beneficial to the cause of art; and great credit is due to M. Billet for his well-directed exertions."

"The programme of Friday evening included several interesting and rarely-heard compositions by the best masters of various times and schools; and the concert given, by his really admirable performance of

them, proved himself to be an extensively-read musician, no less than a thorough master of the mechanical difficulties of his instrument. Messrs. Piatti and Sclinton took part with M. Billet in sonatas for piano and violin by Haydn, and piano and violoncello by Mendelssohn; and Mrs. A. Newton and Miss Eyles sang duets by Mendelssohn, in one of which ("May Bells") they were encored. Mrs. Newton also gave one of Mozart's lovely cantatas with much feeling and judgment."

"The hall was, as on former occasions, densely crowded, and we trust the success of M. Billet's experiment will induce him to renew these delightful and instructive concerts."

The programmes of M. Alexander Billet have been invariably composed of sterling materials, and have contained many pieces, interesting, not merely on account of their intrinsic merits, but from the rare occasions of their performance. Among these, perhaps, the most conspicuous has been the sonata in two movements, in F sharp minor, by Dussek, the *Elegy on the Death of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia*. Dussek, the greatest pianist and composer for the pianoforte of his day, was on the most intimate terms of familiarity with Prince Ferdinand, who was killed in battle. The *Elegy*, a composition of deep passion and great musical beauty, was intended as a poetical homage to the virtues of the illustrious warrior, who was a munificent patron of the arts, and especially of music, in which he himself greatly excelled, both as composer and pianist. The Prince was greatly attached to Dussek, who was his constant companion. His kindness to the celebrated musician has been amply repaid, since his most likely chance to remain for ever in the memory of man is the monument erected to his memory by Dussek—the *Elegy*. M. Billet's performance of this difficult and passionate work was in every respect excellent, style and execution being equally irreproachable.

We are glad to find that M. Billet has announced three more performances at St. Martin's Hall.

THE MUSICAL UNION.

The programme of the second meeting, on Tuesday, at Willis's Rooms, was far more interesting than that of the first. The co-operation of the celebrated Ernst, as violinist, and that of our gifted countryman, Sterndale Bennett, at the pianoforte, gave additional *clat* to the performances. The selection began with Mendelssohn's quartet in E minor, Op. 44—or rather with the first and last movements of that work, an *andante* and *scherzo*, from the posthumous remains of the lamented composer being substituted in place of the original middle movements. These manuscript compositions, in all respects worthy the pen and reputation of Mendelssohn, were no doubt intended to form part of a quartet which unhappily he did not live to finish. The *andante* is quite original in form. It begins with a romance in E major, the leading theme allotted to the viola, a peculiarly mellow effect being produced by the lower tones of that instrument, whereon the melody, a bit of captivating simplicity, is chiefly displayed. The romance is interrupted by a wild *agitato* in the minor key, again in its turn giving way to the *andante*, with a repetition of which the movement comes to a close. The whole of this is remarkable for freshness and spontaneity. The *scherzo* in A minor, one of the many masterpieces in the same peculiar form which Mendelssohn invented, and no other than Mendelssohn has known how to produce, is a genuine burst of inspiration—a strain of fairy music, rapid, sparkling, and busily fantastic, keeping the mind continually on the stretch, and forbidding the excited attention one instant's repose until the very last of its countless army of notes has been uttered. Mr. Ella announced in his *Record* that these movements were to be played "for the first time in England" on the present occasion; but this was a mistake; they had been al-

ready introduced at Mr. Dando's quartet concerts at Crosby Hall, and at the classical *soirées* of Mr. Lucas. Nothing could be more perfect than the manner in which they were executed by Ernst, Delloffe, Hill, and Piatti. In the *andante* the fine pure tone of Mr. Hill, our best performer on the viola, was heard to striking advantage. The infinite variety of expression to which the plastic talent of Ernst can yield itself gave the most vivid intensity to the glittering traits of fancy that abound in the *scherzo*; and, as a contemporary aptly remarks, "there could hardly have been a happier illustration of Shelley's beautiful lines, in the *Sensitive Plant*—

"A music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense"—

than the exquisite lightness with which the *piano* passages were indicated by the magical bow of the great German violinist." In conclusion, however, we must confess that we should have been better pleased to hear the two posthumous movements separately, than interpolated in another work, to which they bear no conceivable affinity, unless it be in the accidental relationship of keys.

One of Beethoven's sonatas in G major—that with the *caracalesque* rondo—for piano and violin, by Mr. Sterndale Bennett and Herr Ernst, a masterly and energetic performance; and the quartet in E flat, No. 10, composed at the close of Beethoven's middle period, an inspiration of wondrous depth, taxing the poetical powers of Ernst, "the most poetical of fiddlers," to the utmost—were the other full pieces. Here again, in the *air varié*, Mr. Hill's viola was advantageously conspicuous. M. Delloffe played the second violin part in this, as in the other quartet, with the highest efficiency. The violoncello playing of Signor Piatti may be designated, without the slightest reservation, as unapproachable. In tone, mechanism, and expression this accomplished artist equally stands alone; he combines the warmth and sentiment of the Italians with the poetical style and solid method of the German school. Such a union of high qualities was, perhaps, never before recognised in any violoncellist.

Some of the romantic *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn, performed by Mr. Sterndale Bennett with admirable spirit and expression, afforded a pleasing variety to one of the most interesting concerts in the annals of the Musical Union. The room was brilliantly attended; the most illustrious and apparently the most delighted of the auditors being His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, president of the institution, and one of the most regular frequenters of the performances.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

(From an occasional Contributor.)

THE programme of the seventh concert was decidedly a popular one, and we hope it answered the expectations of the directors. Owing to "the severe illness" of Miss Lucombe and Mr. Sims Reeves, the order of the programme was somewhat disarranged; and artists, not announced in the bills of the day, were at the last moment called on to supply the place of these popular favourites. Mr. Bridge Frodsham and Mr. Henri Drayton sang some of the music allotted to Mr. Reeves; and Miss Lanza was no less polite and accommodating towards Miss Lucombe, whose share in the selection from *La Sonnambula* was by no means inconsiderable, having to sing three of the five solos of which the selection consisted. Madlle. Magner was also pressed into the service, as were likewise the Misses Cole. The first appearance of a young lady, Miss Rose Braham, who during the winter had been frequently spoken of in amateur circles, created considerable

interest, which arose almost to fever heat amongst her friends and acquaintances. She selected, for her first appearance, two songs, "O, charming May," and "The Cavalier," very unimportant compositions in themselves, but which served well enough to convince the audience that Miss Braham is gifted with a good toned and flexible voice. Her style of singing is quite equal, indeed we think superior, to the music she attempted, and we hope that another time she will select something a 'little' better.

In personal appearance Miss Braham is favoured beyond the usual average, being, what connoisseurs in feminine attraction would pronounce "decidedly pretty." She was encored in both songs, and was highly and deservedly successful. Miss Lanza has a good voice, and is very likely to become a popular ballad singer. She sings "Alas! those chimas" (by Wallace) better than she sings the final *aria* from *Sonnambula*. The public have arrived at a notion that it is necessary for a singer to have a good share of natural gifts, besides talent and experience, before exhibiting in vocal displays of this kind; nothing short of excellence in these brilliant *cavatins*, which are so frequently sung by the most renowned singers, is at present endurable. However, Miss Lanza is more than competent to sustain with credit the ballad department of a concert. Mr. Henri Drayton sang "As I view these scenes so charming," the "Macgregor's Gathering," and "The Bay of Biscay," besides taking part in a Duo Buffo from *Roberto* with a very different tenor singer. Mr. Drayton sang with considerable energy, and gave various songs allotted to him with good style and expression. Madlle. Magner, who sang a sparkling German *lied*, was greatly applauded. In the second act she gave the "Trab, trab;" but the public have not yet forgotten that universal favourite, Jetty Treffz, and it is somewhat venturesome for any other singer to attempt a song which the latter has made so entirely her own. The Misses Cole were warmly applauded for their very neat and clever duet singing. The soloists were Miss Woolfe (pianoforte), who played Dohler's fantasia on "Viv! tu," and Mr. Viotti Collins (violin), who in a fantasia on American airs (including "Yankee Doodle") exhibited, amongst many vagaries of style, a mechanical proficiency of which great things might be made with earnest study.

We may add, that Miss Woolfe is a clever pianist, but it would be prudent on her part, for a time at least, to perform in public solos abounding less in mechanical difficulties. By some accident, wrong notes appeared in many of the chords and passages, and marred the effect she would most probably have made in a composition requiring less dexterity of finger. We must also add, that Mr. Viotti Collins played exceedingly well. In addition to his other qualities, his tone is firm and pure, and he is very certain in intonation. His solo being encored, he substituted another piece. The orchestra accomplished its duties with the usual excellence. The overture and "Wedding March" from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* were finely played, and with Herold's overture to *Zampa*, and Auber's *Gustave*, were greatly applauded. It would be unfair to conclude without according to Mr. Bridge Frodsham the praise he merits, for his singing in "All is lost now," which evinced both care and judgment. The voice of this young gentleman is improving in power, and he appears to be gaining confidence since he first made his appearance at these concerts. He was well received and applauded. Herr Anschütz conducted with great ability.

JENNY LIND presented to the chorus in Hanover, a sum of 500 dollars (75l).

THE HORN OF PLATT.

(From *Peach*.)

BRASS, it seems, is not invariably profitable material, even when traded upon in most worshipful society. Not always does a man blow his own trumpet—(some men, indeed, are not merely single trumpets, but brass bands complete)—to his own final advantage. The case of Mr. Platt—and few men have made sweeter noises in the world—is a powerful illustration of the perils that environ melodious brass. Mr. Platt has grown old upon his horn; and now—"having lost, from great and continual pressure, the whole of his front teeth," he seeks to obtain some sort of provision by means of a concert "to exempt him from the sufferings of an indifferently provided for old age. The horn,"—continues the *Herald*, in the kindest spirit—"is an instrument by which but little can be accumulated, however long the service." In a word, the brass at a man's mouth, however exquisite its utterance, cannot be as profitable as the unseen brass in a man's lungs—as the brass armour in a man's cheek. The Queen vouchsafes her sympathy to the poorer worker in brass; Prince Albert patronises the blown-out musician; and many of the nobility and gentry, touched by the recollection of Mr. Platt's art—an art exercised for nearly thirty years—are pledged practically to manifest their grateful memory. This is as it should be, alike honourable to the people of gold, and the veteran dealer in even more musical metal; most musical, most unprofitable.

"Let the bright seraphim in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow."

In how many ears these words will awaken the echo of Platt's horn, as its music soared, triumphing and dallying with its strength and sweetness! How it seemed to become vocally spiritualised; how it sympathised with the singer in her highest flights; how it became like a living thing, endowed with supernatural utterance. And at the same time—"from great and continuous pressure"—the pressure that gave forth the divine harmony, the front teeth of the musician were paying their existence for the music—gradually giving themselves up a certain sacrifice to sweet sounds. Sounds purchased with growing canker.

Has our friend, the reader, ever met with a little book—the autobiography of poor Eulenstein? In that thin, meagre-looking little book, is a terrible human history. It was the evil destiny of Eulenstein to fall in love with—a jew's-harp. Passionately in love with that most unpromising bit of iron, day and night he wooed the hard, unyielding thing, and at length made it sing to him most exquisite music; at length, he awakened in that twopenny-halfpenny instrument—that paper thing that some Jew in his most desperate poverty must have first fashioned out of marine-store old iron—most marvellous harmonies. The jew's-harp was no longer a school-boy's organ of annoyance—a big bumble-bee grown hoarse—but something even for Mercury, with his tortoise lyre, to smile upon. This was a great triumph for the enthusiast. In the most frightful poverty, he had followed his passion; he had succeeded in his suit; he could touch the harp, the jew's-harp, to his own will; he had made himself a name, and—he was toothless. The iron had entered his month; his sufferings were terrible. He had put unthought-of melody into the metal, and the iron had eaten its revenge.

And this, in a degree, is the fate of poor Mr. Platt. He has, for thirty years, made crowds of hearts beat thick with his mastery of metal; and—even if he had the fulness of fortune's feast—he wants the teeth to enjoy the repast. There is a meaning in this—a sad, instructive meaning in the con-

dition of a man of genius—worth, at least, the price of a concert ticket, should the price be even one pound one shilling.

The Queen, the Prince, a royal duke, and so forth, will patronise the old musician: no doubt many of the wise and good will contribute to the fund sought to be raised for the worn-out artist. If, in addition to these, the folks who have made their noisy way in the world,—not with metallic brass, but with brass human,—if they, too, would contribute a moderate offering,—then would the fund be prosperously increased. The Horn of Platt would then be the Horn of Plenty.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.

ON Monday night a two-act domestic drama, from the pen of Mr. Bayle Bernard, a gentleman who, a few years ago, was as productive in pieces of this class as he has been more recently in highly ludicrous farces, was brought out with questionable success.

The principal characters of the drama are Hartzmann (Mr. Vandenhoff), a merchant and magistrate of Bremen, and his brother Moritz (Mr. Anderson), a felon and a galley-slave. The respectable brother has educated Linda (Miss Vandenhoff), the daughter of the outcast, as his own child, and is peculiarly sensitive as to any revelation that may compromise the family honour. Waldeck (Mr. Cooper), another criminal, and the accomplice of Moritz, introduces himself into the family of Hartzmann, as Colonel Rheinberg, and avails himself of his secret knowledge to reveal the story of crime to Linda, to make her believe that her reputed father is the culprit, and to insist on her marrying him, as the only means of hushing up the secret, although a party is assembled to celebrate her union with a young lover named Ernest Gellert (W. Montague). When the fatal contract is about to be signed, Moritz, the real father, rushes in, solves every difficulty by denouncing Waldeck as a criminal, and then dies, leaving Linda still in the belief that his brother is her father.

The motives of this piece are not altogether new, but the story is skilfully designed, and if the situations had been made to follow sharply one upon another, the result would have been more effective. The character of Moritz, the escaped galley-slave, delighted to behold his child, relieved by her as a mendicant, and never revealing himself, is drawn with much pathetic force; and the description which he gives his brother of his escape from the galleys is one of the powerful passages in the play. The real energy and feeling with which Mr. Anderson acted this part made it effective to its full capacity. The other characters are not remarkably brought forward.

Notwithstanding the cleverness of the plot and the elevation of the language, much of which is written in blank verse, the play has a fault which greatly counterbalances its merits. The dialogue is much longer than is required for the development of the story and of the personages, and hence the action seems perpetually coming to a stand-still. When we repeat that it is only in two acts, call attention to the simplicity of the plot, and add that it lasted three hours, we shall render this proposition self-evident. There was much applause at the end, and the principal actors came before the curtain, but sounds of opposition were mingled with those of approbation.

HAYMARKET.

An adaptation of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, by Mr. Stirling Coyne, was acted for the first time on Thursday night with undoubted success. Unlike the piece on the same subject

which has attained so deserved a popularity at the Strand Theatre, Mr. Coyne has merely taken the incidents of the original novel of Oliver Goldsmith, and worked them into a dramatic form. Adhering to the outline of the characters, he has placed in their mouths in a great degree his own language, while in the version of the Strand there is little that does not strictly appertain to the author of the story. There is much theatrical tact shown in the present instance, and the incidents follow each other naturally and consecutively, and with an almost entire absence of the unpleasant hiatuses so customary in dramatised novels. The acting throughout, if not distinguished by any remarkable strokes of genius, was careful and well considered. The best sustained character was the Doctor Primrose of Mr. Webster, which was marked with cheerful piety, homely enthusiasm, and a natural pathos. The scene in which he discovers his daughter Olivia in the wayside inn was fraught with true passion, and we have seldom witnessed any acting more telling than where, with the dignity of a minister and the feeling of a father, he repulses the unworthy advances of the man who had barely triumphed over the virtue of his child. Mrs. Keeley's assumption of Mrs. Primrose, though clever in parts, bore little resemblance to the charming portraiture of Goldsmith. It wanted the directness of intention, the heartiness of purpose, the winning weakness, the beautiful repose, the womanly vanities, the spontaneous emotion, and the absorbing grief, which rendered the impersonation of the same character by Mrs. Glover so wonderful a performance. The Olivia of Miss Reynolds is sweetly feminine and touchingly pathetic; and Miss P. Horton and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, as Lady Blaney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmia Amelia Skegges, acted with great gusto, and sang a pair of songs with excellent effect. Buckstone's sketch of Moses was irresistibly funny, and Mr. Howe in a very small part (for Ephraim Jenkinson, in the present version, is considerably shorn of his fair proportions) evinced his usually marked intelligence. Mr. H. Vandenhoff, by his performance of Squire Thornhill, proved incontestably the possession of considerable histrionic ability, which only requires industry and determination to be tuned to valuable account. Mr. Selby, as Captain Staggars, filled out a meagre sketch with artistic skill. The small episode at the supper table in the goal was a capital thought, ably wrought out, without obtruding upon the main business of the scene. The scenery, the costume, and the general arrangement of the stage are all admirable. The applause throughout was general, and at the termination of the piece the entire company was called for.

STRAND.

A one-act piece, by Mr. Simpson, called *Poor Cousin Walter*, was produced on Monday night with decided success. It is one of those semi-serious dramas which look picturesque in a costume of the Stuart days, and is written with more than ordinary elegance. Philip, the son of an English gentleman of fortune, woos Helen, a lady of fashion, in an Alcibiades' vein, and, to ascertain that she loves him for himself alone, not for his wealth, pretends to be his "poor Cousin Walter." The lady, coming with her father to the house of her admirer, and finding there the real cousin Walter, concludes that he must be Philip. They fall in love with each other, and Helen makes the extraordinary discovery to the supposed Philip that his father has forged a will, and that Walter is the real heir to the property. The pretended Philip, who (be it remembered) is the real Walter, generously destroys the documentary evidence shown by the lady, and ultimately gains her hand and the blessing of his uncle, whom he has so nobly preserved. There

is a very nice sentiment prevailing through this little piece, and the characters of the magnanimous Walter and the generous Helen were admirably brought out by Mr. Leigh Murray and Mrs. Stirling.

ST. JAMES'S.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mr. Bunn took his annual benefit on Wednesday night, at this elegant little theatre, and, as usual, provided an ample and various bill of fare for his patrons, who assembled in good round numbers on the occasion. The entertainments began with Marivaux' once popular comedy, *Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hazard*. The comedies of Marivaux, like his novels and romances, are gone by. The age has grown out of them, as out of all such twaddling sentiment and heartless irony, and the age is all the better for it. The popularity of Marivaux was but a hollow one, as all popularity must be that has not truth for its basis. Nevertheless, the elaborate acting of M. Samson—much more elaborate than genial, by the way—in the well-known character of *Passquin*, and the delightful impersonation of *Syleia*, by the charming and accomplished Mdle. Denain, made us forget the utter frippery of Marivaux' wit, and the utter falsity of his philosophy and morals.

Mdle. Denain has lately been taking a very high rank in the *Theatre Francais* (or *Theatre de la Republique*, as it has been baptised since recent events of minister influence), where, as a representative of genteel and elegant comedy, she has now very few rivals. This is her second engagement in London, but since 1847 she has made a surprising advance in her profession. She was then unanimously admired by the *habitués* of Mr. Mitchell's theatre for her personal attractions and lady-like demeanour; but to these must now be added all the refinements of her beautiful art, and especially a certain brilliancy of dialogue which is the essence of high comedy. Her Sylvia is an exquisite performance. What is assumed and what is real are equally dramatic, and, at the same time, natural. Mdle. Denain never forgets the character she is portraying, nor does she allow a single point of the author to escape her, or to pass unappreciated by the attentive and intelligent auditor. On Wednesday she supported her more studied and experienced *camarade*, M. Samson, in all the business of the stage with more than common spirit and *finesse*; and at the fall of the curtain she was unanimously re-called. No welcome could have been more spontaneous than that accorded to Mdle. Denain. M. Lugnet, however, is but a sorry lover, and his Dorante is a marvellously uninteresting performance. M. Tourillon is, as it were, Cartigny shaken out of his portliness into a meagre-ribbed individual, by a series of convulsive fits. Mdle. Avenel, who played Lisette, is a lively and clever *soubrette*. But altogether the *entourage* of Mdle. Denain and M. Samson was but indifferent.

After the comedy Mr. Bunn delivered the first part of his monologue—that in which occurs the beautiful illustrations of Mr. Muir, which have not slightly aided in ensuring Mr. Bunn's success in his new entertainment. Mr. Bunn was warmly received, and the anecdotes and citations he introduces with such spirited independence told with their usual effect. We trust that in his tour Mr. Bunn may meet with the encouragement and reward due to his spirit and indomitable energy.

The monologue was followed by a *pas de deux*, perhaps the most universally popular ever composed—the "Truandaise," from Perrot's ballad of *Esmeralda*, danced by the original representative of Victor Hugo's poetical creation, the exquisite Carlotta Grisi, who was assisted on this occasion, not by Perrot, but by a very excellent substitute in the person of M. Silvain, from the *Académie Royal de Paris*. Those

who have not seen Carlotta dance the "Truandaise," have not seen what, in its way, is the perfection of art and nature combined. Few, however, were in that predicament on Wednesday night, if the hearty applause that greeted Carlotta's *entrée*, and the rapturous *encore* that followed the conclusion of the *pas*, may be taken as a criterion. It was as the unexpected re-appearance of some old familiar object, which, though absent, had never been forgotten. All that is poetical, and all that is unobtrusively graceful, is combined in this simple and characteristic *pas*, which would have immortalised Perrot had he produced nothing else. But then it is absolutely essential to its faultless execution that Carlotta should be the interpreter, that Carlotta's small and airy feet should give expression and life to the intentions of the author. Mons. Silvain is not only a good dancer, but an excellent mimist, and by his able and effective performance left Carlotta quite at ease to display all the graces and wonders of her art. The "Truandaise" was unanimously re-demanded, as we have already hinted, and bouquets and wreaths were thrown to Carlotta at the conclusion.

The performers were agreeably varied by a masterly performance of Thalberg's *Norma* duet, on two pianofortes, by those accomplished artists, Benedict and Lindsay Sloper; and the whole concluded with *King Ren's Daughter*, the principal characters by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, Mr. Webster, and Mr. Stuart.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Your occasional correspondent, S. W., need be under no apprehension of trenching on your prerogative. His notice of the concerts for the people, Mr. Glover's oratorios, and the dress concert of the Gentlemen's Glee Club, we were very glad to see; and we can assure him, that, so far from any feeling of jealousy on our part, should he forward a superior critique on any future concert at the same time that we do, we shall welcome its appearance in the columns of the *Musical World*, in preference to our own hasty scribble. As we have before-time had to explain, it was from no peculiar aptitude for the task that we became so honoured, but simply from an earnest desire that what did appear under this head might be at least faithful and correct. There are many writers in Manchester, or amateurs more learned in music, far fitter to communicate to your readers the musical doings here; all we pretend to is, an ardent love of music, and some five and twenty years' experience in attending concerts and operas; on this we do found a claim for some degree of taste and judgment in such matters.

We frequently have not leisure to re-peruse what we have hastily written, so can make no attempt at polish in style or rounding periods; but it has been a pleasure to us to endeavour to give as faithful a report as possible of all such musical performances as we have had time and opportunity to be present at. It was never our ambition or intention to monopolize all your Manchester correspondence. We have a high respect for Mr. Peacock, and think his undertaking very praiseworthy of giving "concerts for the people," but we cannot, from the mere love of the thing, attend and report on them every week. Mr. Glover's talent as an organist has been known to us for years, from hearing him on St. Luke's beautiful organ every Sunday, and we shall be glad indeed to find that our young townsman has been equally successful as an oratorio composer; it is a high and daring flight, and we have abstained from going to hear his "Jerusalem" until it could be done justice to by a hand, chorus, and principals.

The Gentlemen's Glee Club we generally visit once a year—our privilege as a non-subscriber—and then and there report thereon. On the ladies' night S. W. alludes to, we were at Ernst and Hallé's third concert; and this, like a lady's postscript, brings us to the chief object of this article, namely, to descant on Ernst and Hallé's

fourth and last concert for the season, which took place at the assembly-room on the 4th instant. We must again give the programme:—

PART I.—Grand Trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (in D Minor Op. 49) Mendelssohn, A Pileside song, Miss Andrews, Wallace. Grand Sonata, pianoforte, Beethoven.

PART II.—Quintet, two violins, two tenors, and violoncello (in G Minor), Mozart. Song, Miss Andrews, "Wanderlied" (violinello obbligato), Pusch. Grand Sonata, pianoforte and violin (by desire), dedicated to Kreutzer (in A Minor, Op. 47), Beethoven.

It will be seen that the A Minor sonata was repeated (that we were so rapturous about at the second concert.) as the advertisement said, "by general desire." The trio in D Minor, too, of Mendelssohn's, given at Hallé's fifth concert, in January, was repeated, and we do not think Mr. Hallé could have given us two finer compositions, or specimens of these great masters, from the repertory of the past season. As this was the concluding concert, it was like a *résumé* of the two choicest *morceaux*, to remind the subscribers of the great things that had been done. For our part, we were very much pleased to have the opportunity of again hearing two such great works in this class of chamber-music so finely rendered, and of becoming more familiar with their teeming beauties.

Mendelssohn's trio was well played before, with Mr. Seymour as first violin. On this occasion, of course, Ernst took his place. We could detect nothing wanting in Mr. Seymour's execution; still Ernst's nervous tones added a charm to the second performance. It is exceedingly difficult, the pianoforte part especially so, but all seemed easy in the hands of the three, Ernst, Hallé, and Lidel. The first movement was much better appreciated on a second hearing; the second, the lovely "andante tranquillo," cannot fail to delight everyone—the flowing passage from violin to violoncello is so strikingly beautiful; the movement was given by all three artists in the most refined and delicate style possible. The scherzo is of the fantastic order, as strong a contrast as can be conceived to the preceding movement; it was played in the most piquant manner, and rapturously encored. Loud applause followed the impassioned and stirring finale, in which we noticed the remarkable use of unison for the stringed instruments Mendelssohn so effectively makes, with a most florid and elaborate accompaniment for the pianoforte, which was splendidly brought out by Hallé. We can imagine nothing more perfect or finished than the entire performance. Hallé next appeared as a solo player, and the audience seemed to take the only opportunity of his being alone on the platform that evening, to testify their appreciation of him, not merely as a pianoforte player of the highest eminence, but as the individual to whom the subscribers to these concerts were mainly, if not solely, indebted for the series of very great treats that had been afforded them. The moment he came forward he was applauded, but as the feeling seemed to spread, the applause increased until he had to rise and bow his acknowledgment; it was a spontaneous, yet grateful and well-merited tribute. Whether this roused Hallé to eclipse himself, we know not, but he sat down to the pianoforte and gave the audacious and finale from Beethoven's (Op. 27) sonata in magnificent style; it was the greatest display he ever made in that room, and, as usual with him, given entirely from memory.

The second part opened with a novelty at these concerts; a quintet for two violins, two tenors, and violoncello, in which Ernst and Lidel were assisted by Seymour, Baeten, and the talented amateur we have before spoken of. It was a very fine example of Mozart's Chamber Music (the one in G Minor), and was most faultlessly played. The minuetto is very beautiful, but the most remarkable of the four movements is the adagio—played on "Sordani;" the effect is very fine, mournful and solemn as a dirge, yet thrilling to all who hear it. The allegro finale is more of the pure fiddling order, and most pure and clear was Ernst's violin at the top of his four assistants' instruments; we never heard a more complete or perfect quietude. The greatest affair of the night was yet to come off after all, and that was Beethoven's A minor sonata; and if we can find any fault with a concert where all was so very faultless, it would be that we had too many really great works for one evening, all making high demands on the attention and the imagination of the auditory, so that the concert was much longer than usual, and the audience almost too tired to relish, with the gusto they ought,

such a splendid work as the A minor sonata at the close of it. To this we attribute the coldness with which the first movement was received—(by coldness we mean in comparison to its deserts); the second movement, however, the *andante*, with the well-known tremolo subject, splendidly played by both, but with the most intense fire and feeling by Ernst, roused the entire company into enthusiasm. It was as great a display for Ernst as the sonata solo had been for Hallé, and the applause was loud and long accordingly. The finale is playful and dance-like as any Highland fling or Irish jig; and trippingly played as it was by Ernst and Hallé, sent the audience away in high good humour, many of them humming it merrily strain. Miss Andrews reappeared as the lady vocalist, and was very successful in both her songs; in the first, Wallace's, "When the children are asleep," she was ably accompanied by her father, Mr. K. Andrews; the second, a song in German, and a good song, too, by Herr Proch (of whom we never heard before). Herr Lidel had as obligate accompaniment for his violoncello, which he gave with great smoothness and finish; in fact, Lidel gains on us every time we hear him. But we forget this was the last concert! For some time, at any rate, we must bid adieu to all these talented men and their charming chamber concerts; only one more taste, at least, the last of Mr. Seymour's quartett concerts, at which we hope to be present and report. We cannot conclude our notices of this most excellent series of concerts without expressing our ardent hopes that they will be resumed next season with undiminished vigour; and in adding our humble tribute of praise and gratitude to Hallé, for the very high gratification he has thereby afforded to his numerous friends and admirers; the talent he has employed is shewn by such a list of names as Seymour, George Waud, Baetens, Thorley, Piatti, Lidel, and though last not least, Ernst. The quality of the music may be judged by the names of the composers, such as Haydn, Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn, and last not least, the mighty Beethoven. We feel we have done scant justice to the talented exponents whose names are above given; they have all acquitted themselves worthily, and worthy their lofty themes. To say anything in praise of the composers would be idle indeed; they have written for the delight of succeeding ages! But we must stop; our pen runs on as if to make the most of this last opportunity. We must now give place to the thick-crowded crowd of concerts and operas of the London season. Except a notice of Seymour's quartett concert, we do not expect to have anything of interest for your readers for some weeks. Some time in May, it is said, we are to have three nights of French Opera, for the first time in Manchester. Mr. Mitchell's talented corps are to give us three of Auber's operas—*Le Domino Noir*, *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, and *Fra Diavolo*.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

As we do not suppose your regular contributor from this place will put forth any claims to the ubiquitous abilities of some of our modern Mentors, and as he would, doubtless, on the present occasion, be honouring with his presence the classic precincts of our Assembly rooms, where those twin brothers of the "divine art," Ernst and Hallé, were giving their closing *soirées*, it will not surely be taken amiss if we venture a line on the Gentlemen's Glee Club, the members of which held their concluding concert of the season on the same date. The large saloon of the Albion Hotel was tolerably well filled, despite the rain which was pouring in torrents the whole evening sans intermission. Our accomplished townsman and poet, Mr. Charles Swaie, occupied the chair, and fulfilled its duties most satisfactorily. He was supported on the right by John Potter, Esq., Mayor, and several distinguished officers of the garrison now stationed here. The programme was varied and interesting, being judiciously selected with a view to gratify the true loves of stirring glee composition. Mr. William Barlow, the musical conductor of the club, is deserving of all praise for his untiring exertions in maintaining the proper dignity of the society. Since the "Hargreaves," it is certainly one of the finest musical treats we can enjoy in this murky hemisphere. On the night to which we refer, the lady vocalists were Miss Hardman, Mrs. Thomas, and Miss Morris, the former an old established favourite at this club, and of her sex by far the best interpreter of glee music we have among us. The following professional gentlemen, assisted by a few amateurs, also took part during the evening—

Messrs. Isherwood, Sheldrick, Standage, Walton, Heelis, Sykes, Waddington, sen., Abbott, Slater, Brooke, Womersley, and Brookes. Among the pieces in the first part we must single out Stafford Smith's popular ode, "Blest pair of syrens," for especial praise; this was throughout most deliciously rendered. Our old favourite "Breath of the brier," went as charming as ever, and but for a *lappus* on the part of the contralto, "Sappho tuned," would have been re-demanded. A choral song of the quaint school, the music by a Miss C. A. Macrone, the words taken from an old ballad of 1500, beginning "I am a poor man, God knows," met with a hearty encore. The gem of the evening was undoubtedly Atwood's "To all that breathe," sung with mere than usual feeling and expression by Mrs. Thomas, Messrs. Heelis, Walton, Isherwood, and Sheldrick; the latter gentleman, one of the veterans of the club, agreeably astonished us by the freshness of his fine bass voice. The lovely quartett of Mendelssohn's, "Oh, hills! oh, vales," was, perhaps, seldom surpassed in purity of intonation and intensity of feeling. Although your space is necessarily limited, we must not forget to mention a very clever madrigal sung on this occasion, "A violet blossom'd on the lea," the music by our promising townsman Mr. James W. Isherwood; the composition is yet in manuscript; the subject has been throughout ingeniously treated, is possessed of high merits, and when it shall have issued from the publisher's, we venture to predict for it a successful run. The concert terminated with Bishop's "Tramp Chorus," the arduous *soprano* solo being well sustained by Miss Hardman. After supper the usual convivialities went round, and a couple of amusing tricks from the laughter-stirring son of Momus, the veteran Blewit, succeeded in sending all home in excellent humour. S. W.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

WEIMAR.—On the 16th February, on the occasion of the birthday festival of the Grand Duchess, Glück's *Iphigenie in Aulis*, was given under the direction of Dr. Liszt. On the 19th a concert was given by Liszt for the benefit of the poor, when Gade's third symphony and the overture *Lamento e Triosfe*, were performed by a grand orchestra. It is the intention to found a great musical *Conservatorium* here, of which Liszt, Ernst, Leonard, Servais, Götzke, are already named as Professors. A first-rate music publisher in Leipzig is to establish an office in Weimar, to afford the new Institute every assistance. A musical gazette is to be united with the Institute. Mdle. Claus, who went to Weimar to make the personal acquaintance of Liszt, has created a considerable sensation. On the 21st of February Liszt introduced the talented young artist to the Grand Duchess, at a concert. Her Royal Highness expressed herself to Mdle. Claus in the usual flattering and condescending terms, and presented her, before her departure, through Liszt, with a valuable bracelet.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—It appears that *Robert le Diable* is shortly to be reproduced at Covent Garden, the part of Robert to be taken by Tambrlik, instead of Mario!

Surely the directors are acting most unwisely in this arrangement, as I believe it is generally admitted that the ill success of this opera last season was chiefly caused by Mario not being the Robert.

Trusting that you will express your opinion on this subject in your next, I am, Sir, your obedient servant, OPERATICUS.

Thursday, 11th April, 1850.

[Our correspondent writes without having read, and without having thought. The cast of the *Robert* is announced in all the papers, and includes Mario, as well as Tambrlik. If Tambrlik plays Robert, and Mario the Minstrel, we may assume that Mario resigned the part of Robert, and had good reason for so doing. We question if our correspondent has heard Tambrlik. If he had, he would not have taken exception to his playing any part.—Ed.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

MADAME DULCKEN.—We regret to inform our readers that this eminent pianiste died at her residence in Harley Street yesterday.

CHARLES HALLÉ.—This celebrated pianist will play at Mr. Ella's next Musical Union. M. Hallé has been in London for a few days, but has returned to Manchester.

MISS ANDREWS having completed her engagements at Herr Ernst and Hallé's classical concerts in Manchester, has now returned to London for the season. We shall have much pleasure in being enabled to add our mood of encouragement to this young and talented *contralto*, whose successful *debut* at the Philharmonic Concert last year we had much pleasure in noticing at the time.

MR. CHARLES OBERTHUIS, the well-known composer of songs and music for the harp, has returned to London from Wiesbaden.

MADLE. FRANCISCO RUMMEL, the vocalist, and her brother, the composer and pianist, have also arrived.

MDLLE. NISSEN, after her concert in Dresden on the 4th Feb., intended to proceed to Berlin, where she has been engaged for several concerts.

MDLLE. MARIE WIECK, an excellent pianist, announced a concert for the 28th February, in the Salle of the Singing Academy in Berlin.

CARL ECKERT, the composer, expects to have his opera performed in Paris. He is at present in London.

Srona has quite recovered from the effects of his late accident, a piece of news that will fill Europe with gladness.

BALTE'S Opera, *Die Haimons Kinder*, was performed at Bremen. A new opera by Eschhorn, is being studied. The composer leaves Cologne for Bremen to conduct personally his opera.

THE VIOLINIST, M. Hauser, chiefly remarkable for his excellent manner of bowing, gave a concert in Vienna.

MEYERBEER has been desired immediately to come from Vienna to Berlin, to direct a Festival Cantata in honour of His Majesty. He was to leave Vienna on the 28th February. For want of space the organ used in Meyerbeer's *Prophet* is suspended from the roof, and played in the air.

HERA STROELLI, whose recent arrival we have already noticed, has been singing in the principal towns of Italy and Germany with the greatest success. We shall no doubt shortly hear him at some of the concerts in London.

MR. ADOLPH has announced a good programme, strongly supported for his evening concert, on Wednesday, April 24, at the Hanover Square Rooms; his list of instrumentalists and vocalists is a strong one. We need only mention the names of Ernst, Haumann, Nicholson, Jarrett, Lazarus, Baumann, Miss Lucombe, Madlle. Schloss, Madlle. Graumann, the Misses Cole, and Sims Reeves, with M. Benedict, as conductor, to prove Mr. Aguilar has left nothing undone to provide attraction for his friends and the public. Mr. Aguilar has been highly spoken of by the German press as an excellent pianist, and a composer of considerable promise.

MR. PLATT'S FARWELL CONCERT.—A committee of management, consisting of upwards of sixty distinguished professors and well-known amateurs, have undertaken to organise a farewell concert for Mr. Platt, who for nearly thirty years has been before the public as principal horn at Her Majesty's Theatre, the Royal Italian Opera, the Ancient and Philharmonic Concerts, and the great provincial festivals. It has been decided that there shall be included in the programme a symphony and two overtures by the first composers, as there are upwards of one hundred eminent instrumentalists who have offered their services. Mrs. Anderson will perform a fantasia or concerto on the pianoforte. A memorable event at this concert will be the appearance of Lidlley, who will play a violoncello solo for the last time in public. The vocalists who have offered their services are Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Birch, Miss Bassano, Miss Eliza Birch, Miss Ellen Lyon, Miss Dolby, the Misses A. and M. Williams, and Miss Louisa Pyne; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lockey, Benson, Macbin, and Signor F. Lablache. Applications have been made for the assistance of many celebrated foreign singers, and in a few days their names will be published. Mr. Costa will conduct the concert, which is fixed for Wednesday morning, the 24th inst., at the Hanover-square Rooms. Mr. Platt has always been ready to give his services for charitable institutions, and now that he is disabled from following his professional career, owing to the loss of his front teeth from continuous pressure in playing, he appeals to the sympathies of the musical

public to support his first and only concert, an appeal which has been responded to by royalty in the patronage so graciously extended by Her Majesty and Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge.—*Morning Post*.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.—Mr. Willy takes his benefit on Wednesday night, at Exeter Hall. A full and attractive programme is provided. Most of our popular vocalists are engaged. Kate Loder will play a grand concerto of Mendelssohn, and a duet with Mr. Willy; Mr. Willy will perform a solo on the violin, and Mr. Richardson a solo on the flute; Mr. T. Harper will also perform a solo on the trumpet. The overtures to *Euryanthe*, *La Gazza Ladra*, and *Prometheus*, and the grand march from *Athalie* will be executed by the band, which will be on a large scale. Mr. Willy is entitled to public support, and we expect to find crowds of amateurs flocking to his standard on Wednesday next.

THE SONS OF APOLLO.—(From a Correspondent.)—The anniversary dinner of the Sons of Apollo Benefit Society, consisting of eighty-six members, all connected with music, and which was the twenty-seventh annual celebration of the establishment of the society, took place on the 29th of March, when upwards of sixty members of the musical profession enjoyed a sumptuous repast, provided for them by mine host of the Black Horse Tavern, 100, Oxford-street. On this occasion Mr. T. Adams, and Mr. J. Lawson, both many years known in the Terpsichorean orchestras of the metropolis, presided in a most felicitous manner.

"Thus then combining, hands and hearts joining,
Sang they in harmony Apollo's praise."

The advantages to be derived from the formation of such societies as these are most admirably set forth and illustrated in the operations of the Sons of Apollo—the many casualties and misfortunes man is heir to, more especially those of the class referred to, require some arrangements to prevent the utter destruction and misery the concomitants of a profession that exists more on the caprice of fashion, and the never ending changes brought about in seeking novelty as an excitement to gaiety. We are glad to understand that this society, independent of the benefits it has conferred, is now in possession of funds to the amount of 1800*l*. a truly gratifying proof of good management and honesty of purpose.

KINGSTON.—(From a Correspondent.)—Mr. Ridley's Concert took place on Friday last, when Mr. H. Phillips, the popular baritone, made his *debut* before a Kingston audience, when we were highly pleased to see the largest and most respectable company ever assembled on such an occasion. The first song, "My Heart's in the Highlands," was a happy beginning. The most successful of Mr. H. Phillips' performance were the "Milkmaid," and "My Boyhood's Home," which was rendered in such a joyous and effective strain as to elicit an encore, when "The Last Man" was substituted. "The Bear Hunt," and "The Prairie on Fire," which are very descriptive, were received with deserved applause. The comic song, "Widow Macbreo," sung with much *naïveté*, was also encored. The rest of the performance was highly applauded, the only regret expressed being, that the entertainment was so soon brought to a close.

LIVERPOOL.—OPENING OF THE NEW ORGÁN AT ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S CHURCH, SALISBURY-STREET.—In this magnificent church, on Sunday last, a new and splendid organ was opened by Henry Smart, Esq., of London. The orchestral department was well sustained; the selections were principally from Haydn. Miss M. B. Marsh was assisted by Mrs. Leather. The latter lady gave, with considerable pathos, the "Benedictus" from No. 4, Haydn's Mass, and the "Agnus Dei" from No. 6. Mrs. McDougall also assisted. Several solos were sung by Mr. Dodd, including the beautiful "Laudate," by Zingarelli. Miss Marsh sang "With verdure clad," from the *Creation*, in which she admirably sustained the conceptions of the author. The organ is manufactured by Gray and Davison of London. Mr. Henry Smart played in the most stylish style, and the instrument was unanimously admired.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Notice of Madame Schwab's concert, and other articles, are unavoidably deferred till our next.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MOZART'S David's Penitence, complete, English edition, 1s. 6d.
Spohr's Vocal Mass, Two Movements, English edition, 3s. 6d.
Beethoven's Sacred Songs, from "Songs of the Sabbath," by R. ANDERSON, 2s.
Handel's Six New Sacred Songs, 5s.
Manchester: 4, Palace Buildings.

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BEGS to announce a SECOND SERIES of Performances,
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The First Performance on FRIDAY, April 26.
Further Particulars forthwith.

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MR. WILLY'S BENEFIT CONCERT will take place on
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17, 1850, commencing at Half-past Seven o'clock.

Vocal Performers:—Miss Birch, Miss Lucombe, Miss Dolby, Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, Miss Ellen Lyon, Miss Mira Grimsbach, Mr. Benson, Mr. W. H. Seguin, and Mr. Whitworth.

Solo Performers:—Grand Pianoforte, Miss Kate Loder; Violin, Mr. Willy; Flute, Mr. Richardson; Trumpet, Mr. T. Harper.

The Orchestra will be complete in every department, including Mr. Willy's Concert Band.

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Tickets.—Organ and Western Galleries, 1s.; Area and Platform, 2s.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Stalls, 5s. To be had of the principal Music-sellers; at Exeter Hall; and of Mr. Willy, 22, Trigon Terrace, Kensington.

BEETHOVEN QUARTETT SOCIETY.

MR. SCIPION ROUSSELOT respectfully informs the Members of this Society, that the First Exclusive Performance of HERR ERNST at these QUARTETT SOCIETIES will take place on WEDNESDAY, the 17th of April, at EXETER HALL, at 7½. No. 9, in C; No. 15, in B-flat—*Beethoven*. Trio, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, in D.
EXECUTANTS:—HERR ERNST, D. C. Cooper, H. Hill, S. Roussetot, and Stephen Heller.

Names and Subscriptions will be received at Messrs. ROUSSELOT and ARABY'S, 66, Conduit Street, Regent Street.

MR. AGUILAR

BEGS to announce that he will give an EVENING CONCERT at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on WEDNESDAY, April 26th. Vocalists:—Miss Lucombe, the Misses C. and S. Cole, Madlle. Schlotz, and Madlle. Graumann; Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Marchetti. Violin, HERR KEST; Violoncello, HERR HANSMANN; Oboe, Mr. NICHOLSON; Clarinet, Mr. LAZARUS; Horn, Mr. JACOTT; Bassoon, Mr. BRAUMANN; Pianoforte, MR. AGUILAR.

Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 7s.; to be procured at Messrs. Cramer, Heale, and Co., 201, Regent Street; at Messrs. Weasel and Co., 220, Regent Street; and at the Residence of Mr. Aguilar, 66, Upper Norton Street, Portland Road.

A GRAND CONCERT OF
VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

WILL be given at the HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS, on TUESDAY EVENING, April 16, for the BENEFIT of Mr. HENRY ROYS, who, in addition to being incapacitated by a paralytic stroke from continuing his professional pursuits, which constituted his only resource, has to contend with the long, serious, and continued indisposition of Mrs. Roys.

The following eminent Artists have kindly promised their valuable assistance:—Vocalists:—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Birch, Miss Rainsforth, Miss Poole, Madame F. Lablache, Miss Dolby, and the Misses Williams; Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Marraz, Mr. Wrighton, and M. Henri Drayton (Première Basse de l'Opéra Français, Théâtre St. James's). Instrumentalists:—Pianoforte, M. Benedetti; Violin, M. Ernst; Violoncello, M. Piatti; Flute, Signor Briscialini. Conductor, Mr. Brinley Richards.

The Band will comprise several eminent Professors, assisted by the Members of the Amateur Musical Society, who have, for this occasion, most kindly consented to lend their valuable aid.

Stalls, 15s.; Single Tickets, half a guinea; Family Tickets (to admit three), 25s.; to be had at all the principal Music Warehouses and Libraries, of the Ladies Patrons, and Patrons, and of any of the Members of the Committee, by whom, also, donations will be most thankfully received.
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Signori COLETTI, BELLETTI, and LABACHE, CALZOLARI, and
SIMS REEVES; Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, MARIE TAGLIONI, and
AMALIA FERRARIS.

ON THURSDAY, APRIL 18th, 1850,

When will be presented MOZART'S Opera,

LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.

Soprano - - - - - Madame SONTAG.
The Countess - - - - - Madlle. PARODI.
Cherubino - - - - - Madlle. CATHARINE HAYES.
The Count Almaviva - - - - - Signor COLETTI.
Figaro - - - - - Signor BELLETTI.
Basilio - - - - - Signor CALZOLARI.

AND

Bartolo - - - - - Signor LABACHE.

In the Wedding Scene the "ZARABANDA IN A" (originally composed
for this Opera), will be danced by Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, and
Madlle. MARIE TAGLIONI (who will appear as a Cavalier.)

After the Opera will be presented selections from the admired Ballet of
LA ESMERALDA;

To be followed by the last scene of DONIZETTI'S Opera,

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR,

By MR. SIMS REEVES.

After which will be revived, the admired "Ice Ballet," (by M. P. TAGLIONI),
entitled,

LES PLAISIRS DE L'HIVER; ou, LES PATINEURS.

The principal characters by Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, Madlle. MARIE
TAGLIONI, and Madlle. AMALIA FERRARIS; in the course of which
the admired Spanish Dance, "LA ZINGARELLA," by Madlle. Marie
Taglioni; a "NEW GRAND PAS," by Madlle. Amalia Ferraris; and a
"GRAND PAS DE DEUX A LA HONGROISE," by Madlle. Carlotta
Grisi and M. Charles.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of
the Theatre.

Doors open at Seven, the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.

MISS CHANDLER,

From the Royal Academy of Music,

WILL give a **GRAND EVENING CONCERT** at the **MUSIC**
HALL, Store Street, on **FRIDAY NEXT**, APRIL 19, at which
Misses Dolby, Kate Loder, Cole, Pitt, Chandler, and Madame Anschuez;
Messrs. Frank Boddie, Sedgwick, Camus, Hag, Sperling, &c., will appear.
Conductor, Herr Anschuez.

Tickets, 2s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Boxes, 4s.; and Private Boxes to be had
of Miss Chandler, 27, Great Russell Street, Bedford Square.

DISTIN'S CONCERTS

M^{RS}. DISTIN and SONS will perform on the **SAX HORNS**
in the following places:—Monday, April 15th, Hull; 16th, Caistor;
17th, Great Grimby; 18th, Retford; 19th, Gainsborough.

Vocalist, Miss O'Connor; Pianist, Mr. J. Willy.

DISTIN'S AMATEUR CONCERT CLASSES for the Practice of
Quartets, &c., assemble nightly, at **HENRY DISTIN'S SAX HORN DEPOT**,
31, Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square.

BEETHOVEN ROOMS.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HER GRACE THE
DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

M. SZCZEPANOWSKI will give his **MATINEE MUSICALE**
on **WEDNESDAY**, April 17th, at two o'clock.

VOCALISTS:—Madame Macfarren, Miss Alicia Nunn, Madlle. Mora, the
Misses Cole; Signora Bongioanni, Prima Donna of the Theatre Royal of
Milan and Turin, and Signora de Westalwicz, Prima Contralto of the
Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg.

Pianoforte, Madame Szczepanowski; **Guitar** and **Violoncello**, M. Szczepanowski. **Conductor**, Mr. W. C. Macfarren.

Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Places; Family Tickets (to admit three), one
guinea; Single Ticket, 3s.; to be had of Mr. S. J. Taunton Place, Park
Road, Regent's Park.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

Madame GRISI, Madlle. VERA,
Herr FORMES, Mons. MASSOL,
And Signor TAMBERLIK.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, April 16th, 1850, the Performances
will commence with **BELLINI'S** Opera of

NORMA.

Norma - - - - - Madame G R I S I.

Adalgisa - - - - - Madlle. VERA.

(Her Second Appearance in that character at the Royal Italian Opera.)

Clotilde - - - - - Madlle. COTTI.

Orvoso - - - - - Signor SOLDI.

Fiavio - - - - - Herr FORMES.

(His Second Appearance in that character in England.)

Pollio - - - - - Signor TAMBERLIK.

(His Second Appearance in that character in England.)

To conclude with the Second and Third Acts of AUBER'S Grand Opera,

MASANIELLO.

The Principal Characters by

Madlle. BALLIN, Mons. MASSOL, Signor MEI, Signor ROMMI,

Masaniello - - - - - Signor TAMBERLIK.

The Ballet incidental to the Opera will be supported by Monsieur

ALEXANDRE and Madlle. LOUISE TAGLIONI.

The Overture to MASANIELLO will be played between the Operas.

THE SECOND GRAND EXTRA NIGHT

will take place on **THURSDAY NEXT, APRIL 18th, 1850, when will be**
performed (for the First Time this Season) MOZART'S celebrated Opera of

DON GIOVANNI.

Donna Anna - - - - - Madame GRISI,

Elvira - - - - - Madlle. VERA.

Zerlina - - - - - Madame CASTELLAN,

Leporello - - - - - Herr FORMES.

Don Giovanni - - - - - Signor TAMBERTINI,

Masetto - - - - - Signor FOLONINI,

Il Commendatore - - - - - Signor TAGLIAFICO,

Don Ottavio - - - - - Signor MARIO.

On **SATURDAY, APRIL 20th, 1850, will be produced** (for
the First Time), with new Scenery, Dresses, and Decorations, A **GRAND**
OPERA, founded on ROSSINI'S celebrated work, "MOSE IN EGITTO,"
with the Alterations and Additions by the Composer, entitled

SORAS.

The Principal Characters by

Madame CASTELLAN, Madlle. VERA,

Signor TAMBURINI, Signor LAVIA,

Signor TAGLIAFICO, Signor SOLDI,

Mons. ZEIGER (His First Appearance at the Royal Italian Opera),

And Signor TAMBERLIK.

During the Following Week will be performed (for the First Time this
Season) MEYERBEER'S Grand Romantic Opera,

ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO,

with the following Powerful Cast:—

Alice - - - - - Madame GRISI,

(Her First Appearance in that Character.)

Isabella - - - - - Madame CASTELLAN,

Alberto - - - - - Signor ROMMI,

Eraldo - - - - - Monsieur MASOL,

Il Priore - - - - - Signor TAGLIAFICO,

Roberto - - - - - Signor TAMBERLIK,

Bertamo - - - - - Herr FORMES,

Ramsaldo - - - - - Signor MARIO.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven, and the Performances

commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had (for the Night or

Season) at the Box-office of the Theatre, which is open from Ten till Five.

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The Musical World.

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No. 16.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1850.

{PRICE, THREEPENCE.
{STAMPED FOURPENCE.

BENEDICT.

FROM among the many preparatory notices that herald the advent of this admirable musician in the United States, we select one from the *Message Bird*, an amusing periodical, half literary, half musical—published in New York. Mr. Benedict himself will be astonished at some of the particulars (and Mr. Balfe will probably share his astonishment), but he can hardly be otherwise than gratified by the warm and kindly tone of the writer who apostrophises him. We print the article verbatim:—

"It is now many years since we first knew this musician, who has for such a length of time held one of the first positions in the public appreciation of musical talent in London. Equally celebrated as a composer and practical musician, he has possessed there a steady and unchanging reputation. Time has dealt mildly with him. It has not decreased one laurel from his well-earned celebrity, and we are disposed to believe both that Mr. Barnum has acted with consummate wisdom in engaging him to accompany Mademoiselle, or rather—for we hate to give a tag to a name that is already famous—Jenny Lind to this country, and that M. Benedict will find the visit to be one which will not only be agreeable to him in a pecuniary point of view, but in those far higher considerations to the real artist which are embraced in the word, fame.

"At the time the Italian Opera disorganised itself, and Costa went, with Grisi and the principal Italian singers, to Covent Garden, Mr. Lumley had serious thoughts of engaging M. Benedict to conduct the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre. The necessity he was under, however, of modifying his expenses to suit the enormous terms he was about to pay Jenny Lind for her first season—enormous, although far inferior in amount to those which Mr. Barnum has incurred, to induce her to visit America—prevented Mr. Lumley from engaging Benedict, who had then and now too much business in London to be induced to sacrifice it for a small salary as the conductor of the orchestra, even though he were in an establishment so famous throughout Europe. The calls upon his time would have obliged him to sacrifice much of his professional business, and this he was not disposed to do. And, indeed, but for the attraction of becoming known in a new hemisphere, we doubt whether the terms, large as they are proposed by Mr. Barnum, could have induced him to relinquish the professional calls upon his time which occupy him in England.

"It must be remembered that Benedict's annual concert at the Italian Opera House is always enormous—that he is every year the conductor at the Musical Festival which takes place in England—that in the off season he generally is engaged by the gentleman who tempts fortune in the provinces with the principal members of the operatic troupe—and that his teaching in the London season is beyond comparison the most extensive and the most aristocratic which is possessed by any musician. Nor let it be remembered that teaching in London is paid as it is here. The terms of M. Benedict are a guinea, and a guinea and a half, or from five to eight dollars a lesson. His time during the London season is fully engaged, so much so, indeed, that it is rare to find him at home after eight in the morning or before six in the evening. These few particulars may serve to give some idea of the reasons, which, we suppose, operated to induce him to refrain from accepting Mr.

Lumley's offer, and will point out that it was an inducement far otherwise than contingent on the terms proposed by Mr. Barnum, liberal as these were, which has prevailed on him to accompany Jenny Lind to our shores.

"We hope and trust that the engagement will be one of pleasure to him. He will find musical taste here far superior probably to that which he anticipated, and certain are we that he will be gratified by doing so. In every respect shall we be glad to welcome him—as a profound and skilful musician—as a kindly and genial gentleman, and as a generous and warm appreciator of all talent. He will be one of those we shall be glad to have visit America, even were he not accompanied by one of such transcendent genius, as the lady who is to arrive on these shores with him."

About the reception of Benedict in America, we have no misgivings. Such a real musician, and so amiable and accomplished a gentleman, is secure of a welcome everywhere. Even the protection of Jenny Lind herself will hardly tend to improve his position.

M. SILAS.

THE Liverpool citizens are singularly at variance about the merits of this young musician, in whose praise some of the continental journals have lately been so eloquent. At the last Philharmonic Concert, held in the New Music Hall, M. Silas appeared in the double capacity of composer and pianist. He played a pianoforte concerto, and conducted an overture of his own composition; in addition to which, he improvised upon two themes, presented to him by some gentlemen of the committee. Respecting this performance, the *Liverpool Chronicle* writes as follows:—

"The only attraction was M. Silas, who made his *début* on this occasion. M. Silas performed a solo on the pianoforte, which with an overture in MS., concluded the first part.

"M. Silas is assuredly a genius, and one of the first order. He possesses an exquisite taste, and is evidently a chaste and thorough musician; but we had not the opportunity of judging of his powers of extemporising on any theme, which have been so loudly extolled. The two melodies on which he did extemporise were handed in by two gentlemen of the committee, and were 'Come é gentil' and an Irish melody. We did not think much of the display, which consisted merely of variations on the original airs; his execution was, however, admirable, and produced an encore. We understand he leaves for London next week, per engagement at M. Elia's Musical Union. His overture, which contains some originalities, was well received; and, speaking of him as a composer, we are of opinion that, the more we hear his compositions, the better we shall like them. We hope to see him in Liverpool again ere long."

The *Herald*, though not quite so decided, is still highly favourable to the pretensions of M. Silas.

"M. Silas conducted his overture with firmness; for our part we deem his productions evince the existence of great genius, which time and study will mature into the highest excellence; they are marked by originality of conception, and his themes are worked out in a very superior manner. The concerto pleased us most, as displaying

more purpose than the overture, which pertook too much of the French school towards the end for our taste. It is, however, a very pleasing work, and we sincerely wish him the success he deserves, and which we don't doubt he will attain in London. We much regret that he had not an opportunity of displaying his powers as a pianist to greater advantage; mechanical powers of the highest excellence, backed by a mind which grasps with equal ease the varied conceptions of a Bach, a Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, or Mendelssohn.

The *Journal* goes far to qualify all the favourable observations contained in the preceding extracts.

"The third subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society took place on Tuesday evening last, and the attendance was numerous, in consequence of the strong desire to hear M. Silas, of whose advent Liverpool has received so many hints lately. Our own expectations had been greatly excited, for during the last few weeks a correspondent has been favouring us with very flattering hopes respecting the young stranger; but as expectation always falls short of the reality, we could not expect to find an exception in this instance. M. Silas appeared in the double character of composer and executant. Two of his compositions were given,—a concerto for the pianoforte, with full orchestral accompaniments, and an overture, which he conducted himself. The first was marked by no great originality, either in conception or harmony, while the instrumentation was decidedly bad. The overture exhibited more promise at the commencement, but fell off considerably towards the close. Both were creditable for so young a man; but ere he can take the rank of a giant like Mendelssohn, to whom he is prematurely compared, he has many years of severe study before him. There is a degree of promise which will rapidly vanish before the praise and applause of injudicious friends and partial audiences, if he forget that the very highest order of genius must submit to hard drudgery, before anything like permanent fame can be acquired. There is, however, a degree of modesty about M. Silas which we are inclined to look upon as a harbinger of good. As a pianoforte player, M. Silas is elegant, and neat in execution; and, as a player, would rank in the same class as Macdonald, Dulcken. In the second part, it was announced that M. Silas would improvise upon any given theme. Immediately, four rolls of music paper were thrown upon the platform, from which he selected two airs, 'Come è gentil,' and 'St. Patrick's Day.'

"Improvisation upon the piano is easier than upon any other instrument, and even an inferior pianoforte player can improvise, while, in a competent one, it is as easy as reading; there is, therefore, nothing at all astonishing in it unless done with the skill of a Mozart; and we have heard it much better done than it was on Tuesday evening. Since the days of Beethoven, improvising in public has gone out of fashion; and we are inclined to approve of the present taste, for the public have no means of testing the legitimacy of such an exhibition; while any person possessing an ear, and a knowledge of the commonest rules of harmony, could improvise by the hour with as much skill and originality as M. Silas displayed. Improvisation, however good it may be, is fitted only for the chamber; there the musician may luxuriate in those ideas he afterwards matures; but, in a public room, it is equally out of time and place."

M. Silas was in London a few days ago, and we had the advantage of hearing him play some of his own compositions, one of which was the overture introduced at the Liverpool Philharmonic. We are not prepared to decide which of the Liverpool critics is right and which is wrong, or whether one or any of them have judged ill or well. We may, however, at once confess that we were mistaken in guessing him to be the unknown celebrity so frequently apostrophised by the *Athenæum*. M. Silas is not the man.

MADAME FLETZ left Paris for Metz on Thursday. The celebrated pianist has produced a greater sensation than ever. She has engagements for the Philharmonic Society of Metz, Nantz, and Strasbourg.

JENNY LIND.

The following letter was addressed to the "Swedish Nightingale" previous to the six, or nine, performances which involved her last farewell to the stage in the season of 1849. The arguments of the writer had no doubt a large influence in persuading Jenny Lind to change a determination so often made and broken before. Perhaps they may have not lost their virtue now. At all events, we publish the letter with the faint hope that it may once more come under the eyes of the "Nightingale," and once more persuade her to give, yet once more, "six final representations" on the London boards, before she breaks her resolution of quitting the stage for ever for the first time in America:

"TO MADemoiselle JENNY LIND, ON HER WITHDRAWAL FROM THE LYRICAL STAGE.

"MADemoiselle, "A sincere admirer, as well of your pure and benevolent character, as of your eminent lyrical genius, I am one of the thousand who, in every capital of Europe, deplore your abrupt withdrawal from the stage; and in respectfully inviting you to reconsider and retrace this hasty step, I feel myself the spokesman of a universal sentiment.

"You are said, Mademoiselle, to have acted on this occasion, by the well meant but injudicious advice of an ecclesiastical counsellor, who has painted to you in glowing colours, all the demoralising influences of which the theatre is the centre; and has besought you to withhold from such a focus of corruption and frivolity the sanction of your spotless name, and the attraction of your incomparable talent.

"Is it for your own sake, Mademoiselle, or in the interests of public morality, that this advice is given?

"Is it but to save yourself from the ordinary perils of a professional career, that you are bidden to abandon the stage? Is your retreat but a pusillanimous desertion from an honourable post of danger? Can it be a mere selfish regard for your personal ease and safety, that tempts you thus to abdicate the high prerogatives of genius,—and to inflict on society an appreciable privation?

"If so, by how vain a sophism, and into how unworthy a course are you suffering yourself to be entangled! Which of us, in the practice of his profession, is not perpetually exposed to contact with the deplorable corruption and depravity incident in civilised humanity? Are not the physician, the lawyer, the ecclesiastic himself, in the pursuit of their useful avocations, lucraeously brought into contact with the worst passions and vices of our species? and have you, more than they, a right to shrink from your allotted function; to detach yourself from your appointed sphere, because of its inevitable corruptions; and to abandon to their fate those jarring and perverted harmonies which it might be the glory of your genius to heal and harmonise?

"But it is impossible to conceive that you have been determined by motives so pitiful, to so inglorious a retreat. Let us pass to a less painful,—a less improbable supposition.

"It is, perhaps, in the interests of society, of public morality, compromised by theatrical corruption, that you have been urged to abandon the stage.

"Do not," urges the enthusiastic Churchman, 'do not prostitute your noble nature to an art so degenerate and so meretricious. Do not suffer your voice to be the pretext of assemblages, attracted in reality by a mere craving for fashionable excitement, by a frivolous passion for dress and display, or by the facilities of the Opera-house for criminal intrigue. It may not be in your power to put an end to this corrupt institution, but you may at least discountenance it by your withdrawal, and cast the weight of your personal influence into the scale of purity and virtue.'

"We can imagine that such arguments as these, gravely urged by a dignitary of the Church, would powerfully influence a simple and sensitive heart. And the sacrifice of a brilliant personal position to such views of civic and religious duty, however illusory, might present itself to a generous and ardent woman, with somewhat of the fascinating prestige of martyrdom.

"And yet it would be impossible more completely to misconceive

the social function of lyrical art; or to draw from its admitted defects and degeneracy a more illogical conclusion. The true physician cures the limb, which the empiric can but amputate. And those passions and pleasures which bigoted sectarians would deny to society, the wise philosopher seeks only to regulate,—the genuine artist only to purify and refine.

"And here, Mademoiselle, a splendid ester opens itself before the chief lyrical tragedian of the day—before one who, conceiving a lofty ideal of her art, and conscious of its declension from this standard, should struggle to raise it to ideal perfection. Such an undertaking might well and worthily engage all the energies of the most exalted character, and of the most unparalleled artistic endowments. In so noble an enterprise, success would be immortal glory—and even failure more honourable than many a meaner triumph!

"Yes, Mademoiselle, we could admire the spectacle of a great artist, tearing from her brow the pasteboard crown and tinsel bays of our degenerate theatre; refusing to appear in the sickly melodramas which at present disgrace our lyrical stage; repudiating the facitious applause bestowed on senseless rousades, which degrade singing to the level of a decorative art, or a sort of laryngeal juggling; and appealing to the poets and musicians of Europe to aid her in establishing the Opera on its normal footing, as the material type of all the measured harmonies.

"Make such as these the motives of your retirement, Mademoiselle, and such as these the conditions of your return, and you will carry with you the enthusiastic sympathy of all who deplore the degeneracy of the modern Opera, and abhor the vulgar truckling of mercenary singers to a perverted taste. Nor would lyrical Europe be slow in responding to your appeal. Some Poet, at your call, would arise, and some Musician, to 'marry music to immortal verse,' and to delineate, in cognate harmonies of thought, and sound, and diction, some epic trial of the human heart,—some passionate contention of the soul,—some heroic struggle of free-will with fate!

"It may not come in our day, nor you be its destined champion, but such a reform of the lyrical drama is ultimately inevitable; and it will leave behind it the regenerated Opera, surpassing all the arts in purity and elevation; or, rather, containing within itself all art, encyclopedic. Then, amidst the grandest forms of amphitheatrical ARCHITECTURE; before scenes, such a consummate PAINTING; the measured harmonies of VOICE and INSTRUMENT, of RHYTHMIC diction, STATUESQUE POSE, ORATORIC gesture, will outwardly express and illustrate the secret music of the human microcosm; and reflect, as in a living mirror, the grandeur and beauty of creation. Then the Opera, now a mere fashionable show, and casual refuge from *ennui*, will assume its true rank among social institutions; and, purged of the vices which now degrade and deform it, will at length fulfil its predestined function, to refine the senses,—to purify the affections,—to discipline and educate the soul.

"Which were the nobler course, Mademoiselle,—to conceive of your art, and with such hopes and aims, to strive on patiently, through good and evil report; or, shrinking from the burden of this life-long struggle, to sink to the level of the passionless concert-singer; tickling the ears of listless auditories with a meaningless succession of musical fragments, and pandering to a degenerate craving for excitement, with redundant *fortissimos*, and extravagant feats of mere mechanical agility? Beware, Mademoiselle! you are already half-way on this ignominious descent. Already, at your instigation, the Opera-house has degenerated into a concert-room. I saw you, on Thursday night, seated languidly in a chair on those boards which it should be your glory to tread, an inspired and inspiring tragedian. A dress of fashionable silk replaced the classic robe, whose folds you know so well to drape; the lyric sceptre had fallen from your hand; no emotion disturbed the cold sparkling of the diamond on your bosom; and that face was vacant, on whose changing page should burn the swift and passionate writing of the soul. At your feet no line of fire ran along the stage,—that burning boundary between the real and the ideal world was extinct. The woman was before us, but not the impassioned actress; even the bell-toned silver of your matchless voice fell cold upon the ear; for the spirit was gone that gave life to its tones. Before you, tier above tier, rose fashion's glittering circles, frivolous and corrupt as ever, only a little more frigid, a little more *ennuied*, than usual,

And behind you, strangely incongruous, appeared the scenic representation of a cathedral window, seeming, with its Gothic mullions, gloomily to shut you from the stage.

"Ah! Mademoiselle, let me entreat you to shake off the sacerdotal influence of which this background seemed symbolic. Accept this indication of an honourable issue from your present false and untenable position. Direct your pure and noble aspirations into a channel which may reconcile your private feeling with your public duty, and endeavour fairly to adjust the rival claims of theology and art.

"For, after all, Mademoiselle, art has its claims as well as religion. The duties of the great artist are not less cogent than those of the eminent divine; and that the possessors of beauty and genius are but the stewards of a trust, Shakspeare reminds them in this golden phrase—'What is your's to bestow is not your's to reserve.'

"For the sake, then, of the Opera, which awaits a regeneration to which you may largely contribute—for the sake of society, which, like a troubled Saul, demands the healing influence of your intermitted music—and for your own sake, Mademoiselle, whose artist's honour hangs on this issue, ponder well our poet-philosopher's phrase. Shakspeare is wiser, Mademoiselle, than Mr. Lumley—wiser even than the Bishop of Norwich. He reminds you that every day you squander is a trust betrayed—that your beauty and genius are not gifts, but loans, from Nature—that, in withholding from society your confided powers, you wrongfully 'usurp yourself'—and that (pardon the iteration, Mademoiselle, and ponder well the words) 'WHAT IS YOUR'S TO BESTOW IS NOT YOUR'S TO RESERVE!'

"NOMINIS UMBRA."

JULLIEN IN THE PROVINCES.

JULLIEN's success in his recent tour appears to have equalled his best expectations. Want of space has hindered us from giving various notices with which our correspondents have favoured us; but we cannot refuse a corner to the following glowing apostrophe to the merits of the illustrious traveller, from the genial pen of a critic in Carmarthenshire, whose language, so to speak, is sufficiently mountainous—in keeping with the scenery around him:—

"JULLIEN'S CONCERT.—Yesterday evening Mons. Julien gave a grand instrumental concert, at the Guild Hall, in this town, the instrumentalists being the *déité* of his celebrated and far-famed band, which has gained an universal celebrity, and most justly so, taking only the performances of yesterday evening as a specimen of the exquisite and splendid instrumentation of these accomplished musicians. The concert occurring so near to the period at which we are obliged to go to press, forbids our particularising the various pieces performed; but we regret it the less as the whole were so delightfully rendered that it may seem unnecessary and even invidious to make a selection; we must not, however, omit to mention the solos of Herr König on the cornet—a piston, an instrument he has made his own, and which, in his keeping, certainly does 'disconcert sweet music.' The piano passage in his solo of the 'Exile's Lament' was one of the most exquisite performances we have ever listened to. Mr. Pratten on the flute, the soft, sweet notes of which were never more charmingly brought out; and Herr Ickheimer, on the violin, whose execution on this instrument surpassed anything ever heard in this town. The two latter were rapturously and most deservedly encouraged. The execution, taste, skill, and judgment which characterised the entire performance, were the theme of every tongue, and great was the admiration expressed of the unequalled precision exhibited under the magic baton of the celebrated Julien; all seemed possessed but of one mind, acting under one common impulse, producing a result, which no one, having the opportunity, should omit witnessing. The speculation Mr. Julien has undertaken is a bold one, and we trust he may be eminently successful, as he most certainly deserves to be, for affording the inhabitants of the Principality a treat amongst their native mountains, and at their homes, which all appear to be so glad to send their friends of The Hall last night was literally crammed with the beauty and fashion of the town and county, many being present from very long distances, but we are sure that they, in common with all present, must have been particularly charmed and pleased with the exquisite 'concord of sweet sounds' which they listened to. We had intended to have given a list of those present, but when we state that all the principal families of the town and county attended, it will, we are sure, be a sufficient excuse for

our abstaining from the task. We trust M. Jullien will pay us another visit, as we are sure we may promise him an equally cordial reception."

After this, Jullien ought to give a concert on the top of Snowdon, where, doubtless, our high-flown critic would follow him with his eagle quill to apostrophise him in appropriate prose.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday and Tuesday *Don Pasquale* and the ballet entertainments we have already mentioned were repeated. The Queen and Prince Albert, by whose special desire *Don Pasquale* was substituted for *Don Giovanni*, were present on the second occasion.

Of the new *pas* of Marie Taglioni a contemporary justly remarks:—"The new Spanish *pas* by Mademoiselle Taglioni, introduced into the ballet, marks an epoch in the career of that young and rising *danceuse*. Like all the dances that professedly exhibit a Spanish nationality, it is distinguished by an aspect of commanding pride, and it is a great point for Mademoiselle Taglioni that, having hitherto distinguished herself as an abstract dancer, she now shines in a *pas* which requires a power of dramatic conception and delineation."

Our contemporary is perfectly right, and he might have added, that Marie looked as handsome and Spanish as possible.

On Thursday there was a long Thursday. The performances began with Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*. We are glad to find Mozart so much in request. The cast embraced the entire strength of the company, with the exception of Sig. Lorenzo and Mr. Sims Reeves.

First—Madame Sontag played Susanna with exquisite gentility. A more lady-like *soubrette* was never seen. That this accomplished German singer should be well versed in the music of the greatest dramatic composer of Germany was quite natural. Therefore, much as we were pleased, we were not at all surprised with the manner in which Madame Sontag sang the airs, duets, and concerted music of this opera of gems. Her "Venite inghinocchiatevi" was the essence of vocal *finesse*. Her "Cruel perche" (with Coletti) was, though not passionate, *rempli d'un sentiment pur et elevé*. Her "Sull'aria" (with Parodi) was elegance and simplicity combined. But her grand triumph was in the little air of the garden scene, "Deh vieni," which, à la Jenny Lind, Madame Sontag converted into the goldenest bit of melody in the whole opera. A more real and attractive example of good singing without effort has not been often heard within the walls of Her Majesty's Theatre.

Second—Mlle Parodi calls attention for her aristocratic bearing, her good looks, and the careful study that has enabled her to do so much more justice to the music of the Countess Almaviva than last season. She sang both the airs with zeal, the "Dove sono" more especially, which obtained her the warmest tokens of good opinion.

Third—Miss Catherine Hayes made a very pretty page, and there was not the slightest necessity for being ashamed of her legs, which are as comely a pair as ever crossed a stage. That Miss Hayes can act the part of Cherubino with the liveliness and genial humour of Alboni, her predecessor, no one will believe—much less that she can sing the music to such absolute perfection; we shall not therefore attempt to say what no one will believe, but content ourselves with assuring our readers, that, although Miss Hayes sang the first air of Cherubino, "Non so più cosa," much too slowly, and without the proper sentiment, she sang the second, "Voi che sapete," with ex-

quisite sweetness, and gained one of the most unanimous encores of the evening.

Fourth, the Count of Sig. Colletti, the Figaro of Sig. Belletti, the Bartolo of Sig. Lablache, and the Basilio of Sig. Calzolari, presented the peculiar excellencies and characteristics that we have already noted on more than one occasion.

Balfe was indefatigable, as he always is where the music of Mozart is concerned. The encores were numerous, including "Cruel perche" (Sontag and Coletti); "Sull'aria" (Sontag and Parodi); "Non più Andrai" (Belletti); &c., &c. The *saraband* in A minor was introduced in the second act, and admirably danced by Carlotta Grisi and Marie Taglioni. Here the dance was more in place than in the middle of the first *finale* to *Don Giovanni*.

After the opera, some selections from *Esmeralda* brought the graceful, the exquisite, the inimitable Carlotta before us, in one of the most natural and fascinating of her *pas*—the *Truandaise*—which, danced to perfection, and mimed to perfection, could not fail of winning an enthusiastic encore. M. Charles personated Gringoire, and as he followed Carlotta up and down the stage, he looked, as it were, a raven gazing with delight and wonder at the sinuous evolutions of a snow-white swan. Never was Carlotta more enchanting and irresistible, and never was the *Truandaise* more thoroughly appreciated. M. Charles, too, though not a Perrot, did his part well, and was very natural in his *gaucherie*.

The last scene from *Lucia* followed, and Mr. Sims Reeves, in the dying strains of Edgar, brought down the curtain, amidst the widest sympathy and the warmest plaudits.

The evening concluded with M. Taglioni's *Les Patineurs*, or ballet on the ice, of which piece of excellent taste and animation, and of Mlle. Amalia Ferraris, with a new *pas* and of Carlotta Grisi with her *Pas Hongrois*, we must speak next week, having no time or space left at present.

This was a "long Thursday," in the longest and Thursdayest acceptance of the term, and the house was as full as the entertainments were varied and attractive.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Lucrezia Borgia was repeated on Saturday. Mario, quite recovered, sang superbly, and did not on this occasion omit the *cavatina*. Grisi was as good as on the night of her debut—any better, if that were possible. Mlle. de Meric made her *rentrée* in the part of Orsini. This young lady is not Alboni, but she has a good voice and plenty of confidence. She invited the audience to encore her "Il segreto," and the audience accepted the invitation. In many respects the opera of *Lucrezia* was never played so well, even at this theatre. Herr Fornes sang in the chorus, and materially helped to win the encore for the chorus of nobles in the first scene. Recalls were bestowed upon Grisi, Mario, and Tamburini several times during the evening. The second and third acts of *Masaniello*, with Tamberlik and Massol, followed. The house was crowded.

On Tuesday *Norma* was repeated, with the same two acts of *Masaniello*. Grisi was magnificent. Tamberlik confirmed the good impression produced on the first occasion of his playing Pollio, and the last scene of Fornes was highly impressive. There was another good house.

On Thursday *Don Giovanni*, for the first time this season. We should not greatly grieve at its being the last, if the others are to be as negligent as this. If Herr Fornes could not be counted upon for Leporello the opera should have been postponed. We do not place much faith in these colds and

hoarsenesses, which are much too frequent to be natural. The gods are not such enemies to the art of song as to be continually afflicting the best vocalists with catarrhs and colics. The fact is, Herr Formes was not ready with his Italian, and it would have been better to defer the *Don Giovanni* than to damage one of the best cards of the season by giving an indifferent first impression. Poor Polonini, suddenly called upon, did his best, and was highly amusing. But, not having played the part of Leporello for many years, he had forgotten a great deal of the music. He omitted the "Madamina," but much that he could not omit was unavoidably endangered. It was not the fault of Polonini, a capital fellow in his way, and a clever and useful artist; but Leporello is one of the most important parts in the opera, both musically and histrionically, and can no more be trifled with than Don Giovanni or Donna Anna. If Tamburini or Grisi were indisposed, would their parts be allotted to Sig. Raehé or Mdlle Cotti?—or would the opera be postponed?

Of Tamburini's *Don Giovanni* it is enough to say that it was as good as ever. Of Grisi's *Donna Anna* it is not too much to say that it was greater than ever. Of Mario's *Octavio*, or rather of his "Il mio tesoro," it is scarcely enough to say that it was transcendent. Of Mdlle. Vera's *Elvira* we should like to be able to say more than we conscientiously can; it was careful and well intended, but not always perfect. Tagliafico was a right good statue, and a pleasant Masetto,—he doubled the parts and played them equally well. Madame Castellan's *Zerlina* has many charming points, both of singing and acting.

The overture and all that concerns the band went as well as could be desired, under the decisive *baton* of Mr. Costa; but we fear the chorus is becoming careless. The fact is that Mr. Costa can rely upon his band, who can play the operas blindfolded; but the chorus must be kept in training. When operas are given without rehearsals, there is always some danger with these gentlemen and ladies. Such a numerous and powerful phalanx ought to be made to do anything.

There were seven encores:—"La ci darem" (Castellan and Tamburini—sung a little too slowly and embellished); "Batti, batti," (Castellan—a little too slow, and embellished); "Vedrai carino," (Castellan—sung beautifully); "Fin che han dal vino," (Tamburini—sung with immense vigor); "Dei! vieni alla finestra," (Tamburini—too slow, and embellished); the trio of Maskers (Grisi, Vera, Mario); and "Il mio tesoro" (Mario—sung to perfection). Grisi's recitative, however, was, with Mario's "Il mio tesoro," the grandest piece of singing of the whole.

There was a very full house.

To-night, the long expected *Moise*, under the title of *Zora*, the first appearance of Tambelrik in a florid tenor part, and the *debut* of Zelger, the bass.

THE BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

THE performances of this society were renewed on Wednesday night, after an interval of a year, under the direction of M. Scipion Rousselot. The management could not be in more competent hands. M. Rousselot has zealously studied to accomplish the intentions of the founder, and spared neither pains nor expense to insure, on all occasions, as near an approach to executive perfection as possible. There will be six meetings during the season, five exclusively devoted to Beethoven, and the last to a miscellaneous selection from other masters. The programmes will continue to include three quartets, chosen from the early, the middle, and the

latest period of the great composer's career, so as to provide at every meeting an illustration of the progress and development of his genius in each successive stage. The original principle involved in the formation of the society will thus be carried out to the letter; but M. Rousselot essayed an innovation on Wednesday night, which from its success will probably be regarded as a precellent in the future direction of the society, viz., the introduction of one of the pianoforte trios between the second and third quartets. The subscribers, we think, cannot be otherwise than gratified by this new arrangement, since the catalogue of Beethoven's pianoforte works is quite as rich and varied as that of his compositions for stringed instruments, and the former comes as properly under the head of chamber music as the latter. The only objection to the introduction of pianoforte music lies in the chance of its militating against the possibility of presenting the whole of the 17 quartets during the annual series of performances; and this would be violating the first conditions upon which the Beethoven Quartet Society was projected. We have no doubt, however, that M. Rousselot has anticipated this objection, and taken precautions to render it invalid.

A crowded audience of amateurs assembled on Wednesday night to listen to the first performance for the season. The knowledge that Herr Ernst is to lead at all the six performances has, of course, had a favourable influence on the subscription; and there could have hardly been a more auspicious beginning to the sixth season of the Beethoven Quartet Society. M. Rousselot has changed his *locale*, and decidedly for the better. The present area is a handsome set of rooms in Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square, spacious, tastefully arranged, and highly favourable to musical effect. The accommodation is ample, and tea and coffee are provided for the visitors, between the two parts of the programme, in a large room below, totally unconnected with the music room. Some additional provision for thorough ventilation is alone required to complete the comfort of the general arrangements. The programme for the evening included the quartets No. 1 in F, No. 9 in C (dedicated to Prince Razumofsky), No. 13 in B flat (posthumous), and the pianoforte trio in D major. The executants were Herr Ernst, first violin; Mr. H. C. Cooper, second violin; Mr. Dando, viola; M. Rousselot, violoncello; and M. Stephen Heller, pianoforte. A more efficient quartet could scarcely be got together. Herr Ernst has no rival in music of this elevated kind. As great a master of style as of execution, he is just the artist to enter thoroughly into the spirit of those rich and varied inspirations in which the genius of Beethoven has disclosed itself in every phase of expression. Where simplicity is appropriate nothing can be more simple and unaffected than Ernst's manner of playing; while in passages demanding the most impassioned feeling he is equally in his element. These opposite qualities were strikingly evinced in the first quartet in F major, the straightforward and unobtrusive *allegro*, and the *adagio* in D minor, a movement of passionate intensity, suggesting the absolute contrast most suitable to their exhibition. In the Razumofsky quartet Ernst's playing rose with the music, and became larger and at the same time more expirious. His reading of the mysterious and beautiful *andante con moto* in A minor (not A major, as printed in the bill) belonged to the highest poetry of style; and nothing could be grander and more impetuous than his execution of the figured *finale*—one of the most original and energetic movements in the whole range of the seventeen quartets. The posthumous quartet in B flat has seldom been entirely satisfactory to us; there are parts of it not easily intelligible, and points that only the most delicate playing

can bring out clearly; but as much as could be done by executive skill was done for this extraordinary work, which in Ernst's performance, like the music, was deeply coloured, full of sudden impulses and unexpected transitions. He played with, rather than played, the enormous difficulties that occur in every movement, keeping his mechanism as entirely under the control of expression as in the easiest passages. It was a wonderful display of executive skill, and created a profound impression. Ernst was admirably seconded. Mr. Cooper is so good as a first violin that it was not at all surprising he should be pretty nearly faultless as a second. To Mr. Dando (who unexpectedly supplied the place of Mr. Hill) and M. Rousselot, tenor and violoncello, the habit of playing Beethoven's chamber music, from long experience, has become a kind of second nature. The movements that, amidst the unanimous pleasure caused by all, were followed by the most enthusiastic marks of approval, were the *adagio affettuoso* in the first quartet, the *finale* of that in C major, the *presto* in B flat minor, and the *finale* of the last. The *presto*—a wild and fantastic scherzo—was encored and repeated; it was played to perfection, and the effect upon the audience was unanimous and irresistible.

The first appearance in public of M. Stephen Heller would alone have sufficed to confer unusual importance and interest on the performance of Wednesday night. Among modern composers for the pianoforte, this admirable musician occupies a distinguished rank. Few have contributed a greater number and variety of beautiful works to that instrument. M. Heller belongs to no school, his style of composition being entirely original. He is one of the very few who have been able to escape the fascinations of Weber and Mendelssohn, who have invented ideas and developed them after a fashion of their own; and for this alone, accompanied as it is by the strong evidence of genius, he is entitled to the highest consideration. As a pianist, M. Heller appears in an equally advantageous light. His execution of the very recondite and difficult trio of Beethoven, was perfect. A more truly classical style, or, in other words, one purer and freer from affectation, we have seldom heard. His tone is full and agreeable; he has a thorough command of that invaluable quality, the *legato*; while in precision of attack and all the delicate nuances of expression, we have seldom heard his superior. That M. Heller was thoroughly versed in the music of Beethoven and the great masters we should have guessed from his own manner of composing; but we were not prepared to hear such faultless mechanism as was evinced in his performance on Wednesday night. He is a pianist of the highest rank, since in addition to uncommon executive skill, his playing invariably discloses a feeling and a sentiment which, while thoroughly satisfactory, never border on exaggeration. We should doubt, on the other hand, if M. Heller would be likely to excel in the *bravura* school, the delight of modern pianists. The qualities demonstrated in his performance of Beethoven's trio tend quite in another direction, and could not easily be turned to the account of purely mechanical display. We do not, however, tax him with this as a reproach. On the contrary, M. Heller can well afford to be satisfied with shining in his own particular sphere. The trio was altogether most admirably performed. With such associates as Herr Ernst and M. Rousselot, M. Heller must have felt at his ease, even on the occasion of his *début* before one of the most select and difficult musical audiences that can be assembled in London. The applause was warm and unanimous, and so great an effect was produced by the *finale*, which we have never heard rendered with more unerring precision, that it was called for a second time, in spite of the length of the trio. M. Heller,

however, modestly declined the honour, and retired amidst the most unequivocal expressions of approval.

The next concert takes place on Wednesday, May 1. The quartets Nos. 5, 8, and 12 will be performed, and Mr. Sterndale Bennett will play one of the grand sonatas.

MADAME DULCKEN.

(From the Morning Post.)

THE family of this lamented lady, consisting of one daughter and five sons, together with their bereaved parent, are plunged into the deepest grief by her sudden death. After a tour in the provinces and to Ireland, Madame Dulcken returned to London, at Christmas, apparently in good health, but much fatigued, and unable to attend her usual avocations. Her medical attendant (Mr. J. Chappell), on being called in, soon discovered symptoms of a dangerous disease, located behind the right ear, and causing great pain. By careful treatment, the pain was partially removed, and the patient so far rallied as to resume, contrary to medical advice, giving pianoforte instructions. This eagerness on the part of the impatient invalid to resume her professional pursuits occasioned a relapse, and, on rallying a second time, Mr. Chappell insisted on Madame Dulcken being taken to St. Leonard's for the benefit of sea air and quiet. From the latter place she returned on Monday, April the 8th, freed from pain, although troubled with symptoms indicating the existence of an abscess. On Wednesday, we are told, a sudden change took place in the disorder, which, as proved by a *post-mortem* examination, caused pressure upon the brain, and subsequently death. These fatal symptoms were so little felt by the unfortunate lady, that so late as mid-day on Thursday last she was on the point of giving a lesson to a pupil, when the latter, being struck by a visible alteration in the usually bright and cheerful countenance of the gifted pianiste, immediately alarmed the family, and within an hour of the time appointed for the lesson, which she still expressed a desire to give, Madame Dulcken was prostrate, in a fit of delirium, with most agonising pain.

The medical attendant perceived at once that there was no hope for the afflicted patient, and communicated his opinion to the family. Her sufferings during Thursday night were most distressing, and strong doses of medicine were administered to allay her pains; under the influence of narcotics, the patient lingered for some hours, and died at two o'clock on Friday afternoon, insensible alike to pain and those around her bed. The grief of the daughter was so poignant as to demand the anxious solicitude of the medical attendant. We are happy to learn that the afflicted young lady is surrounded by kind and affectionate friends, and that her mind is somewhat relieved from its dreadful shock. It is intended to bury the remains of Madame Dulcken on Thursday, in one of the public cemeteries, and although it had been determined to conduct the funeral in the most unostentatious manner, the professional admirers of the great talents and many virtues of the deceased will join in the mourning cavalcade. To the brilliant and remarkable talents of the lamented pianiste, the English public has borne testimony at all our musical establishments in the metropolis for a long series of years. At her death, Madame Dulcken had attained only her thirty-eighth year. She was the sister of the eminent violinist, Ferdinand David, under whose care, at Leipzig, two of her youthful sons are studying for the musical profession, and give great promise of inheriting their mother's musical talents.

Her first public performance in England, of which we have any record, was in 1829, at one of Ella's *Soirées Musicales*,

under the patronage of Queen Adelaide. The next performance which most attracted public notice was Weber's *Concert Stick*, at the Philharmonic Concerts. The effect of her brilliant execution of this now stock piece of pianism was electrifying; and after this new triumph, her professional fame commanded numerous engagements, and obtained for her the largest number of pupils ever enjoyed by any teacher, foreign or native, in this country. To her musical talents she added the accomplishments and refinements of a linguist, and an extensive reading of the best literature in the German, Italian, French, and English languages.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(From the Sunday Times.)

AMONG the new features displayed by society in this country is a rapidly-growing fondness for the arts. Of this we discover fresh proofs daily. The subject has at length vindicated to itself a place in the public mind. Our contemporaries discuss it little less seriously than politics, and in all private circles the arts constitute a topic of frequent, if not perpetual conversation. When the case was totally different, and there was no feeling at all for art in the country, the Royal Academy was established as a sort of artificial nursery. In sculpture or painting there were few who displayed any ability, and the wealthy classes took little interest in their productions; it was, consequently, difficult to find forty men who, according to the most indulgent theory of taste, could be regarded as worthy to be academicians. For many long years the Royal Academy continued to be a sort of hole-and-corner affair, for whose proceedings few cared much, and the public in general nothing at all; whenever "the forty" made their appearance in society, and referred, as of course they did, to their academy, many persons imagined them to be speaking of some French or German institution, so little did people hear, know, or care about the matter. Through a variety of influences, the arts have now at length begun to acquire importance, though we are still very far from regarding their professors in the proper light. The blame rests partly with themselves, and partly with the public. Depressed and thrown backward in the social scale, they, with few exceptions, bestow little cultivation on their minds, and voluntarily consent to occupy a station of inferiority with reference to the ruling classes. True to the old instincts of their profession, they talk of patronage, and look up to the grandees as their masters. As knowledge, however, finds its way into their minds, they learn to regard their art with a sort of manly pride, and begin to comprehend how much they understand its destiny who regard it merely as a splendid toy, and not as a powerful instrument for refining, elevating, and civilising the human race. But to accomplish these great purposes artists must be refined, elevated, and civilised themselves, which they never can be till, with the professors of other branches of knowledge, they are suffered to stand on terms of perfect equality with the proudest of the land. Nothing stands so much in the way of this consummation as that strange junta called the Royal Academy. No one pretends to dispute that there are some persons of distinguished genius among the members; but while individuals of notorious mediocrity have been admitted, other men have been kept out whose genius is recognised by the whole empire. It is beginning to be felt that this injustice can no longer be endured, and that all artificial circumscriptions of ability are relics of mere barbarism, of which an age like the present should be ashamed. We borrowed the foolish idea of the forty members from the French Academy, an institution which contributed more than any thing else to the ruin of French literature. It is to be hoped that the Academy will not be suffered to accomplish the same ruin for the arts of this country. It should be thrown open, or abolished. As it stands, it is a mere stumbling-block in the way of art, its honours being often granted to mere favoritism or cringing servility, while it is denied to independent genius. If the academicians can read the signs of the times, and will not wilfully shut their eyes to all that is going on around them, they must soon be convinced, through the attitude assumed by the press, that the period of their monopoly is drawing towards a close. Its knell has

already been sounded in the House of Commons. Instead of being an instrument for the diffusion of taste for art, it is now pretty generally felt to be a hindrance and an obstacle to the enlightening of the popular mind on the subject. Its members have degenerated into petty shoguns, who exhibit the articles of their craft at a shilling a head. There is nothing enlarged or liberal in their views. Towards the public they are mean and paltry, towards their brethren of the profession jealous and unjust. When other monopolies, however, are giving way, why should the Royal Academy prove an exception? It has ceased to effect the purposes for which it was established. Once it may have been useful, as a sort of post, marking the height to which the tide of public taste had risen. The foremost waves of the flood have now passed far beyond it, and unless it will speedily consent to shift its ground, it must be totally submerged beneath the advancing waters. One gross piece of injustice connected with it must not be overlooked. The building in which it exhibits its productions is public, while its exhibitions are strictly carried on for private interests. It is a close borough, a rotten corporation, appropriating to its own use a national edifice, very mean and miserable, no doubt, but still too good to be devoted to the purposes of a mere monopoly. We advise the Academicians to awake. They have been long slumbering in false security, practising all sorts of petty acts of injustice, haggling themselves in self-interest, and affecting to look down upon their brethren. This has, at length, disgusted the intelligence of the country, who have determined to make short work with them, unless they speedily think proper to reform themselves. The nation will have no more to do with a fantastical and foolish body; but will insist that all men of genius, connected with the arts, whether forty or four hundred, shall be academicians. We are, of course, aware that many members of the present monopoly, constituting a pestiferous oligarchy, in a profession which should be honoured, but is not, persuade themselves that they are invulnerable to the attacks of public opinion. But we shall see. They have thrown down the gauntlet to the press and to parliament, and parliament and the press have taken it up. In spite of the *vis inertia*, by which all old institutions are upheld in this country, in all likelihood we shall be able to bring to bear so powerful a current of public opinion against the Academy, that it will in a short time be levelled with the ground, unless it will in the mean time consent to be just, by doing which it will be as effectually promoting its own interests as that of those oppressed and persecuted artists, who now vainly solicit the slightest consideration at its hands. Deceive itself how it may, the affair has come to this, that it has no choice but between reform and dissolution. It has scarcely yet felt the first breath of the approaching storm, which will blow it out of the category of existence if it stupidly persists in exposing itself to its fury. We would advise the academicians to be wise in time. It is not yet too late; but the period of its probation is fast passing away, and if it adhere much longer to its policy of indecision it will shortly find itself numbered among the things that were.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR—In my former letter, I endeavoured to show that the theory lately propounded by Dr. Gauntlett—to the effect that the great musical composers had drawn their massive subjects from the Gregorian Chants;—rested on doubtful and very unsatisfactory data. And I will now, with your permission, adduce other reasons why I maintain the Doctor's view to be totally unsupported by facts.

Your readers will, on reference to the "Hallelujah" in *Saul*, (page 48, in Randall's Score), find that that chorus is constructed on precisely the same general plan as the two choruses cited in my first letter (and which the Doctor would doubtless hold to be built on Gregorian ground); that is to say, it is founded on a stately Canto Fermo. The "We worship God" chorus, in *Judas Maccabeus* (page 155, Randall's Score), is also designed and worked out on a similar model.

Yet the two choruses just quoted cannot with truth be said to

be founded on Gregorian Chants; for the "plain chant," on which each is built, ranges over the extent of an *entire octave*; whereas the Gregorians never travel beyond the compass of a *sixth*. The question therefore suggests itself, "To what circumstance, then, is to be attributed the solemn and impressive character of the subjects in question, and their prominent and forcible effect as they come rolling in time after time?" I answer, To the presence of the same element, in their conception and employment, that gives majesty and largeness to the first subject of the two choruses mentioned in my last—namely, *SIMPLICITY*, not Gregorianism.

Handel's design, in all the choruses alluded to, is evidently the same; to weave together two subjects of opposite character,—one of great simplicity; the other of great elaboration. Sometimes the simple subject comprised only a few different sounds—as in the two choruses named in my former letter; at other times it comprised an octave—as in the instances of those cited heretofore. But the subjects that chance to lie within the range of a sixth, no more prove an adherence to the Gregorian Chants, than those which extend beyond a sixth prove the contrary. By far the greater probability is, Handel did not bestow one thought at all on the Gregorian Chants; and I cannot help viewing the movement altogether as an endeavour to thrust those primitive strains into a position of unseemly and ridiculous prominence. We all remember the story of the crossing sweeper, who used to boast that he had been once spoken to by George the Fourth;—"Get out of the way, you dirty scoundrel!" We have no evidence that Handel bestowed even as much as this "attention" on the Gregorians.

But to proceed. The Doctor insinuates that the chaste subject of Beethoven's *Benedictus* is a borrowed Gregorian. I will not ask the readers of the *Musical World* to picture to themselves the transcendent genius who conceived and penned the series of musical rustic scenes and landscapes (vide the "Pastoral Symphony") so reduced for a musical thought, as to be obliged to tinker a subject out of a Gregorian. Such an extravagant thought would form a glorious subject for *Island Punch*. But, as I presume the Doctor's insinuation to be made, and intended to be received seriously, I will throw the subject of Beethoven into the form of a chant, and see what it yields—



To resemble a Gregorian Chant, the two reciting notes ought to be the same. But here we find them different—(see stars above.) The very essence of the Gregorian principle, then, is wanting. The above adaptation, therefore, forms not a Gregorian, but a most charming *Anglican* Chant. So, if the extract is intended to be made to prove anything, it shows a decided predilection on the part of Beethoven for the Anglican Chants, and not the Gregorian, and, therefore, is *against* the Doctor. But it proves nothing.—I remain, my dear Sir, yours truly,

AN ORGANIST.

April 3, 1850.

THE BACH SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR,—Your correspondent, "A West-County Organist," asks, how it has "escaped the notice of the Bach Society that the centenary of that great composer occurs on the 30th of July next?" and in a Postscript he further asks, "how it comes to pass that French Flowers has overlooked so interesting a fact?" First, I know nothing of the Bach Society, and am, therefore, not prepared to answer for its shortcomings. Secondly, I am a bad one for dates; and I admit that this interesting fact would not have occurred to my mind, had not your correspondent mentioned it: but

since that he has done so, I fully concur with him that Bach deserves the homage that has been conferred on Beethoven; for he has done more for modern harmony than any other composer, either before or after him. The *best* specimen of contrapuntal writing, found in the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, sprung from that creative genius; nor has he ever been equalled in that species of composition. Melodic and rhythmic forms have been much improved by the three above-mentioned composers (not forgetting Haydn, the father of these forms); but harmonic grandeur and contrapuntal contrivances were first achieved by Bach; and, although the four composers named possessed his work, yet they could not conceive a loftier school of harmony than that which they learned from Bach. I state this as a fact, and those who disagree with me can, if they feel inclined, argue the question with me; but those who merely differ from me, without assigning a reason, I shall value as much as I would any old woman's opinions.

In any other country but this, musicians would have invited me to join a Bach Society. In the year 1834, when a mere student in Frankfurt, Sebellic, the director of the Cecilia Verein, gave me a farewell concert, specially to hear Bach's great vocal music. He knew I was a great admirer of this music, and he had seen one of my fugues, which was (he said) written in Bach's School of Counterpoint. I have lived a few more years since then in London, and what have I met with?—a *black ball* from the Society of British Musicians; abuse in the press; deception from professors who smile in my face; and, lastly, neglect from a society which, of all others, I ought to belong to. The only society that treats me kindly is the Amateur Society; I am there what I ought to be at the Bach Society—viz., an honorary member. But music is a trade, not a profession in this country; so that, with the exception of a very few, there is no artistic taste infused amongst the brethren. I may have overlooked the real motive which induced the Bach Society to overlook me—viz., a doubt as to its competency to render justice to Bach's compositions. I know the difficulty of his vocal writings too well to expect much from an infant society, and am apprehensive that the school of vocalisation now taught is inadequate to display its lofty character. Moreover, the singing masters here do not understand nor even value the harmonies of Bach, and, therefore, they cannot teach his music to their pupils. I mention all this to stir up the various singing masters to more exertion; to warn them of their danger before the press unanimously condemn them; and, above all, to make themselves better harmonists, for it requires more musical knowledge to teach singing than the pianoforte, although pianists are better harmonists than they.

Excuse me, Mr. Editor, taking high grounds—I have no motive but a good one, in so doing. Some years ago, I presented the Sacred Harmonic Society with a copy of Bach's Mass, in B minor, on the condition that it should be performed. The society gave it up in despair after the first rehearsal. The superior skill of Mr. Costa would be well tested by making a fresh trial of this work, and prove further the advantage gained by placing a great conductor over the Sacred Harmonic Society. Lastly, I wish the Bach Society prosperity and success, and shall be happy to feed that all my apprehensions are groundless; and they may be so, if the society will be guided by W. S. Bennett, and learn his style of interpreting the works of Bach. But trust no organist who *anchors* on Bach's fugues on the organ in the *staccato* style, however mechanically correct he may play the difficult passages; for such a performer knows nothing of the great school of harmony and the dynamic qualities of the music he plays, or thumps.—I am, Sir, yours obliged,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

P.S. (1)—As I agree with your correspondent, that Dr. Gauntlett's idea on the Gregorian Chants is an inflated one, I need say nothing on this matter—in fact, the least said is the soonest mended, on these twopenny chants. This I may add; shake the seven musical letters together between your hands, and let them fall on a table, and they are sure to produce a full-grown Gregorian Chant. Repeat this scientific process! several times, and you will steal all their Gregorian Chants. As to their rhythm, it is already given; there is no occasion, therefore, to trouble yourself on this head.

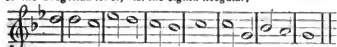
P.S. (2)—If the advertisement put in the *Times* by a friend of the Royal Academy of Music be true, the public are led to believe

that its most qualified students are not brought forward to make a public display at this institution's annual concerts before quitting it. But, if such be the case, it is an ungentlemanly (advertisement) manner of deluding the public.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—In your number of March 23rd, "An Organist" denies the assertion of Dr. Gauntlett, that many of the greatest composers are indebted to the Gregorian chants for the subjects of some of their finest works. I agree with him—I think that in nine cases out of ten, where a simple diatonic subject resembles a Gregorian tone, it is a mere coincidence. The doctor says, "Mozart has a chant in *Figaro*." Of this I was not, nor am I aware (ay, would it not save your readers some trouble, if he would say in what *part* of the opera the said chant is to be found?) But Mozart has a chant in the "Requiem," a circumstance which I am much surprised has escaped Dr. Gauntlett, since it does not come within the category of "coincidences." I have before me full a score of this work published by Dreikopf and Haertel; in the first movement, pp. 6-8, there is a short soprano solo to the words, "Te decet hymnus, Deus, in Sion, et tibi redidit votum in Jerusalem," set to that, which is in my humble opinion, by far the most beautiful of the Gregorian tones, viz. the eighth irregular,



with but a very slight alteration in the second bar, it is then repeated by all the soprani, and strengthened by the corni to the words—"Exaudi orationem meam, et ad omnia veniet," and again, in the adagio immediately preceding the last fugue, it is used in a similar manner to different words. This, I think, as I use before said, is too strong a case to be called a coincidence; but it is the only one that I am aware of, in which the mighty master has "cribbed" from St. Gregory the Great.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

G. R. C.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE Classical and Chamber Concerts finally closed here for the season with Mr. C. A. Seymour's fourth quartet concert, on Thursday, the 11th instant. The night was unfavourable, being very wet, cold, and disagreeable, the audience consequently was more select than numerous. As these quartet programmes are not without interest, are worth recording, and take up so little space, we give the insertion:—

PART I.—Quartet: Two Violins, Tenor, and Violoncello; (in C, Op. 64) *Onslow*.—Canzonet, Miss Shaw, "My mother bids me bind my hair," *Haydn*.—Selection, (from 13th Quartet, in B flat) *Beethoven*.

PART II.—Grand Sonata: Pianoforte and Violin; (Op. 25) *Beethoven*.

Song, Miss Shaw, "I love the merry sunshine," S. *Glover*.—Quartet: Two Violins, Tenor, and Violoncello; (in G, Op. 82) *Spohr*.

There was some novelty in the above schemes by the introduction of two quartets by the moderns—one by the clever *Onslow*, the other by (we suppose) the first instrumental composer now living—*Spohr*. These, at any rate, gave variety and interest to the concert. *Onslow's* quartet opened promisingly with a short prelude leading to a brilliant allegro, which was exceedingly well played by Mr. Seymour, and his usual co-executants, Messrs. Conran, Jackson, and Thorley. To this succeeded a very captivating *Swiss air*, or 'Come è gentili' sort of business for the first violin, (*Andante Sostento*) the *La la la*, or staccato accompaniment by the other three instruments giving a most pleasing effect. The next movement did not tell so well—*Allegro Energico* it is styled—but the design is by no means clearly developed; there is a singular succession of shakes on all the four instruments, and the whole is wound up with another allegro movement at the *finale*, not equal to the two first movements, and the whole quartet has,

if anything, too much *violin principale*. The same four next gave two movements from *Beethoven's* 13th quartet, in B flat; the 'Cavatina—Adagio molto espressivo,' was both expressive and lovely, and the 'Danza alla Tedesca—Allegro assai,' most charming. We must compliment Mr. Seymour and his clever coadjutors upon the excellent style in which these two movements were given.

The second part brought out Mr. Seymour and Mr. D. W. Banks, in *Beethoven's Duo Sonata* (Op. 25), of which we can only say, that it was most elegant and beautiful—as all *Beethoven's sonatas* are—and that it was finely played throughout. *Spohr's* quartet was the greatest novelty here, as it is the first example of *Spohr* we remember to have heard at any of these concerts this season—and a very good one it proved, making an interesting and worthy close to an excellent series of concerts.

The opening allegro reminded us of *Mozart*, in style, from its flowing elegance and grace; the adagio was very fine, and got loudly applauded. Again we thought, as in the case of *Onslow's* quartet, that the third and last movement did not equal the first—if more laboured with more dry learning, and less melody or clear design. We give this as our impression on a first hearing of both these quartets—perhaps a second hearing might somewhat modify our objection. Miss Shaw, who has lately been appearing as chief soprano at the "Concerts for the People," at the Free Trade Hall, was the only vocalist. She was well received on this occasion, and gives fair promise of becoming a good singer. She has a voice of good round quality, which was heard to advantage in *Glover's* ballad. *Haydn's* canzonet lacked grace, feeling, and refinement. These are qualities Miss Shaw would do well to study, and to remember that the greatest thing to aim at is *expression*—the first and last requisite almost to make a good singer—always presupposing (as in Miss Shaw's case) that nature has supplied a good organ. Mr. Seymour takes his benefit, as leader and musical conductor, at our Theatre-Royal, on Friday, and, we are glad to see, has got *Ernst* and *Halle* to play for him. We trust there will be a bumper house. It is probable you will have some more last words from us *thereafter*, for we have a great respect for Seymour, independent of the great attraction he holds out.

The name of *Sorge* got printed *George*, in our list of artists employed during the past season. We name it that we may not unwittingly do injustice to a clever young artist who has come from the Royal Academy to take first elixir at the Concert Hall here.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

ON Monday evening, the 1st instant, the long-expected performances of Mr. Mitchell's French Opera Comique Company commenced at our Theatre Royal, the opening opera being the ever-delightful and piquant *Domino Noir*, by *Auber*, in which *Anna Thillon* once appeared in this town some years ago, when, with the sole exception of that admirable artist, few of the company engaged could sing the music; and about the acting the least said is the better. On the present occasion, however, the case was quite different, and in consequence the performance was a complete triumph, the audience being perfectly delighted with the excellence of the acting, singing, and music, so totally different to what they had previously been accustomed to. Formerly operas were given with, at most, three good singers, and a band, chorus, and subordinates, who were neither acquainted with the language nor the music, and whose desperate efforts to please only made their musical and artistic poverty the more conspicuous; but on this occasion the audience were highly pleased, and everything went off with great éclat. As the performances of the company have been so frequently noticed in your columns, any critical remarks from us would not only be superfluous, but impertinent. I shall, therefore, confine myself to noticing the more salient points of each night's performance. As I said before, on Monday night we had *Le Domino Noir*. Mademoiselle *Charston* did not create a great sensation in the first act, but in the second and third she carried all before her. The *Arrazonaise*, "La Belle Ines," created a perfect *furor*, and was encored amidst uproarious plaudits. Mademoiselle *Charston's* beautiful voice, intonation, clearness, and brilliancy were the theme of praise for the rest of the evening. The duet,

"N'entendez vous pas," was also admirably sung. M. Lac was better than I expected, though both his acting and singing showed his want of *physique* and practice; but there is the stuff in him which time and study may yet bring to something. Buguet's Gil Perez was a most comical performance; his acting and singing displayed the true *artiste*. The couplet, "Nous allons avoir," ending with a most sonorous "Deo Gratias," provoked roars of laughter. The other characters were all well sustained. The band and chorus were also well up to the mark, and showed that they had been carefully drilled. There was a little coarseness at times in their execution, but on the whole they were deserving of real commendation.

On Wednesday night the opera was *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, in which Mademoiselle Charton, of course, played La Catarina, the other characters being cast as in London. Though the night was exceedingly wet and disagreeable, the attendance was an improvement on that of Monday, the stalls and boxes presenting an array of fashionables seldom, alas! witnessed now at our Theatre Royal; the number of carriages, &c., in attendance was greater than on any previous occasion I can remember. The opera went off gloriously, Mademoiselle Charton absolutely eclipsing herself. She was in splendid voice, and acted with charming *naïveté* and grace. The ronde "Le beau Pedrille" was exquisitely sung, but the great triumph of the evening was the air "Ah je veux briser ma chaîne," in which the fair vocalist indulged in some *fortitudo*, remarkable alike for their elegance and difficulty of execution, but which were given by her with the utmost ease and certainty. Mademoiselle Charton is one of those singers of whom you are never afraid; the delighted listener feels certain that whatever she attempts she can execute. The cavatina "Je suis femme," was likewise a splendid specimen of florid vocalism, which deserved the accolade awarded to it. M. Lac sang and acted with discretion as Henriette, and Guichard's acting and singing proved that she well deserved the encomiums that have been bestowed upon her by the metropolitan press. She shared the applause with the *prima donna* on several occasions. Chateaufort is indeed a first-rate low-comedian; his personation of Campo Mayer was most admirable—here and Buguet provoked all the laughter of the evening—a luxury in which the audience indulged frequently, a great compliment to the artists, for, of course, in a provincial town, the number of the audience who understand French is comparatively few, but they are daily becoming more numerous. The scenery, appointments, chorus, band, &c., were all creditable to the two managers, Messrs. Mitchell and Copeland, who had evidently spared no expense to please and add to the comfort of the audience. I doubt if the speculation equals Mr. Mitchell's expectations, but I believe that the success of the experiment will induce him to give us three more representations, in which I suppose we shall have a chance of hearing the works of other French composers, who are only known to us as yet by name and fame. The music-loving people of Liverpool owe much to Mr. Mitchell for his spirited attempt to give us so delightful and expensive a treat as French Opera Comique, which, but for him, would no doubt have been, as far as we are concerned, a "myth." The amphitheatre opened with a strong and effective company on Easter Monday, beautifully redecorated and embellished.

Fra Diavolo was played on Friday evening in presence of a brilliant audience, and went off better than any of the previous operas, the piece being so popular in this county, and so admirably played by the company. I was quite surprised at the immense variety of the dashing, beautiful music, more particularly the concerted, a great part of which is most splendidly omitted in the English version; why, I know not, for it is not only good in itself, but cannot fail in pleasing. The general execution of the music, and the acting, called for high commendation. The rôle of Zerlina offered little room for the display of Mlle. Charton's vocal talents; but she sang so magnificently, and acted with such truthful simplicity and *naïveté*, that she achieved another complete triumph, being frequently and uproariously applauded during the performance, and at the conclusion called before the curtain. I have seen many Zerlinas, but none equal to Mlle. Charton. The Lord Kokbourg of Chateaufort, and the "Miladi" of Guichard, were most admirable bits of comicality; the laughable English French of the pair was most true to nature, and provoked constant laughter; their acting,

a most truthful (I hear) satire on the travelling Milor Anglais, was funny beyond description. Soyser made a very respectable Lorenzino, but Fra Diavolo was beyond the powers of M. Lac, who lacked both vocal and dramatic talent to give a good portraiture of the brigand chief. His best vocal effort was the scena sung when he first appears in the robber's dress, of which I forget the name. One of his robber companions was most laughably acted by M. Josset. The dresses and appointments were admirable, more particularly those of the carabinieri, who were dressed something like soldiers, with proper cavalry pantaloons, helmets, &c., instead of the absurd "toggerly" stage soldiery usually worn. The choruses, band, &c., sang and played admirably, and, in fact, every one did his best to please the audience, and succeeded to admiration. Next week the company play three times more in *Le Domino Noir*, *Diamonds de la Couronne*, and *La Dame Blanche*. J. H. N.

P.S.—Since writing the above, the performances I alluded to have come off with great *éclat*. The *Dame Blanche* pleased me as much as anything else.

MUSIC AT BIRMINGHAM.

(From a Correspondent.)

I SEND you a brief notice of a concert given by the Birmingham Festival Choral Society, in aid of the Relief Fund, on Wednesday, the 3rd inst. In the announcement of this concert we were informed that this excellent society "for the present discontinued their subscription concerts." This is greatly regretted by amateurs here, who are, and I think justly, proud of possessing one of the finest choral societies in Europe. Mendelssohn and all the eminent artists who have favoured us with a visit praised the society highly. But let us hope that this respite from their labours will be short, and that they will soon commence with renewed vigour.

For the occasion to which I now beg to call your attention, we had an opportunity of hearing the far-famed Ernst, who made his first appearance in Birmingham. I had read and heard so much of this great master of the violin, that nothing short of perfection would have satisfied me. Herr Ernst is one of those rare artists who prepare themselves for all emergencies, and are acceptable to all tastes. He does not leave room for "butts or ifs." The "classicalists" pronounce him their violinist, while we admirers of the fantastic and popular call him our violinist. This is a state that few artists arrive at, for, generally, most of them have their *speciality*. The one who pleases the multitude is pronounced light and frivolous by the learned; and the one who indulges in the deeper mysteries of the art is voted a "bore" by the uninitiated. Ernst is the most extraordinary violinist I have heard since Paganini. He unites a greater variety of excellence than any one since that miracle of his instrument; and he has one great advantage over many of his competitors, by the fact of his composing his own pieces, which possess very uncommon merit, both in point of melody and the skillful-like manner they are put together.

Ernst played three times during the evening, the March and Romanza from *Otello*, the *Elegie*, and the *Carnaval de Venise*. In the March and Romanza I thought that all his resources had been employed, the variations embracing nearly every kind of mechanical difficulty, and the Romanza requiring the utmost passion and feeling. The *Elegie*, however, is a composition of quite another character; it is one of the most charming pieces ever written for the instrument. The *Carnaval*, now so well known, came out armed from top to toe, with effects no less novel than beautiful. The effect produced by this performance was manifested in a most unmistakable manner by the audience, whose appetite increased to such an extent that, if possible, they would have listened until the present time. I hope that Herr Ernst will not forget, in some of his flying trips, to pay us another visit. His reception, however, I am sure, be immense.

Mr. Sims Reeves, the most popular of all our English singers, delighted the audience by the beauty of his voice and the expressive manner in which he sang the "Fra poco" and "Il mio tesoro."

The last was the gem of the vocal portion of the programme. Miss Lucombe sang a song by Mercadante. She is an especial favorite in Birmingham, and is always sure of a hearty reception. Madlle. Magnier sang a very graceful lied, "Das Sterbende Vogelin," by a composer named Angelini, which was enthusi-

atically encored. Herr Wilhelm Kùhe presided at the pianoforte, and played a fantasia on "National Bohemian Airs (Kùhe), and "Chant des Croates" (Blumenthal), the first with great effect; of the latter I cannot speak with certainty. I only know that it had a most soothing influence upon my senses. Mr. Stimpson presided at the organ. Mr. Stimpson is well known as an organist of ability.

MACREADY AT BIRMINGHAM.

(From a Correspondent.)

This distinguished tragedian took his final leave of our stage on Friday night week in the character of King Lear, his grandest and most perfect performance. Every seat in the theatre was occupied. Stalls were formed in the pit, the proscenium boxes were full, and even the orchestra was tenanted.

After the play, when Mr. Macready came before the curtain, the audience rose, and it was some time before the applause subsided. With much evident emotion the great actor spoke as follows:—"Ladies and gentlemen, for the last time I have appeared before you in a theatrical character. An event like this in my professional life I could not pass by in silence; for here it was that I first ventured, in the dawn of youth, on an essay in that art which the liberal reception bestowed on me, and the friendly predictions attending it, encouraged me to pursue. It was here, too, that I proposed, and, indeed, had arranged to take my last farewell on a provincial stage; but what man proposes he cannot always answer for accomplishing, and my intention and desire have been so far frustrated by circumstances that will prevent this being my last performance in the provinces before my concluding series of nights in London. Let me recall the probably forgotten circumstance, that I made the choice of the theatre here as the scene of that youthful experiment which was to determine my life's destiny; for I anticipated, from the many friends my connections had drawn around them, a most indulgent judgment and a welcome encouragement. I need scarcely repeat to you that in so confident an expectation and trust I was not disappointed. My reason, too, for desiring to close my provincial engagements here, was to mark, by such a token of respect, trivial though it might be, the sense I entertain of the kindness with which you have invariably greeted me. Since the date of my first performance—since the time it was announced as "the first appearance of a young gentleman on any stage"—nearly forty years have elapsed, and during that long period my professional visits here have certainly been frequent enough to satiate you. (Cries of "No.") Still the troops of friends that so partially crowded around me in the May of life have not, I think, been thinned or suffered diminution now when I have fallen into the serene, the yellow leaf. (Applause.) Many and most extraordinary have been the external changes to attract my notice here; but no alteration has occurred in the constancy of that favor with which my more inexperienced efforts were received, and with which you have continued to honour my more mature impersonations. Few, alas! of the many friends who joined in the cheers of encouragement which greeted these early essays now remain; but I feel their genial, generous spirit seems to breathe strongly still, and the old heart still beats the same, uncooled and unchanged by time. (Applause.) For all these memories, and all these substantial benefits, I am here to render you my parting thanks. By ungrudging labour, and the desire to uphold my art—by seeking to cultivate it in the purest taste, and by preserving in my study of characters coherency, so that each should be a consistent whole, and that each should be successively an improvement on the last, I have striven to appear not altogether unworthy of that patronage with which you have so liberally, and so heartily, and so constantly befriended me. (Cheers.) I have little more to say. I take my leave of you in my professional character with feelings of the deepest gratitude, of the most profound respect. It seems to me, in taking leave of you, that I am parting from friends whose ready help and encouragement were always at hand to cheer me onwards through the wanderings of life's journey. Let me assure you that my attachment to my boyhood's residence has never ceased and will never end. And now, and in the familiar but impressive and significant phrase in which I embody every heartfelt wish for the increasing prosperity of this great community, I bid you again,

with sentiments of the deepest gratitude, the profoundest respect—a last farewell." Mr. Macready, who appeared much affected, then retired, amidst reiterated peals of applause.

MUSIC AT NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

(From a Correspondent.)

DURING the past week Mr. Mitchell's *Opera Comique* Company have been staying with us. The troupe consisted of Mademoiselle Charton, Madame Guleharl, Mons. Lac, Mons. Soyer, Mons. Boguet, Mons. Chateaufort, Mr. Hansen (director), and Mr. Frederick Osborne Williams, a talented pianist and musician, who accompanies the troupe for the purpose of assisting Mr. Hansen in the organisation of the provincial orchestras.

The operas performed have been the *Domino Noir*, *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, and *Fra Diavolo*. In each of these Mademoiselle Charton has created a sensation, which, in the *Domino Noir*, amounted almost to a *furor*. We greatly fear, however, that our townsmen are sadly in the dark as to the subject and intention of Scribe's witty libretto. From the manner in which Chateaufort's (Lord Elford's) Anglo-Gallicisms fell to the ground, we are convinced that two-thirds of the audience had not the remotest idea that Lord Elford was intended for an Englishman. One of the local journals expresses its opinion that neither the libretto nor the music of the opera is good—"De gustibus," &c. Of the three operas performed, *Fra Diavolo* has been decidedly the most successful, which circumstance we imagine to be mainly attributable to its having been played here before by English operatic companies. Lac, as *Fra Diavolo*, sang very well, and, indeed, has made quite a hit in this part; his serenade in the second act was enthusiastically encored. The great drawback to the perfection of the *tout ensemble* was the orchestra, which, being entirely "local," and unaccustomed to the exigencies of French *Opera Comique*, was, notwithstanding the zealous endeavours of Messrs. Hansen and Frederick Williams, sadly deficient in the refinement indispensable to the proper execution of this class of opera. During the performance of the *Domino Noir*, the opheclide was certainly the predominating feature, bursting forth "ever and anon" with a terrific blast, which, however it might have suited Spohr's "*Power of Sound*," was decidedly out of place in Auber's delicate instrumentation. Throughout *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, too, the orchestra was so fearfully out of tune, that Mademoiselle Charton, when, at the end of the opera, alluding to the counterfeit diamonds, she says, "Il n'y a que ceux de faux," should have pointed downwards into the orchestra, instead of in the contrary direction.

However, notwithstanding these inevitable drawbacks, the performances have gone off excellently—have been well attended—and have given unmitigated pleasure to all such of our townsmen as have been able to appreciate them.

MUSIC IN CANTERBURY.

(From a Correspondent.)

ON Tuesday last, April 16th, the Choral Society gave their second performance of the *Messiah*, before a numerous audience.

The principal vocalists were, Mrs. Pillow and Master Whittall (soprano), Messrs. Tilly, Shoubridge, and Farrow (contra-tenor, tenor, and bass). Mr. Shoubridge, formerly an inhabitant of this city, and lay clerk of the cathedral, endeavoured to improve Handel's music by shakes and turns. We recommend him to desist, for the future, from such vain attempts. The beautiful simplicity of "Comfort ye," and "Thy Rebuke," requires no aid from roulades and ornaments. Praise is due to Mr. Farrow for the manner in which he sung "Why do the heathen," which created quite a sensation. If Mrs. Pillow had a little more feeling we should like her singing much better. The choruses—except "All we, like sheep," where the trebles sang painfully sharp—went well. "And He shall purify," "Unto us a child is born," "Worthy is the Lamb," &c. deserved particular notice.

Mr. Longhurst conducted with precision; and Mr. Palmer, as leader, gave proof of his right to the post of first violin; Canterbury. Mr. Goulton presided at the organ like a good musician. The pastoral symphony was played exceedingly well. Altogether,

this was the most satisfactory concert the Society has hitherto given.

E. M. B.

P.S.—When will Signor Lorenzo again appear at Her Majesty's Theatre? What has become of Weber's *Der Freischütz* at the Italian Opera?

[Sig. Lorenzo, we believe, is taking lessons of Sig. Schira, and his re-appearance will, no doubt, depend upon the approval of that eminent vocal professor. *Der Freischütz*, we presume, will be given once or twice more in the course of the season.—Ed.]

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.

On Wednesday evening, a complimentary benefit was given to Mr. Anderson by the ladies and gentlemen of the company, as a slight testimony of their respect and esteem for his strenuous exertions to uphold the legitimate drama at Drury Lane. The performers were, the *Lady of Lyons* and the new grand spectacle, the *Devil's Ring*.

Previous to the play, the following apposite epilogue, or address, written by Joseph Lunn, Esq., was delivered by Mr. Vandenhoff:—

Ladies and Gentlemen—kind patrons—friends!
Before the curtain for our play ascends,
Some transient moments of your time I claim,
To speak of this night's chance—its cause and aim.

O! we behold, on Britain's peaceful coast,
A noble ship—of Commerce late the boast,
Moored in some tranquil port! Her sails all furled
Have ceased to waft her o'er the watery world:
Her hull, and spars, and cordage idly sleep,
As if they ne'er had braved the mighty deep.
The anxious crew—who off her deck have trod,
Obedient to some bold commander's nod,
Now daily loitering on the harbour's banks,
Gaze on their long-loved vessel's manless planks,
Eager to sail again the world around,
When some courageous spirit can be found
To freight the bark—assume the chief command—
And give employment to the hardy band.

Thus lay the good ship "Drury" stout and tall—
Ample for stowage—staunch for calm and squall!
Day after day, by those who erst had manned
The stately argosy, her form was scanned:
Yet no one dared the fabric to equip,—
And risk her freightage—for a season's trip!

At length, a brother came, of venturous mind,
Once more to spread her canvas to the wind!
No upstart dabbler in the noble art,
But one well skilled to take the leading part.

With weather sometimes fair and sometimes rude,
Thus far his course he firmly has pursued:
While we, to him who set the ship aloft,
This night our steadfast services devote;
Trusting to you the union to reveal,
Of your kind succour with our friendly zeal.

Yet not alone your generous aid we ask
To grace this night our tributary task—
That by your smiles our enterprise you'll crown,
And leave our captain then to swim or drown;
But that his future efforts you'll befriended,
And bring his voyage to a prosperous end.

Mr. Anderson, who played the character of Claude Melnotte in the *Lady of Lyons*, being called for at the end with great acclamation, appeared and addressed the audience. He thanked them heartily for their patronage on the present occasion, and reverted to the brilliant success which attended his Christmas offering (that does not say much for legitimacy), touched upon the falling off in his successes when his Christmas star began to pale; and warmly eulogised all the per-

formers engaged under his banner. Mr. Anderson added, that he had much pleasure in stating that the necessity of closing the theatre would be fortunately avoided by the kind assistance of some friends, and that he should be enabled to make another bold stroke in the cause of the legitimate drama. There was a good time coming, and through their support he trusted that the good time would arrive.

Mr. Anderson's speech was received with immense cheers by a crowded house.

PRINCESS'S.

An English adaptation of Auber's opera, *Gustave III.*, was produced on Monday night, with as much scenic and musical completeness as the resources of the establishment will admit. When this work was represented at Covent Garden Theatre, the part of the King, which in the original stands as first tenor, was given to an actor, Mr. Warde, and a new personage, Count Lilienhorn, was interpolated to sing the music which Auber has put into the mouth of Gustavus. Mr. Maddox has, however, wisely dispensed with this unwarranted innovation, and has restored the opera as nearly as possible to its primitive form. Some of the music is, however, omitted, and perhaps judiciously, since the entire work would have been too long for a theatre like the Princess's, where an afterpiece is an essential feature in the entertainment.

The cast of the opera includes nearly the whole strength of the company. Mdlle. Nau is perfectly at home in the music of the Académie Royale, and a more competent representative of the part of Madame Ankaström could not be found in London. She sang the grand cavatina in the third act, where Madame Ankaström and the King are tracked by the conspirators to their interview on the place of public execution, with great brilliancy, and was much applauded. Miss Louisa Pynce was very lively and engaging as Oscar, the Page, and sang both her romances exceedingly well. Her best effort, however, was in the sparkling quintet in the fourth act, where Oscar brings the conspirators an invitation for the masked ball. Nothing could be neater than the manner in which Miss Pynce sang the pretty roudelles allotted to the Page in this quintet, a composition in which Auber has surpassed himself in grace and animation. Madame Macfarren took great pains with the part of Avedson, the witch, to which she imparted a certain wild energy that was highly dramatic and effective. The music of this part being written for a high *soprano* (we believe Mdlle. Nau was the original in Paris), said Madame Macfarren under the necessity of making some material alterations in the incantation song, which, though well executed, we cannot regard as improvements. She was also compelled to introduce new recitatives in this scene, which, we understand, were, nevertheless, in good keeping with the rest of the music. There are not many foreigners who pronounce the English language more distinctly than Madame Macfarren, who is a German by birth. Mr. Harrison played the part of Gustavus, and exerted himself strenuously in the business of the stage. His singing and acting were both spirited and good in the scene where the King and his courtiers appear, disguised as sailors, in the habitation of Arvedson, who foretells the King's death by the hand of Ankaström; but in the two cavatinas, Mr. Harrison was less happy. Auber's music for the King is difficult and peculiar, and does not entirely accord with Mr. Harrison's style. Mr. Weiss sang the music of Ankaström very efficiently. The powerful bass voice of this gentleman is always of prominent utility in concerted music. Mr. Weiss,

however, like Messrs. Latter and Barker, who sustained the characters of Count de Horn and Ribbing, the chief conspirators, failed to do justice to the histrionic requisites of his part. Mr. Wynn produced a good deal of effect in the scene where Christian, the sailor, recognises Gustavus; but as usual, his general conception of the character was exaggerated.

Through the talent and perseverance of Mr. Loder, the conductor, as much was done for the orchestral and choral departments of the opera as was possible with the means placed at his disposal. The overture was played with spirit, and the choruses at the end of the first and second acts, the last being the popular "Long live Gustavus," were cheered. The *mise en scene* was liberal and effective. The ball scene was especially good, and the masquerade, in which the principal dances were executed by Madame Celeste Stephan and Mdlle. Auriol, was highly animated and brilliant. The opera was successful, and is likely to attract for some time. Meanwhile a new work by Signor Schira is in rehearsal.

STRAND.

A very amusing farce, called *Friend Waggles*, has been produced here, with all the approbation of laughter which rewards most of the works of its author, Mr. J. M. Morton. The plot is not remarkable for novelty. Dr. Sassafra (Mr. Shalders), with his wife (Miss Marshall) and his aunt (Mrs. Bartlett), comes to see a rich relative, Squire Jollyboy (Mr. C. Cooke), in the hope of being mentioned in his will. The presence of the Doctor has been named as indispensably necessary; but as the learned gentleman is obliged to absent himself on account of an election to some medical place, the wife and the aunt contrive to pass off a convenient "Friend Waggles" (Mr. Compton) in his stead. Waggles enters into the scheme of imposition half unconsciously, and when at last he carries it on with a full knowledge of what he is about, various perplexities arise. As he passes for Dr. Sassafra, that gentleman when he returns is taken for Mr. Waggles, and when the parties retire to rest difficulties are created about dormitories, similar to the predicament in *A Roland for an Oliver*. In all probability the outline of the piece is taken from the French, but it is not on this or on the situations that its success depends. Mr. Morton has endowed it with all that extravagantly comic dialogue which is peculiarly his own, and a fire of smartness is kept up from beginning to end. Wherever he takes his plots, his verbal jokes in his best pieces are always original and thoroughly English, and in these and his powers of fitting his actors his real strength consists. All the actors played with great spirit, and we would especially name Mr. Shalders, who is more of a novice than the rest, as possessed of a grotesque though quiet style of humour, which will probably bring him into greater celebrity.

MARYLEBONE.

We are glad to see this elegant little theatre rising superior to the buffets of fortune. Ever since the re-opening on Easter Monday, the theatre has been well attended. On Monday, a crowded audience assembled to witness Mr. Gustavus Brooke in *Richard the Third*, a character which exhibited the many excellencies, and the occasional faults of the actor's style, truth, and subtlety of conception, and the power of impassioned and varied expression, but combined with an overwrought and inflated method of delivery as to mar many of his best points, and materially to injure the whole. His colloquial touches were his best; many of these were very happy and elicited well-merited applause. The evening introduced us also to a fair *débütante*, Miss Clarissa

Doria, who played Kate O'Brien in the popular *vaudeville* of *Perfection*. The lady is young and pretty, and plays with considerable vivacity and humour; a better taste in dressing, however, would be desirable.

ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS.—This theatre re-opened on Friday week with Scribe's admirable comedy of *Bertrand et Raton*, originally produced in Paris, in 1833, and intended to cure the mobocracy of Paris of their morbid appetite for barricades and revolutions. Such were the rumours current at the time of its production, and it was even hinted that the ex-King of the French had originated the idea in the author's mind. However this may be, the piece was eminently successful, and the lesson conveyed was certainly productive of much good for the time being; the public laughed heartily at the moral of this new version of La Fontaine's fable—the jokes were relished, and the discomfiture of the mercer met with no compassion. In revolutions, as in everything else, the object is to succeed, and you may be sure of having the laugh on your own side; as matters have since turned out, Raton has resolved to take his revenge, with every probability, however, of again being made a cat's-paw by the Bertrand of the republic. Of these doings we take no manner of concern—what we require is a new comedy, a real pure comedy from the hands of M. Scribe, or M. Samson, or anybody else, which shall lash the follies of the day, and direct men's thoughts into their proper channel of sober and orderly habits.

Bertrand et Raton was produced in London, in 1847, for the first time, with Mademoiselle Brohan in the part of Jean, and Messrs. Perlet and Cartigny in those of the Minister and Mercer—the piece was then exceedingly well played. On Friday last M. Samson undertook the part of the Minister, it being his first appearance before a London audience. M. Samson is honourably known both as an actor and author—to wit, the admirable little comedy of his, *Les trois Crispins*, produced at this theatre in 1847. He is past the prime of life, and his voice is occasionally inclined to shrillness; still it is remarkably distinct, and every syllable is perfectly enunciated. In the character of Bertrand, of which he was the original when the comedy was first produced, his department is most polished and courtly—his satire provokingly cutting, and so cool and collected, so urbanely conveyed withal, that it seems impossible to take offence at it, it leaves no hold. His conception of the part was, in every respect, satisfactory, and stamped him as a most finished actor, and a perfect gentleman. The part of Raton was well filled by M. Armand, and Mademoiselle Avenel, of the Odéon, displayed much tact and shrewdness in the part of Raton's wife, Marthe. Mademoiselle Junia also deserves favourable mention for the dignity and earnestness which she threw into the part of the Queen-mother. Jean was well played by M. Tetard, and the insipid part of the stage-lover was so cleverly performed by M. Leon, that we venture to augur most favourably for his theatrical career.

On Monday last we witnessed the performance of "*L'Ecole des Vieillards*," a comedy in verse, in five acts, by Mons. Casimir Delavigne. The moral of the piece is aimed against those ill-assorted marriages between old age and youth, so common in France. The intrigue is simple, we may say common-place. Danville (M. Samson) has married Hortense (Mdle. Denain); the bridegroom is upwards of sixty, the bride scarcely twenty years of age. The retired shipowner has conducted his wife to Paris; he is desirous of indulging her humour to the utmost, and the consequence is that he is

made perfectly miserable. The wife is passionately fond of pleasure, and is soon surrounded by admirers, amongst whom we find the Duke Delmar (M. Luguet). The Duke declares his passion, and is repulsed, for she is virtuous, although giddy. A quarrel ensues between the husband and the lover, and a duel is the consequence, in which the old man is disarmed. Hortense learns all these particulars, avows her sorrow, implores his forgiveness, and resolves to leave Paris, and retire into the country, declaring that she loves, and always will love her husband. We submit that the moral of the piece has not been carried out: we see a few of the disadvantages of ill-assorted unions, but we conclude, at the same time, that the happiness of the old man is materially increased by the marriage, as well as that of his wife, who really loves her husband. The inference is, consequently, in favour of such marriages, and not, as the author intended, against them; unless he would convey, as grammarians say, that the exception proves the rule. This is a grave fault, and suggests the idea of the author's incompetency to grapple with his subject, or his hesitation to push it to its extreme limits. He has indulged in half measures, and spoiled his fifth act, which is flat, stale, and unprofitable. All the parties remain as they were at starting; even Bonnard (M. St. Marie) resolves to remain a bachelor, and the Duke disappears altogether. The piece, on the other hand, is very carefully written, abounding in elevated sentiments, strongly conveyed and expressed in choice language. The situations are not strong, but they are well prepared and admirably developed. We may instance the quarrel between Danville and Hortense in the second act, in which the author has displayed considerable tact and feeling, and effects a reconciliation between the parties, by an appeal to the highest sentiments of honour and delicacy. There is a refinement of language and a high tone of morality in this scene which stamps it as a master-piece. The scene between Hortense and the Duke is also good, and, if not highly dramatic, is written with the strictest propriety—perhaps too much so to serve the purpose of scenic effect.

The acting was, on the whole, good. Mdle. Denain was charming as the young wife, and looked, played, and dressed her part as none but a French gentlewoman could do. M. Samson confirmed our previous opinion of him; he was perfectly at home in his part, which was one of no ordinary difficulty—that of an old man in love. M. Marie also materially assisted in the part of Bonnard. M. Luguet made an excellent lover. The after-piece was a farce, by Le Sage, the immortal author of *Gil Blas*, entitled *Les Projets de Mariage*. It is an amusing trifle, and was admirably played by Mdle. Denain and Messrs. Samson, Marie, and Luguet. The house was crowded. J. DE C—

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

HAVANA.—The Italian Opera troupe commenced the season at Niblo's Theatre, on Monday, April 3rd. This company consists of nearly a hundred members. Among the principal artists are Prima Donna, Steffanoni, Telesco, and Bosio. Contralto, Signorina Vietti Verspahn. Tenors, Signors Salvi, Ferretti, and Lorini. Barytone, Cesar Badiali, Corradi, and Setti. Basso, Sig. Colletti. Basso Profundo, Sig. Marini. Leader of the orchestra, Sig. Arditi. Maestro, Sig. Botteccini, the celebrated contra-bassist. Director, Sig. F. Badiali.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The last performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* is fixed for Friday next, the 26th inst.; Herr Formes singing the principal bass part.

ALBON, after leaving Marseilles, went to Montpellier, where she gave two representations. From Montpellier she proceeded to Toulouse, where she repeated the same performances. Her success was unparalleled at both places.

MACREARY commences his farewell performances on Monday next at the Haymarket, when he will appear in *Macbeth*.

M. TAEL, one of the most distinguished pianists in Paris, has arrived in London for the season.

MANDELSOHN's overture to *Melusine*, and Beethoven's to *King Stephen*, were played on Sunday last, for the first time in Paris (the "first of musical cities"), at an extraordinary concert of the *Union Musicale*, under the direction of M. Seghers, for the benefit of the wife and children of the late M. Mauers, founder of the society.

HANOVER SQUARE.—(From an occasional Contributor.)—Mr Charles Salaman gave a concert at the above rooms on Wednesday evening, and presented his patrons with a programme of great and varied attractions. The artists engaged were Miss Catherine Hayes, Madlle. Therese Wagner, Miss Messent, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mon. Henri Drayton, vocalists; Messrs. Goffrin, N. Mori, Watkins, Hill, R. Blagrove, Trusi, Hausmann, Poignie, Schmid Howell, Jarrett, G. Cooke, and Card, instrumentalists. Mr. Salaman performed several pieces during the evening and was very judicious in his selections. His first appearance was in Hummel's well-known *Sepiour*; one of the most effective compositions for displaying to advantage a number of different instruments in combination ever composed. Mr. Salaman's performance was spirited, tasteful, and brilliant. He also gave two solos, "Use Roverie," Caprice, and "La Felicità," *Allegro Capriccioso*. The first is by Mr. Waley, an author unknown to us; the second by Mr. Salaman himself. The caprice by Mr. Waley is a pleasing *morceau*, but reminds us strongly of one of Mendelssohn's *Leider ohne Worte*, the "Spring song," in A. Mr. Waley could not have chosen a better model; but it would be wiser in future to avoid copying so closely as he has done in the present instance. Mr. Salaman also played the "Serenade" and "Allegro gioioso," of Mendelssohn, and a selection from the same composer's *Leider ohne Worte*, in all of which he displayed both judgment and executive skill. Mr. Sims Reeves sang some of his most popular songs and duets; and Mr. Henri Drayton, who was substituted for Herr Franz Stuhl, gave the war-song from *Les Huguenots*, and a duet from *Faust* with Mdle. Wagner, with great energy and power of voice. Mr. Brinley Richards presided at the pianoforte with his usual ability. The room was crowded to suffocation.

EXETER HALL.—(Ibid.)—Mr. Willy, the popular violinist, gave a concert on Wednesday evening, and was supported by a host of concert singers and concert performers well known to patronisers of these miscellaneous entertainments. The most noticeable points of the programme were the performances of Mdle. Schloss, Miss Kate Loder (pianoforte), and Mr. Willy (violin). The grand scene from *Der Freischutz* was given with such intensity and fine dramatic feeling by Mdle. Schloss, that the audience were moved into more than usual enthusiasm. And yet Mdle. Schloss was almost unknown to them; which, however, says all the more for her talent. Mdle. Schloss also sang Balle's popular cavatina, "I'm a merry Zinzara," in English, which was greatly applauded. Miss Kate Loder performed Mendelssohn's grand concerto, in G minor, with immense force and brilliancy, and was rapturously received. Mr. Willy played once during the evening—in a duet with Miss Loder. The greater portion of the audience, and ourselves amongst the number, would have preferred hearing Mr. Willy perform something of more importance than a part in the duet. From a violinist so accomplished, at his own benefit, at least one solo was expected. However, what Mr. Willy played he played well, which is almost invariably the case with him. A new trio, from the pen of Mr. L. Phillips, for *soprano, contralto, and basso*—"Tis lone on the waters," deserves especial notice. The melody is graceful and flowing, and the accompaniments are arranged with the tact of a thorough musician. It was well sung by Miss Ellen Lyon, Miss Faunce, and Mr. Seguin. The orchestra was on a large scale, and performed the overtures to *La Gazza Ladra* (encored), *Prometheus*, and *Daryanthe*, with Mendelssohn's grand march from *Athalie*. Mr. Willy conducted. We are sorry to say the hall was not well attended.

M. TROUPENAS, an eminent music publisher of Paris, the proprietor of the opera of Auber and Rossini, died last week.

PAINTER'S CONCERT ROOM.—Madame Schwab's Annual Evening Concert took place on Wednesday week. The fair pianist was assisted by Miss Pyne, Miss Menotti, Miss Poole, Miss Leslie, Miss Thirlwall, Madame F. Lablache, Mr. Burdett, Signor Marras, Mr. Whitworth, and Herr Mengie, as vocalists; and by Signor Bracciardi (flute), Mr. Thirlwall (violin), Mr. Hill (tenor), Mr. Reed (violinello), and Mr. Ferdinand Praeger (pianist). The features of the performance were a Quartet of Mozart's for piano, violin, tenor, and violinello, by Madame Schwab, Thirlwall, Hill, and Reed, which went exceedingly; a fantasia for piano and flute, by Madame Schwab and Signor Bracciardi; Balfe's popular ballad, "We wandered," sung by Miss Poole, and censored; Osborne's new and charming song, "O sing to me," prettily warbled by Miss Mesent; and a grand duo for two pianofortes, on airs from *La Favorite*, the composition of Mr. Ferdinand Praeger, performed admirably by Madame Schwab and the composer. Mr. Praeger's fantasia is a brilliant and effective work, displaying both the skill and taste of a musician; it was received with great applause. Mademoiselle Nau's name appeared in the bills, but she did not arrive until the concert was over. Signor Negri conducted.

Ms. MATTHEW PHILLIPS delivered a lecture on Tuesday week at the Prince Albert Tavern, Notting Hill, on the best means of improving the condition of the people. The most interesting feature of the lecture was the introduction of an old Irishwoman, called Widow Flaherty, aged 110 years, whose testimony was adduced in favour of the theories of Mr. Phillips, and for whose benefit mainly the discourse was got up. Mr. Matthew Phillips cannot be too highly praised for his exertions in behalf of the poor old creature, whose years have so far advanced beyond the limits of human existence. The lecture was repeated on Monday last, in the evening, at Pembroke Castle, Ledbury Road, Westbourne Grove, Bayswater.

Ms. SAMS, of the ROYAL LIBRARY, St. James's Street, has just published a collection of busts in plaster of some of the most noted theatrical celebrities of the day. They are admirably designed, and executed with life-like spirit. Of the collection, which we understand is to be continued *ad infinitum*, we have seen the busts of Julien, W. Farren, Wright, Buckstone, Harley, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, to the graphic likeness of which we can bear strong testimony. There is a slight coloring of caricature, if the term may be allowed us, in the features, which greatly enhances the value of each *statuette*, as it preserves in an eminent degree the physiognomical peculiarities of each artist. These busts are worth a hundred portraits to such as desire to preserve a faithful counterpart of the originals.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SIGNOR AND MADAME FERRARI

BEG to inform their Friends and Pupils that they have REMOVED to their permanent residence, No. 69, UPPER NOTTON STREET, Portland Place, where they continue to give Instructions in the Cultivation of the Voice, and the various branches of Singing. Their course of Spring Classes is now commencing.

Signor and Madame Ferrari have a vacancy for one lady as IN-DOOR ARTICLED PUPIL.

THE FLUTE.

HER MAJESTY'S LETTERS PATENT have been obtained for TWO NEW FLUTES, constructed by Messrs. RUDALL and ROSE (either in Wood or Silver). The Tube and Holes of these Flutes being constructed according to the true principles of Acoustics, there is not a weak or incorrect note throughout the scale, but they possess every perfection of Tone and Tune. One is fingered exactly like the old Flute, for the convenience of those accustomed to that instrument; the fingering of the other is slightly changed, but affords extraordinary facilities of execution. The Inventor, Mr. Carré, will introduce these Instruments in the course of his Lectures on Musical Instruments and Instrumental Music, at the Royal Institution, Manchester, on the 8th, 12th, 15th, and 19th April; the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool, 9th, 12th, 15th, and 19th April; the Musical Society, Warrington, 10th April; and Shrewsbury, 22nd and 29th April; the Polytechnic Institution, Birmingham, 23rd and 30th April; the Scientific Institution, Edward Street, Portman Square, London, 10th May; and the City of London Institution, 15th and 22nd May. They may also be seen at Rudall and Rose's Manufactory, 38, Southampton Street, Strand, on and after the 7th May.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

Conductor **MR. COVA.**
NEXT FRIDAY. Mendelssohn's "Elijah." Vocalists: Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss A. Williams, Miss Doby, Miss M. Williams; Mr. Lockey, Mr. J. A. Novello, and Herr Formes; with Orchestras of 70 performers.
Tickets, 3s., 2s., and 10s., 6d., at the Society's sole Office, 6, Exeter Hall's or of Mr. Bowley, 33, Charing Cross.
To commence at Eight o'clock.

MOZART.

THE Pianoforte Works of MOZART, with and without Accompaniment, dedicated by express permission to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, Edited by CIPRIANI PUTZGER. 9 vols. Half-bound Morocco. No. 50, Sonata in F, as performed by Mr. ROBERT BARNETT, with great applause, at Mr. Lucas's Classical Concerts. Price 5s.
COVENTRY, 71, Dean Street, Soho.

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THIS FLUTE is entirely new in its construction, but retains the old system of fingering. Its merits have now been fully tested, and it is acknowledged to be unrivalled for its correctness of Tone and equality of Tone, there being no weak or ineffective notes throughout the whole compass of the instrument. This Flute is exclusively adopted by Mr. RICHARDSON, and several other professors in London. Amateurs in the Provinces may hear it played by the following eminent solo players, viz., — Mr. PRATER, at M. JULIEN'S Concerts; Mr. NICHOLSON, Leicester; Mr. CREED HAGAL, Manchester; Mr. PERCIVAL, Liverpool; Mr. STOKES, Leeds; Mr. JACKSON, Hull; Mr. POWELL, Dublin, &c.
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Five Guineas per Lesson Two Lessons
Per Lesson Seven Shillings.
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Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that his Work on **THE ART OF SINGING**, Adapted with alterations and additions for the BASS VOICE, may be had at his Residence.

71, UPPER NOTTON STREET;

And at all the principal Musicians.

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MR. ALEXANDER BILLET

BEGS to announce a Second Series of THREE EVENING CONCERTS of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, at the above Hall, on FRIDAYS, April the 26th, May 10th and 24th, in the course of which he will perform specimens of all the great Pianoforte Composers, including Bach, Scarlatti, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Dussek, Steibelt, Pinto, Clementi, Woelfl, Moscheles, Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, Glinka, Spohr, Cramer, Pottier, Hummel, Chopin, Schumann, Heller, Barnold, Bennett, Macfarren, &c. &c.
PROGRAMME OF THE FIRST CONCERT, on FRIDAY EVENING, April 26th.
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

PART I.—1. Grand Sonata, in A flat, Pianoforte, M. Billet (Soprano); Doet "Fair King," the Misses C. and S. Cole (Macharen).—2. Suite, in E minor, with Fugue (Suites de Praelst, Pianoforte, M. Billet (Händel). Doet, "May," the Misses C. and S. Cole (Händel).—3. Grand Sonata, in E minor, L'vivatore, Pianoforte, by desire, M. Billet (Dussek).
PART II.—4. Sonata, in E major, Pianoforte, first time in public, M. Billet (Mendelssohn); Two Part Song, "Autumn Song," the Misses C. and S. Cole (Mendelssohn).—5. Sonata, in C sharp minor, Op. 27, Pianoforte, M. Billet (Beethoven).

Conductor, HERR GAYE.

At the SECOND CONCERT, Friday, May 10th, M. BILLET will have the honour to introduce:—1. Grand Sonata, in C minor, with Fugue (Woelfl).—2. Sonata, in A major (Macharen).—3. Allegro and Fugue, in minor (Scarlati); Prelude and Fugue, F major (Bach); Prelude and Fugue, F minor (Mendelssohn). 4. Sonata, in E flat, first time in public (Haydn).—5. Selection of Modern Studies:—G flat major (Chopin); G minor, in E flat, (Händel). Etude Threnétique (Stephan Heller). G minor, Study of Octaves (W. S. Bennett).—6. Fantasia, in F sharp minor, by desire (Mendelssohn).
Tickets for a single Concert, 2s.; for the 2nd, 3s.; Reserved Seats, 5s. Subscription to Reserved Seats for the Series, 10s. 6d.

To be had at St. Martin's Hall; of WHEEL and CO., 229, Regent-street; PRYER, HOLLAND, and CO., Finsbury; and of Messrs. G. and C. Nagshead-street. Also at Mr. BILLET'S Residence, 19, North Bank, Regent's Park.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.



COMBINING THE TALENTS OF

Madame SONTAG, Madlle. CATHARINE HAYES, and Madlle. PARODI;
Signor COLETTI, BELLETTI, and LABLACIE, CALZOLARI, and
SIMS REEVES; Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, MARIE TAGLIONI, and
AMALIA FERRARIS.

THE SECOND APPEARANCE OF SIOUX BANCARDE.
The Nobility, Spectators, and the Public are respectfully informed that a
GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will take place

ON THURSDAY, APRIL 25TH, 1850,

When will be presented MOZART'S Opera,

LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.

Susanna - - - -	Madame SONTAG.
The Countess - - -	Madlle. PARODI.
Cherubino - - - -	Mdlle. CATHARINE HAYES.
The Count Almaviva -	Signor COLETTI.
Figaro - - - - -	Signor BELLETTI.
Basilio - - - - -	Signor CALZOLARI.

Bartolo - - - - - Signor LABLACIE.

WITH VARIOUS ENTERTAINMENTS IN THE
BALLET DEPARTMENT,

COMBINING THE TALENTS OF

Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, Madlle. MARIE TAGLIONI, and Madlle
AMALIA FERRARIS, M. CHARLES, and M. F. TAGLIONI.

And other Entertainments, in which

Signor BANCARDE and M. SIMS REEVES

will appear.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of
the Theatre.
Doors open at Seven, the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.

MR. PLATT'S FAREWELL CONCERT.

Will take place on WEDNESDAY Next, April 24th, at
Two o'clock precisely, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, under
the immediate patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, H. R. H.
the Prince Albert, and H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge.

M. PLATT has held the situation of Principal Horn in the Orchestras of
the Italian Opera, the Ancient and Philharmonic Societies, &c.; he is now,
most unfortunately, no longer able to continue his professional duties, having
lost, from great and continuous pressure, the whole of his front teeth. Many
of the most eminent members of the profession, and a large body of amateurs,
recognising Mr. PLATT's zeal and punctuality during his long and arduous
career, have formed themselves into a Committee of Management—Sir
George Smart, Chairman; Sir Henry R. Bishop, Mr. Costa, &c.; Treasurer,
Mr. T. Chappell; Secretary, Mr. S. T. Lyon.

The following celebrated artists have most kindly promised their valuable
services:—

Vocalists.—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Birch, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss
Bassano, Miss E. Birch, Miss Ellen Lyon, the Misses Williams, and Miss
Doiby; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. G. Benson, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Machin, and
Signor F. Lablache.

Instrumental Solo Performers.—Pianoforte, Mrs. Anderson (Pianist to her
Majesty the Queen); Violoncello, Mr. Lindley and Mr. Lucas; Contrabasso,
Mr. Howell.

Conductor - - - - - Signor Costa.

The Orchestra will consist of the entire Band of the Royal Italian Opera
and the Philharmonic Concerts.

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Musical World.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

SECOND NIGHT OF THE NEW OPERA.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, April 23rd, 1850, will be performed
(for the second time),

WITH NEW SCENERY, DRESSES, AND DECORATIONS,

A Grand Opera, founded on ROSSINI'S celebrated Work, "MOSE IN
EGITTO," with alterations and additions by the Composer, entitled

Z O R A.

Anais - - - -	Madame CASTELLAN,
Sinaiide - - - -	Madlle. VERA
Nictrio - - - -	Madlle. JOKOLSKI.
Mertianne - - -	Signor TAMBURINI,
Zora - - - - -	Mons. ZELGER,
(Her Second Appearance at the Royal Italian Opera.)	
Babais - - - -	Signor LAVIA.
Osiris - - - -	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
The Oracle - - -	Signor POLONINI,
Aufide - - - -	Signor SOLDI,

AND

Amenofi - - - - - Signor TAMBERLIK.

The Disposition, in the 3rd Act, will be supported by Monsieur

ALEXANDRE and Madlle. LOUISE TAGLIONI.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

The Scenery by Messrs. GRIEVE and TELBIN.

The Dresses by Mrs. BAILY and Madame MARZIO.

The Appointments by Mr. BLAMIRE. The Machinery by Mr. ALLEN.

The Ballet arranged by Mons. ALEXANDRE.

The Spectacle arranged by Mr. A. HARRIS.

EXTRA NIGHT NEXT THURSDAY, APRIL 25TH.

GRISI, DE MERIC, TAMBERLIK, ZELGER, MASSOL,
MARIO.

On THURSDAY NEXT, an Extra Night will take place,
When a Grand Combined Entertainment will be given, embracing the
whole of ROSSINI'S celebrated Opera, "LA DONNA DEL LAGO" (for
the first time this season); with a most powerful Cast, and the two principal
Acts of "MASANIELLO." The Entertainments will commence with

LA DONNA DEL LAGO.

Elena - - - -	Madame GRISI,
Albina - - - -	Madlle. COTTI,
Malcolm Grème - -	Madlle. DE MERIC,
Douglas - - - -	M. ZELGER,
Sereno - - - -	Signor LAVIA,
Rodrigo Diaz - - -	Signor TAMBERLIK,
Giaccone V. - - -	Signor MARIO.

The Grand Finale of the First Act, representing the Gathering of the *Chorus*,
will be executed by Two Military Bands, in addition to the usual Orchestra.
The *Chorus* of Birds will be assisted by the whole strength of the Company.

To conclude with the Second and Third Acts of

MASANIELLO.

Including the *Breccario* by Signor TAMBERLIK, the Duet by Signor
TAMBERLIK and M. MASSOL, and the celebrated Prayer and the
Tarentella in the Market Scene.

Principal Dancers by M. ALEXANDRE and Madlle. LOUISE TAGLIONI.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven, and the Performances

commence at Eight o'clock.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had (for the Night or

Season) at the Box-office of the Theatre, which is open from Ten till Five.

MADLE. MOULIN,

(Du Conservatoire de Paris.)

HAS the honor to announce that her CONCERT will take
place on WEDNESDAY EVENING, April 24th, at Half-past Eight o'clock,
at the NEW BEEHIVE ROOMS, 27, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square.

Vocalist.—Madlle. CAROLINA, M. DE BENSER, and Mr. DRYDEN.

Pianoforte.—Pianoforte, Madlle. MARIANNE VALLIN, Mr. DELORRE; Violon-

cello, Mr. ROUSSELOT, Oboe, Mr. GRATTAN COKE.

Tickets, 7s.; Reserved Seats, 6s. Family Tickets, 12s. To be had of all

music-sellers, and of Madlle. MOULIN, 4, Wellington Square, Chelsea.

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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No. 17.—Vol. XXV.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1850.

{PRICE THREEPENCE
{STAMPED FOURPENCE.

ALBONI.

AFTER a tour of unprecedented brilliancy in the provinces of France, Alboni has returned to Paris, with new laurels and rolls of bank notes. Her principal operas during her trip have been *La Favorite* and *La Reine de Chypre*, in which her success as an actress, no less as than a singer, has been so great to induce the directors of the grand opera (Theatre de la Nation) to engage her for sixteen representations of the part of Fides, in Meyerbeer's opera *Le Prophete*, the first of which will take place at the commencement of next month.

CARLOTTA CRISI.

We are happy to inform such of our readers as interest themselves in the ballet, that Mr. Lumley has prevailed upon this unequalled *danseuse* to prolong her present engagement a month beyond its original term. Carlotta will remain at Her Majesty's Theatre until the end of next month. We congratulate Mr. Lumley on this wise step; in retaining Carlotta he has fortified his ballet so as to render it impregnable. M. Paul Taglioni must now set his wits to work and compose something new for her. Her inimitable talent was never in such high favour with the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre as during the present season.

MADemoiselle DENAIN.

"This year Mr. Mitchell begins his Post-Easter Season," says the *Athenæum*, "with Mademoiselle Denain," whose personations are more satisfactory and more charming than most lady-like comedy now on the stage. Since we last met this lady, she appears to have determined to pick up the cestus, or at least the fan of Madlle. Mars: and 'what Woman wills,' &c.—'the proverb is something musty.' Whether Madlle. Denain will ultimately succeed in commanding all the spells of her predecessor, Time must show. Meanwhile, the advance she has made is exquisitely proved in 'Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hazard.' Her *Sylvia* must have almost contented Marivaux himself: so bright is it, so delicate, so full of feeling, so feminine. The lady it may be recollected, plays the old game of exchanging characters with her *succédante*, that she may observe an unknown suitor, *incognito*, he having donned the livery of his own *Scopin*, in order that he may study, undisturbed, the gifts and graces of his princess. Throughout her whole part, Madlle. Denain never for an instant forgot the teasing contradictions which it involves—the assumed pertness—the real high breeding—the fancy nettled fast—the conscious shame of the captive—the petulance searching for something to blame—and, lastly, the Beauty's ruthless determination to wring out every drop of triumph by making her *Duante*, after having confessed his masquerade, offer her

marriage, ere he is aware that her humble rank is but a fabrication. It is long since we have been more pleased by an actress."

We need hardly say, after the homage we have repeatedly paid to the talents of Mademoiselle Denain that we agree with every word of the above.

STEPHEN HELLER.

(From the *Athenæum*.)

ON Wednesday was held the first performance of the Beethoven Quartett Society, as promised, under the presidency of Herr Ernst. After having generally stated that the quartetts went admirably, and that the new rooms in Queen Anne Street prove a most comfortable home for chamber music, it must suffice us to notice the novelty of the evening. This was the pianoforte part in the trio in D major (our favourite among Beethoven's trios) which was taken by M. Stephen Heller. On this gentleman's great powers as a composer the *Athenæum* has no occasion, once more, to descant; his playing is superior, because it is the playing of a composer, as distinguished from a mechanist, and thus gives one all the thoughts, leaving the separate words of the discourse to fall into their own places, instead of making the latter prominent at the expense of the former. Unerring fingers may be now bought by the bush, but such worthy readers of the worthiest music as M. Heller are rarer than could be wished.

THE MUSICAL UNION.

THE third meeting was attended by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and a more than usually numerous audience. The principal feature in the performance was the first appearance this season of M. Charles Hallé, one of the most admirable pianists of the present day, whose fame has been worthily acquired in the highest school of pianoforte playing. A more perfect mechanism than that of M. Hallé was perhaps never possessed by any pianist. His execution is a model of neatness and elegance; in the most capricious, intricate, and crowded "*grupetti*" the ear never misses a note, while equality of tone is preserved as successfully in hazardous *bravura* passages as in the easiest *cantabile*. M. Hallé's playing is indeed provokingly finished, and were it not for the energy and grace of his style, his complete command of the gradations of tone, and the agreeable variety he produces by means the most simple and legitimate, his undeviating certainty, paradoxical as the assertion may seem, might almost prove monotonous. M. Hallé, however, is a great pianist in a great school, and the Sonata Duo, in D, of Mendelssohn for pianoforte and violoncello, afforded him ample means of proving it. The violoncellist was Piatti. The performance was worthy of the music. Every movement had its appropriate colouring; now the pianoforte preponderated, now the

violinello; both in strict accordance with the composer's directions. The players were well matched. The energy of the German was chastened by the grace and warmth of the Italian, the unerring execution and decisive accentuation—decisive without being exaggerated—of both producing an ensemble which it would be very difficult to surpass. This fine performance created the liveliest sensation; each part of the sonata was loudly applauded, but the most keenly relished was the quaint *allegretto scherzando* in B minor, one of those peculiar and fanciful pieces in which Mendelssohn was unrivalled. The recitatives for the violinello in the *adagio*, brought out the rich mellow tone of Piatti, and his phrasing, which equals the most expressive Italian singing, in a highly advantageous light. After the sonata M. Hallé trifled away a quarter of an hour with two *nocturnes* and a *polonaise* of Chopin, the merits of which we confess our inability to perceive. We are bound, however, to add, that the general feeling differed from our own, and that M. Hallé's performance, vague and dreary as the music itself, was unanimously applauded. Still we cannot but think Mr. Ella might have chosen some more intelligible, if not more favourable, example of Chopin's style from the large catalogue of works at his disposal.

The full pieces were Spohr's double quartet in E minor No. 3, and Beethoven's quartet in C minor, No. 5 of the first set. Spohr's double quartets are masterpieces of fancy and learning, and the one in E minor is perhaps the best of them. The executants were MM. Sainton, Delloffe, Hill, and Piatti on one side; MM. G. Fric, Watson, Mellon, and Pilet on the other. A more careful and effective execution of a work which displays in lavish abundance almost every kind of musical beauty it is in the province of chamber music to combine, could hardly have been desired. Amidst the just admiration accorded to Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, their successors, amateurs and critics are too prone to overlook or under-estimate the genius and acquirements of Spohr, the most accomplished composer of instrumental music now living, and in every way worthy to be associated with the four great musicians we have named. Both in the double quartet and in the C minor, one of the most beautiful of the early set of six, composed by Beethoven, M. Sainton exhibited the finest characteristics of his talent to advantage. We have rarely heard him play better; his reading of the playful and exquisite *andante scherzoso*, in Beethoven's quartet, was perfect. It is worth noting as a curious fact, that Beethoven, generally so original, has taken both the form and the idea of the finale of this quartet from two movements of Mozart—the *rondo* of the quartet in D minor, and the final movement of the *notturno*, or quintet for wind instruments, in C minor. A comparison of these movements with the finale of Beethoven will at once make the resemblance evident. A still more singular example of one musician unconsciously appropriating the ideas of another must have struck many on Monday night, at the Philharmonic Concert, during M. Sainton's performance of the violin concerto of Beethoven. Those who are familiar with the oratorio of St. Paul, will discover, on referring to the *larghetto* of Beethoven's concerto, that the beautiful chorus of Gentiles, in A, "O be gracious, ye immortals," owes its principal ideas to that movement, which, moreover, contains the indication of a marked feature in the melody of the *contralto* air from the same oratorio, "But the Lord is mindful of his own." Mendelssohn is rarely to be caught borrowing; but neither he nor any other of the great composers is always original.

Before finishing, let us, in all good feeling, advise Mr. Ella not to deface his clever analysis of the works presented to his subscribers by such excessive puffing as that contained in the first column of the *Synopsis Analytique*, p. 10. The utility of the *Musical Union*, its artistic tendency, the excellence of the music, and the talent of the performers, stand in need of no such questionable advocacy. At the fourth meeting, Stephen Heller and Ernst are both engaged. The spirit with which the business of the society is conducted, deserves unqualified praise.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The fourth concert took place on Monday night. The programme was one of great variety and interest, as the following transcript will show:—

PART I.			
Sinfonia in D (M ⁸)	•	•	C. Potter.
Aria, "L'Addio," Mr. Whitworth	•	•	Mozart.
Concerto, violin, Mr. Sainton	•	•	Beethoven.
Scena, "Softly sighs" (<i>Der Freischütz</i>), Miss Catherine Hayes	•	•	C. M. von Weber.
Overture (M ⁸) (<i>Ray Blas</i>)	•	•	Mendelssohn Bartholdy.
PART II.			
Sinfonia in B Flat, No. 9	•	•	Haydn.
Recit. {" "Crudele, ah no" } (<i>Don Giovanni</i>),	•	•	Mozart.
Aria, {" "Non mi dir" } Miss Catherine Hayes.	•	•	W. Sterndale Bennett.
Ceprice, pianoforte, Miss Kate Loder	•	•	Flatt.
Aria, "Agiato" (<i>I Puritani</i>), Mr. Whitworth	•	•	Mozart.
Adagio and fugue	•	•	Conductor, Mr. Costa.

It is always a pleasure to hear a work of importance from the pen of a native composer, and more especially when such distinguished talent is displayed as in the symphony of Mr. Cipriani Potter, which, if we are not mistaken, was written many years ago for the concerts of the Society of British Musicians. Mr. Potter, whose early genius for composition attracted the notice of the great Beethoven, is one of the very few in whom the veneration for art is so firmly rooted that composition becomes a labour of love, zealously pursued in the face of unceasing opposition and disappointment. The symphonies, concertos, sonatas, quartets, and other works of magnitude which Mr. Potter has produced, are more numerous and of a higher order of merit than is generally imagined, and it reflects no credit on the professed lovers of music in this country that they are so little known. The symphony in D is a favourable example of Mr. Potter's style. The writing is masterly, the forms of each movement are closely allied to the models left us by the great masters, and the method of orchestration betrays not only consummate knowledge of the characters of instruments and the effects of combination, but fancy and taste of a rare order. The first movement, a spirited *allegro*, has much of the feeling of Haydn, so far as the themes are concerned, but their lengthened development and the varied treatment of the orchestra, bear the incontestable stamp of a modern hand. The slow movement, an *andante*, full of genial melody, is remarkable for ingenious employment of the wind band; the first theme is a solo for the horn, admirably written for that instrument; the second, a pretty pastoral phrase, contrasts with it in the happiest manner. The *scherzo* strongly recalls the early style of Beethoven, although the subject is quite original; the *trio*, a melody of expressive simplicity, in the major key, affords an agreeable relief, and a good effect is produced by shortening the *scherzo* in the *reprise*. The *finale*, a *presto*, vigorous and animated, is sustained to the end with undiminished power. In the second part there

is abundant evidence of contrapuntal skill, both in the arrangement of the episode and the working of the principal theme. The whole movement is remarkable for clear and brilliant orchestration. The symphony was played to perfection, and the *schizzo* encored. It is due to Mr. Costa to acknowledge the evident pains he took in directing the performance of this work of an English composer, the warm reception accorded to which will doubtless encourage the directors to make other steps in the same direction.

Haydn's symphony in B flat, No. 9, is one of the most hack-nied of Salomon's twelve; but it is certainly not one of the best, nor is it one of those which have most successfully resisted the encroachments of time. Except in the *adagio*, which must ever be beautiful and new, the themes have all become trite, the charm of freshness being entirely gone. Since it was considered advisable to give this old symphony—old in the fullest acceptance of the term—it should have been played at the beginning of the concert, and the place of honour accorded to the less known and more modern work of Mr. Potter. As it was, the second part of the concert opened very flatly, which was the more sensibly felt after the enthusiasm caused by the overture to Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*. To judge from its reception last night, this work is likely to become a valuable addition to the stock overtures of the society. It is one of the most thoroughly dramatic of Mendelssohn's compositions, and is scored for the orchestra with surprising brilliancy. A closer acquaintance more than confirms the high opinion we formed of it last season, when it was first performed. Composers who cannot emulate the freshness and beauty of its ideas may at least derive a useful lesson in instrumentation from this overture, and learn how much greater effect is to be produced by the judicious use than by the lavish abuse of trombones and other powerful instruments. Mendelssohn has not very often recourse to these brazen auxiliaries in his orchestral works; but when he does employ them, it is with manifest purpose and legitimate effect. Mr. Costa indicated the time somewhat quicker than last year, which was an evident improvement. The execution was faultless, and the conclusion was followed by a demand for repetition too decided and unanimous to be mistaken. The *adagio* and *fugue* of Mozart is purely an exercise of contrapuntal skill, of which the orchestra is chosen for the medium. The *adagio* consists merely of a few introductory bars, the *fugue*, a noble piece of writing, in which all the resources of combination and contrast are ingeniously employed, constituting the body of the work. We believe this *fugue* was left unfinished by Mozart, and that what was wanting was supplied by Sechter, the famous Viennese professor of counterpoint; but where Mozart left off and where Sechter began we own ourselves incompetent to guess. It was brought to England by Mr. John Cramer, the celebrated pianist and composer, and through his means introduced at the Philharmonic Concerts last season. It was played last night, with great vigour and decision, and much applauded by those who stayed to hear.

M. Sainton displayed no less ambition than good taste in selecting for performance the concerto of Beethoven—the only one for the violin that came from his pen. A work of more difficulty, one more ungrateful to the player who looks to mechanical facility for the means of producing effect, was never written. But to make amends, the music is intrinsically of the highest order, and the first and second movements are in Beethoven's happiest manner. M. Sainton played the concerto *con amore*; his fine broad tone, vigorous style, and masterly bowing, have seldom been more power-

fully developed; his execution, firm and brilliant, but never obtrusive, was equally effective in the grand and energetic passages of the *allegro* and the sustained *cantabiles* of the quaint *largette*; he introduced two *cadenzas*, the first of which was remarkably clever and appropriate, but the second we thought too brief and unimportant. M. Sainton was warmly received, and applauded with the utmost fervour at the conclusion of his performance. Miss Kate Loder made her third appearance in the Philharmonic orchestra, and for the third time maintained her perfect right to be heard in that distinguished arena. The beautiful *caprice* in E major of Sterndale Bennett, one of the most original, interesting, and elaborately finished of all his compositions for pianoforte and orchestra, is so rarely executed, that its introduction was alone a matter for congratulation, independently of the manner in which it was performed by Miss Kate Loder, who on this occasion, displayed to more than ordinary advantage the precision, grace, and neatness that confer so great a charm upon her playing. In addition to these we thought Miss Loder's tone, always full and agreeable, was richer and more powerful than usual; but whether this was to be attributed to the quality of the instrument upon which she played, or to improvement in a very important point of mechanism, it was impossible to decide. Miss Loder received the welcome due to her acknowledged ability, and her performance was rewarded with the loudest tokens of approval.

The vocal music was unexceptionable. Miss Catherine Hayes, who seems to be fast gaining in energy and warmth of expression, sang the *adagio* of Weber's *scena*, and the whole of Mozart's superb *aria*, as well as could be desired. In the quick movement of the *scena* we should have preferred a less frequent recourse to the *rallentando*. Mr. Whitworth's unobtrusive manner of singing is always agreeable, he sang the "In ti lascio" with real feeling, and in the bustling *aria* of Paer evinced no want of spirit and facility. The concert appeared to give general satisfaction. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge was among the audience.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. LUMLEY has had a valuable acquisition to his company in the person of Sig. Baucarde, the new tenor, who made his *début* on Saturday, as *Oronte*, in Verdi's *I Lombardi*. We were equally pleased with the voice and singing of Sig. Baucarde. The middle notes are powerful and of excellent quality; and though the upper register of the voice is not so strong, he produces all his notes from the chest with the greatest ease. His style of singing is manly and unaffected. He has grace and passion at command, and uses both with discretion and effect. His reception was not very warm on his appearance, but a few bars of recitative soon brought him in favour with the audience, and the first air, "La mia letizia," sung with admirable expression, won him immense applause and an encore. As the opera progressed, the success of Signor Baucarde became more and more decided, and both in the duet and the trio, which we need not specify by name, he was mainly instrumental in obtaining the encores. In the duet, he was assisted by Madame Giuliani, and in the trio, by the same lady and Signor Coletti, who sustained their original parts of Giselda and Peggino. As an actor, Signor Baucarde is more energetic than graceful, his deportment being deficient in the ease which results from long experience of the stage. But in the concluding trio, he displayed a large amount of feeling, and even passion, while his death was highly

dramatic and effective. So pleased were the audience with Signor Baucarde's performance, that they compelled him to repeat the catastrophe, and afterwards unanimously summoned him before the foot-lights, amid the loudest cheering. We repeat that Mr. Lumley has made a valuable acquisition in Signor Baucarde, who, in addition to a very prepossessing exterior, has youth on his side. His age, we are informed, is about three-and-twenty. We understand he has been recently singing, with distinguished success, at the San Carlo, at Naples.

Coeletti was as good as ever in Pagano. His acting was solid and judicious; his singing throughout, artistic and correct. Madame Giuliani has scarcely strength enough for the tiresome music allotted to Giselda. There were, nevertheless, some excellent points in her performance.

The opera was exceedingly well performed throughout. Balfie manfully led his orchestra through the mire of Signor Verdi's instrumentation, and the chorus, obedient to the strokes of the suggestive *baton*, did full justice to and obtained an encore for his unison tune, of which we forget the name.

The ballet entertainments included some scenes from *Esmeralda*, and the skating *divertissement*, called *Les Plaisirs de l'Hiver*. In the former Carlotta Gristi was tumultuously encored in "La Truandaise," in which she danced and acted with her usual perfection, leaving the possibility of rivalry at a further distance than ever. The promising M. Charles personified Gringoire, and exhibited awkwardness with an appearance of candour that betokened a true conception of the unhappy poet of Victor Hugo. As he attempted to elasp the hand of Esmeralda, in the advancing and receding step, he reminded us, as it were, of an orang-outang, or man of the woods, in vain pursuit of a gazelle. In the *Plaisirs*, Marie Taglioni executed her new pas with increased success; and Amalia Ferraris, the iron-footed, exhibited her strength and agility in a second series of impossible postures and evolutions, prepared for her by the vivid fancy of Paul Taglioni, the athletic. The house was very full, the performance terminated at a somewhat protracted hour, and we left the theatre with a late eye and a clear conscience.

On Tuesday *Don Giovanni* was repeated with the same ballet entertainments. Except that there was a full house, and that Madame Sontag was in good voice, and sang delightfully, we have nothing new to add about this performance. Nor have we anything fresh to adduce in respect of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, which, with the last act of *I Lombardi*, for the second appearance of the successful tenor, and again the same choregraphic miscellany, drew one of the most crowded audiences of the season, on Thursday. Mr. Lumley has recently been very lucky with his long Thursdays; but he carries on the war with hilarity and spirit, and well deserves the patronage of the public. Madame Sontag appears to be even more attractive this season than last. Let us hope that ultimately she will give Mr. Lumley no cause to regret the loss of Jenny Lind, who, considering what has been done for her, has, we think, left the spirited *impresario* somewhat shabbily in the lurch.

This evening *Linda di Chamouni* will be given, for Madame Sontag and Signor Baucardi. Mademoiselle Ida Bertrand, the new contralto, will make her *début* as Pierotto.

MADAME THILLON has been singing at Montpellier with great success. Notwithstanding the uncertain state of affairs in France, this beautiful town is full of visitors. The *Hôtel du Midi* is crisscrossed with English, who give it their preference as a halting place, on their return from Italy to England.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

ROSSINI'S *Mosé in Egitto*, written for the San Carlos, at Naples, in 1819, is a very different work from the *Mosé* produced at the *Académie Royale de Musique* of Paris, in 1826-7. The *Mosé* was Rossini's earliest attempt at grand serious opera, and though, on the whole, irregular and incomplete, it created a perfect *furor*, from its numberless beauties and its overpowering grandeur in occasional instances. The origin of the introduction, at the end, of the grand "Preghiera," not generally known, is worth recording in this place. When the opera was first produced, there was no prayer at the end; but the Israelites were represented as crossing the Red Sea to an orchestral symphony, and the manner in which this was effected created roars of laughter nightly. The canvas which served for the waves of the sea was ill-painted, and not large enough to cover the stage, so that the four theatrical Neptunes, stationed at the four corners to move it into similitude of a turbulent ocean, were visible from all parts of the theatre. Tortola, the poet of the piece, was mortally offended; not so Rossini, who cared little as long as his music was applauded. The morning after the fourth representation of the *Mosé in Egitto*, Tortola entered Rossini's bedroom. "Our opera," cried the Poet, "shall no longer be laughed at. The Israelites must not pass over the Red Sea until the curtain falls. Here's an alteration—you shall see how I have managed it. Let Moses and his people stand on the shore, and, preparatory to their crossing, sing this prayer. Read it—is it not sublime? I wrote it in half an hour!" Rossini took the paper and read the verses. The idea of the poet struck him forcibly. "Hm! sublime—it *shall* be sublime! Here, give me pen, ink, and paper. You wrote it in half an hour—is it strange if I cannot compose the music in ten minutes." The *preghiera* was written within ten minutes, and Tortola carried it off in triumph to the manager, who had it rehearsed for the night's performance. A large concourse assembled, and as the incident of the canvas sea and the four Neptunes had got abroad, every one anticipated, as before, a good bit of fun from the last scene. The performance passed off with great *feldt* until the scene previous to the last, when the audience began to exhibit their faces on the grin from expectation of what was immediately to follow. A murmuring cry, similar to our own, "Now look out—its coming," went buzzing through the house. The scene shifted, and instead of the canvas sea and the four water shakers, a naked view of the shore was given. Then Moses entered in solemn array with the Israelites, and while he stood they all knelt round him, and he lifted up his voice and prayed in music. A mist swam before the senses of the audience. Surprise held them breathless; but towards the end when the people rose and joined Moses in the prayer, the effect was irresistible. The history of the San Carlos contains in its records nothing to surpass the *furor* of that night.

When Rossini went to Paris, he was applied to to write a grand opera for the *Académie Royale*. He was too indolent to comply, but he consented to alter, adapt, and partly re-write the *Mosé in Egitto*. He certainly set about his work with great earnestness and purpose, for no single opera of his so unmistakably bears the impress of care and attention, as the *Mosé*. Every alteration made from the original work is a decided improvement, while the additions are among the grandest things in the opera. Indeed, if we except the "Darkness Chorus," commencing the second act, one of the sublimest creations in dramatic music, the finest and most striking music of the *Mosé* will be found in what has been newly written. We may instance the exquisitely beautiful and symmetrical

introduction, and the tremendous finale to the third act. These are among the most glorious efforts of Rossini's genius.

In estimating the works of the "swan of Pesaro,"—in elevation of style and grandeur of design, we must rank the *Moise* along with *Guillaume Tell*. If the former fall short of the latter in variety, melodic beauty, and concentrated effect, it will be found, we think, to possess more sustained grandeur—a greater amount of powerful writing throughout. If the *Guillaume Tell* displays more genius, the *Moise* has the advantage as a work of art. Although the last act of the *Moise* is inferior to the preceding, the opera involves no anti-climax as we find in *Guillaume Tell*. The grand effect of an opera should not fall at the end, but at the close of the first, second, or third acts, according to the number of acts in which the opera is written. Generally speaking, the last act but one is chosen by the composer, for his grand coup. In *Robert le Diable*, the *Huguenots*, the *Prophete*, and most grand operas of the French stage, we find this rule strictly observed. There are many reasons why the great points of an opera should not be reserved until the closing scene, which it is not necessary to discuss in this place. The *Moise* rises in musical interest from scene to scene, to the finale of the third act, where it gradually subsides, without for a moment losing its hold on our sympathies. The defect of *Guillaume Tell* is that after the second act, there is little or no musical interest; its brilliancy is suddenly extinguished after the "Oath of Liberty."

The production of the *Moise* on the French operatic stage, if it did not originate, had no small share in creating the "Grand Opera." Before the period of Rossini's work, the operas produced at the *Academie Royale* were far different from what later times have brought forth. Spontini's *Vestale* was a decent specimen of the *chefs d'œuvre* of the *Conservatoire*. Meyerbeer had not even dreamt of his *Robert*, nor his *Huguenots*, nor his *Prophete*. Auber had not projected his *Masaniello*, *Gustave*, nor *Leutoq*. Halévy had not imagined his *Joive*. The *Siege de Corinthe*, and the *Moise* effected a revolution in lyric music. Rossini created the French opera.

The extraordinary success achieved by Rossini's *Moise*—or *Zora*, as it is called—on Saturday night, at the Royal Italian Opera, is now matter of notoriety. No work hitherto produced by the directors has surpassed it, and in some respects it has transcended all their previous efforts. This success is independent of any aid from the libretto. The action—for of plot there is scarcely any semblance—is slow and unwieldy, and there is not the least interest excited for a single individual in the piece. But if the understanding be not fed, the ear is absolutely intoxicated with beauty, and the eye dazzled with splendour. While listening to the magic strains of Rossini we care not for plot, or plan, or incident: we require not to know how the actors are employed, why such a scene occurs in such a place, or why such an effect follows from such a cause. The music is all in all—it speaks a language beyond words—which the heart knows best how to interpret. This proves how much greater a genius Rossini is than Meyerbeer. Without the adventurous aids of a moving plot, and startling incidents, Meyerbeer would be, as it were, insufficient. The composer of the *Huguenots* could not have grappled with the subject of the *Moise*. It would have been the infant Hercules endeavouring to wield the fulminating bolts of Jove.

Last week we had occasion to find fault with the somewhat negligent manner in which Don *Giosuani* was given; this time we have little less than unmeasurable praise to bestow on the directors. A grander and more complete performance

was never witnessed than that of *Zora*, on Saturday night. The principals, band, chorus, dancers, scene-painters, decorators, and dressers, all are entitled to participate in this praise. The ensemble was magnificent beyond description. The dresses in their richness and variety are superior to any thing of the kind produced on this or any other stage. The scene in the interior of the Temple of Isis, where the Assyrian king, high-priests, princes, nobles, ladies of the Court, royal guards and attendants assemble to offer homage to their idol, constitute one of the grandest coup d'œil imaginable. The simplicity and propriety of the Bactrian or Hebrew costumes form a most delightful contrast to the splendour and gorgeousness of those of the Assyrians or Egyptians.

Where all is praise, no great difficulty is involved in the critic's office. To the band and chorus, scarcely any terms of eulogy can render justice. Infinite must have been the pains taken with the chorus to have ensured a performance almost irreproachable from beginning to end. The honors due to Mr. Costa for his indefatigable zeal and exertions, were not overlooked by the audience.

The vocal feature of the evening was Signor Tamberlik in *Amenof*. The *début* of the new tenor, in Rossini's opera, was anxiously looked for. Doubts were entertained as to his capacity for mastering florid music. His severe and simple style in *Masaniello* and *Pollio* afforded some color for such doubts. But Signor Tamberlik soon dissipated all fears as to his incompetency on this score. He proved himself as thorough an adept in Rossini as in Auber or Bellini. He sang with immense effect. The purity, quality, and exquisite tenderness of his voice were made more apparent than ever. In the grand duet with Merismane (the Pharaoh of the old opera) "Parlar, spiegar non posso," one of the most striking in dramatic music, he sang with immense feeling and fire, and roused the audience to a state of perfect enthusiasm. In the *cabaletta* he gave the words,

"Non merta più consiglio,
Il misero mio stato!"

with delicious pathos; and in the repeat, the lines

"E il più crudel periglio
Ve intrepido a sfidar."—

were sung with a fervor of expression and power of voice that brought down an explosion of applause. Seldom have we heard a more powerful sensation created by any vocal display than in this duet. Much of the effect was doubtless owing to Tamburini's superb singing and impassioned style, which were never rendered more conspicuous than on this occasion. An enthusiastic encore was the result, and after the repeat, both artists were recalled, and received with prolonged cheers. In the grand finale to the third act, Signor Tamberlik made many splendid points, his upper notes sounding above all the singers, clear and ringing like a silver bell. Each time he gave out the *Bin Lis* chest voice, he was greeted with thunders of applause. But although Signor Tamberlik's effects were produced by the extraordinary power of his upper voice, a far greater charm to us was the exquisite phrasing and finish, which eternally reminded us of Alboni. Indeed, the similitude between the great tenor and the glorious *contralto soprano* was universally felt in Rossini's music. Nay, even the likeness was admitted, in the same ease and grace of deportment, and the rounded and natural action. Signor Tamberlik's success was unquestionable in his new role.

We have rarely heard Madame Castellan in more charming voice, and as rarely have heard her sing with more effect.

With the exception of the unaccompanied prayer in the first scene, in which an ill-timed cadenza imperilled the seriousness of the music, the fair artist is entitled in all her efforts to high praise for her admirable vocalisation and passionate delivery.

Mademoiselle Veza was heard to better advantage in *Zora* than in any opera in which she has yet appeared. She distinguished herself especially in the very difficult *scena* at the end of the second act.

M. Zelger made a very favourable *debut* in *Zora*. This artist has a pure bass voice, of fine quality and no mean power. His part was arduous and trying in the extreme, his efforts being mainly restricted to declamatory recitative. He produced a powerful impression by the energetic manner in which he delivered the opening *morceau* of the finale to the third act. M. Zelger will be found a decided acquisition to the Covent Garden Company.

In the small part of the High Priest, Signor Tagliafico, with his sonorous voice and manly style, was of the greatest utility in strengthening the ensemble.

The first encore was awarded to the unaccompanied quartet with choral response, "Nunc possete," in the first scene. It was admirably sung by Mesdames Castellani and d'Okolski, and M. Zelger and Signor Lavia. It was repeated with increased effect. An exquisite chorus following the quartet is entitled to notice. It is, we believe, taken from *Armida*, one of Rossini's earliest and most melodious operas, and has been drafted into the English adaptation of *Cinderella* by Rophino Lacy. It has, however, undergone a material improvement, which cannot fail to be recognised. The hand of the matured musician is manifested in the alteration. The finale to the first act is worked out in rather a pompous manner; but the design is clear, the orchestral treatment masterly, and the colouring extremely brilliant.

It is not our intention in a general notice like the present to analyse Rossini's great work, nor would one or two hearings justify us in so doing. We shall merely direct attention to the effect produced on the audience, referring to a future account a critical dissection of the music.

In the second act, which commences with the "Darkness Chorus," the duet between Tambalík and Tamburini, as we have said above, worked the audience up to a state of enthusiasm. But the grand *coup* of the performance was the finale to the third act, which created a perfect *furor*. The audience literally rose *en masse* when the curtain fell, and with tumultuous applause demanded an encore. After the encore, all the principal performers were called for, and, subsequently, Mr. Costa, who was received with deafening acclamations. The performance of the finale was universally pronounced the grandest achievement of the Royal Italian Opera. The beautiful quartet, "Mi manca la voce," which precedes the final chorus, was encored with great applause.

The last act contains some fine vocal points. The duet for tenor and soprano is charmingly worked out, and afforded Tambalík an opportunity for exhibiting some of his most pathetic touches. The grand prayer at the end did not produce the expected sensation. No doubt this is to be attributed to the subject being so hackneyed, and the lateness of the hour at which the opera was brought to a conclusion.

The last scene, by the way, is managed with startling effect. While singing the hymn of thanksgiving, a vision of the future glory of the Bactrians—read it Israelites—is represented. The scene dissolves and discovers a temple in the distance, in which thousands of the persecuted nation are offering up jubilant prayers to the God of their fathers.

The opera was repeated on Thursday, and is all the better for a second hearing. Rossini's star has risen higher, and shines brighter than ever in the musical horizon of this country.

After draughts of divine nectar came sips of sparkling champagne. The *Donna del Lago* was given on Thursday, and brought the most crowded and fashionable house of the season, albeit a non-subscription night. The great attraction was Mario and Tambalík in the same piece. Tambalík achieved another Rossinian triumph, and sang splendidly. He was enthusiastically encored in the *cabaletta* of his opening air. Mario was put upon his metal, and came forth like a vocal Titan. He was in glorious voice, and wound the audience up to a pitch of rapturous excitement in the introduced aria in the second act. Grisi's Elena is her own—unapproachable and unapproached. Mademoiselle de Meric made her first essay in Malcolm Græme. As a first attempt it was undoubtedly good, but the music is yet beyond the powers of the youthful artist. Mademoiselle de Meric has plenty of energy, no lack of feeling, and possesses, moreover, a fine voice. With such qualifications, the attainment of excellence cannot be far remote. Zelger was good in Douglas. The band and chorus were admirable throughout. We should, nevertheless, recommend the two military bands employed to look to Mr. Costa's baton.

Zora will be repeated on Tuesday, and the *Huguenots* is announced for Thursday. A grand Morning Concert will be given on Friday, May 10th.

DEATH OF THE POET WORDSWORTH.

It is with feelings of much regret that we announce to-day the death of William Wordsworth. The illustrious poet breathed his last at noon on Tuesday, by the side of that beautiful lake in Westmoreland which his residence and his verse had rendered famous. We are not called upon in his case to mourn over the untimely fate of genius snatched away in the first feverish struggles of development, or even in the noonday splendour of its mid career. Full of years, as of honours, the old man had time to accomplish all that he was capable of accomplishing ere he was called away. It may well be, that he had not carried out to completion many of his plans, but it is a natural incident to humanity that execution falls far short of design. What a man could not accomplish in something like half a century of a poetical career, under all the favourable conditions of unbroken quiet, moderate but sufficient means, and vigorous health, may fairly be supposed to have been beyond his reach. Therefore, as far as concerns the legacy of song William Wordsworth has bequeathed to his country, we have nothing to regret. Removed by taste and temperament from the busy scenes of the world, his long life was spent in the conception and elaboration of his poetry in the midst of the sylvan solitudes to which he so fondly attached. His length of days permitted him to act as the guardian of his own fame,—he could bring his maturer judgment to bear upon the first bursts of his youthful inspiration, as well as upon the more measured flow of his maturest compositions. Whatever now stands in the full collection of his works has received the final imprimatur from the poet's hand, sitting in judgment upon his own works under the influence of a generation later than his own. It is sufficiently characteristic of the man, that little has been altered, and still less condemned. Open at all times to the influences of external nature, he was singularly indifferent to the judgment of men, or rather so enamoured of his own judgment

that he could brook no teacher. Nature was his book, he would admit no interpretation but his own. It was this which constituted the secret of his originality and his strength, at the same time that the abuse of the principle laid him open at times to strictures, the justice of which few persons but the unreasoning fanatics of his school would now be prepared to deny.

But we feel this is not a season for criticism. There is so much in the character, as well as in the works of William Wordsworth, to deserve hearty admiration, that we may indulge in the language most grateful to our feelings without overstepping the decent limits of propriety and plain sincerity. We would point out, in the first place, one of the great excellencies of the departed worthy. His life was as pure and as spotless as his song. It is rendering a great service to humanity when a man, exalted by intellectual capacities above his fellow-men, holds out to them, in his own person, the example of a blameless life. As long as men are what they are, it is well that the fashion of virtue should be set them by men whose rare abilities are objects of envy and emulation, even to the most dissolute and unprincipled. If this be true of the statesman, of the warrior, of the man of science, it is so in a tenfold degree of the poet and the man of letters. Their works are in the hands of the young and inexperienced. Their habits of life become inseparably mixed up with their compositions in the minds of their admirers. They spread the moral infection wider than other men, because those brought within their influence are singularly susceptible of contamination. The feelings, the passions, the imagination, which are busy with the compositions of the poet, are quickly interested in the fashion of his life. From "I would fain write so" to "I would fain live so" there is but a little step. Under this first head the English nation owes a deep debt of gratitude to William Wordsworth. Neither by the influence of his song, nor by the example of his life, has he corrupted or enervated our youth; by one, as by the other, he has purified and elevated, not soiled and abused, humanity. If we may pass from this more general and important consideration to a more limited sphere of action, we would point out the example of the venerable old man who now lies sleeping by the side of the Westmoreland lake to the attention of all who aim at high literary distinction. To William Wordsworth his art was his all, and sufficed to him as his own rich reward. We do not find him trucking the inspirations of his genius for mere sums of money, nor aiming at political and social distinctions by prostituting the divine gift that was in him. He appears to have felt that in the successful cultivation of his art, he was engaged in a laborious, if in a delightful occupation. Could he succeed, he was on the level of the greatest men of his age, although he might not have a single star or ribbon to hang up against the wall of his rustic cottage, nor a heavy balance at his banker's as evidence of his success. These things are but the evidence of one species of triumph,—the poet, the dramatist, the historian, should aim at distinctions of another kind.

If we think the present occasion an unfit one for cold criticism, we may, without impropriety, devote a few brief sentences to the excellencies of the compositions of the Poet of Rydal Mount. There must be something essentially "English" in his inspirations, for while few poets have exercised greater influence in his own country, on the continent his works are little known even to students who have devoted much time and attention to English literature. In Germany, for example, you will find translations at the chief seats of literary society of the poetry of Scott, Byron, Moore, and

Shelley: Southey and Coleridge are less known; the name of Wordsworth scarcely pronounced at all. Of France the same thing may with truth be said. In either country there may be rare instances of students of the highest order, of a Guizot, a Mérimée, a Humboldt, a Bunsen, who are well acquainted with the writings of Wordsworth, and share our insular admiration for his beauties, but such exceptions are few indeed. There must, therefore, be some development of "English" thought in Wordsworth which is the secret of his success amongst ourselves, as of his failure in securing an European reputation. It is certain that some of the great poets whose names we have mentioned have left it upon record that they are indebted for the idea of some of their most beautiful passages to the teaching and example of Wordsworth, and yet the scholars have charmed an audience which the master could not obtain. It is probably the case that in no country of Europe is the love for a country life so strongly developed as in England, and no man who could not linger out a summer day by the river bank or on the hill side is capable of appreciating Wordsworth's poetry. The familiarity with sylvan scenes, and an habitual calm delight under the influence of nature, are indispensable requisites before the tendency of the song can be understood which works by catching a divine inspiration even from the dewy fragrance of the heatherbell, and the murmur of the passing brook. It was not in Wordsworth's genius to people the air with phantoms, but to bring the human mind in harmony with the operations of nature, of which he stood forth the poet and the interpreter. We write with the full recollection of many lovely human impersonations of the departed poet present to our minds; but his great aim appears to have been that which we have endeavoured to shadow out as distinctly as our limited space would permit.

Before concluding we would advert to a point which is, perhaps, more in keeping with the usual subjects of our columns than the humble tribute of admiration we have endeavoured to offer to the illustrious man who has just been called away. Let us hope that the office of Poet Laureate, which was dignified by its two last possessors, may never be conferred upon a person unworthy to succeed them. The title is no longer an honour, but a mere badge of ridicule, which can bring no credit to its wearer. It required the reputation of a Southey or a Wordsworth to carry them through an office so entirely removed from the ideas and habits of our time, without injury to their fame. Let whatever emoluments go with the name be commuted into a pension, and let the pension be bestowed upon a deserving literary man, without the ridiculous accompaniment of the bays. We know well enough that birthday odes have long since been exploded; but why retain a nickname, not a title, which must be felt as a degradation rather than an honour by its wearer? Having said thus much, we will leave the subject to the better judgment of those whose decision is operative in such matters. Assuredly, William Wordsworth needed no such Court distinctions or decorations. His name will live in English literature, and his funeral song be uttered, amidst the spots which he has so often celebrated, and by the rivers and hills which inspired his verse.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

(From the Times.)

THE Royal Academy still clings with an Irish tenacity to the 'holding' where it has been suffered to squat these thirteen years. Although the proceedings of a regular election have all been duly taken, the declaration served, plea pleaded, issue joined, trial held, verdict given, and judgment pronounced, yet the writ of pos

session is still withheld from the other party, and the intruder holds on in spite of law, justice, and public opinion. Custom, it is true, allows the outgoing tenant to reap the harvest he has sown, and it may be right to give the Academy sufficient time to gather in the golden fruits of its annual husbandry. That, or 'compensation,' a just prescription would allow; and, if nothing more were demanded, less would not (on our part at least) be offered. But, according to the last announcement of the First Minister (who, in taking this art-banishing under his protection, has justified Sidney Smith's opinion of his generous audacity), the Academy is likely to remain in the National Gallery for a period to which no limit can be assigned except the public endurance. The demand for its immediate dispossession, which rested upon the superior claims of the Vernon Collection, has been ostensibly satisfied by a promise of Marlborough House in favour of the latter; and thus a plausible pretext is raised for continuing the Academy a little while longer in its present quarters. How long the usurpation is to last we do not exactly know; but, as no period is named, a reasonable apprehension suggests the longest. The pressure of public remonstrance once removed, and the eye-sore of the Vernon cellar taken away, there is too good ground for thinking that, in the question of final removal, the convenience of the Academy alone will be consulted, and the true interests of art, which are for the present identified with the national pictures, wholly disregarded. Every questioner in the House and out of it will be told 'to wait a little longer.' At one time the 'site' will be the pretext; at another the construction of the building; and it would not much surprise the experienced in the resources of official procrastination if the last effort of delay were to take the shape of 'a little difficulty about the funds.'

Whatever may be thought of the original merits of this question, the manner of treating it, which we have above described, cannot escape universal condemnation. John Bull likes plain dealing and straightforward action. If a thing is to be done, he likes it to be done at once. The Academy is either to stay in the National Gallery or to go. If the former, let us be told so at once; if the latter, what motive can there be for concealing the time of its departure? The present state of things ought not to satisfy either party. The Academy is placed in the position of a disagreeable tenant upon whom has been served a notice to quit which he will not obey. The trustees of the National Gallery stand upon no better ground, for it is their duty to enforce obedience to the notice, and every day that the intruder holds over is a separate act of negligence on their part. If both are desirous to stand well with the public, the one will proceed to a summary ejection, and the other will print at the top of its forthcoming catalogues, 'Last exhibition in these apartments.'

They who take an interest in questions concerning the arts know how difficult it is to provoke a corresponding sympathy on the part of the public. Nor can this habitual indifference excite astonishment when one considers how few opportunities exist for study or the cultivation of a correct taste. Until very lately the outside alone of our public repositories of art was known to the masses. The youth of the present generation have grown up in ignorance of the great works of antiquity. No museums or galleries were open to them. The moral effect of such exhibitions, which is familiar to every schoolboy through his Latin grammar, has never been tried in this case. And if the neglect be in some degree supplied now, the amendment is due to the pressure from without, and to those popular sympathies which it is our present purpose to evoke. For this question, rightly considered, is a popular question. The gallery which the Academy usurps is the people's gallery; and the Academy itself owes its unpopularity to its exclusive character, and to the want of that popular element in its constitution without which no society in this country can have any permanent duration.

It is the recorded opinion of a select committee of the House of Commons, that "from the highest branches of poetical design down to the lowest connexion between design and manufactures, the arts have received little encouragement in this country." At the time this opinion was pronounced the National Gallery was being built. Shortly afterwards it was finished, and the present collection thrown open to the public. That was a considerable instalment towards the liquidation of long arrears; but, as it to neutralize the good, and to show how little the true interests of

art were appreciated, the Royal Academy was placed side by side with the National Collection. Whether this was an impotent rivalry, or merely an unlicensed intrusion, it is not easy to say. We have heard that there are Royal Academicians who think some members of their own body superior to all the ancient masters, and, according to one of our contemporaries, an Academician lecturer the other day placed *Etty* above Titian. It would not, however, serve any useful purpose to enter into the details of an invidious comparison. Our purpose is not to criticize the Academy, but to show how its present interests are incompatible with those of the public. It is enough to have proved a wrongful intrusion on the part of the Academy. We now call upon the trustees of the National Gallery to do their duty.

MADAME DULCKEN.

We have been requested to insert the following letter, which appeared in the pages of a morning contemporary, relative to a circumstance connected with the illness of the late lamented Madame Dulcken:—

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

SIR,—As, in your report of the last illness of the late M^{de}. Dulcken, I am mentioned as the only medical attendant, permit me, in justice to the bereaved husband (whose unremitting care nobody could fail to admire), to state that consultations were had with Mr. Ferguson, Dr. Billing and Sence Jones; and that Mr. Ferguson regularly attended with me from the 21st of February. No appreciable change in the poor invalid's condition took place until Thursday last, the day preceding her demise, when violent delirium set in, followed by coma, &c. On Wednesday our patient took a drive with her husband to Finchley, and in the evening was well enough to play several pieces to her family.

The disease was ulceration of the internal ear and surrounding bony structure, unhappily beyond the reach of human skill.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, T. C. CHAFFELL.

14, George-street, Hanover-square, April 19, 1850.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From a Correspondent.)

MR. SEYMOUR'S benefit, at the Theatre Royal, came off on Friday, the 19th, and, as we expected and hoped, it turned out a bumper. The boxes and pit were filled to an overflow—five rows of the pit being let off as stalls—who gallery alone was thin. The announcement of Ernst and Hallé, to be heard for sixpence, was no attraction for the militia—so much the worse for the militia say we! It will be well, indeed, for the people of this country when the taste of the masses is sufficiently elevated and improved to enjoy such music as is played by these great artists, and to appreciate their refined and exquisite performance of it. Mr. Seymour's most cordially received on his entrance to lead the overture to *La Gazza Ladra*; the crowded auditory seemed to recognize and appreciate his unobtrusive talents as leader and conductor, and to welcome him as one held in no slight esteem by his fellow townsmen, for his many good qualities as a musician and a gentleman. After the overture, we had that extravagant satire on the bickering of wedded couples, called "Married Life," in which the five ill-mated pairs were most finely represented, both in acting and the requisite *physique* to look the characters. Mr. Dismal's make up, played by Mr. Stephens, was very first-rate. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dove, by Mr. Wood and Miss Some, were also imitable—perhaps the gentleman's part being a little overacted, but the audience were in high good humour, and most uproarious was the laughter at some of the more amusing scenes, and the piece went off with great spirit. Herr Hallé then appeared to play Thalberg's celebrated "Mosé Fantasia" if there were any sceptics in the theatre as to Hallé's being able to shine in this difficult and *outré* school, as well as in the classical, their doubts must speedily have vanished. We never heard Hallé play

better—entirely from memory, too—but we would rather hear him play one of Beethoven's sonatas. Ernest next appeared, and gave a solo "Air with variations and Cadenza," composed by Mayseder and himself. It was admirably chosen to give a choice and perfect specimen of Ernest's pure, delicate, yet impassioned style of playing; we never heard his tones so clear or more subdued at the same time—it was perfect. A compressed version of *Emeralds* followed, with the principal dances of the first scene, including the ever-charming "Toussaint," delightfully given by Miss Annie Payne, with her father as the very best ideal of the poor poet Gringore. Next, the two, Ernst and Hallé, appeared together in Benedict and De Beriot's celebrated "Duo on Airs," from *Sonnambula*, a splendid performance, and applauded to the echo. Ernst then gave the "Carnival," which of course was a marvellous display of fancy and skill in execution, and of course was encoored, when, of course, new and increased difficulties were exhibited to show how easily Ernst could overcome them. To ourselves and many present, who had been in the habit of hearing Ernst at the Chamber Concerts, there was nothing to wonder at—his playing was only what we expected of him, but on the general audience, he seemed to produce a profound sensation, and he was fairly cheered as he retired. The performances were wound up by a very good representation of the *Loan of a Lover*, one of Madame Vestris's little pieces—we could not, of course, help reverting to the time when first we saw Madame in Gertrude with little Keeley as Peter Spyk—still, we must do Mr. and Mrs. Wood justice, they both acted and sang their parts very well, closing a capital evening's entertainment, which Mr. Seymour had provided for his friends.

Mr. Mitchell's Opera Comique opens here on the 13th of May with the *Crown Diamonds*; we hope the subscription list may be well filled. We trust we shall be present to report to you, on one or two, if not the whole three nights' performances.

MUSIC AT BRISTOL.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

ON Friday the 19th inst., the Classical Harmonists gave their first Sacred Performance of the present year in the presence of a brilliant and numerous audience, consisting of the leading families of Bristol, Clifton, and the surrounding country. The principal vocalists were Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Poole, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Lawler, supported by a hand and chorus numbering nearly 250 performers. Mr. P. J. Smith, under whose able direction the rehearsals had taken place, was conductor. The orchestra was led by Mr. H. C. Cooper, to whom the Society are chiefly indebted for the effective manner in which they have rendered many of the choral works of the great masters. As the performance did not terminate till within an hour of the Bristol papers going to press, there was no time to publish any lengthened remarks. But the following notice, extracted from the *Bristol Examiner*, sufficiently proves that the praiseworthy exertions of the Society were attended with success:—

"Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was given at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, to a numerous and brilliant assembly, who seemed fully to appreciate the beauty and magnificence of the piece, and the admirable manner in which it was presented. Miss Catherine Hayes fully realized the high expectations formed respecting her. The air, 'Jerusalem, Jerusalem,' &c., was given with inexpressible pathos. She threw into it all the sweetness and power of her admirable voice, and elicited a unanimous encore. She was equally successful in the beautiful air, 'I will sing of thy great mercies, O Lord.' Miss Poole, though not distinguished by any remarkable excellence, sang with care and judgment, and was encoored in the song, 'The Lord is mindful.' Messrs. Benson and Lawler sustained their parts throughout with efficiency, and earned several well-merited encores. The choruses were rendered with unusual correctness and power. We cannot but congratulate the Society upon the encouraging result of their presenting before a Bristol audience a work so worthy of its renowned and lamented author."

MUSIC AT LEICESTER.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE last of the Leicester Monthly Concerts of the season took place on Monday evening, April 22nd, in the New Hall, Wellington Street, and was attended by a numerous and respectable auditory, attracted partly by the charitable object to which the profits of the concert were to be devoted, and partly by the appearance of three musical novelties in the person of Miss Cobb, of Grantham, Miss A. Romer, and Mr. F. Bodda. The last-named made a decidedly favourable impression, and elicited an hearty encore by the manner in which he sang the "Largo al factotum," which he responded to by singing the same air in English. He and Miss Romer, too, gave such a new and effective reading to Barnett's "Singing Lesson" as to render it interesting, even after the numberless occasions on which it has been inflicted upon a Leicester audience, and to secure for it a unanimous call for repetition. A similar compliment was paid to Miss Romer and Mr. H. Nicholson in Bishop's "Mocking Bird," and to Miss Cobb in Mr. H. Farmer's "I'll follow thee," a showy song, but remarkable chiefly for the absurd number of repetitions of the words forming its title; these, however, were nearly the only words that could be heard, for the lady's intonation was so indistinct, that she might advantageously take a lesson from Miss Romer in this respect. If the two could be belted into one, or the excellencies of both could be blended, and the defects thrown away, a good useful vocalist would be the result. Miss Romer's voice appeared juvenile and scarcely formed, but she exhibited considerable feeling, made the most of the power she possessed, and above all, articulated her words with perfect distinctness, a most worthy quality in a singer. Miss Cobb, on the other hand, exhibited a command over a contralto and soprano range of voice, but the lower notes were forced and coarse, the middle ones weak and indistinct, and the upper deficient in power and brilliancy, while at the same time her intonation was imperfect, and she indulged too much in startling contrasts of forte and pianissimo, though she displayed considerable execution and warmth of feeling, sufficient to ensure her a reasonable share of popularity and applause. Of the instrumental music it is not necessary to say much, as it consisted merely of an overture and a selection from the *Sonnambula*, presenting nothing remarkable either in the music or its execution. The concerted vocal music, with the exception of "Sweet Sister Fay" and "La ci darem," in addition to the duet already mentioned, consisted of Bishop's popular glee, "The Chough and Crow," and the everlasting National Anthem, of which, of course, it is impossible to speak particularly, excepting to remark that, in the chorus parts, the small number of voices assembled were completely smothered by the orchestra. *Sic transit gloria mundi* (Monday). April 23rd, 1850.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

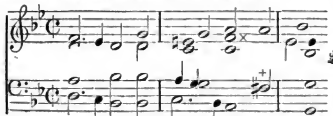
(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR—Before continuing my comments on the letters of Dr. Gauntlett, I ought, perhaps, for the satisfaction of your readers, to state, that it is not my intention to follow the Doctor through any part of his labyrinth of strange and contradictory reasoning; though it is very desirable that even this should be done, since the Gregorianists are apt to believe that, what is not answered is unanswerable; but that, after offering a few remarks on one or two points not yet entered upon, and which must suffice for the present, I intend saying something on the much more important topic of the origin of this said Gregorian movement in the English Church, and the wilful mis-statements by which its cause has been chiefly supported.

Dr. Gauntlett tells us, the Chants of Tallis, Byrd, and Farran, are forgeries. I have seen this much stated before; the grounds being, that neither the autograph MS., nor a contemporary printed copy of them, are known to exist. The Gregorianists sometimes have rather odd ways with them. Like the heretics of old, they will, when it suits their purpose, only believe what they see, and cry out, show us a miracle. Now, where the most positive and actual proof of a word or deed are wanting, tradition is usually

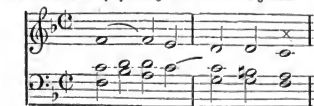
understood to be the next circumstance most entitled to acceptance: as being the most likely to be nearest the truth. Going by this rule, it is true we have not, at present, the most obvious proof of the authorship of the Chants in question; but we have many old MSS. which attribute them to the composers to whom they are generally, and, as it is believed, correctly assigned; and these are certainly much more entitled to acceptance than Dr. Gauntlett's bare unsupported denial. Why, Sir, the Gregorian Chants themselves may be declared to be spurious on the very same miserable grounds. Neither the MS., nor, of course, a contemporary printed copy, exist of those mighty specimens of musical mediocrity. But there is a *design* in all this, which I shall presently take upon myself to expose.

The next piece of absurdity—for I really can call it by no milder term—that I will cull from the Doctor's epistles, is, that "the Gregorian modes are the foundation of all form and structure." Let us pause for a moment to consider what may be comprehended under the heads "form and structure." A musical composition, to be symmetrical in "form," must be written in an intelligible, artistic, primary scale. This primary scale will have others, which are by nature nearly allied to it (attendant keys), into some or other, or all, of which the music will resolve itself (or modulate); in the course of its onward progress. Then, as to "structure," there must be occasional repose (or cadences), to check any wandering or restless effect; the melody of each voice part must flow easily and naturally, yet at the same time so that they form, combinedly, clear and pure harmony; and the modulations must be conducted without awkwardness or stiffness. These I take to be the simplest rules that can be laid down on the subject of "form and structure" in musical composition. Now, how sadly at variance with even these, simple as they are, is the Doctor's position. The old modes do not contain one complete artistic scale (although they present a number of conventional ones), consequently music written strictly according to those modes, can have no attendant scales, as surely as where there is no root there can be no tree. There could be no symmetry in such compositions, because there were no bars by which to reduce the music to proportion by phrasing. Where the old modes were adhered to it was not possible to be sure of the production of pure harmony; and as an illustration of this fact, I give an extract from Tallis's anthem, "I call and cry," one of the most sublime pieces of church music, according to the creed of the Gregorian wiscards, where we have an inversion of dominant harmony of G minor, with the atrocious dissonance of a major and minor third at the same time.



[See Boyce's "Cathedral Music," vol. ii, p. 7, score 2, bar 4.

Where the old scales were adopted, the modulations were often as unnatural and barbarous as the harmonies; a fact that is sufficiently illustrated by the following extract from another of the "Gregorian sublimities" ("Bow thine ear," Byrd), and which may be found in the same volume of Boyce's Cathedral Music that contains the other treasure, page 32, score 3, bar 3. In this instance we have the dominant harmony of G resolving itself into the triad of F, producing about as agreeable an effect to a sensitive musical ear, as it must be to a spider when it has nearly reached the ceiling, to find itself suddenly sprawling on its back on the ground.



I think I have now adduced sufficient evidence of the utter incorrectness of the Doctor's newfangled notion, that the Gregorian modes (or old scales) are the foundation of all form and structure; and why such a position should be repudiated by all who have any regard to their character as sound ecclesiastical musicians.

One word more regarding Dr. Gauntlett's letters. In his second communication he complains that Purcell's compositions—which are more symmetrical than the works of any of his predecessors or contemporaries—are wanting in *plan* (only another name for *form*), and adds, "surely no man in his senses can compare the misshapen and strange house of Purcell to the systematical structures of Handel, or the models of more recent times." There is a man, however, and one whom we all believe and sincerely hope is in his right senses, who does not only do all this, but who takes the still more extravagant view, that what is "without form and void" is the foundation of all that is symmetrical. And this is no less a personage than the worthy Doctor himself, who has been endeavouring so earnestly, but I do trust unsuccessfully, to delude people into the belief that Handel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Mozart, &c., stand indebted for their loftiest thought, to shapeless masses of musical hideousness; and who has dared to attempt to recommend his worthless inventions to the consideration of the readers of the *Musical World*, by attaching to them the sacred name of *truth*. I have now done with the Doctor for the present, and will only add, in all sincerity, that before he again undertakes to lecture Mr. Monk or Mr. anyone else, he will, for his own credit's sake, as well as for the satisfaction of his readers, form some definite idea of what he intends to write about. I must defer my observations on the present position of church music till next week; and in the mean time, beg to subscribe myself, dear Mr. Editor, your very sincerely and obliged,

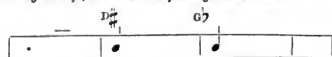
AN ORGANIST.

April 24th.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR—I have taken the liberty of addressing you for the purpose of asking one or two questions, trusting that the distance and other disadvantages which us colonists labour under will be sufficient excuse for so doing.

I see advertised in your journal a flute designed by a Mr. Briccialdi. Now, sir, as I have no opportunity of ascertaining the nature and advantage of the improvements said to be effected in this instrument, I will be grateful to you for an explanation of them. I lately imported a very good flute made by Clementi, London, having ten keys, the two extra keys being situated thus—



The upper one, brought to the heel of the first finger of the left hand, I make out to be D sharp; the other, in the third joint, to be G flat. There was no scale sent with it. Does Mr. Briccialdi's flute at all resemble mine?

Again, I see advertised "The Geneaphonic Grammar." Is it superior to Hamilton, Goss, &c., &c., on thorough bass?

I may mention that, about a year and a half ago, he got up a Philharmonic Society here, which has done a deal of good, both old and young joining it. We number about sixty members, and have twenty capable of sustaining a part with instruments. We have already given two concerts.

I need scarcely say that, as I have subscribed to your journal for some time, and supposing that you would not be unwilling to give us a word of advice now and then, I have thus encroached upon your goodness. I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

J. P. M.

Antigua, 28th March, 1850.

STIGELL.—For the same reason (want of space) we must be satisfied to record that this excellent tenor made a highly favorable impression in the "Sommell," from *Masaniello*, at the same concert. He was loudly cheered.

MUSIC IN EDINBURGH.

(From a Correspondent).

I ENCLOSE you the programme of a *Matinée*, given to his friends and pupils, at the Hopetoun Rooms, by our friend, T. M. Mudie, upon Saturday last. It consists mainly of the classics; and, indeed, as Mudie's own style has been entirely formed upon this school, the whole of it may be esteemed classical. It would really have been considered rather hazardous to have issued a programme without one specimen of the noise and make-believe of the modern capriccio or fantasia, but the crowded room shewed that we have entered upon a new era, and that the word sonata has lost its terrors. Mudie was in excellent finger, and did justice to all that he had given out. The large of Beethoven's Op., 7, one of the loveliest that its composer ever wrote for the piano forte, was exquisitely rendered; mere fingers could not have achieved anything on such a work, but, seconded as they were by the deepest feeling, the effect was sublime. The only part that seemed to hang a little heavy was Mozart's beautiful Rondo Sentimentale: this, perhaps, requires a drawing room for its performance, and a very small and well-chosen knot of friends for listeners. Mr. Mudie's own compositions stood the test which they were exposed to very well indeed. His *motivo grazioso*, "La Gentilezza," is quite a gem, and was very warmly received by the audience; and the Triumphal March, with its frank, well-marked melody, formed a very appropriate close to the performance. I believe neither of these pieces are yet further than MS., but I hope soon to see them on the pianofortes of all persons of real musical taste. Mr. Mudie's compositions, generally, are full of excellence, and must eventually give their author a high standing as a writer for the pianoforte. His military movement is one of the most effective pieces for four hands that I know, and though it contains no passages of great difficulty, is extremely brilliant, and well suited for the instrument. If you do not know it, pray get a copy immediately; you must be pleased with its elegance.

I am sure you will be pleased to let your readers know that our friend, T. M. Mudie (*late of the Royal Academy*), is still alive, and, although in the far north, is still as musical as ever.

The following is the programme in question:—

Sonata in E flat, Op. 78, 1st movement,— "Allegro con Mocità."	Haydn.
Leider ohne Worte (from 3d Book).— I. Duet in A flat, "Andante con Moto." Part II, "Presto a molto vivace," in E minor	Mendelssohn
Rondo Sentimentale in A minor	Mozart.
Notturno, MS. "Il compianto."	T. M. Mudie.
Rondo, MS. in A minor	T. M. Mudie.
Grand Sonata in E flat, Op. 7,	Beethoven.
La Gentilezza, "Motivo grazioso," MS. "Allegretto grazioso" (composed as a duet).	T. M. Mudie.
II Trifolium, "Marcia Eroica," MS. (composed as a duet)	T. M. Mudie.

[It is scarcely necessary for us to remind our readers that Mr. Mudie is one of the most accomplished and original of our composers.—Ed. M. W.]

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NANCY.—Last night *Le Barbier de Séville* introduced to the audience Mons. Fleury, a tenor of no common pretensions, who has been singing during the past winter at the Strasbourg Theatre. The first air in the opening of the opera was sufficient to shew he had an excellent voice, which would be still more effective if used with less ornament.

However, after Mons. Lac at the St. James's, he was very refreshing. Madame Huré was charming in Rosina; it is quite impossible to imagine anything more perfect in operas of this *genre*; there is a *naïveté* of expression, when singing, which gives an unspeakable charm to all she does. Her roulades too are always in good taste, and the execution of them faultless. Mons. Huré was a capital Basil, and Vincent full of fun as Figaro. The band, under the direction of Mons. Moulins, was perfect, and the chorus efficient. By-the-bye, since writing my last notice of this successful little *troupe*, I have had an opportunity of hearing two of the members of the orchestra play each a solo on the violin, Mons. Moulins, the conductor, the one, and Mons. Huré, the first violin, the other. They are both remarkable for their execution, and the only wonder to me is, that, possessing the talents they do, they should remain in, (comparatively speaking) so obscure a position.

MONTPELLIER.—Since writing the above, which I forgot to send you, I have traced my steps from the capital of Lorraine to this favoured spot of the sunny south. What with descending the Rhone in a steamer to Avignon, and thence taking advantage of the rail, I have got over a great deal of ground in a very short space of time. At Lyons, where I arrived on Sunday after a fatiguing day's journey, but refreshed with a good dinner and some generous wines, I started off to the theatre to see Verdi's *Jernaleen*, which appeared to me to be a mixture of *Ernani* and *Nabucco*, and so like were some of the noisy choruses, that had I not known what opera was being sung, I should have decidedly said, the latter; however, I only saw three acts of it, being too tired to remain, without a seat, for the house, being Sunday, was crammed. The orchestra was disgracefully bad. At Avignon, Signor Bellini was starring it in "Robert," but I had not time to see him. This is indeed a lovely spot, and *The Hotel du Midi* may with truth be called a palace of luxury, comfort, and economy. It is impossible to find fault with a single thing; the diners are excellent, and the *chef* deserves to be immortalised. The proprietor, with his *cara sposa*, shew you every attention, and the rooms are the patterns of cleanliness and comfort. In spite of the uncertain state of politics in this country, the hotel is nearly full of English families of consequence, and at the *table d'hôte* our fair countrywomen often carry away the palm of beauty. I have been in the best hotels in every town on the continent, and I must say, without fear of contradiction, that the *Hotel du Midi* immeasurably distances all others. On going to hire a pianoforte, I had a long *coze* with the Marchand du Musique, who in giving me the names of many famous artists, whom Montpellier had given birth to, said at last, "Ah! Monsieur, sans doute vous avez entendu parler du Massol le barytono," thinking of his *King in the Favaurite*, Pietro, &c. &c., I said, "Jo crois bien," to which he said with a sort of reverential air, "Il est de Montpellier, oui, Monsieur." He went on to tell me that the operatic *troupe*, with the exception of the barytono, was very bad, but that Madame Anna Thillon was coming, and mentioned the wonderful impression Alboni had made here. Never had an artist been known to cause such a sensation. The prices were all doubled, but in spite of that, the theatre was crammed, and the stalls were sold at a premium. She might have given three more representations with the same success, had her other engagements permitted her. Next week I will give you an account of Anna Thillon, who plays Rosina to-morrow evening.

T. E. B.

ORLÉANS, April 15.—(From a Correspondent).—An unusual excitement prevailed in our theatrical cliques on Sunday, in

consequence of an announcement that an Italian troupe, of high reputation in England, was about to give a series of representations at our theatre. The name of Montenegro, with its European fame, was sufficient to guarantee the performance, and the consequence was, the theatre, at an early hour, presented a brilliant assemblage. The opera was *Lucrezia Borgia*, and it would seem from the extraordinary dramatic, as well as musical powers of this charming *prima donna*, she could not have chosen a more favourable rôle to stamp herself among us as an artiste of the first order. The tenor, Signor Santiago, possesses a voice of good quality, and sings with taste and feeling. "Deh Pescator," was vehemently encoored, and most deservedly so, and the scenes between the unhappy mother and son were worked up with a genuine earnestness that called forth the most flattering marks of approval. Madame Santiago, with a contralto voice of considerable compass, gave great effect to Orsini, and was encoored with much enthusiasm in Alboni's own, "Il segreto per esser felice." "The Duke Alphonso" met with an able representative in Signor Ghislanzoni, and in short, throughout, the opera gave the greatest satisfaction. At the end of each act, Madame Montenegro, with Signor and Signora Santiago, were called before the curtain, to be almost smothered with bouquets.

L. G.

OUR COTEMPORARIES.

We find it inconvenient, nay, impracticable, to re-produce all the articles of importance on musical subjects that appear in the columns of the newspapers, daily and weekly, metropolitan and provincial. We had hoped to be able to allude space for them; but once in the thick of the season the zeal of our highly respectable cotemporaries waxes hotter. Elaborate and ably-written critiques become no longer of rare occurrence, and we are at our wit's end to know what to select and what to abandon. We have therefore given up our first idea, of re-producing everything, for another, with which our readers will probably be better pleased, of re-producing nothing—that is, nothing entire. Instead of robbing our cotemporaries wholesale, we shall rob them in detail; we shall detail or retail (re-tale) their wars as the time serves. They may, perhaps, be less satisfied—for we are aware that the great aim of a musical critic who writes in the papers, now-a-days, is to have his articles re-produced in the *Musical World*. But the number of our columns is restricted to thirty and two. Some of the notices of our cotemporaries are as long-winded as they are weighty, and were we to let loose the reins of our sympathy, we should quickly see our entire sheet covered with the writings of other pens, panting for publicity. A broadside of voluntary contributions, in the tempting shape of "reprint," would be poured upon us hebdomadally, by critics whose vicious of literary notoriety would find our columns the surest medium of realization. We should then be like the belly in the Roman fable; our cotemporaries the members to supply us with nourishment. But the end of the parable would be different from that of Menenius. Instead of starvation, we should die of surfeit, unless we took one of the articles in the ——— as an emetic, which would be an insult to our cotemporaries, who, in cramming us with good things, have it in their minds equally to make us fat and themselves prosperous. To swallow our hands, but make a choice of what to eat and what to throw away. We may not be so fat in the upshot; but we shall be better winded, and able to walk faster, in search of

intelligence for our readers. Without further parley, however, let us begin to put our new principle in practice.

One of the musical events of the last fortnight has been the new birth of the Beethoven Quartet Society, under the auspices of Scipion Rousselot. A more careful, tender, and skillful midwife might in vain have been sought to bring the bantling to a second life. Last year M. Rousselot sat upon the scattered memories of his dead society, as Marius upon the ruined walls of Carthage. But the French fiddler was cleverer than the Roman soldier. Marius moped moodily over the remnants of past magnificence, without the power to gather up the pieces and make a second Carthage; Rousselot, on the contrary, has restored the object of his lamentations to life and vigour. To show how general an interest is felt in the resurrection of the Beethoven Quartet Society by our brethren of the quill, we shall cite extracts from two articles; in the first of which, from the *Morning Post*, will be traced a resemblance to the style of the French *feuilleton*.

"Twelve o'clock has chimed by full half a dozen clocks in various keys; sounds of bacchanalian rejoicing issue ever and anon from the windows of a neighbouring public-house, where lingering revellers are wildly striving to drown in 'potations pottle deep' all memory of their unpaid bills and treacherous friends; amorous cats begin to infest the streets, 'making night hideous' by their semi-human cries; the homeless outcast shrinks for shelter beneath the porch of his well-fed fellow-man, who, sunk upon a bed of down, dreams not of woe; ghostly policemen parade with martial stalk the thinning streets; the column homeward plods his weary way; and loves the world to music and to us.

"Our notes of the week's performances lie before us, and their notes are still ringing in our editorial ears. Let us see: Beethoven, Blewitt, Mozart, Verdi, Handel, Bellini, Bach, Donizetti, Rossini, Ernst, Reeves, Heller—what a confusion of ideas do all these names create in our 'poor distracted globe'! No matter. We have promised our readers an hebdomadal account of the musical doings of this vast capital. Our lamp (a genuine Palmer), which, however, 'will not burn as long as we must watch,' is replenished—our goose-quill sharpened for the attack—little white pieces of paper, whose virgin purity woos us to kiss them with our thought, are spread before us, and we proceed at once, in spite of fate and a headache, to do our duty (as the song has it).

"Firstly, then, on Wednesday last took place the inaugural meeting of the Beethoven Quartet Society, in some new, extremely pretty, and sound-favouring rooms, situate in Queen Ann's-street, Cavendish-square. On entering these elegant apartments we discovered a number of artists and literati assembled to pay homage to the ruling idea of the intellectual feast. We next observed, upon a programme with which we were presented by a polite functionary, who received the visitors with ineffable grace, the words "*Honour to Beethoven!*" the perusal of which occasioned us an involuntary curl of the lip, of which a handsome mirror opposite to which we were standing made us aware. Not wishing to enter the rooms with a sneer, or to cast disagreeable reflections upon the new furniture, we addressed ourselves at once to corbuling this laudal commentary upon the folly of mankind, and took our seat beside one of the many artist acquaintances with which the room was thronged.

"Who can think on the sorrows and mortifications which Beethoven experienced, and forbear a bitter smile at these solemn mockeries now that he is a clod of the valley?"

"Can flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

"While he lived and I wrought he was poor and neglected, at the best of times comparatively, and frequently absolutely so. Composers without a title of his genius or his moral worth, basked in the sunshine of courtly favour, and enjoyed the patronage of the great and powerful, whilst he was pining in comparative obscurity, a prey to misanthropy and poverty; and now that he is above human sympathies he is to be honoured! Ridiculous! However, after the grand secon at Bonn some years ago, when crowned heads who paid him no homage while living became the pilgrims of his genius, and placed pieces of parchment containing their approving

fiats on his graven image, we are prepared for anything! In these remarks, applied specially to the case of Beethoven, may we not recognise the fate of all truth and genius from the beginning of the world—persecution and neglect while living, and a hypocritical name-worship when dead? It is, then, for those who love and reverence true genius to become its champions, to give no quarter, and to be swayed by no considerations save one. Let "Honour to whom honour is due" be their motto; let them study to know the truth, and knowing, assert it unflinchingly. Let us not shut our eyes to one of God's truths, however its brightness may dazzle us. It is thus that we must atone for the misdeeds of which we have so frequently been guilty—and it is thus that we must avoid for the future the foul injustice of placing the laurel wreath only upon the unconsenting brow of death.

"The above is a society of artists established for the sole purpose, we believe, of diffusing a knowledge of the chamber music of the great master, and does not arise out of any mere venal display of classic taste or commercial reverence for great works. The object is a noble one, and these artists honour themselves in honouring Beethoven. The programme included the quartets No. 1 in F, No. 9 in C, No. 13 in B flat, and the piano trio in D, sp. 70. The performance was truly admirable, the executives being Herr Ernst (first violin), Mr. H. C. Cooper, (second violin), Mr. Dando (tenor), Mr. Rousselot, the managing director of the society (violin), and M. Stephen Heller, who made his first public appearance in London on this occasion, pianoforte.

"We cannot say that we never heard a better *ensemble* than that of the string quartet, because we have heard artists of equal merit who have been in the habit of playing together for years perform this style of music; and it is well known that, in addition to a thorough knowledge of the score, which is indispensable, the constant habit of practising together, and the intimate knowledge on the part of the performers of each other's styles arising out of it, is absolutely necessary to perfect quartet-playing. The artists of whom we are now speaking could scarcely have enjoyed the latter advantage; but still the directing influence of Herr Ernst's poetical mind was sensibly felt throughout, and there were moments when the quartet moved with 'one intelligence,' and certain passages were given in a spirit worthy of the renowned Schuppanzigh party at Vienna, over which Beethoven used to preside. The greatest praise we can accord to Herr Ernst is that he did not in his performance stand out from the rest, but that he strove throughout to embue his companions with his spirit, and to make them become a portion of him, and where that was impossible he readily conformed to the tone which they had adopted, and became a portion of them. There was no attempt at individual display, but the *ensemble* was the ruling idea. All who are acquainted with Ernst's castilian playing will easily form an idea of the effect produced by the execution of the 'adagio affettuoso ed appassionato' in the first quartet, and the *andante e cavatina* in the first and second. It was truly beautiful singing. Mr. Cooper was an excellent second violin, and Mr. Dando (who played the tenor) an admirable substitute for Mr. Hill (who was unable to attend on this occasion). Mr. Rousselot is a good musician, and possesses extensive knowledge of chamber music, and considerable experience in its performance. His mechanism is also safe and satisfactory. Of M. Stephen Heller's merits as a composer we have already spoken at some length in these columns, and we are happy to be now enabled to pay a tribute to his great talent as a pianist. A touch at once firm and light, an admirable style of phrasing, a remarkably clear and distinct articulation, even in the most rapid passages, and perfect equalisation of the hands, are the praises due to his mechanism, while the higher qualities of mind and expression he displays are such as we have a right to look for in a composer of distinguished ability. Nothing could be better than his execution of the remarkably difficult trio in D, and great was the applause bestowed upon it. We hope to have many opportunities of hearing this admirable artist during the present season. This was a delightful evening. On descending the stairs we encountered an old friend, with whom we took our way, filled with the thoughts which Beethoven's music had suggested to us. After passing through a few streets, we found ourselves rather unexpectedly opposite the residence of the late Madame Ducloux in Harley-street. A chill passed over our heart as we reflected that the unfortunate lady,

whom we had known and respected, and whose musical talent had so frequently delighted us, was lying dead in that house. The cold night wind seemed to creep more closely round us, and its sibil gusts, as they moaned through the bare trees of the neighbouring square, sounded like the wild lamentations of unseen beings for that act which first brought sin and death into the world. We could not forbear a shudder, and our friend, whose kindheartedness is proverbial, appeared to share our feelings. We passed on rapidly together, and spoke no word save 'poor Madame Ducloux!'

We are certain that our readers will have perused the above with satisfaction. There is both feeling and poetry in it, not to speak of a thorough knowledge of the subject. The following, from the *Herald*, is of a different stamp; it pretends to be nothing further than a simple criticism, a plain statement of what passed at the Beethoven Quartet Society, in its *new locale*, with a plain commentary on the merits of the performers.

"Every amateur of the highest order of chamber music will be pleased to know that M. Scipion Rousselot recommenced a series of his interesting performances on Wednesday night, the 17th inst., after a year's silence, which led to a fear that the Beethoven Quartet Society was defunct. To judge from the auspicious termination of this renewed effort, however, M. Rousselot appears to have a fair chance of a highly prosperous season. He has changed his *locale* from the Beethoven Rooms to a spacious and splendid suite of chambers in Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, where there is every possible accommodation to ensure personal comfort, besides a striking adaptability for the purposes of music. The tea and coffee, between the first and second parts, came as timely and acceptable as of yore, and everything wears an aspect of promise for the future.

"The subscription is, we understand, exceedingly good, and this must partly be attributed to the announcement that the celebrated Ernst was to hold the first violin at all the meetings. M. Rousselot could not have made a wiser choice. Every musician and every amateur well know that in the performance of the chamber compositions of the great masters, Herr Ernst stands alone. His peculiar genius and his marvellous powers of execution combine in affording him facilities that few possess, while his extensive acquaintance with the classical writers affords him a familiarity with the text of their undying inspirations which is of invaluable account in the act of interpretation. Mr. Cooper, who made so brilliant a *debut* at the last Philharmonic Concert, is engaged as second violin for the entire series. Mr. Hill, as tenor, and Mr. A. Rousselot himself will monopolise the violoncello. A stranger and more efficient quartet could not readily be gathered together for an exhibition of executive art.

"The programme of the first performance was upon the principle which was current at the foundation of the Beethoven Quartet Society. An early quartet, one from the middle period, and one of the posthumous works, were given, whereby the audience had an opportunity to view the genius of the mighty 'poet of sound' in its three different and important stages of progress and development. The quartets on the present occasion were the No. 1 in F, the No. 9 in C (from the Razumovsky set), and the 'Posthumous' in B flat, No. 13. In all these the genius of Ernst was exhibited with transcendent effect, shining with equal brightness in passages of energy and tenderness, of playful simplicity and of the sublimest expression. Perhaps the most perfect displays of the evening were the *adagio* in D minor from the first quartet; the *finale*, beginning with the spirited and well-known fugue of the Razumovsky set, and the *scherzo* in B flat minor, of the Posthumous. In the first of these, a movement of overflowing passion and tenderness, the violin of Ernst sang in so touching and pathetic a manner that few were left unmoved among the audience. The last, a *presto*, half-layful, half-fantastic, was unanimously encored. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Dando (who took the tenor part in consequence of Mr. Hill's unavoidable absence), and M. Rousselot seconded the efforts of Herr Ernst with praiseworthy energy and skill, and the result was an *ensemble* little short of perfection.

"The novelty of the evening, and a feature of unusual interest,

was the first appearance before a London musical public of M. Stephen Heller, one of the most gifted and celebrated among modern composers for the pianoforte. To all amateurs and professors of that instrument the works of M. Stephen Heller are, or ought to be, familiar. But we were not prepared to find in M. Heller a pianist so thoroughly accomplished in all the essentials of style and execution. M. Heller selected the grand trio of Beethoven in D major for his *debut*, and was assisted by Herr Ernst and M. Rousselot in the violin and violoncello parts. The performance of this fine and difficult work was as nearly faultless as any exhibition of skill we have for a long time listened to. M. Heller produces an exquisitely musical tone from the instrument. His style is full of natural expression, and devoid of all that is ultra in sentiment. Without the slightest tendency to intrinsic display, or any of the prevalent trickeries, his mechanism is admirable, and his execution clear, precise, and brilliant. M. Heller is a classical pianist, and a great one, in the trust and fullest acceptance of the term. His success was triumphant. Every movement of the trio was loudly applauded, and the *finale* encored; but by refraining from complying with this demand, and contenting himself with bowing to the audience in acknowledgment for their continued and unanimous applause, M. Heller showed good sense as strongly as in his performance of the trio he had already evinced talent and genius of the rarest order.

"The meeting, gratifying in every respect, was an excellent augury of those that are to follow."

Few recent events have afforded us so much real pleasure as the unanimous appreciation of the merits of M. Stephen Heller, by the public as by the press, on the occasion of his *debut* as a pianist before an English audience. Great as are the abilities of this gentleman, his retiring disposition is a stumbling block in his way. He is liked for it all the more warmly by those who know him, but it interferes with his artistic progress, and should be conquered. M. Heller is a pianist of first-rate power, and has no reason to doubt the verdict of any audience in Europe. He must play often in public; the oftener the better. We are glad to find him announced in company with Ernst, at the next "sitting" of Mr. Ella's Musical Union.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DARYENCOCK.—This celebrated pianist made his *debut* at the last Wednesday Concert, and was received with enthusiasm. We are compelled to defer our report till next week.

MISS DURLACHER, the vocalist, has, we are happy to say, entirely recovered from her late severe indisposition.

M. JACLI.—In announcing the arrival of this pianist, last week, his name was misprinted Teill. M. Jacli, according to Mr. Ella's *Record*, is an Italian, and comes from Trieste. He is then what the Neapolitan call a "semi-tedesco" pianist.

MISS LOUISE BAXTER, the pianist and composer, was lately married to a clergyman in Sussex.

M. LÜBCK, (son of M. Lübeck, the Director of the Conservatoire at the Hague), a pianist of considerable note in Holland, has arrived in London for the season.

THE FRENCH OPERA COMIQUE COMPANY have been playing with the greatest success at Newcastle. Mr. Davis having engaged them to give three representations, notwithstanding the high prices, the dress circle has been nightly crowded.

MADAME DULCKEN.—Musical London is in process of being rapidly cleared of its "familiar faces." This day week we were startled by the news of the death of Madame Dulcken, after a painful illness.

Whenever the names of the names of Madame Dulcken are collected, Madame Dulcken must be commemorated as an executive pianist of the first class. Her musical sensibility was not of the finest quality or highest order; but her brilliancy of finger was remarkable, and her command over the novelties of her instrument entitled her to a place in the highest rank of players, together with Madame Schumann and Madame Pleyel. Madame Dulcken belonged to a musical family in North Germany, being sister to that excellent violinist, musician, and composer, Herr David. She

will be deservedly lamented as a devoted, energetic, and kind-hearted woman, who, we fear, by taxing herself beyond her strength, brought on the malady which proved fatal.—*Athenaeum.*

M. SILAS.—Every indication of novelty acquires added value from every new loss. Thus we are more than ordinarily glad, on trustworthy authority, to give a good report of M. Silas, the young Dutch composer, announced some weeks ago, who the other day appeared at a Philharmonic Concert in Liverpool, and performed the *allegro* of a pianoforte Concerto in C minor, of his own composition. Of the entire work we have an encouraging description. It is said to be unharsh, if not strikingly original, and the orchestra very well treated. M. Silas, too, is commended as an accomplished pianist, familiar with the best music. This is a prelude of hopeful import.—*Ibid.*

M. ECKERT.—We are also enabled—so far as personal of a score avails—to give cordial welcome to Herr Eckert, whose opera, *Guillaume d'Orange*, we have read. It need not be said, however, that such a mode of making acquaintance with a stage composition does not justify review or final judgment, especially when, as in the present case, the production is a grand four-act work, with *ballets*, double choruses, &c.—an opera, in short, aimed at theatres which M. Meyerbeer has occupied. Herr Eckert's music is of the eclectic school, rather than pure German, or pure Italian, or pure French—containing simple and flowing melodies, most wisely within the scope of average singers—more than one attractive piece of vocal combination—and choruses, we imagine, of considerable vitality and effect. His treatment of the orchestra, too, seems to be masterly, in the modern style. As a first opera, *Guillaume d'Orange* seems full of promise. Let us return a moment on our epithet "eclectic," to provide against misinterpretation. The most original of composers have often begun with eclecticism, or direct imitation.—*Ibid.*

MR. PLATT'S FAREWELL CONCERT.—We learn that this concert has not been as productive as the friends of the disabled artist expected, and that, in consequence, a subscription list has been opened by the Committee of Management. We trust that the musical public will take the claims of this favourite performer into their consideration, as we are assured that he stands in need of their efficacy.

ROXCONI has successfully addressed the French Government for a *subvention*. He has been granted 85 000 francs per annum.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—In Friday evening, *Judas Maccabaeus* was given, to a hall crammed in every part. This oratorio is, after *The Messiah*, the most popular of Handel's works. Besides its containing some of his very finest choruses, (the famous "Fallen is the Foe" being one of them,) its many popular solo pieces, and perhaps, more than all, the spirit-stirring martial music which abounds in it, will always keep it high in the public estimation. The soloists were the Misses Williams, Messrs. Frank Bodda and Sims Reeves, and the entire performance was as near perfection as possible. The Misses Williams gave the duet "In this dread scene," admirably, and Miss Ann Williams imparted as much expression to the song "Pious orgies," as perhaps it is capable of, not being one of Handel's very deepest inspirations. Mr. Sims Reeves was vociferously encored in the popular song "Sound an Alarm," and Mr. Bodda took the part of basso with great credit to himself. The choir was, to the fall, as effective as ever. The two elaborate and difficult choruses, "For Sion lamentation make," and "Fallen is the foe," if not absolutely fruitless in the execution, came as near to that desirable consummation as we have heard them. The *Creation* will be given on the 6th of May.—(From a Correspondent).

MR. AGUILAR'S CONCERT.—Last Wednesday evening the first concert of this young pianist took place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on which occasion an elegant and crowded audience had assembled together. We are happy that we can congratulate Mr. Aguilar on the highly favourable impression he has made; his success last Wednesday cannot fail to establish his reputation amongst the musical world, and thus entitle him to a place amongst our best native professors. Mr. Aguilar was born in London, and studied the pianoforte under Messrs. Neale and Goss. For several years afterwards he studied composition under Schneider de Wartensee, in Frankfurt. He also gave successful concerts in Leipzig and Dresden, and his name is well known in musical

German. Mr. Aguilari seems acquainted with the best of the ancient and modern pianoforte works, although, on the present occasion, he confined his choice to the latter class. Mozart's exquisite *quintet* in E flat, with *hautboy*, *clarinet*, *horn*, and *bassoon*, (Messrs. Nicholson, Lazarus, Jarrett, and Baumann), was in all parts beautifully played, the delicacy and smoothness of Mr. Aguilari's touch was admirable. Mr. Aguilari's next performance, solo, of Chopin's second *Scherzo* in D flat, (the same our friend Mr. Mosse has frequently played in public), was perfect, and entirely in the spirit of the original composition, and evinced much judgment. Equally intimate acquaintance with the author's work he showed in Mendelssohn's D minor trio, with Ernst and Haumann; the effect was decided. Mr. Aguilari's last performances were of his own compositions—"Etude," "Arehuse Melodie," *Romanza* in A flat. But as we shall shortly have to speak again on these works, it will be enough here to say that we shall be glad to see more of Mr. Aguilari's effusions, and that "The Romanza" in particular proved most effective. Herr Haumann, in addition to his own airs, afforded much pleasure, whilst the great violinist of the age, Ernst, as usual, created a new and celebrated "Pirata Fantasia." The vocal department was capitally sustained throughout. Sims Reeves was in excellent voice, and obtained an unanimous encore in a very pretty ballad by Desanges, called, "Hear'st thou my name?" Miss Lucombe and Sims Reeves sang also a duet, and Miss Lucombe a barcarole, both by the same composer, which pleased. The Misses Cole sang a duet, by Mendelssohn, and another by Panofka, with unaffected simplicity. The grand old song by Schubert, *Der Schatz* was excellently rendered by Mdlle. Schloser. Her bell like voice, and the simplicity of the air are always gratifying. In Schubert's charming lied, "Within a streamlet," she obtained great applause. M. Benedict accompanied it to perfection. Last, though not least, we have to introduce Mdlle. Graumann to notice. She is a general favourite with the musical public, and deservedly so. We never heard Molique's Schifferlied, "Come all ye glad and free," rendered with so much joyousness and spirit; the encore was certain. Mdlle. Graumann sang the *Signor Marzetti* the comic duet, "Al capricci," from "L'Italiana in Algeri," with the same spirit and good style. The *Preghiera* from *Maisie*, M. Benedict, with his usual ability, presided at the pianoforte.

IN BACKHOLD ROOMS.—Mr. and Madame Szczepanowski gave a concert at these rooms, in Harley-street, on Wednesday morning, which was fashionably attended. The *beneficitaire*, who visited this country some few years since, with the success to which his talents entitled him, has attained considerable reputation on the Continent for his performance on the guitar, which is such as to make us forget, in the effects he produces, the very limited capacity of this instrument. He played on this occasion three *morceaux* of his own composition, and two of Szé's. Mr. Szczepanowski played also a solo on the violoncello, which exhibited a power and expression of Mendelssohn's with variations, in which he was supported by his fair lady on the pianoforte, who played likewise one of the very graceful pieces of Mr. Wallace. A new Russian singer, with an extraordinary *contralto* voice, made her first appearance, but created no very extraordinary impression in her favour. A young English vocalist, Mdlle. Mora, also made her first appearance, and pleased greatly by her clear, fresh, *soprano* voice; she sang a ballad of Moore, and with Madame Macfarren the sprightly duet of "The Fairy Rhing." Miss A. Buan, the Misses Cole, whose taste in the choice of beautiful duets always creates an interest in their performance, and Madame Macfarren, who sang first in "Satanstoe" and "The Beggar's Children," displayed equal taste, variety, and excellence of her powers, completed the list of vocalists. The conductor was Mr. W. C. Macfarren, and there could not have been a better.—(*From a Correspondent.*)

JENNY LIND.—In making an extract largely from an English paper, we were led, in common with our contemporaries, to exaggerate very grossly the terms obtained by this lady from Mr. Barnum. We have set eyes on the contract itself, with the fair Jenny's name appended thereto in bold and legible round text. She receives 1000 dollars per night, for 150 nights. Benedict, the celebrated pianist and composer, and Belletti, the baritone singer, are to accompany her professionally, the former receiving 5000*l.* sterling

for his services, the latter one-half that sum. The party, including her secretary and servants, are to be brought on, lodged, boarded, and so forth, in first-rate style, by Mr. Barauin, and, further still, if he should net 15,000*fr.* from the first seventy-five performances. Miss Jenny comes in for a fifth of the profits subsequently made. She is to sail from Liverpool by the last mail steamer in August, or the first in September; but we do not know whether the price of the passage will be raised accordingly. The engagement expires on the 15th of the next month. Jenny is to sing only at concerts and oratorios—and these are the sole, true, and particular accounts.

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Madame GRISI, Madame CASTELLAN, Madlle. VERA, Madlle. de MERIC, Signor TAMBURINI, Signor TAGLIAFICO, Signor POLONINI, Signor LAVIA, Signor LUIGI MEL, Mons. ZELGER, Mons. MASSOL, Herr FORMES, Signor TAMBERLIK, and Signor MARIO.

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Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

Full particulars will be duly announced.

Prices of Admission: - Boxes, £1 1s. 6d.; £1 2s.; £1 1s. 6d., and £3 3s. Orchestra Stalls, 10s. 6d. Pit, 5s. Amphitheatre Stalls, 2s.

The Concert will commence at Two o'clock precisely.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had at the Box-office of the Theatre, corner of Bow Street and Hart Street, Covent Garden, which is open from Ten till Five; and at the principal Libraries.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday, Donizetti's sentimental opera, *Linda di Chamouni*, re-introduced us to Madame Sontag, in the part of the heroine, in which she made her *réentrée* last season, after an absence of twenty years—the first link of a second chain of brilliant triumphs, which has, for a second time, bound the affections of an English public in sweet and unbreakable bondage. The portrayal of the unhappy Linda through all the vicissitudes of village and metropolitan life, by this accomplished, and, in her own way, unrivalled songstress, has been too often and too recently apostrophised, to require present analysis. Suffice it, it is a gush of feeling drawn up from the hidden wells of the human heart, as pure as the private life of the fair actress who embodies the character. We have, we think, more than once lately remarked, that Madame Sontag's voice, while retaining all its ancient sweetness, has regained remarkably in strength. This was manifested with singular force on Saturday night in the finale to the second act, when the bereaved Linda, withering under the influence of her father's curse, gives vent, in tones of wandering intensity, to the conflicting emotions which overwhelm and sink her to the lowest depths of despair. Of Madame Sontag's brilliant and unerring vocalization, of that delicious *mezzo* voice, which resembles the warbling of a lone bird on a willow branch wailing for its mate, we had more than one exquisite example during the performance. Need we say, that the opening cavatina, the well-known "O luce di quest'anima," the best of Donizetti's, was executed with the highest degree of artistic perfection; that the duet with Carlo, in the first act, "A consolarmi affetti," with its sparkling and piquante *cabaletta*, was loudly encored; and that the florid bravura finale, vocalised with an unrestrained fluency, and a subdued sweetness peculiar to Madame Sontag, opened the hearts and closed the hands of the audience, who, as with one voice and one palm, pronounced their undivided verdict of approval. Further mention of encores, recalls, &c. &c., "ovations," as the *Morning Post* styles them, which from long experience, must begin to pall upon the senses of Madame Sontag, would be superfluous, nay, impertinent.

Mr. Lumley has turned up a trump card, and no mistake, in Signor Baucarde, the new tenor; not only a trump, but an honour, not merely an honour, but an ace; aye, and of spades, since, from the vocal mine he digs up treasures of tone and sweetness, with a hardihood which shows that his heart no less than his voice is in his task. Let us, nevertheless, while fairly apostrophising the merits of this youthful artist, qualify. He cannot be cited as the *beau idéal* of manly beauty, nor does the expression of his face overwhelm with its intelligence, blind with a flood of intellectual light; but his features are good, and declare that their possessor thinks not lightly of himself—a *sine qua non* to the arrival at artistic excellence (with deference). His voice is not the

finest at present on the stage; still less is it equal to Mario's; but, to carry out our figure (voice upon the stage), a much worse might be easily picked up by a better singer. The *ad de poitrine*, spoken of by some of our contemporaries, we have not heard; and indeed his higher notes are, in our opinion, by no means the best part of the organ; but the middle voice is remarkably even, full, and of a most agreeable quality, as was evinced by his manner of singing the air in the second act, which was perfectly artistic, vocally satisfactory, elegantly expressive, fluent without excess, tender without mawkishness, and eminently deserved the warm encore bestowed upon it by Mr. Lumley's discriminating and aristocratic audience. Indeed in the third act, where Linda is gradually restored to reason, Signor Baucarde infused such passionate warmth into the passage when he recalls to her wandering senses the scenes and feelings of early days, that the audience, equally surprised and pleased, rapturously applauded him.

Mdlle. Ida Bertrand, a contralto, from the concerts at Paris, made a very successful *début* in Pierotto. If, as we are led to imagine, this artist made her first appearance on the stage, it was something remarkable, as we have seldom witnessed more confidence and self-possession in the most experienced stager. Mdlle. Ida Bertrand possesses a mezzo-soprano rather than a contralto voice, which is easy and pleasing rather than surprising and powerful. She is an excellent vocalist, and sings with great taste and feeling. She impressed the audience favourably after her first song, and rose considerably in estimation by her unaffected singing of the pretty ballad, "Per sua madre," in the second act, and the duet with Linda, the last of which was encored with considerable applause. As an actress, she has abundance of energy and animation. Her conception of Pierotto was original and striking, and differed from the Pierottos we have been accustomed to witness on the Italian stage. We shall be glad to see Mdlle. Ida Bertrand in a part which shall exhibit to greater advantage her dramatic and vocal powers. Pierotto is but a secondary character, and, from what we have seen and heard of Mdlle. Ida Bertrand, we are inclined to think she has metal enough to render her conspicuous in a first part. Mr. Lumley has made another good addition to his vocal corps in the new contralto.

A word for the vocal excellence of Coletti's Antonio, and a general verdict of eulogy for the completeness with which the opera was played under Mr. Balfe's able direction, must conclude our notice of Saturday evening's performances. There was no novelty in the ballet.

On Tuesday the *Linda* was repeated.

On Thursday there was an extra night. The opera was *Sonnambula*. Mdlle. Sontag's Amina was as prepossessing as ever, and Mr. Sims Reeves came out with all his strength in Elvino. Belletti's Rodolpho was vocally excellent. The opera went off with the greatest enthusiasm. A scene from *Guillaume Tell*, in which the grand duet and trio occur, was

given later in the evening. Baudouin, who was assisted by Coletti and Lablache, made a still further impression on the audience.

The grand event of the evening was M. Paul Taglioni's new *pas de trois*, entitled *Les Graces*, composed expressly for Carlotta Grisi, Amalia Ferraris, and Marie Taglioni. Of this splendid display of terpsichorean gifts, we shall reserve our own account till next week, contenting ourselves at present with quoting the opinions of some of our contemporaries. The *Morning Chronicle* says:—

After the opera came a new divertissement, constructed to afford an opportunity for combining in one group the choreographic talents of Carlotta Grisi, Amalia Ferraris, and Marie Taglioni. This little ballet is entitled *Les Graces*, and it is another and a triumphant evidence of the poetical feeling (the term is not too strong for the instance) of M. Paul Taglioni as an inventor in this style of performance. A series of very beautiful and original groupings by the *corps de ballet* introduces and accompanies the grand *pas*, or rather succession of dances, by the three chief artists. Scope is given for the peculiar and distinctive excellencies of each: of Carlotta Grisi in her limble grace and vivacity of movement, her elegance, buoyance, and versatility—more than all these, of that piquancy and humour which flings such a charm over every pose and motion, inspired as they are by the true poetry of her art—of Marie Taglioni's daring energy—and of the wondrous precision and aplomb of Ferraris. Each of these accomplished dancers introduced some new invention, some new phrase in the expressive language of her art, and it was only with difficulty that the audience could be restrained from encoring the different *pas*, as they followed each other in a rapid succession of brilliant and exciting, excellence. This new dance rivals the celebrated "Pas des Quatre," and will equal it in attraction.

The *Morning Post* is equally favourable, though more laconic:—

A new grand *pas de trois*, entitled *Les Graces*, was introduced, and afforded Mdlles. Carlotta Grisi, Marie Taglioni, and Amalia Ferraris the opportunity of uniting their several and surpassing excellences into an *ensemble* of perfection rarely equalled and never surpassed. The design of this dance is exquisitely classical, and reflects infinite credit both on the invention and the taste of M. Paul Taglioni, the accomplished composer. In all matters of this kind, however, the execution is the charm, and never were the Graces themselves more gracefully presented. The beautiful creation of ancient mythology was realized to admiration in every movement of the fair *artistes*. Each seemed to vie with her sister Grace in the ease and brilliancy of her achievements. It is impossible to say which was most bewitching. The style of each is so different from that of the others that it is no paradox to affirm of every one, by herself, that she was unsurpassable by existing competition.

The *Morning Herald* is also loud in eulogy of M. Taglioni's new *pas*, about which it writes thus quaintly:—

"After the opera, a new *pas de trois* was introduced for the first time, executed by Carlotta Grisi, Marie Taglioni, and Amalia Ferraris. Mr. Lumley has always been of good diplomatic address as a vaquisher of Terpsichorean antipathies, and his adroitness in this way was made splendidly manifest in those memorable days of the ballet when Taglioni condescended to combine herself with a troop of younger danseuses, who honourably combatted their great mistress and won wreaths of flowers from idolatrous audiences. *Les Graces*, the name of the present divertissement, is an incident of the same kind. Composed by M. Paul Taglioni, who has a lively genius for such inventions, it brings out the three artists who are now the stars of Mr. Lumley's company in certain pleasant passages of competition. The "variations" allotted to Amalia Ferraris were executed with a spirited *aplomb* that found admirers; though the exquisite grace and finish of Carlotta Grisi seemed to shine all the brighter in the warfare of rivalry. Carlotta,

in fact, never danced better. Her second movement was matchless as a piece of twinkling quickness, being one of those demisemi-quaver *pas* in which Fanny Ellsler was wont to inflame the house into ecstasies; while another, in which she struck a series of rapid attitudes, detailing a gallery of statuesque poses, was equally beautiful. The methodical Marie Taglioni was but an inferior "Grace" compared with the other two; but she went into the contest with some show of animation, and disported herself with a bravery that achieved applause. One of the "variations," in which the three danseuses performed simultaneously the same figures, was encored. The *pas* was quite successful, and no doubt it will continue to be a feature in the bills for some time to come. It contains, we should not omit to remark, some pretty incidental groupings; the emerald-green hue of the declivity in the back ground putting the forms of the white-muslined corps de ballet into a quaint and novel kind of relief.

We have not *The Times* at hand, but next week we shall quote that too, and, moreover, shall take up the eudgels for our favorite Marie Taglioni. There seems to be but one impression about *Les Graces*, which leads to a hope that it may prove as popular, and do as much for the theatre, as the *Pas de Quatre* itself. Why not? The soul of the *Pas de Quatre*, CARLOTTA GRISI, is still with Mr. Lumley.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE *Donna del Lago* was repeated on Saturday. The performance surpassed by many degrees the previous Thursday's. Still it was hardly what it should have been at Covent Garden. But without Alboni the *Donna del Lago* could not be rendered to perfection. Enough, the directors did what they could with their means.

The third performance of the *Mosé*, on Tuesday, was decidedly the most splendid and complete of the three. The same enthusiasm was awakened throughout, and the same *furor* created at the end of the third act. To every one of the principals the highest praise must be extended, and the band and chorus were as irreproachable as ever. We never witnessed an auditory more excited from beginning to end of a performance. What a pity it is that Rossini's glorious work should be wedded to so uninteresting a subject!

The revival of the *Huguenots*, on Thursday, brought the most crowded audience of the season. The east has varied considerably from that of last year. Castellan resumed her original part of the Queen, in the room of Dorus Gras; De Merie supplied the place of Angri in the Page; and Fornes filled up the part of Marcel, left vacant by the secession of Marini.

Of Madame Castellan's Marguerite de Valois it is sufficient to say that it is an agreeable change from the Marguerite of last season. Of De Merie's Urbano it is sufficient to say that it was admirably acted and cleverly sung. Of Fornes' Marcel it is not sufficient to say a few words.

The Marcel of Fornes is a remarkable performance, both in a lyric and dramatic point of view. His conception of the character is bold and striking; his acting graphic and energetic; and his singing powerful and impressive. However much we liked Marini in the part of the old Puritan, without the least hesitation we must award the palm of superiority to Fornes. As in his Caspar, the German basso takes an entirely original view of Marcel. Like all great artists, he has studied his author intensively and intensely, and studied to render in vivid colours his own conception. He has left nothing to chance. Every note, every attitude, every motion has its aim. The desire to surpass, or, perhaps, the wish to vivify his own impressions, has carried Fornes into certain

exaggerations both in his acting and singing. We see no necessity for making Marcel so old as Formes does. A shabby old man on the stage is not a very agreeable picture; nor do we think the senility of Marcel, as represented by the artist on Thursday, would be subscribed to by Scribe or Meyerbeer. The only fault we have to find with Formes' singing is an occasional drawing of the notes, and an endeavour to make too many points. With these exceptions, his performance was extremely grand and powerful, and produced an immense impression. He was encored with great acclamations in the "Pif, paf" song, which was given with extraordinary fire and energy. The last scene of Formes' Marcel was as great as that of his Caspar. We have seldom witnessed any acting more imbued with earnestness and reality. We have much more to say of this fine performance, but are driven away from our desire at present by stern necessity.

One word must suffice for Grisi and Mario—both were transcendent as ever, and the same enthusiasm as before was created in the grand duet in the third act.

The whole performance was one of astonishing brilliancy.

Zora will be repeated to night.

Guillaume Tell is in rehearsal. We must warn the directors against producing this work in the inefficient manner in which it was given before. If they bring it out in its integrity, as far as that may be accomplished, they may depend on a great success—otherwise, it will fail as before.

GRISI AND MARIO.

(From the *Morning Herald*.)

GRISI's personation of Elena, in the *Donna del Lago* is well known, and to praise her is now superfluous. When it is said that her singing was as brilliant, as facile, and as exquisite as ever, every idea of sympathy, grace, and excellence will be suggested. We have no words to express in appropriate terms the pleasure that every one felt in listening to the incomparable skill of this incomparable vocalist. Her ability is transcendent, and neither the advances of time, nor the vicissitudes of climate, seem to impair it. We believe she will never grow old, but should she—evil will be the day for the lyric drama. Mario, like Grisi, ripens in excellence, rather than the reverse. His embodiment of the King is the quintessence of manly and chivalric elegance. He sang superbly in the romance; in the second act, he was encored; and nothing indeed could be more beautiful. Such impassioned love plaints as these are irresistible.

(From the *Morning Post*.)

SIGNOR MARIO was in fine voice throughout the evening, and gave us a version of Raoul, which we shall not easily forget. We never before saw the character so naturally delineated. There was nothing overstrained, no effect-seeking, no misplaced melo-dramatic heroism, such as we have seen practised by popular French tenors performing the same part; but all was easy, gentlemanlike, and civilised, until the grand moments for the display of passion and energy arrived, when Signor Mario rose at once with his subject, and nobly met, both mentally and physically, the exigencies of the dramatic action. His delivery of the passage in the septuor in the second act, on the words, "Per tutti il cielo ciascun per se," was one of the grandest bursts of physical power and artistic feeling we ever listened to. It was rapturously encored. In the grand scene of the third act he was also very great. His delivery of several passages of the duet, amongst which we cite the exclamation, "Tu m'ami!" after Valentina declares her love

for Raul, "Venga or la morte, a me dolce sarà il morir;" and the concluding benediction upon his beloved, before rushing to the fight, was worthy of the greatest artist that ever adorned the stage.

Upon Madame Grisi's impersonation of Valentina, did but time and space permit, we could write until our "eyelids could no longer wag;" but as it is, we can but touch lightly upon its manifold beauties. Her performance throughout was so sublime, that, were we to enumerate all its excellences, our criticism would be converted into one long panegyric upon her genius. Her tones, while uttering the words, "Salva Raoul, per me non temo," and those in the duet, "Resta io t' amo!" besides many other wonderful and thrilling things, are still ringing in our ears, and convincing us how inadequate are mere words to convey an idea of the effect they produced. Valentina is one of Madame Grisi's greatest performances, and should be witnessed by all who appreciate the loftiest order of artistic genius.

ERNST IN DUBLIN.

(From the "Freeman's Journal.")

WE have ever regarded this society in unison (to use a concert phrase) with its "Antient" composer, as the representative of the musical taste and genius of our city. We have had frequent and delightful opportunities of forming an opinion as to its merits as a musical society, and it has been our pride frequently before now to offer the tribute of admiration to its taste and discrimination in the selection of its musical entertainments, as presenting much that was new and attractive, and to congratulate our musical public on possessing a musical society numbering amongst its performing members many proficient in vocal and instrumental art, yet so unselfish and devoted to carrying out the one happy principle of giving and receiving mutual delight in the triumph of musical genius, as to be ever ready to appropriate and present every musical attraction of the day which by possibility can be made available at each concert meeting of the society. The truth of these remarks will, we feel assured, be sustained by the patrons and visitors who attended in crowds at last evening's concert.

We have but one objection to make, one disagreeable contingency to speak of, and we would wish to get rid of it at once. The performance was unreasonably protracted—it was past twelve o'clock before the concert was ended. The programme was, perhaps, somewhat lengthy, and the *encores*, of course, occupied time, but the main cause of all the inconvenience—the loss of the last Kingstown train by numerous families, the disarrangement of a thousand private and family engagements, all arose from the lateness of the hour at which the concert commenced, and this was of course, inevitable, as it would be, out of all question, a case of "*less vice majeste*" to open the concert, *manque* the presence of the viceregal president of the society.

The concert opened with Beethoven's celebrated Pastoral Symphony, which was given with beautiful effect by the orchestral band, led by our gifted townsman, Mr. Levey. Nothing could be finer or in more perfect accord than the instrumentation of the several performers in this glorious rendering of imaginative idea through harmonic media, the opening allegro passage breathing in every bar and cadence of rural delights, the flutes habited of green fields, the piccolos, clarionets, and oboes simulated the songs of the birds, and the bass instruments seemed to echo the roar of cascades, and the rustling of the summer breeze through the woods with all their

leaves. Again, the sweet movement in *andante molto*, told on the ear like the warbling of the mountain rivulet over its pebbly bed; and then the sweet *motivo* interpreting the village dance of the peasants, led the imagination captive by its portraiture of innocence and happiness. Then the storm, with its terrors, rendered by magnificent instrumentation; and, finally, the shepherd's song, in six-eighth time, came, as it were, like a burst of sunshine, lively, graceful, and beautiful; the very echoes of the valley simulated by violin and violoncello; all concluding with an instrumental accord, which told with thrilling effect. The lions of the evening were (we give the lady the *pas*), Mdlle. Charton, the *prima donna Française*; Mrs. Joseph Robinson, the highly-gifted pianiste; and Herr Ernst, *Le Diable de Violin*, as somebody called him. After the overture, the first vocal piece was sung by Mdlle. Charton. It was the *romanza* which we have noticed as sung by the fair donna in the opera of *Le Domino Noir*. On her appearance the fair contralto was welcomed by a burst of cordial and admiring plaudits. Her voice told, perhaps, with better effect in a building comparatively circumscribed, more compact, and constructed with a view to vocal effect. At all events, she seemed imbued with greater power of voice, whilst her tones retained all their magic sweetness. She was rapturously encored, and in the repetition of the latter part of the air, she achieved a brilliant cadenza, varied by a succession of exquisite intonations that evinced not only power of voice, but also wondrous command over its thrilling inflections. It need not be said that she was rapturously applauded. Next came "Il desiderato," the idol of the violin worship, Herr Ernst. His reception was flattering in the highest degree. His performance was a concerto from a theme by Mendelssohn, in three movements—the first slow and divinely beautiful in its melody, the second in an allegro which the gifted artiste diversified with ornate and wondrous harmonic effects, but in the concluding *arpeggio*, nothing could equal the decisive brilliancy of his touch, or (could we use the word) the "excruciating" series of harmonic effect which flowed from his "familiar" instrument beneath his almost magic instrumentation. The audience were positively wrapt in listening delight to the conclusion, when applause, such as true genius merits, broke forth in repeated peals. An encore was called for, but the artiste who had only arrived after a very fatiguing journey, bowed his demureur.

The next piece was a recitative and aria from Handel's *Acis and Galatea*. This was sung by Mr. Joseph Robinson in a style which, without anything at all like partial pride in our native vocalists, may be called magnificent. His version of the air, "O rudder! than the cherry," was remarkable for power, depth, and sweetness of inflection; and no one present could believe that we have not a vocalist of his class with whom Staudigl may compete, but no more. Mr. Robinson was warmly and deservedly applauded. After this, the next performance was a grand concerto on the pianoforte, by Mrs. Joseph Robinson. The piece was one of Mendelssohn's finest compositions. The fair and young performer, on her appearance, was greeted with repeated rounds of welcome. It was the *début* of this highly gifted artiste, Mrs. Robinson; but our musical public, so devoted to the refinements of harmonic art, could not forget the sensation created by the performance of this peerless pianist on her first appearance last season. She then succeeded in arresting the absorbed attention, and creating the delight of our patrons of music by the magic delicacy of finger, and wondrous power and brilliancy of execution, that characterised her pianism. It was, therefore, no wonder that her appearance last evening was hailed

with delight; and assuredly by her playing she justified every previous impression in her favour. Her performance was brilliant in the extreme, and the repeated and enthusiastic plaudits of the entire audience evinced their appreciation of her genius.

In the second part, Mdlle. Charton sang the well-known gem, "Di piaeer," from Rossini's opera of *La Gazza Ladra*. The fair artiste rendered the words from the French version. No *morceau* of music could be more happily suited to the florid brilliancy and charmingly flexible melody of the fair artiste's delicate soprano voice than this bit of opera. She seemed to know her power of rendering it in all its besuty. She aimed at no high effects requiring sustained effort, but with true artistic skill revelled in the harmonic notes within the compass of her truly sweet voice, and succeeded, *a merveille*, in rendering this sweet aria with superb effect.

Mrs. Joseph Robinson again appeared, and was received with repeated demonstrations of applause. She performed a long, and trying, and most beautiful fantasia on the pianoforte, with sustained spirit and effect. It was a masterpiece of Thalberg's complicated musical idealisms, founded on passages in the *Don Giovanni*. Her playing was marked by the same consummate taste, delicacy of touch, and brilliancy of execution that now seem to distinguish her as the only lady professor of the pianoforte, worthy to succeed the regretted Madame Dulcken, whose *maniere* and style of instrumentation is forcibly brought to memory by this young artiste's magnificent control over this noble instrument.

The next piece was a recitative and aria of glorious Spohr, from his opera of *Faust*. Nothing could be more splendid than the resonance and power thrown into the recitative of this aria by Mr. Joseph Robinson. Nor could anything be more exquisite than the fluent melody of his tones in the *larghetto* passages. He was most enthusiastically applauded. Herr Ernst appeared again to the delight of all, and performed a splendid fantasia on a theme from the airs in Bellini's opera of *Il Pirata*. He was, of course, rapturously encored, and in conceding another performance, the gifted artist selected the air, "Il Biondino," from the *Carnival de Venise*, and delighted every one with his exquisite variations and magnificent effects. Mdlle. Charton concluded by the aria, "Rossignol" with a splendid flute accompaniment by M. Demeur.

A fine overture, from Reissiger, finished the concert, which we must consider the most brilliant of the season.

[We cite this as a fair specimen of Dublin enthusiasm, which, like Dublin stout, is generally three parts froth. Amidst its strange jumble of words, its *metre* of celebrities and obscurities in one common confusion, there is nevertheless the evidence of hearty enjoyment, if not of lucid appreciation.—Ed. M. W.]

APOPTHEGMS.

(Continued from last Year.)

THE vulgar savour of revenge is not to be compared with that exquisite flavour of satisfaction afforded by the legitimate resentment of a wrong, which, while it assuails the individual, violates the established laws of a whole community. The savage who dissects scalp for scalp, or conflagrates wigwag for wigwag, enjoys not half so palatable a triumph as that which lights up the countenance and pours the balsam of conscious rectitude on the heart of him who hauls up an extortionate cabman to Bow Street on purely public grounds. There is a complexity in the pleasing emotions that he experiences in accomplishing this act, which, like the

diversified savour of the pine-apple, is the result of cultivation purely artificial. He has in his person fulfilled the conditions of existence of a merely abstract entity, while at the same time the impulses of his concrete nature have been indirectly assuaged. He has stood between nature and civil polity, and has joined their hands, like the uncle in the play; or—to use a more genuine and dignified metaphor—like Gog and Magog, he has had his head in the clouds, while his feet were firmly planted on *terra firma*.

MONEY is the sinews of war, railways the arteries of trade, and electric telegraphs the nerves of civilization.

The same power, whose only activity was destruction, and whose only voice an inarticulate terror, has now become the discreet and whispering messenger of men's thoughts, the bond of unity, and the pledge of universal peace.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ANNA THILLON.

MONTPELLIER.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The theatre, during the past week, has been crowded every night there has been a representation, to hear that charming vocalist, Anna Thillon. I more than enter into the rhapsodies of your Toulouse correspondent, and still more warmly appreciate the genius of this queen of opera-comique. She looked as well, and sang better than I ever heard her; the sunny south, no doubt, giving additional power to the tones of her melodious voice. Her last representation was on Sunday, when the *Fille du Regiment* was given for the second time. To compare Madame Thillon with Jenny Lind would be a bad compliment in this part, because, as a comic actress, she is so much superior; and, if I mistake not, the *Fille du Regiment* was written expressly for her; however, I can say with truth that never was Lind more enthusiastically cheered or showered with bouquets than was Anna Thillon on this occasion. Mons. Bardou, who played Sulpice, had enough to do to collect and present time to her. The *Matagitan* was encoored with a *furor* only known in the theatres of the Midi. The director could not persuade Madame Thillon to extend her engagement, as she is travelling more for pleasure than professionally; and I regret to add that it is the intention of this popular artiste to purchase a property in the neighbourhood of Mir, where she may at will retire and enjoy the pleasures of that luxurious climate. From this I fear an unwillingness to visit old England again, which will be a loss we cannot easily replace. Let us hope, however, although the Princess's is going into other hands, that, on the off nights, Mr. Maddox may give us a really efficient *opera-comique troupe*, with a good orchestra and Thillon at their head. T E. B.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.

THE version of the *Antigone* of Sophocles, with Mendelssohn's music, which was produced with such success at Covent Garden, some years ago, was very judiciously performed on Tuesday night, on the occasion of Miss Vandenhoff's benefit, for the character of the Greek heroine is unquestionably the one in which her talents are displayed to the best advantage, while Creon is an excellent character for Mr. Vandenhoff. The music was sung by the chorus of the Royal Italian Opera. At the conclusion, Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff were both called with enthusiasm.

PRINCESS'S.

SIGNOR SCHIRA took his revenge on Friday night last week for the partial success of his *Mina* by another three-act opera,

called *The Orphan of Geneva*, which, if less ambitious in style, is far more genial in spirit. The story of *Thérèse*, originally of French extraction, is well known. It was for a long time in possession of the English stage as a melodrama of stirring interest; and we coincide with the author of the *libretto*, who cites the *Mountain Sylph*, the *Night Dancers*, *Maritana*, and *Charles II.* (among English compositions) as convincing proofs of the wisdom of adopting familiar stories for the foundation of operatic works. He might, with as much reason, have adduced the *Sonnambula*, the *Gazza Ladra*, *Barbieri*, and a host of Italian operas, as foreign illustrations of his argument. It is enough to remind our readers that *Thérèse* is a young girl, the supposed foster-child, but really the child, of a noble lady in Geneva; that through the machinations of a rascally advocate, who wishes to obtain possession of her wealth and person, she is presumed to have forged the will which bequeathed her all the property of her mother; that subsequently, through the villainy of the same individual, she is arraigned for an attempt to murder her benefactress, the mother of the man who loves her; that, as in the course of semi-serious melodramas, her character and innocence are ultimately cleared up and established; and that all ends happily to the satisfaction of everybody except the rascally advocate, the *bête noire* of the drama, who encounters the just punishment of his misdeeds. The story has been cleverly adapted for musical purposes by Mr. C. Jefferys, the words of the songs and the verse in general being so much better than the generality of such things, as to have rendered the apology advanced in the preface to the printed book and the appeal to the mercy of periodical criticism equally superfluous.

Signor Schira's music is of so very light a character throughout, that elaborate criticism would be out of place. From the overture to the final *rondo* it is entirely of that *ad captandum* character, which aims simply at pleasing the many without soliciting the approbation of "the few." There is not even an attempt at embodying the *couleur locale*, which, in pieces laid in Switzerland, is so tempting and so easy of attainment to a musician of fancy; but to make amends, Signor Schira has produced some exceedingly graceful songs, one or two pretty ballads, and several sparkling choruses, the most striking of which may be specialized in noticing the performance.

The part of *Thérèse*, the heroine, was sustained by Miss Louisa Pyne, who has added another to her list of successes. To this lady are allotted some of the most agreeable songs in the opera. Her first air, "A poor unfriended outcast," is a ballad of touching and plaintive character, which, through its own merits and the pleasing manner in which it was sung, won and deserved a unanimous encore. Still better was the duet with Count de Morville (Mr. Allen), "I'll not believe that guile can dwell," a thoroughly sentimental effusion. Best of all, however, in a musical point of view, was the recitative and air, "My young days are o'ershadowed." The recitative cannot fail to remind the hearer of a passage in Donizetti's *Linda di Chamouni*; but the air is in the highest degree vocal and melodious, without once violating the ballad like simplicity which is its principal charm. Miss Pyne sang it in her most winning manner, and was honoured by an encore which was the genuine expression of the feelings of the audience. A *rondo finale* in the *bravura* style, a lively tune, embellished by brilliant passages of triplets, gave Miss Pyne an opportunity of exemplifying her command of florid vocalization, and brought down the curtain with an enthusiastic encore. Miss Pyne has not yet acquired that warmth and energy, of the want of which we have complained on more than one occasion; nevertheless, her acting, while by no means de-

ficient in feeling, was always intelligent and prepossessing. The Count de Morville, Thérèse's lover, was represented by Mr. Allen, who sang the music allotted to him with graceful expression and artistic finish. He obtained encores for two airs, which are among the gems of the opera. The first, a sort of ballad with quartet accompaniment, "Ah, what joy to hear!" is elegant and spirited; the second, a pathetic ballad, "Unhappy maid, her reason wanders," illustrates very truthfully the situation in which it occurs, and may be praised as much for its melodic attractions as for the tasteful manner in which it is accompanied. This was Mr. Allen's best vocal effort during the evening, and is likely, we think, to become the most popular song in the opera. Mr. Weiss has a very disagreeable part in Carwin, the unprincipled cause of all the misfortunes of Thérèse; but Signor Schira has contrived to make the best of his fine bass voice in the concerted music, and has also given him a song, "She shall be mine," which, although singularly out of keeping with the sentiment of the words, has some points of decided originality. The small part of the Countess de Morville was elevated to an agreeable prominence by the clever acting of Miss Villars, who looked well, was dressed well, and never lost sight of the business of the scene. Miss Villars had but little to sing, but what fell to her lot was executed with a musician-like correctness which was of eminent value in the *morceaux d'ensemble*. The subordinate characters were respectably filled by Messrs. Corri, Latter, and Wynn. The last-named gentleman refrained on this occasion from making a caricature of his part, which was an improvement on some of his recent impersonations. Mr. Wynn is by no means devoid of talent as an actor, but he is at times so eager for display that he becomes almost obtrusive. On his singing we cannot compliment him, although the gallery encored him in a *buffo* song, "She was once so demure,"—a compliment, we are inclined to think, solely due to the music, which is characteristic and original.

Signor Schira presided in the orchestra, and laboured zealously to make the best of the materials at his disposal. Some of the choruses are very lively, and produced a marked effect; among the most noticeable may be mentioned a glee (not a "round," as it is styled in the books), "The flocks are in the fold," without accompaniments, which possesses some unquestionable features of originality, and has a good chance of becoming popular. The overture, a sort of *pot pourri*, was played very noisily and encored very noisily, but after two attentive hearings we could find nothing in it that called for special notice. Signor Schira has a good notion of instrumentation, but is too prodigal in his use of the louder instruments—an expedient which invariably fails to conceal the want of ideas.

At the fall of the curtain the principal performers were recalled upon the stage, and the same honour was afterwards paid to Signor Schira, who appeared before the curtain and was loudly cheered. The opera was entirely successful.

SADLER'S WELLS.

On the occasion of Mr. George Bennett's benefit, his daughter, Miss Jane Bennett, played the character of Alice, in his excellent drama, *Retribution*. The young lady had previously acted in some of the private performances at Miss Kelly's Theatre, but this was her first appearance in public. To the difficulties naturally belonging to a *début*, were added the disadvantages of sustaining a character which had been familiarized to her audience, illustrated with all the tragic in-

tensity of Miss Glyn. However, she passed through her probation very successfully. She is very young, and gives instances of a careful training, while here and there were touches of pathos which promise well for her future career.

The revival of Sheridan Knowles's play of *William Tell*, on Wednesday, was attended with the usual success of the novelties at this theatre. This play is not, on the whole, one of the most highly dramatic of the author's productions; but it has three or four powerful situations. Among them is the scene in which Tell is informed by Meletal of the outrage committed on him—that in which the hero is confronted with his son, before Gesler, with the view to discover their relationship,—and finally, the famous scene of the shooting at the apple. The feature of the evening was, of course, Mr. Phelps's performance of the hero, which is undoubtedly one of his very best efforts. The character of the stern Freeman of the Mountains is finely mingled of the epic and dramatic, and both phases were given with consummate skill and effect. The scene with Meletal elicited a call at the end of the act. No one better understands the effect of contrast in the expression of deep passion than Mr. Phelps. Thus, for example, after Meletal's disclosure, while Tell is meditating the insurrection, and bidding his son cross the mountains with the gaze of rebellion—the dagger, nothing could be happier, or more true to nature than his sudden starts of parental anxiety, as he examined his boy's accoutrements, and in a tone of household familiarity bid him tie his sandal, and draw his belt closer round him. Miss J. Marston, a handsome miniature of her father, played Albert, with so much cleverness and promise as to obtain a well-deserved call at the end of the play, which, aided by the new and beautiful mountain scenery, went off with even unusual spirit. G.

ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS.—The engagement of Mdlle. Denain and Mr. Samson, has been productive of one great result, inasmuch as it has afforded us the gratification of enjoying the best comedies, both of the modern and ancient repertoire. Many persons have been accustomed to judge of the French stage by the fantastic immoralities of the Porte St. Martin, or the light, airy, although witty productions of the minor theatres of the Vaudeville and Palais Royal; forgetting that there existed another and higher source of pleasure, situated in the Rue de Richelieu, where the stage is elevated to the dignity of a school of morality, whose professors are selected from the most eminent adepts in the histrionic art. Pure comedy is now the order of the day at the St. James's, and we opine that a more steady adherence to the better class of authors, will be productive of a really beneficial influence on the taste of the English public. We, therefore, strongly object to the waste of time and patience necessary to sit through such a piece as Marivaux's *Le jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard*. Admitting a certain neatness of construction, and the art displayed in the grouping of the characters, we have to wade through three acts of heavy, witless, tedious dialogue, with few or no incidents to enliven the monotony. We are ready to admit, that the old story of the double exchange of characters was not so very old at the time of its first production, but this does not furnish a pretence for its retainment on the stage, to the exclusion of much better and more original productions. Of the acting we can speak in terms of high praise. Mdlle. Denain made an admirable Sylvia, and displayed a great amount of tact, delicacy, and feminine tenderness; she never, for a moment, lost sight of her part; she fretted through the ordeal imposed by herself with wonderful perseverance,

and was positive perfection in the scene where she forces her Duranto to offer her marriage, even before he is aware of her real rank and station. M. Samson was delicious as the valet personifying his master, and went far towards conquering our prejudice against the piece. But those who would see M. Samson to perfection, must study him in some of his own pieces; his Menard, in *Un Fœtage*, where he plays the part of a widower, bent on enjoying his independence, and hunted to death by the persecutions of mothers, friends, and maids, is an admirable conception, full of delicate touches and traits of originality. This impersonation of the retired comedian, Raymond Poisson, is another of his great parts which will handsomely repay a visit to the theatre. The severity of the old man, who has weaned his thoughts from the vain enjoyments of this world, but whose *amour propre* is not proof against flattery when properly administered; his dormant love for his art, his self-complacency, his confusion on his being discovered giving his grandson a lesson in the art of drunkenness, his vindications of the dignity of the profession of an author, his sly allusions to the works of Molière, formed a most complete and finished picture to all such as prefer truth and nature to rant and caricature. The part of Marianne was cleverly rendered by Mlle. Brassiné, and that of Arnould, by M. Fétard.

La Belle Mère et le Gendre, is another of M. Samson's pieces, and is known in English, under the title of *My Wife's Mother*, played, for the first time in England, some sixteen years ago, when Mr. Farren undertook the part now played by M. Samson. This piece is too well known, as one of the best farces ever produced on the English stage, to require any further details; we may, however, remark that the English adapter has taken a few liberties with the part of the uncle, Duchemain—in English, Fozzle—which destroy his identity in a great measure. In French, however, the piece is a comedy in verse; in English, it is a farce, and this may excuse the alterations in some measure. It was well played by Mlles. Denain and Juina, and Messrs. Samson, Luguet, and Simmonet.

On Wednesday last, the finest play in the French language, the *Misanthrope*, was produced; Mlle. Denain taking the part of Céliénne, and M. Samson, that of Alceste. We have rarely seen so careful a study as that of these two excellent actors. Mlle. Denain evinced capabilities of the highest order; the great scandal scene, in the second act, was given with admirable finesse and tact, and her general rendering of the part reconciled us, in a measure, to the perverseness of her nature. We must also mention in terms of high praise, her *Ida-Ida* with Arsinoë, which was the perfection of murderous, womanly satire. M. Samson's Alceste was a highly-finished and elaborate picture, and forcibly reminded us of what perseverance and careful study can do when united to no more than an average amount of natural talent.

On Wednesday last, Scribe's comedy of "*La Camaraderie*," produced in Paris in 1837, was played for the first time before a London audience. On previously reading the play, we were inclined to the opinion that there was a want of incident and movement, in short a sameness pervading the whole structure which would preclude anything like an enthusiastic reception; but we were decidedly mistaken, or rather we had reckoned without the superior tact of the great adept in theatrical combinations, whose best pieces are scarcely readable in the closet, yet obtain the most triumphant success on the boards. A more admirable representation we never witnessed than that of Wednesday. The play never flagged for a moment; scene after scene was enacted with excellent *ensemble*, point

succeeded point; bustle, confusion, excitement, intrigue, wit, brilliant repartee, and sly sarcasm—all the elements of dramatic excellence seemed to be convoked, and presented us with the most perfect picture we ever witnessed. If we add that four Parisian stars were convoked to impersonate the principal characters, some idea will be formed of the excellence of the performance.

The moral of the piece is directed against the *clique* system. We find a certain number of persons, artists, poets, physicians, lawyers, united in one common bond, the object of which is to advance their own interest, and cry down that of all other candidates. The chiefs of this *clique* are a Dr. Bernardet (M. Regnier) and Césarine (Madlle. Denain), a *ci-devant* governess, and now the wife of a peer of France, the Comte de Miremont (M. Samson), who has fallen into a state of uxorious imbecility. A vacancy occurs in the representation of St. Denys, and the *clique* have adopted Oscar Rigaut (M. Tétard), a cousin of Césarine's, as their candidate, in opposition to the claims of Edmond de Varennes (M. Luguet), a young lawyer, in love with the peer's daughter by a former marriage. But a new element is now introduced into the plot through the agency of Zoé (Madlle. Nathalie), who is kindly disposed towards the young lawyer, and is a mortal enemy of Césarine's. She spoils the game of the associates by insinuating that Edmond de Varennes loves and always has loved Césarine, who from the first had conceived for him an affection which time has not effaced. Césarine immediately changes her batteries, and through her influence with the Minister, secures the election of her supposed admirer, and only discovers her mistake when too late. This is but a slight sketch of the groundwork of the plot, which is supported by several minor underplots, which enliven the piece and bear us triumphantly to the conclusion.

The acting was perfect in every respect. Madlle. Denain presented a perfect picture of the intriguing politician in petticoats, convinced of the infallibility of her own tact; her surprise at being beaten by a mere *débütante* in the art was well portrayed. The part of Zoé, the apparently naïve friend, was given with point and archness, by Madlle. Nathalie. This young lady, already known to the English public, has wonderfully improved since her association with the *Theatre Français*, and is now as elegant and fascinating an actress as she is a beautiful woman. Her costume was perfection. M. Samson was admirable as the consequential, profound statesman, verging on anility; his self-importance and conviction of his authority over his wife, formed a profound study of character. The mainspring of the piece is, however, Dr. Bernardet, and M. Regnier played the part with admirable *à propos*. He seemed perfectly at home in the character, to which nothing was wanting to make it a masterpiece of truth and nature. Polished, conciliating, supple, oily, smooth-tongued, he seemed the very incarnation of intrigue. The piece was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and the actors were called twice before the curtain. During the evening the National Anthem was sung by Miss Messent and M. Drayton, on account of Her Majesty's recent confinement.

J. DE C.—

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

It is worth a visit to Exeter Hall to hear the overture and incidental music of Beethoven to Goethe's tragedy of *Egmont*, which was performed on Wednesday at the ninth concert of the spring series. To find continual novelty for a series of thirty concerts, of such a miscellaneous kind, is no easy matter;

but the director does his best, and merits the patronage he receives from the public. The *Egmont* ranks high among the very few examples of dramatic music which Beethoven has left. The overture is well known as one of the sublimest compositions of the master, but the rest of the music is almost new to this country. It comprises two songs for a soprano voice, and several instrumental pieces descriptive of certain passages in the tragedy. The two songs belong to Clara, the betrothed of Egmont; the first, illustrating the young maiden's aspirations when her lover is gone to the wars, is a composition of peculiar wildness and beauty. The second, which describes Clara's feelings previous to her last interview with Egmont, is in a half-joyful, half-melancholy strain, that captivates and enchains the attention by its intense earnestness. The instrumental pieces, consisting of a brilliant war march, and a number of movements of different characters, which give musical expression to the most prominent situations of the drama, are all highly dramatic, and some exquisitely beautiful. In order to facilitate the public performance of the music of Beethoven, independent of the theatre, Dr. Moiseignel wrote a poem which embodied the most important characters and points of tragedy of *Egmont*, with pauses and directions for the music to come in. It is a very loose translation of this poem which Mr. Stammers recites at Exeter Hall, between the intervals of the music, the instrumental portions of which were exceedingly well performed by the band, under the direction of Herr Anselmez, while the two songs of Clara are sung with a great deal of energy and enthusiasm by Madame Zimmerman.

Herr Dreychock, the pianist, has also been engaged at the Wednesday Concerts, and made his second appearance on Wednesday. This gentleman has very few rivals in his peculiar style—that of the modern *bravura*. The difficulties he performs are astonishing. His left hand has extraordinary strength and agility, while his octave playing, for force and rapidity, is almost unparalleled. Herr Dreychock introduced some pieces of his own composition, calculated to display his remarkable powers of execution to great advantage. Some variations on the National Anthem, for the left hand alone, in which he accomplished quite as much as the majority of pianists could achieve with both hands, created an immense sensation, and were enthusiastically encored. In response to this compliment, Herr Dreychock played a capriccio, terminating with a passage of octaves for both hands, which, had we not heard, we should have considered impossible. He is certainly a prodigy in his way, for those who are interested in the progress of executive mechanism, his performances cannot fail to possess the highest interest.

In the vocal department, Miss M. Braham was encored in "Where the bee sucks;" Mrs. A. Newton, in "O luce di quest'anima;" and Herr Stigelli rapturously in Wallace's "There is a flower that bloometh." Herr Stigelli has a tenor voice of great sweetness and expression; he is, moreover, an excellent artist. He sang the "Sleep song," from *Masaniello* in the first part, and narrowly escaped an encore. He created an evident sensation on Wednesday night.

The other vocal performers demand no particular mention. Mr. Stammers delivered the poetry attached to Beethoven's music, with marked emphasis and rigid propriety.

The rest of the programme was of the usual kind, the only novelty being the first appearance of Signor Ballini, a new singer, who, in one of Verdi's airs, displayed a deep baritone voice of good quality, unaccompanied by any particular refinement of style. At the next concert, Madoiselle Angi, the well-known *contralto*, who is engaged for several performances, is announced to appear.

MR. ALEXANDER BILLET'S CONCERTS.

At the second, which took place on Friday week, the programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Grand Sonata, in A flat, Pianoforte, M. Billet	Spohr.
Duet, "Fair King," the Misses C. and S. Cole	Macfarren.
Suite, in E minor, with Fugue (<i>Suites de Pièces</i>), Pianoforte, M. Billet	Handel.
Duet, "May," the Misses C. and S. Cole	Boern.
Grand Sonata, in F minor, <i>L'Invocation</i> , Pianoforte, (<i>by desire</i>), M. Billet	Düsek.

PART II.

Sonata, in E major, Pianoforte, (<i>first time in public</i>), M. Billet	Mendelssohn.
Two part Song, "Autumn Song," the Misses C. and S. Cole	Mendelssohn.
Sonata, in C sharp minor, Op. 27, Pianoforte, M. Billet	Beethoven.
Conductor, Herr Ganz.	

M. Billet was in splendid finger, and played this rich collection of almost unknown *chefs d'œuvre* in masterly style. The sonatas of Spohr and Mendelssohn, the former a late, the latter an early work of its composer, were equal treats in their way, although so opposite in manner. Handel's suite, with its most brilliant and difficult of fugues, and Beethoven's poetical sonata, were equally well interpreted. But the greatest treat of all was the *Invocation* of Düsek, a feast of musical beauty. M. Billet, who understands it well, played it most admirably. M. Billet is a prophet in his way, and a lesson to the majority of pianists.

THE LATE MRS. EDMUNDS.

FORMERLY MISS MARY CAWSE, OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

(From a Correspondent.)

Mrs. EDMUNDS was the daughter of the artist, Mr. John Cawse—an excellent musical amateur. She was born the 14th of December, 1803, at No. 13, Upper King Street, Bloomsbury, London.

As early as her fourth year she shewed a singular taste for music; and as her parents went frequently to the opera, taking her with them, she would, the next day, sing over the melodies she had heard, as she played with her toys. These and other indications of musical talent, induced her parents to commence teaching her music—even before the usual course of reading, &c., and thus, ere she was seven years old, she played on the pianoforte the fifth concerto of Schroeter, accompanied by distinguished professors, G. Ware, James Taylor, &c. About this time G. Ware was engaged to give her and her sister Harriet, who had shown a similar talent, regular lessons in music. The sisters sang a duet of their master's composition, at a choral-fund concert, accompanied by the late Mr. Gretorix. After this, Mr. Robert Lindley introduced them in 1821 to Sir George Smart, to whom they were aridled until they came of age, their parents superintending the exercises enjoined by their instructor.

This was a fortunate introduction, as Sir George Smart made it a standing rule that his pupils should be good readers of music, or, in other words, sight singers. The study of the works of Handel, Mozart, Pergolesi, &c., followed, and laid the foundation for future excellence. C. M. Von Weber, at that time residing with Sir George Smart, heard Mary Cawse sing the principal soprano part in Mozart's "Dietrich Commedia," and was so much struck with the fine quality of her fresh ringing voice, and the extraordinary facility with

which she executed passages extending to F in a¹, that he exclaimed, "Ah! if I had you in Saxony, I would make you the first singer in Europe." "The Minstrel of Romance" understood her talent. She had afterwards the great advantage of singing the scenes, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," "Softly sighs the voice of evening," &c., to the great *Maestro's* accompaniment, and he took every opportunity of testifying his appreciation of her merits. Engagements at concerts and musical parties succeeded, and in 1826 she made her first appearance at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, in the opera of "The Castle of Sorrento," remodelled for the occasion by the composer, the late Mr. Atwood. Her success was decided, and she was engaged for five years, during which her services were also secured for the oratorios under the management of Sir George Smart, Sir Henry Bishop, and Mr. Hawes. During her connexion with Covent Garden, Mary Cawse supported principal singing parts in *Fra Diavolo*, *Azor* and *Zemira*, *Robert the Devil*, *Der Freischütz*, *John of Paris*, *Cinderella*, &c. In 1828-29 we find her at the English Opera, where she appeared in the *Swiss Family*, the *Vampire*, by Marschner, *Cosi fan tutti*, Mozart, &c. In 1833-33 she was secured by the late Capt. Pophill for Drury Lane Theatre, with Malibran, Templeton, H. Phillips, &c. Her last season in London was at the Haymarket Theatre, in the summer of 1833; and in the November following she left for Hull, where she had accepted an engagement with the late Mr. Downes, and appeared at the Theatre Royal with eminent success. Of the impression she made in Hull, the writer of this article can only speak from the report of others; but, during her engagement, the boxes of the theatre were taken by the first people of the place, and a most successful season for the manager was the result.

It was here that she first became acquainted with Mr. Edmunds, who was also engaged as principal tenor singer at the theatre. At the close of the season she married this gentleman; and after fulfilling her engagements at York, Edinburgh, and Liverpool, she finally, with her husband, retired from the stage.

For the last ten years she has resided in Edinburgh, where Mr. Edmunds and herself have met with distinguished success as teachers of the vocal art. At the beginning of this year she suffered from a severe attack of influenza, from the effects of which she had scarcely recovered, when she was seized with bronchitis; the disease had a fatal termination on the 14th of April. She died, leaving a husband and six children, three of them mere infants, to lament their sad bereavement.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

To your regular accepted correspondent here, for the kind feeling expressed towards us, we offer our mark of thanks, and beg to assure that gentlemen we shall at all times most cheerfully reciprocate any little courtesies received at his hands; and have only to hope, that by our combined contributions, your readers may receive a full and faithful record of all the musical doings here.

We welcomed with much satisfaction the encomiums passed on our clever townsman, Mr. Glover, and we have no hesitation in reiterating our former opinion that the introduction of "Jerusalem" in the metropolis would abundantly repay the pains necessarily bestowed in preparing a new work. We provincials should also take it as an indication of an healthier feeling did we see more enterprise manifested in the "little village" towards encouraging our native oratorio composers. Could not Mr. Surmano or Mr.

Hullah engage this work? at least it is worth a thought. When we witness this desirable consummation, we may look forward to London "cheap trip excursions" proving remunerative. However, we must proceed. The "immortal bard of Avon" was surely a prophet as well as poet; he has somewhere observed as follows:—"This will prove a brave kingdom to me when I shall have music for nothing." That we have arrived at this happy period will be readily conceded by every votary of the muse in this neighbourhood.

The "People's Concerts" have now extended over seven months, the spacious "Free Trade Hall" presenting, each Monday evening, some three to four thousand well-dressed auditors, who enjoy a couple of hours most rationally, listening to the works of standard glee writers, varied with oratorio. The artists engaged are the best we have among us, and all for the positive fee of 3d. and 6d. We must not omit to add that by those who regularly frequent these gatherings, the concerts are spoken of with the highest satisfaction. The great success must, however, in a great degree, be attributed to the indefatigable and unceasing exertions of the excellent conductor, M. D. W. Banks. As regards our own private opinion, we are not blind to the fact that the establishment and continuance of these concerts have, for a time at least, dealt a severe blow to music and musical artists generally here, and in this we are only echoing a very general opinion among the patrons and supporters of music. It is very painful to find high class concerts literally deserted. The magnetic names of Reeves, Hayes, Benedict, and a host of others, have failed in "drawing." On Good Friday, we had a visit from Miss M. Williams, Miss Stewart, Messrs. Lockety and Whitworth, with the early parts of "St. Paul;" but to our disgrace—we confess it—there was a "beggarly account of empty benches." A few days ago we had another "grand concert" puffed off, in which Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Whitnall, and others of our local artists took part; this met with a similar fate. By the bye, we ought to name that a Mr. Lawler was announced, from the Sacred Harmonic Society, London, but did not appear, or even deign to send an apology; this *faux pas* will do this gentleman no good in this quarter. Last evening we had "Bunn on the Stage," and any person could easily count the heads of the auditors. We were delighted with the monologue entertainment of the ex-manager, who treats his subjects with admirable coolness and good humour. Latterly the good folks here seem quite satiated of amusements; the benefit season, even at the Theatre Royal, has been meagre. Certainly there has been no lack of resources to wile away the fatiguing hours between eight and eleven, p.m., scarcely an evening passing without some tempting bill of fare issuing from the classic precincts of Peter-sweet. In conclusion, we observe the series of the weekly concerts are drawing to a close, next Monday being the last. An extra night is, however, talked of, for the benefit of the conductor, Mr. Banks, who, most undoubtedly, deserves an overflowing house. We sincerely hope it may be realised. More anon.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I HAVE not time this week to send you my regular account of things musical and dramatic; but I enclose you instead an extract from the *Liverpool Courier*, in which you will find all that is needful.

Last evening we had pleasure in being present at the fourth subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society for the year, which was progressing very satisfactorily at the hour we had to leave, in order to go to press. The performance was to include a selection of Italian and English vocal music, three overtures, Beethoven's Septuor, and three choruses, which, so far as they were executed, we shall refer to; meanwhile, we should state that the vocalists were our old favourite, Miss Poole, Signor Nicholas Covas, the young tenor who appeared first in Liverpool at the opening of the Philharmonic Hall in a single song, and as on that occasion so many very superior and old-established artists sang, the public had not an opportunity of fairly judging of his abilities. Last evening, however, he had much more scope, and so far as we heard

him, which was in an aria from *Belshazzar*, and a duet from *Lucia*, with Drayton, we regret to say we were not more pleased than when we heard him first. He lacks power much, and his execution, apparently very fair, is so little heard that it goes for nothing. He may be an agreeable chamber singer, but he is quite out of place in a room so large as the Philharmonic Hall.

"The third soloist was Mr. Henri Drayton Dorisac, who sang in the first concert of this year, with Maras and Mlle. Chilton, without the foreign termination to his name. We were not so much pleased with him in the duet with Miss Poole, but in the recitative and air of *Lohengrin* he appeared to great advantage. The slow movement pleased us exceedingly, and he threw a great deal of fire into the allegro. In the duet with Covas, he completely drowned him.

"The principal executants in the "Septuor" were Mr. Thomas on the violin, Baetons the tenor, Waud double bass, Haddock violoncello, H. F. Sarge clarinet, Jarrett horn, and Cary bassoon. The allegro went extremely well. The way in which the different instruments, but particularly the clarinet and horn took up the theme, was deserving of all praise. In the *adagio cantabile*, the horn, which has an extremely prominent passage, was most efficiently rendered by Mr. Jarrett. There was a slight untidiness in the trio, but not sufficient to mar the excellence of the performance. Mr. Thomas appeared to great advantage, as did the tenor, violoncello, and bassoon. The music was throughout most perfectly performed, each phrase being correctly and beautifully marked. Mr. Sarge has improved vastly since he left Liverpool: we hail his return to our band with pleasure; he is, undoubtedly, a first-rate clarinet player.

"The choruses in this part were, "Now by day's retiring lamp," from Bishop's "Henri Quatre," which was rendered with a precision which this society has become so celebrated for, and hardly escaped an encore; and "Crown ye the altars," from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," also went very well, as did the march which preceded it.

"Miss Poole sang Balfe's "I'm a merry Zingara," which was encored. A duet from "Faust," with Drayton, went very well; and the old recitative and air from Gluck's "Orfeo," which, often as we have heard it by all sorts of singers, though losing none of its charms by frequent repetition, was as pleasing as ever, if not more so, in Miss Poole's hands. She was in very good voice. The band executed the overture to *Cremetola* very well. Indeed, the precision with which the different wind instruments took up the various parts was only equalled by the perfection of their tune and the purity of tone. The violins and other string instruments were in capital order, and Mr. Herrmann conducted very well."

Mr. Bunn appears in Liverpool on the 13th instant, and gives his popular Shaksperean Monologue. The ex-lessee of Drury Lane will be heartily welcomed by the Liverpool folks.

The *Jewess* has been produced with extraordinary splendour at the Amphitheatre, upwards of two hundred supernumeraries being employed nightly. The dresses are costly and magnificent, and would almost rival those of the Italian Opera.

Musical people here talk of nothing but the *Mosé* in *Egitto* at Covent Garden. By all accounts it must be something wonderful. I shall certainly borrow a holiday from business and run up to town to see it.

MUSIC AT SHEFFIELD.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE last of twelve grand promenade concerts, given by Mr. Saunders, took place on Monday evening, April 16, on which occasion, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the saloon was well filled, and the gallery densely crowded. Generally excellent as the previous concerts have been, we think the last surpassed them all, both in the quality and the performance of the music. The band exerted themselves with more than usual vigour. In the overtures *Fra Diavolo* and *Gustavus*, in the "Olga" and "Rainbow" waltzes, in the "Post Horn Gallop," the "Caledonian" quadrilles, and in the two charming polkas, "The Third Dragon

Guards," and the "Storm," most original and startling effects were produced. Mr. Rungeling delighted all by his playing on the clarinet; and Trumpet Major Williams was very good on the horn. The band was ably led by M. H. Bell. Mr. J. S. Booth's excellent and careful accompaniments to all the vocal pieces, shewed him to be quite at home in his vocation. Mrs. Jessop sang two songs, in both of which she was encored. Miss Bland created a sensation by the power and quality of her voice, and by her general style of singing. Mrs. Thomas sang several songs, which were encored; her manner of singing is refined, and her knowledge of music sufficient. Mr. Saunders sang two songs, and received hearty echoes. So numerous were the echoes that the concert was not over until halfpast eleven. At the conclusion, Mr. Saunders, in a neat speech, thanked the audience for their kind attendance, and assured them he was fully satisfied with the general result of the speculation; and that next autumn, he again purposed resuming the concert. Certainly, the public generally is indebted to Mr. Saunders for pleasure before them superior to any other of the kind. We understand that the Instrumental Society of Sheffield, fully appreciating Mr. Saunders's efforts, and to mark their sense of his general kindness, presented to him a very handsome diamond ring.

MUSIC AT BRISTOL.

(From a Correspondent.)

Mendelssohn's oratorio, *St. Paul*, was lately given at the Victoria-rooms, Clifton, by the Classical Harmonist Society. The large hall was filled, and amongst the audience were some of the principal families and residents in the neighbourhood of Bristol and Clifton. Of the performance we can scarcely speak too highly. The principal vocalists were Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Poole, Messrs. Benson, Lawler, &c. I have neither time nor space to enter into detail. The most effective performances of the evening were—"Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets," sung by Miss C. Hayes, and encored; "O God have mercy," (bass solo, Mr. Lawler); duet (Messrs. Benson and Lawler); "Now are we ambassadors for Christ," admirably sung, and repeated by unanimous request; "I praise thee, O Lord," bass solo and chorus in G-flat time; "How lovely are the messengers;" and the choral (beautifully sung), "O thou, the true and only light." We might greatly extend our commendations, but that we are pressed for time. Mr. Cooper led and Mr. Smith conducted with their accustomed ability; and, what is of prime importance in an oratorio, the choruses were well sustained.

The second concert of the Conservatoire took place at the Music Hall, Park-street, under the direction of M. B. v. d. Mark, and was attended by a numerous audience. The concert commenced with two sacred pieces, after which B. v. d. Mark introduced some of his pupils, who have received lessons upon his new system of teaching the pianoforte in twelve practical lessons, when they displayed acrobaticism in pianoforte playing and singing, more particularly Master Albert Caird and Mr. Jones, who has only received four lessons, and played a theme with variations. Miss E. Lewis sang two songs very prettily, and was warmly encored. Miss Hammond rendered two sonatas of Beethoven with great taste. Whilst congratulating M. v. d. Mark upon the success of his mode of teaching the pianoforte, we must not omit to mention some of his new compositions, especially the Leigh Court Quadrilles and Leigh Court Polka, in which Mr. B. v. d. Mark displayed both skill and invention. The concert concluded with the "Lord's Prayer" and "God save the Queen."

AMATEUR MADRIGAL SOCIETY.—Monday was fixed for the opening night of the above society. Not being able to attend, I cannot report. I observed in the programme several of our old favourites, such as "When all alone," "Lovely Phillis," and others of equal celebrity. Our talented fellow-citizen, Mr. F. Huxtable, also added to the attraction of the evening as pianist.—*Felix Parley.*

MUSIC AT OLDHAM.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

THE enterprising Directors of the Choral Society here, gave the

third of their series of "Concerts for the People" on Monday evening last. The large room of the Working Man's Hall, which is capable of accommodating some fifteen hundred persons, was crowded on the occasion. The principal vocalists were Miss Morris, of Manchester; Mr. Edmondson, of Stockport; and Mr. Mellor, of Oldham; Mr. John Lees ably fulfilling the duties of accompanist. The lady vocalist was most enthusiastically received, and encored in both her songs—the much hackneyed "Meet me in the willow glen," and Lover's "May dew." Mr. Edmondson lacks power in his lower notes; he, nevertheless, sang with feeling and expression, Brahms's famous song, "The death of Nelson." Mr. Mellor also deserves a word of praise of his rendering of "When the sails were unfurled." The accompaniments to the various vocal pieces were marked with much discrimination and good taste, —traits of no mean order when found in so young a person as Mr. Lees. We yet expect to find this young gentleman occupying a distinction among his professional brethren. Let him only will on in earnestness and love, and we do not fear he will fulfil our predictions. This young gentleman also evinces much promise as a composer. On the present occasion we thought the chorus lacked rehearsal; the pieces, at times, being unsteady with the band. We have also to complain of their not obeying the conductor's baton. They must not rest on their laurels, but labour on in good fellowship together, if efficiency is to be attained. Mr. Winterbottom conducted, and Mr. James Taylor led the band. The proceeds were kindly handed over to the Widow and Orphans' Fund, in connection with the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

MUSIC IN DUBLIN.

(From our Correspondent.)

THE temporary sojourn of Mr. Mitchell's operatic troupe in this city, has afforded our amateurs an opportunity of increasing their knowledge of a branch of lyric art which seldom falls in their way, we mean French Opera Comique. The operas performed have been *Le Domino Noir*, *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, *La Dame Blanche*, &c.

Mdlle. Charton's success in the character of Angèle in the *Domino Noir* exceeded everything of the kind that has ever been witnessed in Dublin, with the exception, perhaps, of the sensation created by the performances of Jenny Lind. Mdlle. Charton is in every respect one of nature's artists, possessing a beautiful and sympathetic voice, a lovely person, and a certain lady-like earnestness of tone and gesture which gives an interest to every note and action, and indeed constitutes this lady's marked *specialité*. So natural and unaffected an *artiste* we have very rarely seen.

It would be unnecessary to enter into any detailed analysis of the performance; suffice it to say that Mdlle. Charton was most enthusiastically applauded in everything she sang, and that too greater part of her *morceaux* were encored.

The impersonation, which in this opera, after Mdlle. Charton's, deserves the most honourable mention, is that of the English "Mi lord," by M. Chateaufort, whose singing, acting, and "making up," were all equally praiseworthy. M. Beguet, gave the *complets* *Nous allons avoir* admirably. His terror, when in the duet with Charton, he mistakes that lady in her black domino, for a phantom, was most humourously, although most naturally depicted, and his state of petrified resignation, on being dragged out of *Dame Jacinthe's* apartment, called aloud for the record of a Cruikshank. Mons. Soyer was lively, albeit somewhat too bounding as Juliano. We must not omit mentioning the gentlemanly bearing and behaviour of the members of the chorus, who personated the guests at Juliano's supper. Their appropriate and unexaggerated dress gave a reality to the scene, for which we might look in vain on our English stage, where all the old coats in the wardrobe are turned out to assist in the assumption of the most difficult of all impersonations—a gentleman.

In *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, Mdlle. Charton proved equally attractive, although the singular concordance of the character of Angèle with Mdlle. Charton's personal and vocal accomplishments, make the latter part her favourite one. The duet and solo in the second act served as a vehicle for the display

of the flexibility of Mdlle. Charton's voice, and the brilliancy of her vocalisation.

The *Dame Blanche* was produced on Wednesday. Mdlle. Charton's part in the opera is but slight; but of that little she made a great deal. M. Lac sang "Ah quel plaisir," with considerable fire and energy. By the bye, we never yet heard a French tenor in this part who had the remotest notion how to pronounce the name of the character he represents—George Brown.

The brilliant choruses of this opera went exceedingly well, as indeed have done those of all the operas represented—a circumstance which, together with the careful *mise-en-scène* of each opera, reflects the greatest credit on M. Folleville, the clever chorus-master and *regisseur* of the troupe.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant has been present at the greater part of the performances, which have been fashionably and well attended.

May 1st, 1850.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—There is a passage in Dr. Burney's account of the Commemoration of Handel, in Westminster Abbey, in 1784, that goes so far to prove, inferentially, the correctness of the position I have taken in defence of Handel and other of our illustrious musical worthies, that I cannot forbear quoting it. At page 39 of the "account," note b, Dr. Burney says, in speaking of the "Horse and his rider," chorus, "the art with which Handel in the midst of all the fire of imagination and ebullition of genius introduces a sober, chanting kind of counter-subject, while the other is carried on with uninterrupted spirit, is marvellous," &c. Now, living so near to Handel's time as Burney did, and conversing with so many who had personally known Handel as Burney did, there can be no doubt that had it been an understood thing that Handel purloined from the Gregorian chants, Burney must have heard something of the matter; and, supposing him to have given any credence at all to the absurd report, he would not, at any rate, have *italicised* the word "chanting," as he has done, with the view to directing attention to a coincidence, the detection of which he evidently looked upon as a *discovery* on his own part.

Further on, in the same note, Dr. Burney remarks the similarity between Handel's Canto Fermo and the subject of Bird's Canon, "*Non Nobis Domine*."

I will sing un-to the Lord.

Non No-bis Do-mi-ne Non No-bis.

and observes, with proper judgment and feeling. "Whether the subject occurred to Handel accidentally, or was taken with design, I know not; but in either case the notes are happily selected, and ingeniously used." So that Burney set little or no value on the notes for any similarity, real or imaginary, that they may bear to a Gregorian chant; but for their happy selection, i.e., their thorough applicability to the required purpose, (the very point, be it remembered, that I have all along been contending for), and the ingenious use Handel has made of them, for which latter circumstance the subject is not of course entitled to the smallest share of the merit.

Dr. Burney then goes on to say, "As to the original inventor, or right owner of that series of notes upon which the canon, which tradition has given to Bird, was constructed, they have been the subject of fable to Zaulino, and to old Adrian Viliaert, his master, long before Bird was born, and, indeed, constitute one of the different species of *tetrachord* used by the Greeks, in the highest antiquity." If, then, that allowance, which every candid musician

will make for the musical coincidences which are still every day occurring, is to be denied to Handel, it must be denied also to the Gregorianists. The fact is, the want of candour, moderation, and good taste evinced in their writings, has led them to over-
 prove and ruin their own positions. But supposing it were otherwise, and to return to first principles—supposing Handel *had* avowedly, and intentionally, have made use of these chants, the Gregorian chants would not have immortalised him, but he the Gregorian chants.

I beg to remain, my dear sir, yours very sincerely,

April 30, 1850.

AN ORGANIST.

MISS BOTIBOL.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Being much surprised at an inconsistent omission in all those papers which mentioned the last Academy Concert, Hanover Square Rooms, April 27th, I take the liberty of addressing you, feeling assured that you will be disposed to render justice where it appears due, as on the present occasion.

The omission to which I refer is with reference to Miss Botibol, a pupil of the Royal Academy, who sang for the first time at these concerts on the above occasion. The excellent qualities of voice she displayed, and the great feeling she evinced in Mozart's beautiful aria "Porgi amor," procured for her a general and warm applause; but I am sorry to say not one encomium or remark of any kind from the papers. Silence (as you know) is worse than censure, and the motive which has induced them to keep it on this occasion cannot be the same as that which influenced them on the one previous, about a month ago, as they then made no remark about the very worst singer of the concert, and this time of the very best.

By inserting a few lines on this subject in your valuable columns, you will oblige, sir, yours gratefully,

A READER.

M. SILAS.

THE following letter has been forwarded to our office:—

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I am surprised to perceive that you quote the *Liverpool Chronicle* and *Journal* as musical authorities, on the merits of M. Silas, as a composer and pianist.

It is well understood here that the critics employed on those newspapers, are utterly incompetent to give an opinion on any of the branches of musical composition.

I am sure the elaborate criticisms contained in the *Liverpool Albion* and *Mercury*, have not been forwarded by your correspondent, and am therefore the more sorry that M. Silas's reputation should be estimated according to the valueless opinions of the *Journal* and *Chronicle*. You will greatly oblige the *Liverpool* readers of your valuable journal by the insertion of this explanatory note, as, I can assure you, we do not feel peculiarly gratified by allowing the musical taste of the town to be represented by the extracts above alluded to.

I beg to remain, sir, yours faithfully,

Liverpool, May 2nd, 1850.

MUSICA.

We readily insert the above, although we cannot discover its explanatory qualities.

REVIEWS.

"Flight of Care," a Quadrille, with Vocal Finales. By F. DE YRIGOTTI. E. RANSFORD.

THESE *Contredanses* are originally conceived, and M. de Yrigotti has applied this music of the dance to a moral purpose. Both in his music and the lithograph upon the forehead of the publication, we can plainly perceive the gaunt figure of Care fleeing from the unanticipated kicks of hilarity. Of the five figures, all of which are spirited and eager, we prefer the last, which has the novel

characteristic of a vocal accompaniment, in chorus, without words, suspended at intervals, to be renewed with greater vivacity. The third figure is lively, but M. de Yrigotti should eschew the consecutive octaves in bars 2—3, line 5, the consecutive fifths, in bars 1—2, and bars 5—6, and change the E at the top of the last chord of the first bar of the fifth line into D. We might also point out to his attention the consecutive octaves in bars 3—4, line 1; in bars 2—3, line 2; and in bars 3—4, line 4; which had better be expunged. In other respects, this figure is perfectly correct. We like the figure 4, in A minor, l'astorelle, very well; but we like not the consecutive octaves in bar 5, and bars 3—4, line 1; nor those in bars 1—2, line 2. In other respects this figure is perfectly correct. In the last figure, by the way, the E in the second chord in the trifle of bar 4, line 4, should be changed to D. In other respects, this figure is perfectly correct. In the first figure, *con spirito*, in G, we do not exactly like the manner in which the chord of the ninth is prepared and disposed of in bars 3—4, line 1. The modulation into D, by means of an undisposed-of pedal, or, rather, two roughly-disposed-of pedals, is beyond our comprehension. Bars 6—7, line 3, present the same objections as bars 2—3, line 1. In other respects, this figure is perfectly correct. In the second figure, *ben marcato*, in C, we like the second part, *gracioso*, except at bars 4—5, line 2, where the bass changes, and bar 1, line 4, where the bass does not change; the first being incorrect by reason of the bass changing, the second being incorrect by reason of the bass not changing. In both instances, the chord of the 6—4 is unfairly treated. We recommend M. de Yrigotti either never to change his basses at all, to avoid faults of transition, or to change them at every note of the melody, to avoid erroneous treatment of pedals. In other respects, figure 2 is perfectly correct; and the whole set is animated, especially the voice part, which is unobliged. The poetry to the voice part is by Isidore de Yrigotti. And thus much for the "Flight of Care," a quadrille with vocal finales. The rest may be seen at Mr. Ransford's, music publisher.

"The Holy Family," admired Sacred Melodies, by the most celebrated composers. Arranged for the Piano by WILLIAM HUTCHINS CALCOTT. JULIEN & CO.

THIS selection comprises seven works, including the names of Handel, Hummel, Haydn, Rossini, Marcello, Mendelssohn, and Mozart. The airs are all well known, and Mr. Calcott has effected his arrangement in an able manner. The principal attraction of the work, however, will be found in the frontispiece, which represents the Virgin and Child, and is really admirably done. It is printed in oil colors, and is a very beautiful specimen of this new school of drawing. Mr. C. Baxter is the artist. The selection of sacred melodies is worth purchasing for the sake of the illustrations.

"The Hibernian Quadrille," composed, and dedicated to LORD ADAM-FUS FITZCLAIRE, by JULIEN. JULIEN & CO.

A NEW set of Irish quadrilles, from the pen of Julien, will be a welcome boon to the Terpsichorean public. The airs are all good, and the quadrilles wind up capital with our old friend, "Patrick's Day." A beautiful illustration in oil colors is given in the frontispiece. It represents the Queen's landing at Kingstown, and affords a striking and picturesque view of the Bay of Dublin and shipping. The illustration is even more beautiful and happy than that of the "Holy Family."

"O mein Lieb," ("Oh my Love.") Serenade. CARL ASCHETZ. GREGG.

THIS serenade was composed by the spirited musical conductor of the Wednesday Concerts, at the instance, and for the use of his friend, Carl Fornes, the celebrated bass. The words are translated from one Wolkenstain, a minstrel, who flourished in the fifteenth century. They are very pretty and tender. The music is expressive, although the melody, (in E flat), assumes a fragmentary character from continual changes of measure, from 2—4 to 3—4. The harmony is musician-like and richly disposed, although the close, in G minor, at the bottom of the first page, through the

want of a dominant chord to confirm the modulation, has a somewhat vague effect. The song, however, is altogether superior to the average quality of compositions of its length, is exceedingly vocal, and in admirable keeping with the words. An obligate accompaniment for violoncello, horn, or concertina is added. This song has been sung with great effect at the London Wednesday Concerts, by Herr Fornes, accompanied on the violoncello by Mr. Lovell Philips, and is likely, and well deserves, to become popular.

MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

Plagiarism the Forty-seventh.

*And music too—draw music—that can touch
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much;
Now heard far off—no far as but to seem
Like the faint exquisite music of a dream.*

This is twaddlestimus. And it is twaddled from a very good twaddler.

LANGHORNE.

*The strains yet vibrate on my ravish'd ear,
And still to smile the mimic beauties seem,
Though now the visionary scenes appear
Like the faint traces of a vanished dream.*

Plagiarism the Forty-eighth.

*It is for thee, for thee alone, I seek
The paths of glory—to light up thy cheek
With warm approval—in that gentle look
To read my praise, as in an angel's book.*

I am well pleased with a simile like this. If anything is like an angel's look, or whatever is brighter, purer, and better—it is assuredly beauteous features. One of our old writers, contemplating such a face as this described by Tom, exclaimed enthusiastically,—

The story of the heavens is very like her!

I do not mean to produce this as the original of the above thought, for I have two ready, waiting to be called in and examined:—

SIR W. JONES, vol. ii., p. 524. (*Elu Arabahdi*).

Ubi sunt ii, quorum facies tanquam sanctus libro splendebant?

SIR W. JONES, *Traite sur la Poésie Orientale*, vol. v., p. 473.

Où êtes vous jeun héros, dont les visages resplendissaient comme les feuilles du livre sacré!

Albany Fonblanque offers to make oath that Moore never saw either.

Plagiarism the Forty-ninth.

*He thought of Zelica, his own dear maid,
And of the time when, full of blissful rights,
They sat and look'd it into each other's eyes;
Silent and happy, as if God had given
Nought else worth looking at on this side heaven.*

*And think all toils rewarded when from Thee
I gain a smile worth immortality.*

We all know the value and originality of poetical commonplace gallantry of this kind. It may do for the ball-room, but it cannot expect to pass upon those all-knowing fellows called critics as original. Why, I could mention a dozen similar passages in a breath, if space and inclination allowed me to do so.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CARLOTTA GRIEL.—We stated that Carlotta Griet was re-engaged by Mr. Lumley up to the end of May; we should have said up to the end of June.

M. BILLET.—As we anticipated, the classical pianoforte concerts of M. Alexandre Billet has been so successful as to justify his giving a second series of three. The first of these took place last

evening at St. Martin's Hall, and, like the previous ones, it was extremely well attended. The distinguishing feature of M. Billet's scheme is that he gives selections from the works of the various composers for the pianoforte, so arranged as to indicate the gradual development of this branch of composition. This alone must prove a strong recommendation to M. Billet's concerts with all amateurs of the best pianoforte music.—*Morning Chronicle*.

MILIE. NOTTIS, the vocalist, prima donna at the opera in Hanover, has arrived in London.

MA. HENRY BOYS.—The concert given at the Hanover Square Rooms, for the benefit of Mr. Boys, has proved a very successful effort, in the best reception of the term, the amount realised being far higher than any concert of a similar kind for a long period. After deducting the expenses of advertisements, printing, and some other items, the committee has announced a surplus of three hundred and seventy pounds. The exertions, therefore, of the committee, and of Mr. Boys' friends, have been most amply rewarded.

The artists who so generously gave their assistance on this occasion were Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Birch, Miss Rainforth, Miss Poole, Miss Dolby, Madame Lablache, Mr. Wrighton, M. Henri Drayton, and Mr. Sims Reeves. In addition to these were Signor Bricealdi, Erust, Piatti, and Benedict—the latter of whom played a grand concertante duet with Mr. Brinley Richards, on two pianofortes. The orchestra was very numerous and efficient, and received considerable assistance from many members of the Amateur Society. In the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, a young violoncellist, named Aylward, (a student in the Royal Academy,) did himself great credit in his interpretation of the difficult introduction. The whole of the concert was very ably conducted by Mr. Brinley Richards.

CADREY HALL.—The third and last lecture of a course of three, on the Progress of English Vocal Music, by Sir Henry Bishop, took place on Thursday evening, the 23rd of April, before a most attentive audience. The illustrations have been, on each occasion, ably sustained by Miss Messent, Miss Thornton, Mr. Benson, and Mr. W. H. Seguin.

MADEMOISELLE ANGAI, the celebrated contralto, is engaged by Mr. Stammers for the next Wednesday Concert.

DEMOISELLE ANNA ZINGGELER, well known in Germany as the blind vocalist of Zurich, comes to London with strong recommendations from sundry professors. When calamity combined with talent appeal to the public, benevolence makes use of her most powerful advocates.

MODELS OF THE TWO ITALIAN OPERAS.—Messrs. Leader and Cock have published two plans of the rival Opera Houses, in a miniature and portable form, which will be found extremely useful to the frequenter. The plans show the position and numbers of the boxes, stalls, &c. &c., and will save interminable trouble to those who wish to procure particular places. They are printed on thick board, in very neat type, and may be carried in the waistcoat pocket. The plans are not for sale, but are submitted by the enterprising publishers for gratuitous circulation.

MOLLE. MOULIN'S CONCERT.—Another young pianist, of great talent, has appeared in the musical world, and gave her first concert in London on Wednesday evening, April 17th, at the New Beethoven Rooms, 27, Queen Ann street, to a numerous and fashionable audience. Mdlle. Moulin was assisted by Mdlme. Lemaire (a young vocalist of great promise, who, at the last moment, had kindly undertaken to supply the place of M. de Besnier, who was unavoidably absent), Messrs. Russell, Deloffre, Drayton, &c. The fair *bénéficiaire* performed, with Messrs. Russell and Deloffre, Berthoz's grand trio in E flat in a most masterly style; the grand duo of Mendelssohn's, in D major, in which she was most ably seconded by that distinguished and excellent musician, M. Schipon Russell; Mendelssohn's Caprice in E major, and Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata,—each and all Mdlle. Moulin succeeded in interpreting with great skill and truth. M. Drayton sang an air from "Les Deux Familles," with taste and expression. M. Deloffre executed a solo on the violin. This talented artist, whom we so rarely have the pleasure of hearing as a solo performer, was greatly applauded. The concert went off well, and was ably conducted by Mr. W. Beale. The new rooms in Queen Ann street are as favourable for sound as could be wished, and richly decorated.—(*From a Correspondent*.)

Mr. TALFOURD.—We have just been favoured with the sight of a portrait of a lady of Plymouth, which, for originality of treatment, beauty of drawing, and delicacy of execution, strikes us as meriting very far more than the eulogy usually awarded to a modern portrait. From obvious motives we hesitate to publish the lady's name; but the proprietor of the picture has authorised us to mention it to any one who may be desirous of seeing this beautiful work of art; and the interest we must needs feel, in the just appreciation of such a painter as Mr. Talfourd, induces us to hope that the picture will be seen by the many of this locality, who are as well able to estimate its surpassing excellence. We understand that Mr. Talfourd is now engaged on a portrait of Sir N. Talfourd, the judge, whose highly refined poetical genius seems to find most sympathetic kindred in the pictorial talent of his artist brother. Mr. F. Talfourd's portraits have the singular merit of being entirely free from all mannerism, and from anything conventional. We have seen several of them together, looking like the distinct works of so many different artists; because, in fact, each takes its individual character from the particular siter. This we hold to be the very perfection of portraiture. It is true, each subject must be seen through the one artist's peculiar medium; and the medium of Mr. Talfourd is a truly poetical one; but still, this accomplished artist has the power of so adapting to each siter, his varied ability of composition, coloring, and "handling," that the result is always distinguished by the most characteristic individuality.—[We have much pleasure in inserting the above extract from a Plymouth paper, forwarded to us by our zealous correspondent, T. E. K.—Ed.]

THE SWAN OF CHARLES I.—Mr. Planché Inquires (No. 12, p. 183), "When did the real sword of Charles the First's time, which, but a few years back, hung at the side of the Monarch's equestrian figure at Charing-cross, disappear?" It disappeared about the time of the coronation of her present Majesty, when some scaffolding was erected about the statue, which afforded great facilities for removing the rapier (for such it was); and I always understood it found its way, by some means or other, to the museum, so called, of the notoriously frolicsome Captain D—, where, in company with the wand of the Great Wizard of the North, and other well-known articles, it was carefully labelled and numbered, and a little account appended of the circumstances of its acquisition and removal.—JOHN STREET.

[Sure then Burke was right, and the "age of chivalry is past!"—Otherwise, the idea of disarming a statue would never have entered the head of any man of arms, even in his most frolicsome of moods.]—Notes and Queries.

THE POET BOWLES.—The canon's absence of mind was very great, and when his coachman drove him into Bath, he had to practise all kinds of cautions to keep him to time and place. The poet once left our office in company with a well-known antiquarian of our neighbourhood, since deceased, and who was as absent as Mr. Bowles himself. The servant of the latter came to our establishment to look for him, and, on learning that he had gone away with the gentleman to whom we have referred, the man exclaimed, in a tone of ludicrous distress, "What, those two wandered away together; then they'll never be found any more!" The act of composition was a slow and laborious operation with Mr. Bowles. He altered and re-wrote his MS. until, sometimes, hardly anything remained of the original, excepting the general conception. When we add that his handwriting was one of the worst that ever man wrote.—Inasmuch, that frequently he could not read that which he had written the day before—we need not say that his printers had very tough work in getting his works into type. At the time when we printed for Mr. Bowles, we had one compositor in our office (his death is recorded in our paper of to-day), who had a sort of knack in making out the poet's hieroglyphics, and he was once actually sent for by Mr. Bowles into Wiltshire, to copy some MS., written a year or two before, which the poet had himself vainly endeavoured to decipher.—Bath Chronicle.

HULL.—Messrs. Distin gave a concert in the Music-hall. In this town, on Friday evening, April 12th, which attracted a crowded and fashionable audience. The brilliant success of the entertainment led to a second performance on Monday evening, when the room was again crowded. On this occasion the interest of the programme was considerably heightened by the announcement that the band of the 81st regiment would take part in the concert. The

popularity and well-known excellence of the Messrs. Distin is so well known to our readers as to render unnecessary any further notice of their performances than that they went through their duties in superior style, and with repeated marks of approbation. The Distin family have, indeed, seldom appeared to greater advantage. The quiet precision in their instrumental performance, their brilliant execution, and a peculiar harmonising which pertains to the sax-horn, combine to produce the most gratifying results. The ear is not stunned by the oft-experienced clangour of wind instruments, nor is the judgment shocked by uncouth or unmusical sounds. The repeated encores of the Distins, as well in their instrumental as their vocal efforts along with Miss O'Conner, sufficiently attest the delight their talents conferred. Of the lady, we must speak very highly. Her Irish ballads, "Kate O'Shane," on the first evening, and "The Emigrant," on Monday, were real gems.—*Eastern Counties Herald.*

Mr. GUSTAVUS GRAY, the popular tenor from Dublin, is engaged by Mr. Stammers for the next Wednesday Concert. Mr. Geary bears a high name as a vocalist in the Irish capital, and much is expected from his first appearance at Exeter Hall.

PANORAMA.—*Frémont's Overland Route to Oregon, Texas, and California, across the Rocky Mountains.*—We attended on Wednesday week a private view of a new grand moving painting, bearing the above title, which has lately arrived from Washington City, and which opened for public exhibition, at the Egyptian Hall, on Monday last. This painting portrays the entire route of Col. Frémont and party (sent by the United States Government to explore the Rocky Mountains), from the Missouri shores, through Oregon, into California, and shows the workings of the great gold mines, which now occupy so much of public attention. The painting is of a gigantic class, and works on four cylinders, portraying the different sections of country and life, and as a work of art has decidedly the preference of any American panorama ever exhibited in London. The scenes are vivid and bright; we pass through the wild territory, and witness the majestic peaks of the Rocky Mountains, the beautiful prairies, boundless in extent, and learn the manner of emigration. We then follow Frémont through the snows of the mountains, and glean an idea of how terrible must have been their sufferings; or we stop at those missions which the christian has planted among the savages. Many of the scenes and figures are admirably drawn, and reflect great credit on the artists. The sketches are entirely made by Col. Frémont, Capt. Wilkes, and I. Drayton, Esq., of the U. S. Topographical Engineers for the United States Government, and we owe the enterprise of having it presented to the British public to M. L. Skirving, of Washington City, and Mr. W. H. Paul, at the Egyptian Hall. Of these exhibitions we cannot speak too highly, and on this subject, which is now so popular, this exhibition will assist the reader in forming a correct idea of the country, by presenting to the eye what has already been impressed on the mind by reading, and the visitor will be well repaid for the time spent.

THE PLASTER MODELS of Thorwaldsen, which were purchased at Copenhagen in October last by the French Director of the Beaux-Arts, are said, by the *Journal des Débats*, to have arrived in the Louvre in a very dilapidated condition. On the cases which contained them being opened, it was found that of the four large figures the "Hebe" alone was uninjured. The "Venus" and "Ganymede" are damaged in several places. Of the "Mercury" there is scarcely a fragment entire. The two models of bees have also suffered considerably; the small one is almost entirely destroyed. The series of bas-reliefs composing the "Triumph of Alexander" have escaped with least injury.

ILLNESS OF THE POET MOORE.—Letters have been received from Slopeton, giving a most painful account of the decaying health of the poet Moore, whose death was daily apprehended. For three months past Mr. Moore had not left his room, and altogether his condition was considered hopeless.

BARON CORNELIUS, it is reported, has finished the cartoons for the frescoes which are to adorn the new royal burial-ground and walls of the Campo-Santo constructing near Charlottenburg, in resemblance of those at Pisa and at Munich. For these designs Government has granted to the illustrious artist 95,000 thalers—upwards of 14,000*l.* sterling. Their execution in fresco will cost about 25,000*l.*

MR. G. A. OSBORNE'S CONCERT.—The second *Matinée* of Mr. Osborne was held on Thursday at the Beethovens Rooms. Ernst played. Beethoven's trio in E flat, played by Osborne, Ernst, and Pissil, was a rare treat. We were much impressed with Osborne's classic feeling. The sonata of Mendelssohn in B flat was very finely executed by the pianist and Pissil. Ernst surprised the audience with a romance, composed jointly by himself and Heller. Osborne's trio in A, and his nocturne, "The Elves," and the study in E minor, afforded excellent specimens of the composer's talent. Each received its due meed of applause. The study, played by the composer, was encored unanimously and vociferously, and moreover, deservedly. The vocal department was consigned to Madlle. Graumann and Fraulcin Franziska Rummel. The last named lady is a strong and true soprano, and is a dramatic singer in the good school. She was in London some three years since. She sang an aria from *Beatrice di Tenda*, and a romance of Henrlon, with excellent effect. The attendance was fashionable and select.

MR. HENRY WYLD'S CONCERTS.—The *Matinée Musicale* of this talented composer and pianist took place at Will's Rooms, on Monday, the 16th ult., and was full and fashionably attended. Mr. Henry Wyld was assisted by Ernst, Willy, Hill, Hausmann, and Sterndale Bennett, an admirable team of instrumentalists; and by Madlle. Schloss, as vocalist. The programme had many features of interest. In the first part, Ernst played twice; in Haydn's quartet in B flat, with Willy, Hill, and Hausmann; and in Mozart's quartet in G minor, with Hill, Hausmann, and Wyld. Both these were admirable performances, and were loudly applauded. Mr. Sterndale Bennett played Henry Wyld's sonata in E major, an exceedingly clever and brilliant composition, which displays considerable poetic temperament, and a nice feeling for classic harmony. It was imitatively played. Beethoven's Sonata in F, opened the second part. It was interpreted by Ernst and Henry Wyld, and was altogether a fine display. Ernst's playing in the sonata was nothing short of the miraculous. Beethoven's trio in C minor, in the hands of Henry Wyld, Ernst, and Hausmann, went off with immense *clat*. Madlle. Schloss contributed largely to the entertainment. She sang Mendelssohn's "Youth and Maiden," the grand scena from *Freischütz*, a song of Molière's, and two songs of Henry Wyld, called "Amalia," and "Ich bin so sehr alleine." Mr. Wyld's songs are full of character. The last is exceedingly simple and touching, and was much liked by the entire audience. Madlle. Schloss gave them both to perfection.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's *Israel in Egypt* is announced for performance next Friday, the 10th inst.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. CREVELLI

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that his Work on

THE ART OF SINGING,

Adapted with alterations and additions for the ASS VOICE, may be had at his Residence,

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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

Conductor ————— M^o. COSTA.

NEXT FRIDAY, Handel's "ISRAEL IN EGYPT."—Vocalists: Miss A. Williams, Mrs. Newton, Miss Dolby; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Martin, and Mr. H. Phillips; with orchestras of 700 performers. Tickets, 2s., 5s., and Stalls, 6d. each, at the Society's Office, No. 6, in Exeter Hall, or of Mr. Bowley, 13, Charing Cross. To commence at Eight o'clock.

Under the Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, Royal Family, Nobility, &c.

THE CHORAL FUND

HAVE the honour to announce for their ANNUAL CONCERT, a Performance at EXETER HALL, on FRIDAY EVENING, May 17, of Haydn's celebrated Oratorio, *THE SEASONS*, under the able Conductors of Mr. Benedict. This charity was instituted in 1791, by the late Dr. Arnold, for the relief of its distressed and afflicted members, their widows and orphans. Doors open at Seven, performance to commence at half-past Seven. Tickets to be had at the principal Music-sellers, and 9, Exeter Hall Western Gallery, 2s.; Area, 3s.; Reserved, 1s.; Duet Numbered, 7s.; Royal Galleries, 10s. 6d.

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MR. ALEXANDER BILLET

(From St. Petersburg).

PLEAS to announce a Second Series of THREE EVENING CONCERTS OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, at the above Hall, on FRIDAY, May 16th and 24th, in the course of which he will perform specimens of all the great Pianoforte Composers, including Bach, Scarlatti, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Dussek, Streibit, Pinto, Clementi, Voelfel, Moscheles, Schuber, Weber, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Chopin, Cramer, Fuler, Hummel, Chopin, Liszt, Stephen Heller, Sterndale Bennett, Schumann, Macfarren, &c. &c. PROGRAMME OF THE SECOND CONCERT, on FRIDAY EVENING, May 16th, To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

PART I.—1. Grand Sonata in C minor, with Fugue, Pianoforte, Mr. Billet. (Wood); 2. *Allegro*, Op. 10, No. 3, "Lento," Mr. Billet. (Mozart); 3. Sonata, in E flat, first time in public, Pianoforte, Mr. Billet (Haydn); 4. Duet, Violoncello, &c., "Lento," the Misses Cole (Mendelssohn); 5. Allegro and Fugue, in minor (Schubert); 6. Prelude and Fugue, F major (Bach); 7. Prelude and Fugue, F minor, Pianoforte, Mr. Billet (Mendelssohn).

PART II.—1. Sonata in A major, Pianoforte, Mr. Billet (Macfarren); 2. Scene, E minor, "Romance" (Liszt); 3. Madlle. Davinci (Liszt); 4. Fantasia in F sharp minor (Chopin); 5. Pianoforte, Mr. Billet (Mendelssohn); 6. Duet, "Remember now thy Creator," the Misses Cole (S. Bennett); 7. Selection of Modern Studies—C major (Chopin); 8. F sharp major (Hummel); 9. Rondo Triste (Stephen Heller); 10. G minor, Study of Octaves (W. S. Bennett); Pianoforte, Mr. Billet.

Conductor, HEINZ GANZ.

At the THIRD and LAST CONCERT, Friday, May 24th, Mr. BILLET will have the honour to introduce—1. Fantasia in A major (W. S. Bennett); 2. Grand Duet in F minor (Haydn); 3. Grand Duet in A minor (Schubert); 4. Grand Sonata in E flat, dedicated to Madame Ronnaparti, (Liszt); 5. Progressive Selection of Studies from Clementi, Cramer, Steibit, Moscheles, Hummel, Pöhlner, Schumann, and Mendelssohn.

Tickets for a Single Concert, 3s.; Central Seats, 1s.; Reserved Seats, 5s. Subscription to Reserved Seats for the Series, 10s. 6d.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

The Nobility, Patrons of the Opera, and the Public are respectfully informed that a **GRAND EXTRA NIGHT** will take place

ON THURSDAY NEXT, MAY 9TH,
when will be presented, for the first time these two years, Bellini's celebrated Opera, entitled

I PURITANI.

Elvira	- - -	Madame SONTAG.
		(Her first Appearance in that Character.)
Georgio	- - -	Signor LABLACHE.
Riccardo	- - -	Signor COLETTI.
		and
Arturo	- - -	Signor BAUCARDE.
		(His first appearance in that Character.)

With various Entertainments in the Ballet Department, including the highly successful, new, and original Grand Pas de Trois, by MM. PAUL TAGLIONI and GUSSELLI, the Music by Signor POGGI, entitled

LES GRACES.

Euphrosyne	- - -	Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI.
Thalia	- - -	Madlle. MARIE TAGLIONI.
Eglia	- - -	Madlle. AMALIA FERRARIS.
Madlle. JULIEN, LAMOREUX, ROSA, AUSSANDON, &c., &c.		

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

Doors open at Seven, the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

The Directors have the honor to announce, that a **Grand MORNING CONCERT**

will take place on **FRIDAY, May 10th, 1850.** The First Part of the Concert will consist of Rossini's celebrated

STABAT MATER;

and the Second, of a most attractive MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION. The whole supported by

Madame GRISI,	Madame CASTELLAN,	Madlle. VERA,
Madlle. de MERIC,	Signor TAMBURINI,	
Signor POLONINI,	Signor LAVIA,	Signor LUIGI MEL,
Mons. ZELGER,	Mons. MASSOL,	Herr FORMES,
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The Terms may be obtained at the Box-office of the Theatre, (corner of Hart Street and Bow Street), which is open daily, from 10 till 5 o'clock.

HANDEL'S MESSIAH.

THIS sublime ORATORIO will be performed on **Wednesday** Evening, May 8th, in the Hammer Square Rooms, commencing at Eight o'clock, for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians. Principal singers, Miss Catherine Hynes, Miss Daby, Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, Miss Ellen Lyon and Miss Birch, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Benson, Mr. Bantby, Mr. T. Williams, Mr. Lawler, Mr. T. A. Norellin, and Mr. Henry Phillips. Conductor, Mr. Costa. The public rehearsal will take place on Monday Morning, May 6th, to commence at 12 o'clock.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

SECOND NIGHT OF LES HUGUENOTS.

ON TUESDAY Next, May 7th, 1850, will be performed MEYERBEER'S Grand Opera,

LES HUGUENOTS,

The Principal Characters by

Madame GRISI.	Madame CASTELLAN.
Mademoiselle COTTI.	Madlle. de MERIC.
Signor LAVIA.	Signor TAGLIAFICO.
Monsieur MASSOL.	Signor LUIGI MEL.
Signor POLONINI.	Signor ROMMI.
Signor SOLDI.	Signor TALAMO.
Herr FORMES.	Signor MARIO.

AND

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

NEXT THURSDAY, MAY 9th.

LA DONNA DEL LAGO.—DER FREISCHUTZ.

On THURSDAY NEXT, May 9th, A **GRAND COMBINED ENTERTAINMENT** will be given, consisting of the **FIRST ACT** of ROSSINI'S Grand Opera,

LA DONNA DEL LAGO,

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Mademoiselle COTTI,	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Monsieur MASSOL,	Signor SOLDI,
Signor LUIGI MEL,	Signor POLONINI,
Signor ROMMI,	Monsieur ZELGER,
Herr DERING,	Herr FORMES,
Signor ENRICO MARALTI,	Signor TAMBERLIK,
Signor TAMBERLIK,	and Signor MARIO.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor . . . Mr. COSTA.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven, and the Performances commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

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THE FIRST MORNING CONCERT of the SEASON will take place on **FRIDAY NEXT, MAY 10th**, supported by every Artiste at the Establishment.

Prices of Admission:—Boxes,	£1 1s. 6d.;	£1 2s.;	£2 1s. 6d., and	£3 3s.
Orchestra Stalls, 10s. 6d.	Pit, 5s.	Amphitheatre Stalls, 3s.		
		Amphitheatre, 2s.		

The Concert will commence at Two o'clock precisely.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had at the Box-office of the Theatre, corner of Bow Street and Hart Street, Covent Garden, which is open from Ten till Five; and at the principal Libraries.

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No. 19.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1850.

{PRICE THREEPENCE
{STAMPED FOURPENCE

ALBONI.

THE Concerts given by this great singer at the *Académie Royale de Musique* have been brilliantly attended. The receipts have equalled those of the most successful representation of Meyerbeer's *Prophète*. The enthusiasm created by Alboni on these occasions has surpassed even that which was excited on the occasion of her first appearance at Paris, when she gave four concerts in the same theatre. The third and last concert of the present series took place on Monday.

"Albani," says our excellent contemporary, *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*, "will now almost immediately appear in an opera, but that opera will not be *La Favorite*, as was anticipated and announced by ourselves, and other Paris journalists," (our contemporary might have added—until corrected by the better authenticated information of the *Musical World* of London,) "which would of itself have been an object of sufficient public interest. The great cantatrice has decided upon attempting a much bolder task for her *coup d'essai*; she will sing the part of Fides, and thus restore the *Prophète*, that *chef d'œuvre* of which the absence of Madame Viardot Garcia had threatened to deprive us. We certainly approve of this resolution, which has the additional advantage, that not the slightest resemblance exists between the talents of Madame Viardot and Madlle. Albani, either in respect of style or of physical qualifications. All ideas of comparison or rivalry are therefore out of the question. We shall have an absolutely new Fides to judge, and if the reports which have reached us from the rehearsals be confirmed, to applaud. The magnificent success of the *Prophète* cannot but increase by this unexpected event, and once more come to the aid of the administration and treasury of the opera."

We have an opinion on the subject, but shall refrain from giving it at present, content to express our conviction, that Albani is not likely to commit herself undesignedly. Meanwhile, a special reporter will be sent from this journal to attend her first performance. We quite agree, however, with *la Gazette Musicale*, that there can be no possible comparison between Albani and her admirable predecessor. Each has her own particular way of reaching the public heart.

VIVIER.

THE analyst may trace back, link by link, the chain of devices by which a work of art has been produced, but the appreciator of feeling, content to receive the impression, conscious of its gradual development, does not trouble himself about the secret mechanism, the unseen wheels that bear the car of enterprise to the goal of accomplishment.

Quid tum postea?

How many ideas, and at what various intervals derived, are indispensable to make a picture, which, when completed, to the looker-on presents but one principal image, to which

all the rest appears, as it were, subordinate and of little import!

Après?

To account for the influence of genius, the man and the artist should be sifted until nothing is visible but the monad, round which has collected an atmosphere of attractions as impenetrable as the fire which circles about the sun and prevents the naked eye from perceiving its identity.

What then?

Genius, like the sun, dazzles with its rays; its outward glory is so bright, that in vain you would pierce into its inner form. Descending from metaphor—you are charmed, intoxicated, you know not how, nor why. Is it worth while to enquire? The analyst says: "Yes"; the poet says "No;" the sceptic is indifferent, neither feeling its effect, nor curious of its causes. Anaxagoras would examine; Epicurus enjoy; Democritus point his finger. The scoffer is the unhappy of the three. His intelligence and his heart are equally void, since indifference is food for neither. Forlorn is he in whom the spirit of enquiry and the faculty of enjoyment are wanting. Either is good; both is better; neither is death in life.

We are not of a mind with any of these gentlemen. Our present object is simply to say something, which, we hope, will interest and amuse our readers, about the life and talent of Eugene Vivier, one of the most remarkable of the present race of musical artists. When we find it necessary we shall analyse to the best of our power. When we find that unnecessary, we shall appreciate without enquiry; and, should the spirit move us, we shall point our finger and laugh at Vivier—as we should at any one else, ourselves included—heartily, without let or hindrance. *Lacrymas excire* is one thing; *risum movere* is another. He who writes to please should have the power of effecting both, as the theme upon which he exercises his wit may allow. We pretend to be little other than poor penmen—but honest as the skin between our brows; that is for penny-a-liners, and no honest man than ourselves. A truce to palaver. *Bis dat qui cito dat*—as saith the poet. We will keep our readers no longer in suspense, and, as we mean well, shall show it quickly.

Eugene Vivier was born at—

(To be continued in our next.)

HALEVY.

ON his arrival in London, Halévy immediately went to Her Majesty's Theatre, where Balfe and the orchestra were engaged in rehearsing an opera. No sooner was the composer of *La Juive* recognized than the members of the orchestra, their talented director at their head, gave him a welcome in a regular English fashion. Halévy, much touched by this warm and unexpected reception, addressed a short speech to the band, in the course of which he said:—"Gentlemen, I have

just had the pleasure of hearing you play, and can therefore applaud you conscientiously. You have applauded me without knowing whether I deserve it or not. I feel grateful for your courtesy, but, when you have heard my music, if your feelings towards me remain the same, your applause will afford me tenfold pleasure." Halévy, of course, spoke in French.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday night, Verdi's aboriginal opera *I Due Foscari*, was given, with Par-di, Giuliani, Coletti, and Baucarde in the principal parts. Coletti's personation of the Doge is justly regarded as one of his happiest dramatic and vocal efforts. Parodi's Lucrezia is a forcible performance, and, in several points, exhibits tragic powers of no common order. Baucarde, the new and successful tenor, gained new laurels in Jacopo. The opera was performed with great spirit throughout, and all the traditional points told.

After the *Foscari*, the band, under Balfe's direction, executed the overture to *Guillaume Tell* with such brilliancy and decision as to obtain a unanimous encore.

The entertainments concluded with Paul Taglioni's new divertissement, *Les Trois Grâces*.

On Tuesday, *Ernani* was given for the last time, Mr. Sims Reeves personating the hero with more than his usual energy, and more than his usual success. The other characters were as before.

The overture to *Guillaume Tell* was a second time performed with brilliancy, and a second time encored with acclamations.

The *Trois Grâces* followed, and was received with the usual favours, Carlotta achieving a more brilliant success than on any preceding evening.

Thursday was a great night for the admirers of Sontag and Bellini. The favourite *Puritani* was the opera, and Sontag's essaying for the first time the part of Elvira lent the performance an additional interest. The character of Elvira in the *Puritani* was one of Grisi's most perfect assumptions, in the days before Grisi mounted the tragic throne. Madame Sontag's Elvira, it may be readily surmised, is very different from Grisi's. But the music is admirably adapted to the style of Madame Sontag, and she produced an effect in it which few who have preceded her ever surpassed. Her delivery of the principal *marceaux*—those upon which the stamp of familiarity is so deeply set—was exquisite. The famous polacca, "Son vergin," was a masterpiece of execution. Nothing more sparkling or fairy-like could well be conceived. It was not to its disparagement that this air, as well as the others wherein the vocalist has the opportunity of displaying her arts of mechanism, was rendered wholly in the *mezza voce*. It is probably, we may add, the absence of fiery brilliancy and point that gives the excecution of Sontag its peculiar potency. The notes, small as they are, are as distinct as if they were emitted from an organ of three times the volume; and, like all the sounds that are so constituted, can be heard without the slightest difficulty, no matter how remote the listener. The command which Sontag exercises over the delivery of rapid passages and playful floriture is, therefore, not accomplished at the expense of physical effort. Nothing in the shape of singing, where velocity is a material attribute, was ever more critically articulate. The elegance and aerial finish, which are just as remarkable as the difficulties that are overcome, are, however, the exclusive features of this artist, and for this is she so universally admired. There is absolute witchery in the character of the decorations which she bestows

upon any one of the Italian themes that she touches, but it is the witchery of manner. It would be impossible to describe it; but who is insensible to its delicate and ineffable grace?

The polacca to which we have alluded, and which Sontag sang in her most alluring style, was loudly applauded and as loudly encored. The "Qui la voce" in the mad scene—in fact, the whole of the music which belongs to this particular section of the opera—was likewise a succession of the loveliest vocal fluencies, all those specific graces which hover so ravishingly about the lips of Sontag, developing themselves as freely and as naturally as if there was neither art nor accomplishment at stake.

The second novelty in the cast was the Arturo of Baucarde, who continues to exhibit those characteristics of excellence on which we have already expatiated. The liquid tones of his voice, and the enthusiastic method of his delivery, found engaging exemplification in the present opera, and he met with several strong manifestations of liking and encouragement. He gave the "A te, o cara" with feeling as well as correctness, and it was re-demanded. The Riccardo of Coletti, and the Giorgio of the elder Lablache, are personations too well known to need a word. The excellencies of each were as conspicuous as ever. The principal singers were called before the curtain at the termination of the opera.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE fourth performance of *Zora* took place on Saturday. The subscribers and fashionables did not throng in such crowds as on the preceding Thursday, when the *Huguenots* was given; but the musical public gathered more eagerly to hear Rossini's *chef d'œuvre* than to hear that of Meyerbeer, and, in consequence, every stall was taken, and the pit and amphitheatre were filled to repletion. The opera went off with immense enthusiasm.

The *Huguenots* was repeated on Tuesday. The house was crammed to excess, and a long list of rank and fashion attended. The remarks we made last week on Formes, in the character of Marcel, in reference to his general conception and acting, hold good after seeing him a second time. His performance possesses amazing vividness and dramatic colouring, and is as natural as it is striking and powerful. There can be no doubt that Formes' notion of the character, in the main, is the same as that which Scribe had fashioned in his mind and has transformed to his page. We must except the extreme old age put on by Herr Formes. It is not easy to reconcile the tremendous power of the artist's voice with any physical weakness, nor is there any necessity to make an old soldier, whom exposure to rude winds and weather should have rendered hardy and tough, tottering and feeble. It is, we allow, difficult to put on the semblance of years, without affording an idea of imbecility; but art can conquer any difficulty, and Herr Formes has art enough to accomplish anything. With regard to Herr Formes' singing, we noticed a decided improvement as well in the economising his *fortissimo* tones, as in the lightness and variety, the want of which we felt in the first performance. Altogether, the Marcel of Herr Formes, in the second performance, was a league in advance of the first, powerful and effective as that undoubtedly was, and we expect to find a still greater improvement after a few more repetitions. By a great artist, these remarks, made in the spirit of perfect fairness and with a thorough appreciation of his merits, cannot be taken in a sense other than that in which they are intended.

The performances on Thursday included the first act of

La Donna del Lago, and the whole of *Der Freischütz*—an entertainment worthy the very longest of long Thursdays. We cannot say we admire these extra-ordinary performances; but the public, we suppose, must be fed with the *pabulum* they like best, and as they pay for it we cannot blame the directors for doling it out to them by the yard, like French bread.

Yesterday morning the first grand concert of the season was given. The eternal—not immortal—*Stabat Mater* of Rossini was the opening fare, and occupied the first part. The second part was devoted to a miscellany. But we shall supply the programme, which will be found to contain some choice novelties.

PART I.

Chorus, with solos by Madlle. Vera, Madlle. de Meric, Signor Lavia, and Signor Tagliafico
Solo, "Cujus animam," Signor Mario
Duo, "Quis est homo," Madame Castellan and Madlle. de Meric
Solo, "Pro peccatis," Signor Tamburini
Solo, with chorus, "Eia mater fons amoris," Herr Formes
Quartetto, "Sancta mater," Madlle. de Meric, Madlle. Vera, Signor Tagliafico, and Signor Tamberlik
Solo, "Fec me vera," Madlle. de Meric
Solo, with chorus, "Inflammatus," Madame Grisi
Quartetto, "Quando corpus," Madlle. Grisi, Madlle. de Meric, Signor Tamburini, and Signor Mario
Chorus, "In sempiterna secula—Amen."

Rossini.

PART II.

Overture (*Euryanthe*)
Air, "In diesen heiligen Hallen" (*Die Zauberflöte*), Herr Formes
Duo (*Matilda di Shabran*), Madame Castellan and Madlle. Vera
Trio (*Guillaume Tell*), Sig. Marini, Mons. Massol, and Mons. Zelger
Aria, "Alma soava o cara" (*Maria di Rohan*), Signor Tamberlik
Duo (*Don Pasquale*), Madame Grisi and Signor Mario
Grand scena, with chorus (*Iphigenia in Tauris*), Mons. Massol
Duo, "Laci daram la mano" (*Don Giovanni*), Madame Castellan and Signor Tamburini
Romance, "Com' è gentil" (*Don Pasquale*), Signor Mario
Madrigal, "Down in a flow'ry vale," by the Chorus
Duo, "O amor di patria," (*Masaniello*), Signor Tamberlik and Monsieur Massol
The "Wedding March," (*Midsummer Night's Dream*)

Weber.

Mozart.

Rossini.

Rossini.

Donizetti.

Donizetti.

Gluck.

Mozart.

Donizetti.

Festa.

Auber.

Mendelssohn.

It will be seen the entire of the *Stabat Mater* was given. The performance was admirable throughout, a few weak points being counterbalanced by numerous excellencies. Mario sang the "Cujus animam" divinely, and threw at least as much religious fervour into it as the composer intended. The "Pro peccatis" was a fine performance. Tamburini's expression and taste were not expended in vain. The solo and chorus, Formes leading, went well. In the contralto song, Mademoiselle de Meric exhibited nice feeling and good judgment. Grisi came out with prodigious fire in the "Inflammatus" chorus, and was admirably supported by the choir. This piece was splendidly sung, and produced an immense effect. The unaccompanied quartet was as fine a specimen of ensemble singing as could be heard. The "Amen" chorus, though not particularly happy in its fugue, exhibits most wonderful writing for the voices. The *Stabat Mater* is certainly the least inspired of Rossini's works; but it, as certainly, possesses that within it which could have originated from no musical mind of a common order.

The performance of the overture to *Euryanthe* was perfect.

Formes was encored in Mozart's fine air, a compliment he well deserved, as his singing was not only remarkable for its forcibleness, but it was subdued even to the very quality of the music.

The duet from *Matilda di Shabran* was charmingly rendered by the two fair artists. The cadenzas of Madame Castellan were brilliantly given.

The trio from *Guillaume Tell*, magnificent as it is, loses by transplantation. It is too dramatic for a concert room, and was quite out of place. It was, however, capably sung.

Donizetti's aria was beautifully and tenderly given by Tamberlik. More expressive and touching singing we have not often heard.

Grisi and Mario were encored in the pleasing and happy duo from *Don Pasquale*. The "Diva" was in admirable spirits and voice, and produced a marked effect by the introduction of three shakes into the final cadence.

The scena from the *Iphigenia in Tauride* is a splendid thing, and the directors would do well to introduce more specimens of the great composer, whose works are but little known to the frequenters of the opera. As far as Massol was concerned the scena was splendidly sung; but the chorus, at times, was uncertain, and the dances were taken too quick.

The delicious duet from *Don Giovanni* wanted the stage to bring out its points, if not its musical charms.

Of course Mario was encored in the romance from *Don Pasquale* which, of course, he sang beautifully.

We congratulate the directors on the introduction of the madrigal into the programme, and trust that few concerts will be given at the Royal Italian Opera without one or more of them. The notion which originated the introduction was exceedingly happy, and the success achieved yesterday must not be overlooked. Festa's madrigal is, perhaps, the most beautiful ever written. It was rapturously encored, the chorus having sung it to perfection, thus making some amends for their imperfection in the chorus from *Iphigenia*.

The duet was splendidly given by Tamberlik and Massol, and narrowly escaped an encore.

The "Wedding March" was magnificently played, and wound up, on the whole, a concert of unusual interest.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE fifth concert, which took place on Monday night in the presence of an unusually full attendance, was exceedingly interesting, but much too long, as may be surmised from the following programme:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in F, No. 8
Aria con Coro, "Possenti Numi" (*Il Flauto Magico*), Mr. Phillips and chorus
Quartett, No. 81, two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. Biagrotte, Sainton, Hill, and Lucas
Concerto in C minor, pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Soper
Air and chorus, "Yes, lovely Kungunda" (*Faust*), Mr. Benson and Chorus
Overture (MS.) Shakspeare's "Tempest"

(First time of performance.)

PART II.

The First Walspurge Night—Miss M. Williams, Mr. Benson, Mr. Phillips, and chorus
Conductor, Mr. Costa.

The four instrumental pieces in the first part, three of which are of the length and importance of symphonies, made just one too many. We have already stated our opinion that

quartets, which are essentially chamber music, are out of place at concerts where a grand orchestra forms the prominent attraction; and the performance of Monday night only served to confirm us in this impression. We do not for one instant contest the very great merits of Haydn's quartet, one of his latest and most admirable works; nor have we any fault to find with the execution of Messrs. Blagrove, Sainton, Hill, and Lucas, which was as correct as possible; but, after the symphony of Beethoven, in which the resources of the orchestra are so brilliantly developed, the effect of the four stringed instruments was pitifully small, and almost succeeded in throwing a damp upon the rest of the concert. The excuse for the introduction of a quartet at this concert, as we have heard, was, that on a former occasion Mr. Blagrove having played second violin to M. Sainton, it was necessary to afford the Englishman an opportunity in which, the places being reversed, he might become leader in his turn. But, without intending any slight to Mr. Blagrove, we have a right to complain that tenacity in respect to position on the part of two violinists in the Philharmonic orchestra should be visited as an infliction on the public and the subscribers—for we insist that it was no infliction to be obliged to listen attentively to three symphonies (quartets and concertos being symphonies in another form) in almost immediate succession, and to come to the longest and most elaborate piece of the evening, *The First Walpurgis Night*, mentally and physically exhausted, so as to render a proper appreciation of its grandeur and poetical beauty almost impossible. Moreover, we confess our inability to understand that any temporary forfeiture of position can derive from holding the second violin in a quartet, since it is as difficult a post and as honourable in its way as the first. At the Beethoven Quartet Society such artists as Sivori and Vieuxtemps have played second to M. Sainton; yet no one ever presumed they lost caste by their condescension. The point in question, however, is, that chamber music is quite foreign to the present constitution of the Philharmonic Concerts; that it can be heard elsewhere with far greater effect; and that, consequently, there is no excuse for spinning out the performances to a tedious prolixity by its introduction. On this consideration, without discussing the reasons that may influence the directors, we feel called upon to condemn unconditionally the attempt to revive an old practice, which, when the concerts were held in a smaller room, and the programmes were differently arranged, and quartets could not be heard competently executed in other places, might have been even advisable, but which, in the actual order of things, is irrelevant and superfluous.

En passant, it may be worthy noticing that Mr. Blagrove and M. Sainton have each appeared three times at the Philharmonic this season. Molière is in London, nevertheless; to say nothing of Ernst.

On the whole we have rarely heard the symphony in F executed with more spirit, precision, and finish than on Monday night under Mr. Costa's direction. Although one of the least elaborate of the nine, it is one of the most original and continuously melodious—a song, from first to last, in which the invention of the composer never tires of producing phrases of the utmost fancy and beauty. The style is joyous throughout, the mysterious episode in the second part of the last movement, while contrasting strongly with what precedes and follows it, by no means departing from the general vivacity of tone, which is sustained to the end with astonishing power. The only points for criticism in the whole performance occurred in the minuetto and trio; in the former we did not altogether like the forced accentuation of the opening bars; in the latter,

which is almost invariably the case, the obligato passages were more than once imperfectly rendered. We own that this trio is exceedingly difficult for certain instruments; but Beethoven was too good a judge of effect to have written what was impossible. We are compelled, therefore, to assign the obnoxious imperfection which has for many years attended the execution of this trio to negligent rehearsal or indifference, neither of which is intelligible where Beethoven is concerned. The delicate and playful allegretto in B flat, given to perfection, was unanimously redemanded.

Mr. Lindsay Sloper must be complimented for his choice of Mozart's concerto, one of the happiest efforts of its great composer. It was the first appearance of our young countryman before a Philharmonic audience. He has, nevertheless, already established himself in other places as an accomplished musician, and a master of the instrument which he professes. Mr. Sloper's performance was one of the most satisfactory kind, tasteful, intellectual, and finished. His accentuation was so decisive, his time so correct, his articulation so distinct, that the orchestra, under Mr. Costa's attentive guidance, followed him with ease, and the tones of the pianoforte were clearly heard in the midst of the most elaborate instrumentation. In the first movement Mr. Sloper introduced a cadenza of his own, which displayed great musical knowledge and a thorough command of the instrument. At the same time, much as we were pleased with Mr. Sloper's cadenza, we must express our objection to the custom, ancient as it is, of interpolating long and elaborate preludes, prepared for the occasion, into the works of the classical masters. The intention of the old composers in leaving a pause at certain points of their concertos was to offer skilful players an opportunity of exercising their readiness and talent in an improvisation on the principal themes; cadenzas should, therefore, be played impromptu or abandoned altogether. It is true the talent for improvisation is exceedingly rare, and perhaps we may never hear again in our time one of those sudden bursts of inspiration which used to make the cadenzas of Mendelssohn the wonder alike of pianists and musicians. Mr. Sloper's success was most decided, and the applause bestowed upon his performance was liberal and frequent. The objection to English pianists appears to be wearing away at Philharmonic head quarters; it is likely that the warm reception accorded to Kate Loder and Mr. Sloper may open the door to others of decided merit, from among whom, as there are several, it would be invidious to signalise any one in particular by name.

Mr. Griesbach's overture is a composition of merit, but we failed to detect in it any poetic relation with the poem of Shakspeare which it professes to illustrate. That Mr. Griesbach is an able musician is evident. He writes with facility, and handles the orchestra like one well acquainted with its resources. This aid we have said all, since his overture—which consists of an introduction, intended, we presume, as a musical picture of a storm, and an allegro chiefly remarkable for its length—offers no indications of fancy or originality, but on the other hand, suggests a more than average quantity of reminiscences. Every pains was taken by Mr. Costa to secure an effective performance; the execution was really admirable; and the overture much applauded. Mr. Griesbach is one of the seven directors of the Philharmonic Society for the present year.

The First Walpurgis Night, of the design and elevated merits of which we have more than once spoken in due terms of admiration, was disadvantageously placed, after such a lengthy succession of vocal and instrumental pieces. It nevertheless created a profound impression, and indeed we

have seldom heard many parts of it more efficiently executed. The opening instrumental movement in A minor, in which the composer has endeavoured to paint, by the aid of the orchestra, a storm in the Harz mountains, clearing away at the approach of spring, was dashed off with a fiery impetuosity peculiar to the Philharmonic band, and which in certain compositions leaves it without a rival. Some of the choral effects were developed with equal force, especially the chorus of the Druid guards, "Disperse, disperse," and that of the guards and the people, "Come with torches brightly flashing," where the Druids, by feigned incantations, seek to frighten away the Christian soldiers, in order to be enabled to perform their religious ceremonies unmolested. The imagination of Mendelssohn was never more powerfully manifested than in this chorus, and indeed the *Walpurgis Night* must altogether be regarded as one of the most extraordinary inspirations of his genius. We retain our opinion, however, that a larger arena is indispensable to insure the effect of which it is capable. Nothing better could be desired for the instrumental portions than the band under Mr. Costa's direction; but the chorus should be at least treble the number, a desideratum which the accommodation afforded by the Hanover-square Rooms puts out of the question. The vocal solo parts were carefully and efficiently rendered by Miss M. Williams, Mr. Benson, and Mr. H. Phillips.

Of the other vocal music we have little to say. Mr. Phillips sang Mozart's aria impressively, and Miss M. Williams gave the "Che farò" with such fervour and feeling as to obtain the loudest applause. The air and chorus from Spohr's *Faust* might have been omitted with advantage. It is ineffective in a concert-room, and was only introduced because there was a chorus at hand. It resulted from the superabundance of good things that the audience were vexatiously disturbed during the performance of the *Walpurgis Night* by persons leaving the room, and celebrating their departure with a more than ordinary degree of noise. The Philharmonic directors should learn to apply the adage, "Enough is as good as a feast." We should then have shorter programmes, and probably better concerts.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The Council of the Royal Academy having this year resolved, for the first time, to include in their invitations the private view of their annual exhibition the leading representatives of the metropolitan press, we are enabled to respond to this act of courtesy by a more careful survey of the works of art collected in the apartments of that learned body. In other places, and at other times, the Royal Academy may be called upon to defend or to abandon invidious privileges and an anomalous constitution. These are subjects into which it would be ungracious and unnecessary to enter at this moment. But one counsel we may venture to address to the Academicians most zealous in defence of their corporate position, since they have shown on the present occasion an increased desire to place themselves on the ground of common convenience and public opinion. Let them be assured that their greatest safety and consideration lie in a sense of the actual services they may render to the public; that the Academy exists not only for Artists but for art; and that in an age when the interests of Art and the love of Art are happily extending to a very large proportion of the community, it is essentially by a popular spirit and by national services that such an institution can alone maintain its ground in the century.

We do not disparage the time-honoured usage which, from the foundation of the Academy, has set apart one day in the year for the reception of an assemblage in the halls of the Academy, from which loyalty itself has never withheld its countenance, and at which all that is most distinguished in rank, in intellect, and in the public service of this empire, has esteemed it an honour to meet

together. It has tended to strengthen social ties between those most concerned in the production of these works of imagination and of taste—it has tended also to assign to genius and to skill that exalted place to which they are entitled in polished society; but we venture to add that the increased liberality of the distribution of tickets on this occasion did not impair the vivacity or the brilliancy of the scene.

The artists have done their part, and we must endeavour to do ours—nay rather, the public is itself called upon to perform the most lasting and certain work of all, to raise, growing to its loftiest eminence, to chasme impregnance, to dispel illusions, to condemn mediocrity. We serve but as ushers to the throng which will crowd in a day or two to form their own judgment from the works before them. But on that judgment depends, almost as much as on the bent of the creative talent, the direction given to English art. If a want of correctness and elevation are still prominent defects in the English school of painting, in comparison not only with the ancient masters, but with contemporary schools abroad, the fault rests at least as much with the critic and the purchaser as with the artist. There are men amongst those who have covered these walls, and especially amongst the younger generation of our artists, who bid fair to accomplish anything they resolve to undertake; all that they require is the consciousness that they are understood, and that the highest rewards of their profession are not confined to narrow objects or depraved taste.

The present Exhibition displays a large amount of force in the old and well known favourites of the country, combined with an advance in several artists who had hitherto occupied a secondary rank, and with some novelty, a little wayward and perplexing, but not devoid of promise and not unworthy of closer attention. On entering the Great Room, the eye first rests on No. 189, "A Dialogue at Waterloo," by Edwin Landseer. The speaker in that dialogue are no other than the Duke of Wellington himself and the Marchioness of Douro, revising, on some fine autumn day, that unforgotten ridge from which the same expressive finger which now points its familiar explanation of the ground, once beckoned the Guards to victory. The Flomish guy who offers to the unknown visitor that tale of roto which he could best tell to her and all mankind—the Garde-Chasse listlessly throwing his game on the bank—a Belgian farmer half suspecting that the face before him is one of those which no man who has once seen it forgets, and the other accessories of the group contribute to give extreme interest to this picture. That interest was heightened yesterday by the presence of the Duke himself, who lingered with evident satisfaction before the canvass, which seemed to render him twice over a spectator of his own greatness. The picture is one of Mr. Landseer's largest productions, and it is fortunately destined to take its place in the Vernon Gallery at Marlborough-house. In point of composition perhaps it wants unity, in point of treatment it might bear a warmer tone of colour; but the portraits are like, the horses and other animals have all the charm of Mr. Landseer's brush, and the details of the picture are ingenious and effective.

Immediately opposite this painting will be found a work of a very different character—"The Good Samaritan," by Mr. Eastlake. For several years, that is since the "Christ over Jerusalem" was first exhibited, we have had no work from Mr. Eastlake's penell at all comparable to this picture. In design, in impression, in sentiment, it is of the highest order. The wounded man, barely raised from the dust in which he lay, is supported by the hand of mercy and of love. The drawing and colour of his naked form are finished with extreme care, and his face turns upwards with an expression of exquisite gratitude and trust; in some other respects the picture is still unfinished, but we hardly like it the less for the subdued and unobtrusive character of all secondary objects. It is on the sufferer and the Samaritan that the mind and the eye rest, for in the symbolical robe and the majestic countenance of that compassionate being we trace at once the Samaritan over his afflicted brother—the Saviour over afflicted man. The repetition of Mr. Eastlake's "Escape of Francesco di Carrara" (169), painted also for the Vernon Gallery, has considerably more force and movement than the original picture; it is light, it is terror, and will remain a specimen of the artist's most elaborate manner though the subject is not one susceptible of much interest.

To the numerous class of visitors uninitiated in the works of Mr. Turner, the four pictures exhibited this year by that veteran artist will convey no notions more distinct than the fragments of that mysterious MS., "The Fallacies of Hope," which still serves to amuse Mr. Turner, and to perplex the world. When we look back to those earlier works which have long since taken their place amongst the greatest productions of this country, it would seem as if Mr. Turner had possessed in youth all the dignity of age to exchange it in age for the effervescence of youth. But to the more practised eyes which still trace through these eccentricities the hand of a great master, and a matchless command over the materials of painting, careless of form and prodigal of light, these four pictures are not deficient in beauty and interest. The "Mercury" (174) and "The Departure of the Fleet" (482) have the coolness of dawn or twilight thrown, as it were, through the radiance of a southern sun, which gives the glow and the iridescence of the opal. Even in the wilder pictures (192) in which the most definite object would seem to be a black cat, and in the "Visit to the Tomb" (873) the confused and luminous mass subsides at a distance into an order of its own, which those who have discovered that Turner has a purpose in most of his productions, may, with the aid of Mr. Ruskin, appreciate.

From these subjects, if we turn to works of less pretension but more universal interest, we shall find an amply supply of pleasing performances. Mr. Leslie exhibits three pictures—a "Beatrice in the Garden" (93), a "Tom Jones and Sophia," and a "Scene from Henry VIII." (186). Mr. Macleise has bit off, with uncommon drollery, life, and expression, "The Return of Moses to the Vicar of Wakefield with the gross of green spectacles" (56); and Mr. Webster presents us with several pictures, of which one especially, "A Cherry-seller" (98), combines all the finish of Dutch handiwork with the charm of English feeling. These gems are, however, on the smallest scale, and we regret that the success of his last year's picture did not encourage him to repeat as considerable a work.

Among pictures of a high character, the well known "Cromwell looking at the dead body of Charles" (369), by Paul de la Roche, has been re-painted by that eminent artist, for the purpose of being exhibited for the first time in this country. Mr. E. M. Ward has produced one of the most interesting pictures of the gallery,—"James II. in his Palace, of Whitehall, receiving the news of the landing of the Prince of Orange, in 1688" (350)—worthy in point of invention and allusion of the author of the "South Sea Bubble," but inferior to some former works in colour. In this class, however, we are not sure that the first place does not belong to a young artist, as yet only an associate of the Academy, Mr. F. R. Pickersgill, whose "Samson Betrayed" (16) is a work of extraordinary power and originality. His "Rape of Proserpine" (264) is also a very remarkable work, though somewhat crude in the colour of the Nymph Cyane and her Naiads. To this division we must add a class of pictures, remarkable for depth of feeling, for intention, and originality—something near to perfection, and some absolutely offensive to taste and judgment—but all conceived in a spirit of peculiar reverence for the more ancient forms of art. At this moment we can only summarily allude to them. "The meeting of Jacob and Rachel" (92), by Mr. Dyce, is of this class by far the most perfect and successful. Designed with exquisite purity, yet conceived with extreme passion, in this picture Mr. Dyce has caught that difficult art of following the dry and severe style of the elder painters without sacrificing the more important conditions of feeling and nature. Mr. Cope's pictures, "The Death of King Lear" (39), the sketches for the frescoes in the House of Lords, the "Study of a Child" (206), partake of the same quality; and though we dislike its allegorical character, inherent in the subject, as much may be said for Mr. Macleise' "Justico" (160). But the example of these artists, and the medieval tastes of the day, have led some of their more enthusiastic brethren to adopt a style taken, we should apprehend, chiefly from the Bayeux tapestry, or *ye* Manners and customs of *ye* Englysh." Mr. Millie's still retaining strong marks of that power which distinguished his Boccacian picture last year, has sunk into extravagance bordering, in one instance, on irreverence (518 and 504), and he again is followed by Mr. Hunt (553), and Mr. Collins (535), till nothing remains of chiaroscuro, perspective, nature, or truth. We

shall revert to these pictures, but we must at once protest against the introduction of such a style into English art.

To turn to landscape, we find ourselves at once on less questionable ground. Mr. Stanfield exhibits his usual fertility, and in one instance (131), "Scene on the Mass" (painted, we believe, for the gallery of Sir R. Peel), more than his usual power. His "Machbeth meeting with the Witches" (67), painted for Mr. Brunel's Shakspeare Gallery, is, we fear, less successful. Mr. Creswick, again abandoning his groves and dells for the sea beach and the retiring tiles of our island, has produced two pictures of great merit, "The wind on shore" (8), and "The first glimpse of the sea" (236). The cattle of Mr. Sidney Cooper, especially in "Summer Showers" (239), may entitle him to honours not far below those of a Paul Potter; and Mr. Lee has some pleasing landscapes in his accustomed and not very animated manner.

The portraits, which complete in great profusion the upper furniture of the apartments, are not of a high order, and it may deserve to be discussed on some future occasion to what the present state of portrait painting in this country is attributable. Mr. Grant still takes the lead, and in the treatment of some of his fairer subjects he deserves it. Of these the picture of his daughter and of Lady Bruce are the best; but nothing can justify such a performance as the same artist's caricature of the Duke of Devonshire. Mr. Henry Phillips has several portraits of great merit, more even as portraits of intellect than portraits of beauty; and we must note, even in this hasty sketch, the portrait of Mr. Brotherton by Mr. Westcott—an artist hitherto of provincial celebrity only, but inferior in this instance to no painter in that branch of his profession. The Scotch artists have declined. Mr. Watson Gordon's portraits are feeble, and Mr. Swinton's are below his former rank. It is fair, however, to add that one of the most interesting works of this artist was naturally withdrawn after a recent event in private life which has called forth very general and merited sympathy. The portrait of her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough by Mr. Sans, still retains its place. In the miniatures, Mr. Thornburn has all his pre-eminence, which has given an air of grandeur and elevation to the most contracted branch of the art.

The sculpture, still imprisoned in the vault assigned to it, and now more than ever over-crowded, is not deficient in interest. Mr. Macdowell's "Virginus" and "Psyche," Mr. Bailey's "Sleeping Girl," Baron Marochetti's "Sappho," and Mr. R. Westmacott's recumbent monument to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, are works of great merit. But after this hasty survey of the whole Exhibition, we shall take an early opportunity of reverting, in greater detail, to the different parts of it.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL UNION.

THE fourth meeting took place on Tuesday at Willis's Rooms, and was attended by the most crowded audience of the season. The second appearance before a London audience of Mr. Stephen Heller, the first performance of a posthumous quartet of Mendelssohn, and the presidency of Herr Ernst, as leader of the quartets, imparted a more than common importance to the programme, which, independently of these advantages, was one of a high order.

The quartet in F minor (No. 6), of Mendelssohn, in all probability the last work that he lived to finish, was written in Switzerland during the summer of 1847, under peculiar circumstances. The early and unexpected death of a sister, the intimate associate of his early life and for whom he entertained a strong attachment, so worked upon the spirits of Mendelssohn that his health, already precarious, was materially injured, and he became a prey to the lowest despondency. In this state of mind he resorted to his art for consolation, and the quartet in F minor may be regarded as a portrayal of his feelings during that period of suffering. A few days after it was completed, he returned to his favourite residence at Leipsic, which he never quitted alive. For those who love the music of Mendelssohn, and are capable of justly

estimating his genius, this quartet must possess a deep and individual interest. But, irrespective of associations, it claims attention as a work of singular beauty and originality. Perhaps never before was passion expressed with such intensity by the simple combination of four musical instruments. It is the very eloquence of grief, and, were we inclined to seek its parallel in a sister art, we could find nothing so appropriate as the *Adonais* of Shelley, the poet's lament for the death of his young friend, Keates. As a composition, the quartet in F minor must be noted for its dissimilarity to other essays of the kind by Mendelssohn. It would appear as if, prostrate under the weight of affliction, he had found himself unable to conjure up any of those fanciful images so brightly conspicuous in his previous works. The sparkling showers of notes that told of fairy land, the circling *cantilena* that found no repose for its ever-moving melody, the *scherzo*, exciting and fantastic, which held the attention in a magic spell, are no longer heard; but in their place a sullen and dejected strain, interrupted ever and anon by bursts of wild and passionate harmony, indicative of nothing but despair. The first, second, and last movements are all in this style; they are written in F minor, a key well adapted for the expression of gloom and despondency. In the second part of the second movement a short theme, allotted to the violoncello, appears to promise a transitory repose; but this is immediately cut short by a phrase in the prevailing minor key, by which the violin seems to reproach its companion for even an instant's intrusion on the sanctuary of grief. The only movement in the major key is the *adagio* in A flat, the characteristics of which are pathos and resignation. The relief afforded by this cessation from the monotonous tone of complaint is a fine stroke of art, and the relapse into a still wilder and more passionate strain in the *finale*, which seems to seek consolation at defiance, produces an unparalleled effect. A technical analysis of such a composition would be nothing better than an absurdity. It is enough to say, as an instance of Mendelssohn's supreme command of the materials of his art, that through all its variety of impulse the outline is as well defined, the development as clear and consistent, as in any of his previous quartets. Mendelssohn knew, or rather felt, on this particular occasion, that in art, where form is vague or absent, expression loses more than half its strength. It is the province of art to convey to others, in one lucid and intelligible whole, thoughts and emotions that have presented themselves to the imagination at various intervals, in fragmentary disorder. Mozart himself had not a more exquisite sensibility for symmetry of form than Mendelssohn—an assertion which may be established by a careful investigation of any of his works, great or small.

We have no intention to enquire what place the quartet in F minor is entitled to hold in the catalogue of Mendelssohn's works, nor do we desire to compare it with those of other masters, satisfied with the conviction that, as an exhibition of strong and earnest feeling, it has been surpassed by few things in music. The circumstance which induced its composition was one of so sad a nature can hardly be too deeply regretted.

Having said so much of the quartet, there is small space left to do justice to the executants—Ernst, Delloffe, Hill, and Piatti—who must be satisfied with the unqualified verdict of approval due to a highly impressive and admirable performance. Let us add that if ever a work was calculated to bring out with more than ordinary effect the peculiar characteristics of Ernst's talent, it is this quartet, the latest and most striking of Mendelssohn's contributions to chamber-music. The impressions derived from hearing M. Stephen

Heller play the trio in D, at the first meeting of the Beethoven Quartet Society, were more than confirmed on Tuesday by his performance of another trio by the same great master,—that in B flat, the longest, most beautiful, and most difficult of them all. In this work, M. Heller had opportunities for executive display which the first trio failed to supply. The opening *allegro moderato* demands largeness of expression, the *scherzo* a command of strong contrasts, the *adagio* depth of sentiment, and the *finale* force and delicacy of execution; so that the abilities of a pianist are taxed to the utmost, and the trio in B flat may be safely taken as a test of efficiency. M. Heller was not found wanting in any of the desired requisites; but, on the contrary, showed himself a thorough proficient in them all. His performance, equally finished and brilliant, was distinguished throughout by intelligence and rare appreciation of his author. More genuine and warmer applause has seldom been bestowed than that which was accorded to M. Heller by the discriminating audience of the *Musical Union*. Ernst and Piatti held the violin and violoncello in the trio, and the *ensemble* was perfect. The other quartet was Haydn's, No. 57, in C, one of the most remarkable works of that prolific composer. Three of the *Pensées fugitives*—a set of short and elegant duets for the pianoforte and violin—executed with the utmost grace and spirit by M. Heller and Herr Ernst, by whom they were composed in fellowship, retained the audience delighted to the end, and worthily concluded one of the most interesting and classical entertainments that Mr. Ella has provided for his subscribers.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND ITS PROFESSORS OF PAINTING.

"As you have not been taught to flatter us, do not learn to flatter yourselves."
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR,—The following extract from the letter of an artist educated in the Royal Academy, appears to me satisfactorily to account for the utter worthlessness of academic instruction, and its pernicious influence upon the fine arts. The writer says:—

"I can, from experience, state that the schools of the Royal Academy, during the whole period of my term there, from 1823, to 1839, afforded no real instruction to the pupils. I look back with dismay to the time I spent there; for I never heard a single principle of art explained by any of the body entitled Royal Academicians in any of the schools,—the Antique, the Life, or the School of Painting. Nor does it appear to be much improved at the present time; for when lately conversing with the attendant professor in the School of Painting, that gentleman ridiculed the application of principles to the guidance of the pupil in the pursuit of art."

This disregard of all general rules,—this no-principle principle is the reason why the Royal Academy schools of art have proved a signal failure. Hence the constant succession of monthly visitors, the landscape painter inculcating on the students attention to colour only, the painter of history dwelling chiefly on the importance of outline, one visitor refusing to sanction the use of white lead, while another is all for lead. Hence also the regulations which prevent the student in the Antique from studying in the Life School, until he have made a drawing in the former approved by the Council; whereas, without an accurate knowledge of the living form, how can the student learn to distinguish the different substances which he has to imitate—bone, muscle, and flesh? He should, moreover, make the knife go with the pencil, and study anatomy, if he can, in frequent dissections; for no young artist, without this knowledge, is capable of comprehending the peculiar beauty of the antique models, nor of appreciating the character of the antique, which consists in a particular classification of the parts of the body, and in a perfect comprehension of the essential as

distinguished from the accidental forms of nature. The Royal Academic student seldom or never returns to the Antique after once entering the Life School—not having, in the first instance, learned to appreciate the works of art which were then presented to him for study; and thus, after eighty years' trial of the Royal Academic system, we find ourselves in a worse position than before.

The lecture delivered by the present Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy, on the late W. Ety, R.A., as reported in the *Athenæum* of the 30th March, singularly illustrates the Royal Academic no-principle principle. It appears, from the prefatory observations to the lecture, that, on the last anniversary of the Academy, the students heard from the lips of the keeper, who is neither "an able painter of history" nor "sculptor," "a just eulogy" on Mr. Ety. He exhorted them to imitate "the unwearied perseverance" which so much contributed to his success, rather than "attempt to copy that facility of hand which he only attained after years of patient labour," and which must and can only be attained by patient labour. Facility of hand cannot be "copied," though it may be acquired.

We are told by the Professor of Painting that, in 1821, William Ety, at the age of 34, in the full development of his faculties, after his pictures had been rejected "year after year," both at the Royal Academy and at the British Gallery, after having exhibited several pictures to no purpose for nine successive years, the "Coral Finders" the year before, "one morning, nearly thirty years ago," "awoke famous"—which means that the Royal Academicians were at last awakened. Our professor quotes an *Eclectic* reviewer as an authority in support of his opinion that Mr. Ety's pictures are "great in deed or manner;" and then he has a fling at the "painful trifling" of Van Huysum—a first-rate painter in his particular line—a workman who was perfect master of his tools; and again the reviewer is brought to the rescue to prove that Mr. Ety "must rank hereafter among the greatest colourists the world has yet seen, often rivaling Rubens and the great Venetians on their own ground, and, moreover, having developed power peculiar to himself." That is to say, Mr. Ety is as great a colourist as Titian and Rubens, "with power peculiar to himself," regardless of the fact that there is a wide difference between the colouring of Titian and Rubens, Titian painting in broad, unbroken masses of colour, while Rubens breaks up his colours with white. His colouring, called tinted, as Reynolds observes, "is totally different from that of Titian, Correggio, or any of the great colourists." As a fitting climax to this kind of criticism, the Professor asserts that "it is a proud thing for English art to be able to say *this*, which cannot be said of any painter out of England since the death of Watteau," the clever "*genre Versailles*" painter. That is to say that Mr. Ety is as great a colourist—nay, a greater—than Titian and Rubens, and that *this* cannot be said of any painter out of England (that is, it can be said of English painters) except Watteau; therefore Watteau is also as great, nay, a greater colourist than Titian and Rubens. Reynolds, who classes Watteau with Hogrignone and other inferior artists, says these painters have the same right, in different degrees, to the name of painter, which a satirist, an epigrammatist, a sonneteer, a writer of pastorals, has to a poet.

The professor is of opinion that West pursued high art (suall art?) "on a large scale, with fame and profit"—i.e., with Court patronage and 1,500*l.* a year—and that Barry's "art," though professed, attracted "quite as much attention as it deserved." What! Barry, the friend of Edmund Burke, who ranks, and "must hereafter rank," with our most distinguished British artists, whose lectures are now given at prices to the students of the Academy, yet who found great difficulty in obtaining even 50*l.* from the Society of Arts in the Adelphi to pay for the necessary models (he was then gratuitously decorating the great room of that society), and who died the object of a public subscription, of which he never lived to receive a farthing. The works of Barry received as much attention as they deserved? Truly that is an academic kick at the dead lion—at the earnest, brave, heroic Barry, expelled from the Royal Academy for not having graduated in the school of genuine flunkysm. We are then told that the works of Stothart "are of the highest order; and that "in time" John Constable will take his place among "the greatest of landscape painters"—The professor

prudently sticking to the prophetic vein. We then encounter some curious contradictions.

The professor says that he has "no other recollection of the first pictures he (Ety) exhibited than as black, colourless attempts at ideal subjects;" but he afterwards discovers that "in Ety, after his powers were fully developed, we scarcely observe any change, certainly no change of principle; for, from the first, he was right." Therefore, the Academy was wrong in ever rejecting his pictures. Q. E. D. Again, "I scarcely remember a female face by Ety in which the expression is impure." Contradiction; "It cannot be doubted that the voluptuous treatment of his subjects, in very many instances, recommended them more powerfully than their admirable art."

The critic who classes Titian, Rubens, and Watteau in the same category, naturally "thinks it not profane to speak of Ety and Correggio together," and then again favours us with a "Ruskinian" quotation from the *Eclectic*. "Drawing and colouring cannot, in fact, be given in equal proportions of perfection in art, because not actually so occurring in nature herself." If this were true in nature, which I deny, unless an artist possessed the power of combining and abstracting, he would produce only uninteresting trifles; and without an accurate knowledge of forms, the power of combination and abstraction would be useless.

It appears that Mr. Ety painted in the house of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and that "the contemplation and copying the works of that eminent man" (who first introduced the free use of crude white lead, since carried to its utmost perfection in the Academy, where the exhibitors seem to outvie one another in crudity) "could not but in some degree affect his style, and, indeed, the art of Lawrence had so much fascination in it as to maintain a widely-spread influence over the rising talent of the day, and gradually to undermine till it almost superseded the taste imparted by Reynolds and Gainsborough to English portraiture." This is precisely what I have all along maintained, that the Royal Academicians—Lawrence at their head—have systematically, and, alas! too successfully, lowered the public taste to the level of their own capacity. The lecturer himself is compelled to acknowledge that, "the school of the great portrait painter was certainly not one of colour," and he states that Mr. Ety's first impressions of harmony were derived from Fuseli!

With respect to Mr. Ety's fame as a colourist, so far from believing that "hereafter" his works will rise in the market (the modern test of merit), I am convinced that they are already too highly estimated. The Academicians who neglected him when unpatronised would now, to forward their own views, exalt him as the successful rival of the unrivalled Venetian colourists; but they will only succeed in proving to the world that, both in their public conduct as an "unincorporated" body, as well as in their private capacity as leeches upon art, they are guided by no sure principle whatever, unless, indeed, it be the non-principle principle.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM CONINGHAM.

Emp Town, April 20.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The following programme was presented on Saturday, the 27th ult., at the second concert given by the pupils of the institution, in the Hanover Square Rooms:—

PART I.

Overture and Introduction to the 1st Act. (<i>Alfred the Great</i>). (M.S.)	John Thomas.
Recit & Spoken. Miss Owen. (Offro.)	Glick.
Aria "Che Ero," Miss Owen. (Offro.)	Mendelssohn.
Rondo brillante in E Flat—Pianoforte. Miss Lehmann.	Mendelssohn.
Terzetto—"I pria di Partir." Miss Clara Fraser, Miss Rose, and Mr. W. Lyon. (<i>Idomeneo</i>)	Mozart.
Recit & Scellizese Vocal. Miss Helen Taylor. (<i>Norma</i>)	Belini.
Aria "Casta Dira," Miss Helen Taylor. (<i>Norma</i>)	Belini.
Andante and Polacca—Violoncello. Mr. Ayward.	Romberg.
Finale—1st Act—Principal parts by Miss Holroyd, Miss Pitt, Messrs. Swift, Cocking, and Pollard. (<i>Angielina Tell</i>)	Rossini.

PART II.

Dramatic Concerto for Violin.—Mr. Hill. *Spahr.*
 Coro—"Ah grazie."—Solo, Mr. Swift. (*La Clemenza di Tito*) *Mozart.*
 Duetto—"Mille Soupiri." Miss Clara Fraser and Miss Owen. (*L'Aureliano in Palmira*) *Rossini.*
 Aria—"Forgi Amor." Miss Botibol. (*Le Nozze di Figaro*) *Mozart.*
 Concerto in A (first movement)—Pianoforte. Mr. Bernbridge. *Hummel.*
 Part Song—(M.S.) "Yon Golden sun is setting." *C. Steggall.*
 Romanza—"Spinto gentil." Mr. Swift. (*La Favorita*) *Donizetti.*
 Chorus—"New tramp e'er moss and fell."—Solo, Miss Holroyd. (*The Knight of Swords*) *Sir H. Bishop.*
 Conductor—Mr. C. Lucas.

As we were unable to attend the concert we cannot offer any opinion on the new compositions of the pupils. We have heard good reports, however, from competent authorities.

REVIEWS.

"The Lisette Polka," by C. A. DURLACHER.—OLLIVIER.

SPARKLING, light, and graceful, are terms that may be appropriately applied to the "Lisette Polka." The rhythm is well marked, and the tune, a real polka tune, which is a desideratum in a "dance polka." The polka is dedicated to Miss Durlacher, the vocalist, and sister of the composer, and may be cordially recommended as admirably suited to the intended purpose.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

VENICE.—Verdi is composing a new opera for the *Fenice*. It will be represented at the approaching Carnival. At the theatre, Gallo a Santo Benedetto, *I Lombardi*, of the same composer, has been given with two new artists, Madame Crespolani, *prima donna*, and Signor Rossi Guerra, a tenor. The well-known tenor, Fraschini, will shortly make his appearance at this theatre in *Ernani*, with Mdlle. Bendazzi, a *debutante* of whom report speaks well.

GENOA.—Verdi's *Ernani* has been produced here with very little success; the feebleness of the execution making the emptiness of the music doubly apparent. The only one who sang decently in the opera was Mdlle. Gruitz, a singer of reputation and talent. The tenor, a Signor Mirata, was worse than mediocre.

VERONA.—An Italian musician here, Lauro Rossi by name, has had the impudence to put music of his own to the libretto of Auber's *Domino Noir*. This new production of the Italian school was partially saved from condemnation by the talent of the artists. The operas at present most in vogue at Verona, are Paccini's *Saffo*, Nicolai's *Il Templario*, and Donizetti's *Maria Di Rohan*.

NAPLES.—De Bastani, the celebrated barytone, and his wife, Mademoiselle Gabussi, have made their appearance in the *Due Foscari* of Verdi, with the tenor Miraglia, who, in spite of great nervousness, exhibited a fine voice and a good method. Verdi was very shabbily refused to write an opera for the *San Carlo*, a theatre to which he owes so much, without receiving the money in advance. The heart of this composer would seem to be as poor and barren as his musical ideas. The art, indeed, must be in a queer state in Italy, when the prosperity of a theatre like the *San Carlos* depends on the pen of a Verdi.

TOURS.—(From our own Correspondent.)—It is impossible to give you any idea of the sensation occasioned in our usually quiet town by the performances of the distinguished artist, Madame Montenegro. The Tours public are not of an ex-

citable nature—they are what the provincial Directors call *très difficile*, which means that they will not have people thrust down their throats whom they think possess no talent. In the case of Madame Montenegro, things were different. Her fame and success in the north of France and Belgium had already preceded her, and she met with the enthusiastic reception she so well merited. She appeared in *Norma*, Her "Casta Diva" was a brilliant performance, and displayed a perfect knowledge of music and a dramatic power of a high order. Madame Montenegro's countenance is full of expression and dignity, which must strike the most listless observer. The duet with Adalgisa (Madame Santiago), admirably sung, was enoored, and both were called on the stage several times, and the showers of bouquets reminded me of our own Grisi and Alboni in London. I have heard Made. Montenegro at Her Majesty's Theatre, and I find her voice improved, and her execution more brilliant. Madame Santiago was a good Adalgisa. Nerini was a very efficient Oroveso, and Martini sung the music of the thankless Pollio with considerable effect. What is worthy of remark in this Italian troupe is the perfect harmony which exists among them—never is there a note out of tune. From being in the habit of singing together, the *ensemble* is perfect. On Tuesday *Lucia di Lammermoor* was given, which, besides the charming Montenegro in the heroine, introduced Signor Santiago, as Edgar. This artist's voice is of great compass and good quality. His method of singing, too, is excellent. I have seldom heard the music sung with more pathos or neater execution. Madame Montenegro and Santiago were called before the curtain at the end of each act. The house was crammed in every part. W. C. M.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

The first appearance at these entertainments of the celebrated vocalist, Madlle. Angri, drew a crowded audience, and gave great *clat* to the tenth concert of the spring series, which took place on Wednesday. The programme was a very good one, and in addition to the above attraction, embraced several novelties and other points of interest, not the least of which were the extraordinary performances of Herr Dreysechock on the piano-forte.

The excellences of Mademoiselle Angri's singing are well known to the English public, and were duly appreciated when she was engaged as *prima contralto* at the Royal Italian Opera last season. She has quite a manner of her own, the principal charm of which consists in a certain dramatic *abandon*, which gives life and spirit to everything she sings. This peculiarity Madlle. Angri carries from the stage into the concert-room. Her performances on Wednesday were essentially dramatic, and she imparted the strongest individual colouring to each of the four pieces allotted to her in the programme. Her success was most brilliant; the four songs were all enoored with enthusiasm, and three of them repeated. A better selection could not have been made to display the varied excellences of Mademoiselle Angri's talent. In the "Una voce poco fa," and the "Non più mesta," her *fervore* were as daring as they were energetically executed; in the pretty air, "Son leggio nell'anore," from *Maria di Rohan*, which was altered by Donizetti expressly for Mademoiselle Angri, there was a happy mixture of playfulness and passion which suited the words exactly; and in the "Brindisi," the dashing off-hand vigour with which she gave the words, "Scherzo e bevo," created an effect that was not to be resisted, and Mademoiselle Angri was forced to repeat the air three times for the satisfaction of the audience. The engagement of this vocalist betokens a spirit of enterprise

on the part of the managers of the Wednesday Concerts which merits the patronage of the public. A warmer reception was never accorded to any singer since these entertainments were first projected, nor has a greater success been achieved, or more entirely deserved.

Herr Dreychock played twice, and on each occasion performed feats of execution, which it is no exaggeration to term wonderful. In certain peculiarities of mechanism this gentleman surpasses every pianist of the modern school whom it has been our fortune to hear; while the ease and *laissez aller* with which he plays *bravura* passages of the most perilous nature, never losing the equality of touch and marked accentuation indispensable to satisfy the ear, partake of the incredible. The pianoforte would seem to have become a mere plaything in the hands of a class of performers of whom Liszt, Leopold de Meyer, and Herr Dreychock are the chiefs, and the only point to be decided is where this mechanical facility will stop. Herr Dreychock was applauded "to the echo," but he had the good sense to refrain from accepting the encores which were accorded to both his pieces, being satisfied to return to the orchestra, and bow his acknowledgments to the audience. At the next concert we understand Herr Dreychock will play the *Concertstück* of Weber, and one of his own compositions, accompanied by the orchestra. His performance of the former, we are told, is one of the marvels of modern execution.

Two novelties in the vocal performances deserve mention, Herr Stigelli, a German tenor, who sang with success at several concerts last year, has been engaged by Mr. Stammers, and made his third appearance on Wednesday night. This gentleman has a voice of pleasing quality and more than ordinary power; he sings with a genial warmth of manner, and manages his *falsetto*, which is very good, with great taste. Vincent Wallace's graceful ballad, "There is a flower that bloometh," was chosen by Herr Stigelli for this occasion, and sung with so much feeling as to obtain a unanimous encore. Herr Stigelli accompanied himself on the pianoforte. The other novelty was Mr. Gustavus Geary, another tenor, a young professor, who enjoys a high reputation in the sister isle. From the specimen of his abilities which Mr. Geary afforded us on Wednesday we are not inclined to dispute the verdict of his countrymen. His voice is a low tenor of fine quality, with a clear *falsetto*, and considerable flexibility. Mr. Geary selected a very difficult song for his *début*—the tenor *scena* from *Der Freischütz*,—but his performance was artistic and full of unaffected expression. He made a highly favourable impression, and later in the evening obtained an encore for the beautiful ballad, "Though o'er life's pleasures roving," from Macfarren's *King Charles II.*, which he sang with unexceptionable taste, accompanying himself on the pianoforte.

The remainder of the concert included a miscellaneous selection of pieces chiefly vocal, the most attractive of which were the performances of Mr. Sims Reeves, who was more than once encored, and in the "Death of Nelson," created the usual *furor*. The other vocalists were Miss Lacombe, Mrs. A. Newton, and Mr. H. Drayton. Mr. Giulio Regondi played one of his ingenious fantasias on the concertina, and was compelled to repeat it. The band, under Herr Anschuetz, performed the overtures to *L'Italiana*, *Cenerentola*, and *Actæon*. The programme was longer than usual, and was still further spun out by the encores—those inevitable nuisances at mixed concerts.

FELIX GODFREIGH, the celebrated harpist and composer, is expected daily in London.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

THIS posthumous quartet of Mendelssohn, played at the last meeting of Mr. Ella's Musical Union, has given occasion for some excellent writing on the part of sundry of our contemporaries. The following really eloquent notice is from the pen of the musical and dramatic reporter of the *Morning Chronicle* :—

"The chief attraction of this well-selected list lay in the promise of the first public performance of Mendelssohn's posthumous quartet, about which so much interest and curiosity has been felt. Even those who had had the opportunity of hearing the work in private could scarcely have enjoyed the means of forming a perfect judgment of the composition, such as were afforded yesterday to the subscribers of the Musical Union by the combined executive and interpretative talents of such artists as Ernst, Piat, Doloff, and Lilil. This quartet is not a composition of the kind that can be at all visibly characterized by a technical description. As well might one attempt by words to convey the beauty of Shelley in his saddest imaginative moods. It is a wild flight, a passionate outpouring of thoughts and feelings which lie in the soul of every creative genius, till they are warmed into life by some deep-stirring joy or sorrow. The sources of its inspiration must be looked for far beneath the surface—in the innermost heart of the composer, not in his intellectual part, his imagination, or his fancy. To many it may have seemed loose and incoherent, even incomprehensible, because so wayward, so fitful in its ebb and flow of emotion, so impulsive in its bursts of sorrowful feeling of wild joy, so impatient of the restraint of forms. Heard, however, with the kindred spiritual ear, this singularly beautiful work comes forth as poetry of the purest and most touching order, as a revelation of the beauty of the composer's nature, not in its calmer and more radiant aspect, but when the serenity of his soul and the light of his imaginative faculty had been stirred and clouded by the deepest sorrow. It was written but a short time before his death, and while he was still overwhelmed by the loss of his dearly-loved sister—to him a heart-wreck. It is impossible not to trace throughout the composition the past and present distraction, the conscious yearnings for a future already shadowed forth. Unless heard with the remembrance of these conditions, this quartet had better not be heard at all; because a comprehension of its outer form would only suggest vague ideas of mysticism, melancholy, unlicensed wildness of humour, and isolated sketches of beautiful melody, seemingly ill-fitted to the general themes. But strike first the chord of suffering, and there is the key. It is this spirit of poignant grief and melancholy which inspires and explains the whole—it is found not only tinged the oxquately touching theme of the adagio, but also in the wild beauty of the allegro, so changeable in its multitudinous phases, in the expression of that passionate frenzy of excitement which, with the aspect of mirth, is instinct with the spirit of sorrow. In Ernst, the genius of the composer found a congenial interpreter. No accomplished formalist, no finished musician merely, however perfect in the mechanics of his art, could have approached a composition so peculiar in its character. But to the intellectual and imaginative nature of Ernst it came home; it was exactly the subject to inspire him and stimulate him to produce the marvels of his playing. Every phase of thought and feeling, every changeable mode of expression, from the rugged to the pathetic, from the sombre to the joyous, was given with a rapidity of conception and a finish of touch that proclaimed him engaged on a labour of love. Great as have been his triumphs as an instrumentalist, we doubt if he ever yet soared higher, or more happily reached that fusion of the intellectual and the emotional which is essential to the highest order of instrumental art. Nor should the exquisite tone or sympathetic handling of Piat and his compeers pass unpraised; the best that can be said is, that they followed the daring lead of Ernst so closely, and in such a kindred spirit, that the four seemed as one interpreter. Rarely have we received enjoyment so keen and yet so peculiar as from this posthumous work. It will stand alone among chamber compositions, alike for its intrinsic beauty and the associations it kindles."

The same writer, in the same article, speaks thus of Stephen Heller :—

"Another feature of interest in this *matinée* was the first appearance here of Stephen Heller, a pianist, we need scarcely say, of the first rank, whose notoriety bears no reasonable proportion to his merit. Mr. Heller, by his pianoforte performance in Beethoven's *trio*, asserted his high character alike in the interpretation and the execution. His style is remarkably pure, yet singularly vigorous—classical, without being cold or formal—free, without the slightest tendency to show or false effect. He was most warmly received."

The critic of the *Morning Post* makes the following sensible observations on Mendelssohn's quartet:—

"We were not fortunate enough to hear the opening movement of Mendelssohn's quartet, but in the *adagio* and *finale*, to which we gave the utmost attention, we were certainly unable to detect any of the *remplissage*, or vague and incomprehensible passages of which Mr. Ella speaks in his "Synopsis Analytique." On the contrary, we could discover nothing in them but the most bright and burning thoughts, expressed with perfect lucidity. The *adagio* contains many ravishing beauties, and the passionate and exciting *finale* is truly what the composer's countrymen would term *hincrescendo* in its effect. It was superbly played."

The critic also renders homage to the admirable talent of Stephen Heller in the following terms:—

"Mr. Stephen Heller's performance of the pianoforte part of Beethoven's extremely difficult *trio* was on the whole very good. He was somewhat nervous at the commencement, but the encouraging marks of approval which the audience bestowed upon him whenever he afforded them a fair opportunity for so doing, exercised a beneficial influence upon his evidently sensitive temperament, and enabled him to do more justice both to himself and his author as the performance proceeded. The *andante* and *finale* were admirably given, and there is no doubt that M. Heller made a highly favourable impression in this *trio*; but it was in the beautiful *Pensées Fugitives* that he produced the greatest effect, and in reference to which we can award him the greatest praise, both as pianist and composer. These little compositions, of which there are thirteen in number, are perfect gems of grace and expression. They are admirably written for both instruments, and may be considered in every respect most valuable additions to our chamber music."

"Those selected for performance on this occasion were the Romance in F, No. 3, the Intermezzo in B minor. No. 11, and the Lied in A, No. 4. Of these, we prefer the first. It has a remarkably pretty subject, which is charmingly dialogued by the two instruments. First uttered in the bass, the violin soon replies in soft and flowing tones, of a plaintive and amorous character. This form of treatment is continued throughout, except in some occasional glowing and passionate passages, in which the instruments unite for the purpose of strengthening the effect of a particular phrase. The whole thing resembles a love scene, in which the piano represents the man, the violin the lady. We have pathetic entreaty, wavering denial, fervid confession, yielding compassion, and all the attributes and concomitants of the tender passion plainly and poetically illustrated in this charming little piece. The three *Pensées Fugitives* were played to perfection by the authors, and created the greatest enthusiasm."

Our own opinion, both Mendelssohn's quartet and Stephen Heller's playing, may be found in another column.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

ADELPHI.

ON Monday night a comic drama, entitled *White Sergeants*; or, *The Buttermilk Volunteers*, was played for the first time. It is one of those numerous pieces in which a series of *tableaux* is kept up by balancing a number of military ladies with a number of military gentlemen. A party of tradesmen, acted by Messrs. Paul Bedford, Cullenford, Freeborn, and Lindon, go to a yeomanry meeting, and are highly delighted with the

prospect of leading a bachelor's life for three weeks; but their wives, who are impersonated by Mrs. Frank Matthews, Miss E. Chaplin, Miss E. Harding, and Miss H. Coveney, and are led by an eloquent French lady, played by Madame Celeste, resolve to spoil sport, and follow their worse halves in a sort of female military attire. A party of Hussar officers, played by Messrs. Lambert, O. Smith, Bayce, C. J. Smith, and Worrell, have come down to review the yeomanry, and meeting the adventurous wives, dare to make love to them. The ladies not only repel their unvirtuous addresses with indignation, but contrive that their own wives shall come to the spot, and make them in turn jealous of the yeomanry. This is a slight story, which, however, is spread into two long acts, and by the picturesque manner in which the incidents are contrived is rendered effective. The characters to which we have referred are not much developed as individuals, but are opposed to each other in masses, and an agreeable feeling of symmetry is produced by all the couples moving in a parallel direction.

The personages who afford most scope for acting are those least connected with the plot. Mr. Wright, as the "boots" of the inn, where the action takes place, and Miss Woolgar, as the chambermaid, had a scene of love and jealousy, which was marked by really refined comic acting. The dogged ill-humour of Wright, and the hearty affectionate manner of Miss Woolgar, who gradually made the scowl of her lover soften to a smile, could scarcely be surpassed. For the assumption of a country dialect and an appropriate *gaucherie*, Miss Woolgar has a decided talent, which is displayed in this piece. Another couple who support the comic business are Mr. Munyard and Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam, the former of whom acts a fancy baker attached to the yeomanry, while the latter plays an Abigail, who follows the military dames. The representation of drunkenness by Mr. Munyard is remarkable for its strong nature, and is one proof more of the original talent of this rising actor. The songs which were introduced into her character were very prettily sung by Miss Fitzwilliam.

The piece, in which the article of costume is very essential, is put on the stage most effectively, and Madame Celeste, though her character is not such as to display much histrionic power, shows great tact in managing those picturesque manoeuvres which are constantly prominent. At the fall of the curtain she announced the piece for repetition amid general applause.

NEW STRAND THEATRE.

A FARCE, called *Not to be Done*, was brought out on Monday night. Two young men, played by Messrs. Leigh Murray and H. Farren, have laid a wager, by the terms of which the one that remains single on the day when the piece begins is to pay a hundred pounds to the other. The most interesting personage of the two (Mr. Leigh Murray) has taken to himself a wife, while the other, who prides himself on the impossibility of being "done," has remained a bachelor, and has therefore fairly lost his wager. Determined, however, to avoid paying the penalty, if possible, he tries to pass off a servant-girl as his wife at a New Year's party which is given by an old uncle. The vulgarities of the girl shock the old gentleman, whose susceptibilities are still further offended by the appearance of a very low man and woman purporting to be her father and mother. The knowing nephew is glad to repudiate his pretended wife, and the other party to the wager, who, to counteract the machinations of his adversary, has himself successively personated the father and mother, is declared the winner. The dialogue of this little piece is

written with more than usual smartness, and the action, nearly the whole of which takes place in the midst of a company assembled at dessert, is highly amusing, and is managed with most dramatic tact. Mr. Leigh Murray in assuming the characters of the drunken old cobbler and snuffy old woman exhibits a new talent, his acting being highly-coloured, without exaggeration. Miss M. Marshall is vivacity itself as the vulgar, upstart servant; and the knowing man is effectively represented by Mr. H. Farren. The fault of the piece lies in certain gross lines, which now and then occasioned sibilant, but which may be easily eradicated.

MARYLEBONE.

SINCE our last notice of this theatre, Mr. Brooke has been performing to very full houses, some of his favourite characters. Among these have been Hamlet, Shylock, and Sir Giles Overreach. Hamlet is proverbial for the lofty and varied requisites it demands in the actor. Mr. Brooke was most successful in the epic portions of the characters, and in the passages of wit and sarcasm. His advice to the players was given with a truth and repose that made us hope that the actor might be induced to apply Hamlet's counsel to some of his own defects. For example, "In the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of your passions, you must acquire and beget a temperance which may give it smoothness." For want of this, Mr. Brooke's Shylock must, we fear, be designated a failure. The Sir Giles Overreach is better; but here the actor's colloquial passages were invariably the best. Nothing could be better than his advice to his daughter that when Lord Lovel kissed her she should "kiss close." There were many more touches of the same kind, and of equal force. The last scene was impressive, but over-wrought with Mr. Brooke's usual mannerism. We regret that we cannot speak of this gentleman with the admiration that we still think his talents would excite if he would give them fair-play by study and self-examination. G.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

CONCERTS FOR THIS PEOPLE.—On Monday evening last was given the most interesting concert of the season, the occasion being for the benefit of the regular conductor, Mr. David Ward Banks. On no former occasion have we witnessed such a general desire to support a local artist. For a long time before the doors were announced to be opened, hundreds were besieging the precincts of the Free Trade Hall, and at the time for commencing, the immense hall was filled to overflowing in every part, there being not less than five to six thousand persons absolutely jammed in the place; this, indeed, is a worthy tribute to the talented and indefatigable *chef*, Mr. Banks, and proved most unequivocally the high position that gentleman maintains among his professional brethren, and in the esteem of the public. Mr. Banks has throughout a long and arduous season of thirty-two nights, directed these musical gatherings with a most indomitable spirit and energy, and in addition to his musical acquirements, which are by no means very small, he possesses a tact of meeting any circumstances, which admirably fit him for the position he at present occupies; and we are sure the spirited projector of these cheap rational entertainments, Mr. Peacock, may justly congratulate himself and the public, in having at the head of his orchestra so excellent a personage as Mr. David Ward Banks. On Monday last the attractions were a little more than on ordinary nights, the new stars being our old veteran buffo, Signor Paltoni, and the accomplished violinist, Mr. C. A. Seymour.

The lady vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Mrs. Thomas, and Miss Shaw, the remainder comprising the stated principals at these concerts. Mr. Banks on entering the platform, was received with the most vociferous applause from all parts of the house, and having bowed his acknowledgements, took his seat at the organ, and played a series of movements from Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, which afforded the highest satisfaction to the numerous auditory. Among the most prominent vocal pieces of the evening, we may instance that ever charming glee of Mendelssohn's "O hills! O vales!" given by the full choir with most consummate effect. The marks of expression were most truthfully given, and the suspension on the close of the third line, where the subject of the melody is, as it were, struggling on existence, had, indeed, a most lovely effect; we certainly never heard this glee so well sung before, and are afraid it will be long ere we shall again—all praise to the excellent choir and worthy conductor of the Monday Concerts. Our genial Italian friend, Paltoni, was most uproariously encored in the well known "Non piu andrai," and Mrs. Sunderland shone most captivating in a piece of Weber's, "Songs sweetly sounding," and Handel's "Sweet Bird;" the latter being accompanied with the violin obligato by Mr. Seymour. Mrs. Sunderland most certainly merits the appellation of the English "nightingale;" her singing on all occasions, winning the universal approbation and admiration of the *habitués* of the concerts in this neighbourhood. A rising singer here, Mrs. Thomas, with a full-toned contralto voice, gave the favourite "Trab, trab," with much humour, and received an encore. The treat of the evening was, however, the familiar *duo* for pianoforte and violin arranged by Benedict in conjunction with De Berliot; the subject is taken from the popular themes of *La Sonnambula*, and was played by Messrs. Banks and Seymour in most excellent style. The former gentleman too rarely appears amongst us as a solo pianist, did we hear him oftener, we are inclined to think he would, to use a homely figure of speech, "Take the gilt off the gingerbread" of many persons of much higher pretensions. In manual dexterity, we should say Mr. Banks far outstrips any one of his professional brethren in this locality. We have now only time to notice the excellent singing and acting of Mrs. Sunderland and the Signor, in Fioravante's much hackneyed, but often spoiled, "Singing Lesson." Suffice it, that although heard by us for the hundred and first time, we seldom were more delighted, and joined rapturously in the hearty encore awarded to the performers. Altogether, we never recollect attending a more successful concert, and was glad to find our predictions fulfilled with respect to the numbers; the result will, we hope, prove a handsome accession to the coffers of the talented *beneficiaire*. We wish just to add, that the Mr. Bembridge, member of the Royal Academy, who the other week made his *début* at the Hanover Square Rooms as solo pianist, is brother-in-law to Mr. Banks, and formerly under his tutelage. Another extra concert is announced for Monday next, in connection with the "People's Concerts," being for the benefit of the choir, and last night of the season. A bumper may be expected. S. W.

MUSIC AT DONCASTER.

(From a Correspondent.)

The fourth and last concert of the Philharmonic for the season took place at the Guild Hall, on Monday evening. The Hall was completely filled, affording convincing proof that the interest in the Philharmonic had not subsided. The vocalists were Mrs. M'Dougall and Mr. Ryalls. Mr. Rogers conducted. The band was led by Mr. Seale. The performances commenced with the overture to

Così fan tutti. Mr. Ryalls sang John Parry's favorite ballad, "Norah, the pride of Kildare," accompanied on the piano-forte by Mr. J. Rogers. Mrs. M'Dougall sang with Mr. Ryalls, Balfe's duet, "O'er shepherd's pipe and rustic dell," in a style which elicited the approbation of the audience. This was followed by "The blind flower girl's song," from *The Last Days of Pompeii*. Mrs. M'Dougall possesses a voice of sweetness, but not of compass. Some of her notes are round and some brilliant; her articulation is distinct, and she has considerable expression; but her style would be improved by more warmth and energy. Mr. Ryalls sang "The Thora" with feeling and force, and was loudly encored. He substituted "Sally in our Alley." The overture to *Clemenza di Tito* closed the first part. The second part opened with Rossini's overture to *Tancrède*. The lively fancy of the composer was brought out with effect. The band was honoured with a hearty encore. Mrs. M'Dougall was encored in the song "What a pretty Sonnetre, which she gave with smartness and spirit. Another encore succeeded in John Parry's comic duet, "A B C" by this lady and Mr. Ryalls. Thalberg's fantasia for the piano-forte on Russian Airs, by Mr. J. Rogers, was loudly applauded. The encore was tremendous, and Mr. Rogers substituted Thalberg's elaborate and most difficult piece—the *Most Fantasia*. At the conclusion, the pianist was received with great applause. A pathetic song, "You dark neglected Sepulchre," by Mr. Ryalls laboured under the disadvantage of immediately following the preceding performance, besides being disjointed from the scene and action of the opera. Mrs. M'Dougall was applauded in "I have been in the Woods." The overture to *Figaro* succeeded. It was well played, and loudly applauded. Mr. Ryalls sang the song of "The Widow Machree" with characteristic humour, which excited the laughter of the audience. On being encored he substituted "The Widow Malone," which was equally well received. The whole concluded with the National Anthem. We cannot close this slight notice of the last treat of the season without congratulating the managing committee on the success with which their labours have been crowned. It is a good omen for a better future—an auspicious guarantee for next season, for a richer musical banquet to fully establish the reputation of the Philharmonic.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MISS BOTIBOL AND M. SILAS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Your readers are informed by "A Reader," probably a Royal Academy of Music supporter, that Miss Botibol displays "excellent qualities of voice." I am, for once, glad to hear it, and expect nothing less than seeing her at one of the Italian Operas when she has finished her vocal studies: a R. A. M. pupil would be well supported if it could turn out a singer good enough for the Italian stage. To judge of the past, I greatly fear that I shall not live to see a pupil of the R. A. M. in such a distinguished position, however much many, with myself, would rejoice at it. But, Mr. Editor, how many pupils have entered the R. A. M. with excellent qualities of voice that have come, comparatively, to nothing; to connate them would, or ought to, make all connected with this public institution blush with shame.*

I now have a few words to remark on the noticeable letter of a "Musicus" (a cognomen too often profaned). If Mr. Silas were a musical quack, he could only have deserved such a blow; but, unfortunately, charlatans too often escape paper censure, whilst men of moderate capacities are cut to atoms. I neither know M. Silas nor his music; but after reading "Musicus" letter, I should think he has merit, because the nature of the attack is ill-natured and worthless, inasmuch as he seems unprepared to back his opinions by fair argument; "Musicus" may turn round upon me and say, "no man is a greater censurer than Mr. Flowers." Be it so; but let him remember that I never praise or blame without assigning specific reasons; and in all my public writings, my aim is to be of use. In the case before us, it seems a paper matter, and poor Silas is made the victim. "Musicus" may write in the *Liverpool Albion and Mercury*, for he eulogizes the "elaborate

critiques" contained in it, and condemns, in unmeasured terms, the writers of the *Liverpool Chronicle and Journal*. If "Musicus" can give no better specimens of his critiques than the letter to which I refer, his contemporaries have little to fear from him.

With respect to M. Silas, I dare venture to predict that his music is as good as most of such foreign fashionable piano-forte pieces; and I think it will tax "Musicus" abilities to describe the inferior portions of his music when compared with other writers of his style.

Lastly,—I am rejoiced to find that the works of British musicians will be recommended and handed to the customers of the various music publishers, on account of the law of copyright. We have, at any rate, to thank Mr. Purday for the "good time coming, boys!" applying the words of a fashionable song!!

I am, sir, yours obliged,

FARREN FLOWERS.

P.S.—I do not recur to the treatment I have received from British musicians from any personal feeling, for it is unworthy of care; but with a view to impress our musicians with a thorough understanding of their small ways of dealing with art and artists.

MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

Plagiarism the forty-ninth.

SAPPHO.

Φαίναται μοι κρητος υψος θοισου
Εμμησιν αμφοι οδτοις εσπαιστος τοι
Ιοβαρι, και λαιαρος εβου φουρα—
ουκ ε'σθρασθι,
Και γελαςις ιμπερος.—

PHILLIPS.

Blest as the immortal God is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

In the Greek Anthology there is an Epigram of the most daintily poetical spirit, which Mr. Scotelcun Buchanan has very prettily translated thus:—

Qui te videt beatus est
Beotior qui te audit,
Qui basium sentientes
Qui te pollicetur est Deus.

PHILLIPS.

Any person who could not connect from both these passages such lines as the above, ought to be tweaked by the nose, kicked in the breech, and denied, during the whole of his life, the benefit of brandy. But I do not conclude even here:—

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

All in thy looks my life doth whole depend.

CAWLEY.

For ever view those eyes, whose charming light
More than the world beside does please my sight.

Now, if any gentleman after these proofs, should have the temerity to say that Moore's lines are original, I declare I will beat him very well.

34. "He wants one true note of a poet, and that is this—
"He cannot swagger if well in a tavern." (act. i, scene 2). Poets thus being all scamps of this kind: it is rather an anomalous thing to hear them talk of their ebullency and constancy, and a small pair of lips, and so forth. And yet they are constantly doing so; so that Mr. Tom Moore has nothing to brag of on the score of originality in the above lines. The thoughts have been worn threadbare.

SHAKESPEARE.—*Coriolanus*.

This kiss

I carried from thee dear, and my true heart
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.

SHREVE.—*The Corvoration*, act. ii, sc. i.
Come, let me take the kiss I gave thee last,
I am so confident of thee, no lip

Has ravish'd it from thine.

BYRON.—*To one of his women*.

The kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left,
Shall never part from mine;
'Till happier hours restore the gift,
Unstained, back to thine.

I doubt very much whether his Lordship kept his word.

* We suspect Mr. Flower has misunderstood Musicus.—Ed.

† We are unable to answer the question.—Ed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CORRANT and her sister have gone to Moscow. They will probably not return to Petersburg until the next operatic season.

HARRY has arrived in London to assist at the rehearsals of his new opera, *Le Tempeste*, which, we understand, is to be shortly produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, with extraordinary splendour. The cast will be powerful. Sontag plays Miranda; Coletti, Prospero; Lablache, Caliban; and we have some reasons to suppose the parts of Ferdinand and Ariel to Gardoni and Carlotta Gridi.

BEAUMONT INSTITUTION.—A concert was given on Monday evening in aid of the funds of the library. The vocalists were Misses Dolby, Payne, Lucombe, and Messrs. H. U. Spon, W. Harrison, and Sims Reeves. The instrumental performance was confided to the violinist, Mons. D. Ikkelheimer, who played with much brilliant effect. He performed Arto's fantasia on the *Firata*, and a solo of his own composition, entitled "Souvenirs d'Amerique," both of which were received with the warmest demonstrations of approval. Mons. Ikkelheimer joined Mons. Jullien in his late provincial tour, and was highly successful. His tone is pure, and his mechanism facile and brilliant. Mr. Sims Reeves was uproariously received, and, as a matter of course, created an immense sensation. The rest of the singers acquitted themselves well.

OXFORD.—(From a Correspondent).—A concert was given here last Friday, supported by Kate Loder, Miss Messent, Miss Hill, and Messrs. Land and Frank Bodda. There was a good attendance, and the performance passed off with much spirit. Miss Messent was encored in *Jelly Treffz*: "Traß, traß," and Mr. Frank Bodda received the same compliment in "Largo al factotum." Kate Loder played Dührer's fantasia on *Guillaume Tell*, and Schühlf's galop. She was rapturously encored in both, and played with immense vigour and brilliancy. Her performance was the great feature of the concert.

HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—A concert of an interesting character took place at these rooms, on Friday evening, for the benefit of a Spaniard, Don M. D. Echeverria. This gentleman, formerly an officer in the Spanish service, found himself, in consequence of the loss of sight, compelled to retire from the military service, and he has since then cultivated his musical talents with remarkable success as a performer on the Bandurria or the old Spanish guitar. The bandurria is now seldom heard, and, indeed, not little known even in Spain, except in the northern parts, especially Arragon. This instrument was in general use among the Spaniards in the days of chivalry and romance, and the Spanish knights, many of whom were themselves distinguished as poets and musicians, were accustomed to address strains of love and devotion to their mistresses with accompaniment of the bandurria. This instrument is remarkably sweet in tone, very much resembling the harp. Echeverria is a masterly performer, and is admitted by his countrymen to be the best bandurria in Spain. The interest of the concert was greatly heightened by Madame Lozano's Spanish songs.

LONDON SACRED HARMONISTS.—(From a Correspondent).—An audience, again crowded to excess, assembled on Monday evening to hear the *Creation*, a work which, whatever its defects, has certainly, as yet, mounted no feather of its popularity, and indeed, is so thoroughly well known as to render criticism orthodox, the oratorio or its performance, all but needless. If the chorusers, with one splendid exception, are weak and ineffective compared to Handel, the solo portions of the work unquestionably contain some of the most delicious *morceaux* that ever came from the author's pen. The vocalists on this occasion were the syren of the Emerald Isle—Miss Catherine Hayes, Mrs. Temple, a *debutante* here we believe, Messrs. Lockey and Lawler. The Nymph of Erin, and her delicate features and fawn-like eyes, delivered the two song "With verdure clad," and "On mighty wings," with an impassioned delicacy which was duly responded to by the audience. Miss Hayes's voice is hardly powerful enough for the hall, but this defect is lost in the voluptuous sweetness of its tone, and in the delicacy and finish with which every note is delivered. Mrs. Temple gave the cavatina "The marvellous work," with such gusto and effect, as nearly to obtain an encore, an honour which was reserved for Mr. Lockey in the popular song "In native

worth." Mr. Lawler was as energetic as ever, especially in the majestic song—rather martial, however, than devotional—"New Heaven in fullest glory," with its stately efforts of the brass instruments. The excellence of the choir has been abundantly moved, and as this oratorio does not contain much to try the mettle of the chorus, remark would be superfluous.

THE LATE MA. WORDSWORTH'S UNPUBLISHED POEM AND BIOGRAPHY.—Mr. Wordsworth has left a poem, consisting of 14 cantos, descriptive of his life, reflections, and opinions, with directions that it should be published after his decease, together with such biographical notices as may be requisite to illustrate his writings, under the editorial care of his nephew, the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Canon of Westminster, whom he has appointed his literary executor, so far as his biographical memoir is concerned, with an expression of a desire that his family, executors, and friends would furnish his biographer with such materials as may be useful for his assistance in the preparation of the work.

MUSIC AMONGST THE MINERS.—Mr. Robert Crawshaw has established amongst his miners in Wales a brass band, which practices once a week throughout the year. It is entirely composed of workmen. They have the good fortune to be led by a man (one of the roll-turners), who must have had somewhere a superior musical education. The correspondent of the *Chronicle* says, "I had the pleasure of hearing them play, and was astonished at their proficiency. They number sixteen instruments. I heard them perform the overtures to *Zampa*, *The Caliph of Baghdad*, and *Fra Diavolo*, some concerted music from *Roberto*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Lucia*, with a quantity of waltzes, polkas, and dance music. The band master had them under excellent control; he every where took the time well, and the instruments preserved it, each taking up his lead with spirit and accuracy; in short, I have seldom heard a regimental band more perfect than this handful of workmen, located (far from any place where they might command the benefit of hearing other hands) in the mountains of Wales. When I was informed of the existence of this band, I knew how to account for a circumstance that puzzled me—hearing the boys in *Cyfarfha* works whistle the best airs from the most popular operas. The great body of men at these works are extremely proud of their musical performances, and like to boast of them. I have been told it cost Mr. Crawshaw great pains and expense to bring the band to its present excellent condition. If so, he now has his reward."

MR. KEAN'S HAMLET.—We speak it in all honesty, that far and away beyond any competitor of the last quarter of a century, Mr. Charles Kean gives the most genuine evidence of the Shaksperian mind. To the attentive student of his Hamlet there does not appear the actor in his part, but Shakspero in his mentality. And perhaps Mr. Keane cannot avoid that, even were he willing; for the contemplative nature of the character of himself peculiarly adapted to his clear analytical intellect and delicate thoughtfulness. None but an intellect of the very highest order could grasp the part with such power and turn it to such advantage as is done by Mr. Keane. Even beside its beauty as a depiction of mind it has a quality which renders it popular, not merely to the million, but to the calm and cool thinker. It is the most picturesque delineation we have ever seen, hero or elsewhere, of the pure ideal. Voice, gesture, costume, everything is brought to bear with such a unity, as to make the highest possible approach to perfection—if perfection can exist in anything resulting from human skill. We have seldom seen an audience so completely bound up in ties of feeling with a performer as Mr. Keane's last night. A single cough was the signal for a general "hush" throughout the house, until at times the enthusiasm burst beyond all bounds; for the people did not stop to applaud—they cheered until the roof rang again, and hats were more than once waved by staid and solid men. To use his father's words—"The pit rose at him;" and well-deserved was the spontaneous eulogy. We are admonished that our time is "out of jolt," or we should speak of Mrs. Keane's *Ophelia*. That, however, is scarcely necessary, for the genius of the lady and her refinement require no more eulogy than the violet requires perfume or the lily painting. Mr. Alexander's *Polonius* was felicitous in giving a marked instance of how the sycophant can be merged occasionally in the shrewd man of the world. If the rest we need not speak. *King Rene's Daughter* was taken as an afterpiece. We have not a line left for notice.—*Glasgow Daily Mail*.

MISS CHANDLER'S Evening Concert took place on Friday, the 19th ultimo. The singers who assisted Miss Chandler were Miss L. Pitt, Madame Anshenez, the Misses Cole, Miss Dolby, Mr. Frank Boddia, Kate Loder, Mons. Comas (bute), and Messrs. Sedgwick and E. Barton (concertina), were the instrumentalists. Kate Loder was the great feature of the evening. She played with surprising brilliancy and was encored with acclamation. Miss Dolby sang Balfe's song, "Hopeful Heart," with charming expression, and Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor Saluto," with infinite spirit. Herr Anshenez conducted.

MOVING DIORAMA of Ireland.—His Royal Highness Prince Albert, accompanied by Col. Gordon, visited this interesting exhibition on Monday. His Royal Highness was much pleased at the recognition of those scenes of unbounded joy and loyalty that welcomed Her Majesty and himself to the shores of Erin, and repeatedly expressed to Mr. Phillips his approbation of the accuracy and execution of his pictorial labours. A great assemblage of nobility have also visited this characteristic and beautiful diorama.

LOLA MONTES.—A Paris correspondent furnishes the following anecdotes of this lady.—You are aware that the Countess of Landsfeldt, or, as she is generally called, Lola Montes, arrived in Paris about three weeks ago from Boulogne and Spain, after several vain attempts to induce Mr. Heald to return to her. She had sent two persons to London charged to discover him and use every possible argument to get him to join her, and on their failure even to obtain an interview with Mr. Heald, she placed her interests in the hands of a shrewd and able man named L—, who had on several occasions been her *homme d'affaires*. This person not only contrived to have an interview with Mr. Heald, but also to induce him to return to the Countess, and make reparation for the way in which he had left her in Spain, without friends, and, at that time, without pecuniary resources. Mr. Heald kept his word, joined the Countess at Boulogne, and, by means of an agent in Paris, took a lease at a rental of 16,000*fr.* a-year, of a beautiful house at Beaulieu on the Clamps Elvées. This house he has furnished at an outlay of at least £3,000, and he has also paid several old debts of the Countess'. They have a large establishment of servants, but Mr. Heald is, they say, a man of order, and takes care to live within his income. As to that of Lola Montes, it is by no means so large as has been supposed. Her settlement from Mr. Heald scarcely exceeds a fifth of the amount which had been stated in the journals, and her pension from the King of Bavaria, which was at first £140 per month, has been reduced by the king one half, in consequence of her having married without his consent. After taking possession of the house at Beaulieu, the only visitors of any rank were M. de R—, the owner of the house, and his wife and niece. The countess took at first a great fancy to the niece, and made her a present of an elegant article of dress; but two days afterwards they differed, and the countess ordered the young lady to quit the house and never to return to it. It appears, however, that M. de R— had left in the cellar about 1,000 bottles of wine, and that three days ago he sent his niece to see it packed up and removed. The countess considered this an intrusion, and again ordered the niece to leave the house. The young lady resisted, and a scuffle ensued, which would have ended in the defeat of the young lady, if the aunt, who is Irish, had not arrived unexpectedly. The latter flew to the aid of her niece, attacking Lola Montes with such energy that, but for the help of a chambermaid, she would, for the first time, have found more than her match. The scuffle made a great noise, and a considerable number of persons collected. It is said that the countess, who did not escape without some scratches, has laid a complaint before the commissary of police of her *arrondissement*; but of this I am by no means certain. If rumour is to be credited, the temper of the countess has been soured by a circumstance which took place before her marriage with Mr. Heald. A young Swede in London, the Count de P—, had promised to marry her, and fixed a rendezvous at Southampton, from whence they were to proceed to Spain, and there have the marriage ceremony performed. He had, however, said that it was necessary for him first to go to Sweden to arrange his affairs; and for this purpose had borrowed (£200 it is said) from the countess. Soon after he had left, it was discovered that he had gone with the intention of not returning. The *homme d'affaires* of the countess followed him to Sweden,

and there, by threats of exposure, obtaining restitution of the money. The countess, therefore, lost nothing, but the conduct of the count left a deep impression on her mind.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.—Any ear may hear the wind. It is a great leveller; nay, rather, it is a great dignifier and elevator. The wind that rushes through the organ of St George's Chapel at Windsor, has first passed through the barrel-organ of some poor Italian boy; the voice of Alboni and that of a street singer have but one common capital to draw upon—the catholic atmosphere, the unsectarian air, the failure of which would be the utter extinction of Handel, Haydn, and all the rest. This air, or atmosphere—the compound of nitrogen and oxygen, to which we are so deeply indebted—sometimes plays the musician of itself, and calls upon Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, upon the ocean and in the forest; and they, like inviolable but not inaudible performers, make glorious music. Sometimes the shrouds of a ship, as she rolls upon the tempestuous deep, raise wild and piercing sopranos to the skies; sometimes the trees and branches of a forest of gigantic pines become mighty harp strings, which, smitten by the rushing tempests, send forth grand and incessant harmonies—now anthems and anon dirges. Sometimes the waves of the ocean respond, like white-robed chorists, to the thunder-bass of the sky, and so make Creation's grand oratorio, in which "the heavens are telling," and the earth is praising God. Sometimes deep calls upon deep, the Mediterranean to the German Sea, and both to the Atlantic Ocean; and these the Moses and the Miriam of the earth, awaken rich antiphones, and form the opposite choirs, responding from side to side in Nature's grand cathedral, praising and adoring their Creator and builder. Were man silent, God would not want praise.—*Dr. Cumming.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS AND MISS ELIZA BIRCH

BEG to announce to their friends and the public, that their **ANNUAL CONCERT** will take place on **WEDNESDAY EVENING, May 15th,** at the **HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS**, under the immediate patronage of H. R. H. Prince Albert, and H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge. Vocalists: Misses Catherine Hayes, Eliza Birch and Miss Birch, Madame F. Lablache and Miss Dolby, Messrs. Lockey, Whitworth, and H. Phillips, Signori Marras, Marchesi, and F. Lablache. Pianoforte: Mademoiselle Clara Levyday. Flute: Mr. Richardson. Violin: Mr. J. Biagrove. Conductor: Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Leader: Mr. Willy.

To commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets Seven Shillings each, to be had of the Misses Birch, and at the Principal Musicians. Stalls, (tail a Guinea each, to be had only at the residence of the Misses Birch, 20, Hereford Street, Park Lane.

MISS DOLBY AND MR. LINDSAY SLOPER

BEG to announce that their **ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT** will take place at the **HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS** on **TUESDAY, the 14th inst.** To commence at 2 o'clock precisely.

Vocalists: Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Dolby, and Miss Birch; Signor Marras and Signor Marchesi. Instrumentalists.—Signor Piatelli, Messrs. H. C. Cooper and Lindsay Sloper. The Orchestra will be complete in every department.

Leader, Mr. WILLY. Conductors, Messrs. BENEDICT and LAYTON. Tickets, 7*fr.* to be had at the Principal Musicians. Stalls, 16*fr.* to be had only of Messrs. Cramer and Beale, 261, Regent Street; Miss Dolby, 2, Wind Street, Manchester Square; and Mr. Lindsay Sloper, 7, Southwick Place, Hyde-Park Square.

THE FLUTE.

HIS MAJESTY'S LETTERS PATENT have been obtained for **TWO NEW FLUTES**, manufactured by Messrs. KUDALL and ROSE, (either in Wood or Silver). The tube and Holes of these Flutes being constructed according to the true principles of Acoustics, there is not a weak or inharmonious note throughout the scale, but they possess every perfection of Tone and Tune. One is fingered exactly like the old Flute, for the convenience of those accustomed to that instrument; the fingering of the other is slightly changed, but affords extraordinary facilities of execution. The Inventor, Mr. CARE, will introduce these instruments in the course of his Lectures on Musical Instruments and Instrumental Music, at the Scientific Institution, Edward Street, Portman Square, London, 13th May; and the City of London Institution, 15th and 22nd May. They may also be seen at KUDALL and ROSE'S Manufactory, 25, Southampton Street, Strand, on and after the 7th May.

The Musical World.

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A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c

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ALBONI AND THE PROPHECY.

ALBONI has made her *début* on the stage of the *Académie Royale de Musique*, as Fides, in the *Prophète*, with as much success as attended her first appearance before an English audience. Those who remember the first event will readily understand the triumphant character of the last.

"The evening of Friday last at the Opera," says the *Messager*, "was one long enchantment. The success of Mademoiselle Alboni in the *Prophète* surpassed every hope. The *coup d'essai* was a *coup de maître*, and a new Fides revealed herself to the Parisian public. The magnificent talent of the *cantatrice*, the exquisite purity of her voice, the prodigies of her singing, were already well known. Add to all these qualities, power, expression, all the faculties of the dramatic artist, a large and majestic accentuation, the most glowing impulses, accents which proceed from the soul itself, and the catalogue of this bold attempt is completed. Madame Viardot has found a rival—a rival that satisfies the nicest hearer—a rival whom the ear hears in all confidence and all certainty. In short, what shall we say? The new Fides was admirable from the first scene to the last. The final *morceau* of the second act, '*Bois henit, mon fils*,' brought down four consecutive rounds of applause. The duet with Bertha in the fourth act, and the grand scene with Jean of Leyden in the Cathedral, brought down a torrent of bouquets on the stage. After this scene, Mademoiselle Alboni was recalled. In the prison scene she rose to the sublime. Her cavatina, '*Comme un éclair*,' excited thunders of applause and an encore for the last movement. The same enthusiasm for the final *tableau*, and at the fall of the curtain a new recall and renewed showers of bouquets. Mademoiselle Alboni carried away a whole garden."

"Thus the departure of Madame Viardot will not have deprived us of the *chef-d'œuvre* of Meyerbeer; and while our first Fides, that energetic Fides, with accents so passionate, with tones so powerful, occupies the attention of the Prussian *dilettanti*, another Fides, not less dramatic, and an enchanting singer in the bargain, lavishes upon us the treasures of her vocalisation."

Speaking of the same event *La Revue et Gazette Musicale* says: "Assuredly there are some who still maintain that it is impossible; and we are altogether of their opinion. How could such an idea come into the head of any body, to let an Italian *cantatrice*—a *cantatrice* for the Concert room *par excellence*—who scarcely knows our language, who has never appeared on our stage except in the provinces, make her *début* at the Opera in a work like the *Prophète*, in a part like that of Fides? How would you have a foreigner learn this part in a few days, with few rehearsals, to enable her to sing and act it; and, if by chance, she essayed it, how could you expect her to succeed? We own such reasoning cannot be confuted—it is absolutely impossible."

"And yet, if we have not been dreaming, the attempt was made, and the fact accomplished on Friday evening as the simplest and most natural thing in the world. Must we conclude from this that nothing is good, certain, and easy, but what is impossible? No. But we must render homage to the audacity of an idea which found in Alboni the instrument the most marvellously supple and docile, and intelligence the most extraordinary to execute it."

"In all we were going to say we place apart Madame Viardot, who has made of the part of Fides what every one knows; who drew it from her heart as Meyerbeer from his genius. No parallel—no opposition where all is different. In other times it was a constant habit in the *Comédie Française* for artists who had few qualities in common to play the same parts alternately. Who does not recollect Talma and Lafont, Mdlle. Leverd and Mdlle. Mars playing the same parts in turn? If there be any who flatter themselves that Madame Viardot will suffer from the success of Alboni, we certify that they are in error, and that the great *cantatrice* would herself applaud the new Fides, if she could be present at a performance of the *Prophète*. Therefore let us say nothing of Madame Viardot: her glory and her talent are equally beyond depreciation."

"Picture to yourself, if you can, the universal curiosity for the first entry of Alboni. How will she have disguised her face to give it a maternal appearance? She appears, and it is seen with pleasure that she has not disguised it at all. She has retained her handsome, fresh, and laughing physiognomy, and has trusted to her *embonpoint* to indicate the requisite motherly aspect. She has no other expression in her smile but one of benevolence, and this will be the distinctive feature she impresses in the whole part. She will be the good, the mild, the simple Fides, as long as the exigencies of the drama require it. The sentiment of hatred and vengeance will not awake themselves in her, until the praises of him whom she believes to be the murderer of her son shall resound in her ears through the aisles of the Cathedral of Munster. Then she will be grand and terrible; but until then she will always remain the gentle Fides, whether anporting with simple *naïveté* the request of Bertha to Oberthal; whether blessing Jean for having preferred her to his future bride, in the magnificent *aria*, which in her *cantique d'actions de grace*; or whether she solicits, from the inhabitants of Munster, alms for a poor mother to buy a mass for a departed son."

"The fresh and laughing face of Fides has now become pale and sad. Her eyes are reddened by tears; her apparent calm, even her immobility, add to the impression produced by her grief. Her gestures are rare, but always natural and well studied. Before the prophet, in face of her son, who denies his mother, her nature, mild, placid, resigned, becomes sublimed with astonishment and indignation. Her eye—an eye that speaks—expresses all she feels, and her slightest gestures,

her slightest movements, are in perfect harmony with her looks."

"We have as yet spoken only of the acting of Alboni, because on that point alone was there any doubt. Well, then, she acted as if she had done nothing else but act all her life. Some doubts also existed about her pronunciation. Well, then, she pronounced as if she had been French and not Italian. As to her voice—as to her singing—it is hardly, perhaps, worth the trouble to say that she was worthy of herself, and did not descend from her usual eminence. If her voice be wanting in that nervous and boisterous energy which brings with it such prodigious effects, she has, in revenge, an ample volume of mellowness and sweetness which eternally charm, and agility which almost charms without surprising, so facile and velvety is her execution. "Her voice," said some one present, "is of that rich and downy stuff of which are made those carpets in which the foot sinks up to the ankle."

"Now we leave you to imagine what was the result of this essay. Success immense and continuous; acclamations; *bouquets en masse*; encore for the stretto of the air of the fifth act; recalls, and everything that follows.

"We are sure we are not mistaken in affirming that Alboni experienced a stronger emotion on Friday evening than ever she experienced before in her life—stronger than on the occasion of her first *début*—stronger than any that may be reserved for her for the future. Yet her voice was but very slightly influenced in the first act, and, little by little, from moment to moment, from scene to scene, all her power was restored to her."

"This *reprise* of the *Prophète* may be accounted a second first representation."

The intelligent critics of *La Musique* (late *La France Musicale*) give the following elaborate account of this important event:—

"The only novelty at the Opera has been the appearance of Mdlle. Alboni in the *Prophète*."

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

NOVELTY is not at present the order of the day at Her Majesty's Theatre. The past week supplies us with nothing new to gratify our readers. But although nothing new has been done lately, great are the notes of preparation which proceed from Mr. Lumley's establishment. All the world is astir with curiosity to know what Mons. Scribe has done with Shakspeare's poetry, and what Mons. Halevy has done with Mons. Scribe's adaptation of Shakspeare. Scribe arrived in town on Thursday, and attended the rehearsal of *La Tempesta*. The scene painters are hard at work, and Mr. Lumley is determined to rival Macready's scenic efforts of eighteen hundred and something, when *The Tempest* was so magnificently got up at Covent Garden.

The performance on Saturday consisted of the repeat of the *Puritani*, with select ballet entertainments, in which there is nothing we find necessary to record.

Tuesday the *Nozze di Figaro* was given, and this again calls for no especial remark. Neither did the ballet performance include anything to demand particular note. Only Carlotta danced—and Carlotta is everlastingly new.

Thursday, of course, involved a longiduous performance. First came a selection from *Lucia di Lammermoor* for Miss Catherine Hayes and Mr. Sims Reeves. Then followed the *Barbieri*, its last performance this season in consequence of &c., &c., in which Sontag created the usual enthusiasm—but in *Rode more* than in *Rossini*—and thereby *rode*, as it were, on the topmost pinnacle of popular favor.

The ballet diversions, or prolusions, were selections from *Les Trois Graces*, and the *Plaisirs d'hiver*.

A GRAND morning concert was given on Monday, in which the whole strength of the company was engaged. The programme was one of unusual interest and variety. The introduction of Beethoven's magnificent symphony in E flat, the *Eroica*, which was performed entire, gave solidity to the concert, while the very able and effective manner in which it was played was highly creditable to the band and its talented conductor, Mr. Balfé, who gave the times of each movement with the utmost accuracy, and directed the execution with unflinching judgment and precision. The symphony occupied exactly three-quarters of an hour in performance, but its unceasing flow of rich and beautiful ideas took away all feeling of prolixity, and we are satisfied that not one real lover of music among the audience found it a bit too long. The band also played the overtures to *Euryanthe* and *Faniska*. The latter, perhaps the finest of Cherubini's dramatic preludes, was rendered with great spirit, and the time indicated by Mr. Balfé for the *allegro*, though somewhat quicker than usual, if the effect may be admitted as a test, was precisely what the composer intended.

Madame Sontag, the vocal star of the concert, exhibited her talent in a great variety of pieces. She began with the ballad of "Home, sweet home," which she sang with true simplicity of expression, and was compelled to repeat the last verse. Her next performance was a Swiss air, accompanied by the chorus, written expressly for her by Herr Eckert, a German musician of reputation and talent. In the present composition Herr Eckert has rather aimed at affording Madame Sontag an opportunity for displaying her vocal facility, than at any musical depth of originality. The Swiss air resembles many other Swiss airs, but the ornamental passages are graceful, and the subdued accompaniment of the chorus, which sustains the harmony, is very pretty. Madame Sontag sang it to perfection; nothing could be more piquant, finished and captivating; she was again encored and repeated the whole. Weber's grand aria, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," (in German), and Haydn's "On mighty pens," from the *Creation*, (in English), were the other efforts of Madame Sontag. The latter, known to be one of her most impressive performances of sacred music, was never more thoroughly appreciated than on the present occasion.

There were four grand selections of concerted music, with chorus, in which the principal singers respectively took part. The first, consisting of the "Gloria," "Qui tollis," and another movement, from Beethoven's *Mass in C*, was a highly satisfactory performance. The second comprised the *sestet* and chorus, with polonaise, from Spohr's *Faust*. This would have fared better with more careful rehearsal. Spohr's music is too elaborate to be trifled with, and has nothing in common with the Italian operatic style of composition. The other two full pieces were a scene from Gluck's *Armida*, and a fragment of the finale, (not the whole, as the bills announced) to the first act of Spontini's *Festale*. Gluck's scene is not a very favourable specimen of his manner, and the selection from Spontini, even had its merits been of a higher order, came too late in the concert to produce any effect.

The miscellaneous vocal *morceaux* gave all the principals of the establishment an opportunity of shining. Mdlle. Parodi displayed great energy of style in Nicolini's air, "Il braccio mio," one of the only unforgotten things that bears his name. Miss Catherine Hayes sang the ballad of "Kathleen Mavourneen" with charming taste and expression, and was loudly encored. Mr. Sims Reeves obtained and

deserved the same compliment for the genial spirit he infused into Purcell's air, with chorus, "Come if you dare" (*King Arthur*); and in conjunction with Miss Hayes gave the duet, "Dolce offerta," from *Guillaume Tell*—a most efficient performance on both sides. The two Italian tenors of the company, Signor Calzolari and Buaerde, had both an air. Signor Calzolari chose Donizetti's "Alma adorata cara," and exhibited his usual fluency of execution; he was encored. Signor Buaerde, although labouring under a slight cold, did not fail in the plaintive air, "Nel furor della tempesta," to display that warmth of expression and graceful delivery for which he has been justly praised. Two trios for male voices—the *buffo* trio for basses, "Vedi quell' uom," from Ricci's *Chiaradi Rosenberg*, by Signori Coletti, Belletti and Lablache, and a trio for tenors, from Rossini's *Amida*, by Signori Buaerde, Calzolari and Mr. Sims Reeves—were both very successful, and besides the pleasure they afforded, were instrumental in displaying to advantage the vocal strength of the company. The *tercetto* for three sopranos, "Al tuo materno sen," from Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, by Madame Sontag, Madame Giuliani, and Mlle. Pardi, was also an agreeable and effective display of vocal talent; but the grand trio in F, from Beethoven's *Fidelio*, by the two last named ladies and Signor Belletti, did not go so well as we could have desired. Beethoven's music, like Spohr's, is too elaborate to be trifled with, and, like Spohr's, has nothing in common with the Italian opera style. Unless carefully prepared and executed *con amore*, such compositions had better be omitted altogether. If it be worth while to introduce them in public, it is worth while to study them efficiently. Herr Müller, a barytone, who does not belong to Mr. Lumley's troupe, attempted Mozart's "Qui sdegno" (*Il Flauto Magico*), but not being able to sing the lower notes he was compelled to alter the melody in certain places, which did not improve it. Signor Lorenzo sang "La Calunnia," from the *Barbiere*, with an emphasis of voice and an emphasis of gesture that were equally original. Mlle. Ida Bertrand, the successful new *contralto*, did not attempt a solo, but was highly efficient in a duet from Mercadante's *La Vestale* with Miss Catherine Hayes.

The concert was not over till past six o'clock. It is unnecessary, therefore, to insist that it was much too long. The selection was so well varied, however, and betrayed so decided a tendency to encourage the right sort of feeling in musical matters, that there was little room for complaint. The house was crowded in every part.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE performances of the past se'night have been nothing more than repetitions. The success of the *Huguenots* is still paramount; and every night it is given the theatre is filled to the ceiling. On Saturday and Thursday it was repeated, and will be performed to-night for the fifth time.

The entertainments on Tuesday were the first act of *Norma* and the whole of *Der Freischütz*.

Ronconi has arrived, and is announced to appear in Verdi's *Nabuccodonosor*. Signor Ronconi has no greater admirer than ourselves, but if we must needs admire him through the spectacles of Verdi, our admiration will be strongly neutralised. Highly as we esteem Signor Ronconi's dramatic and lyric genius, we have no desire to witness their exposition through the medium of young Verdi's music. No vocalist has a larger and more varied *répertoire* than Signor Ronconi, and why he should be driven to select the worst opera of the worst composer in Italy we cannot comprehend. The subscribers of

Her Majesty's Theatre—the fashionables who fostered the rising genius of young Italy, and upheld him through good and ill report—having been gorged with him *usque ad nauseam*, are beginning to repudiate him, and pant for healthier strains; it is not, therefore, to be imagined that the subscribers to the Royal Italian Opera, who are feasted with Mozart, Rossini, Weber, Auber, and Meyerbeer, would put up with Sir Union and the Knight of Pom-Crash. Verily, no; Verdi will get his quietus in one night, as he did two seasons ago, and hide his diminished head, and for ever hide it. Let not Ronconi fancy that even his magnificent talents can render the music of Verdi acceptable to the frequenters of Covent Garden. Twenty Ronconis could not make the composer of *Ernani* popular at the Royal Italian Opera. The directors have taught the public better than that. But surely Ronconi has characters enough in his *répertoire* which belong to the works of the "masters," without having recourse to the *Nabuccodonosor* of "Maestro" Verdi. We grant that his performance of the part is one of his *chef-d'œuvre*; but would that be sufficient for a whole night's infliction of listening to wretched music? We trust that Signor Ronconi, in considering his own reputation, will also consult the public ears, and revert to his *répertoire* with a little less selfishness. If he persist in Verdi—why, then, we see no possible use to be derived from his accession to the Covent Garden company. We set our faces entirely against the introduction of Young Italy to this theatre.

On Thursday next, the *Roberto il Diavolo* will be produced, more powerfully cast than ever it has yet been. Grisi plays Alice; Castellan, Isabella; Formes, Bertram; Mario, Rambrand; and Tamberlik, Robert. Massol, Tagliafico, Polonini, Rommi, Soldi, Lavia, &c., are included in the list of performers.

Ronconi was to have appeared to-night; his appearance, however, is postponed for a few days.

THE MISSES BIRCH'S CONCERT.

THESE talented and well known sisters, gave a concert on Wednesday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms, which were crowded in every part. There was a grand orchestra led by Mr. Willy, and conducted by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, which began the concert with a very excellent performance of Mendelssohn's overture to a *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The Misses Birch opened their performance with a pretty duet of Wallace, called "May Morning," which pleased every body, as much by its own simplicity as by the charming manner in which it was sung. Miss Birch found full play for the quality and power of her superb soprano voice, in the grand scena of Agnes in *Der Freischütz*, which she sang with great energy and feeling; it was warmly applauded. This was appropriately preceded by the tenor scena of Max, "Thro' the forest," a composition in every way its equal, and sung with the right sort of feeling, by Mr. Lockey.

Miss Eliza Birch's first solo was the "Dove sono," from the *Nozze di Figaro*, an air well suited to her voice, which is a sweet and full soprano, and her agreeably unaffected style of singing.

Signor Marras contributed his talent, both as a singer and composer, to the first part of the concert. A well written trio, "Piu nel sono," from his pen, sung by Miss Birch, Signor Marchesi, (a low barytone of more than ordinary promise), and Signor Marras himself, proved very effective; while in the "Una furtiva lagrima," Signor Marras displayed that expressive Italian style of singing, the secret of which he knows so well.

The other vocal features were an air by Cimarosa, sung with great spirit by Frederick Lablache; Morlacchi's "Notte tremenda," which brought back to us agreeably the beautiful contralto voice of Madame F. Lablache, too seldom heard; and the "O luce di quest'anima," sung by Miss Catherine Hayes, in the most brilliant manner. The *Concert-Stück* of Weber, executed with the best intentions by Miss Clara Loveday, and Richardson's extraordinary Russian hymn, with extraordinary variations, played by himself, in his best style, were the solo instrumental attractions.

We should have mentioned among the vocal pieces an aria of Paer's, cleverly sung by Mr. Whitworth.

The first part terminated with Weber's brilliant *Jubilee* overture.

In the second part Miss Dolby and Mr. H. Phillips both made their appearance, the first with the page's song from the *Huguenots*, "Nobil signor," the last with his own ballad, "Shall I, wastage in despair;" both artists were received with the warmth due to their talents.

Mr. Henry Blagrove also made his appearance in the second part, in a duet for pianoforte and violin, with Miss Clara Loveday,—a composition calculated to show off advantageously the mechanism of two brilliant performers, but in which Messrs. Herz and De Beriot have ingeniously managed to deprive some of the charming melodies in Auber's *Fiancée* of all their simplicity and half their beauty.

Two Scotch songs deserve notice as sweet specimens of natural ballad singing—the "Laas o' Gowrie," by Miss Eliza Birch, and "Bonnie Duunde," by Miss Dolby.

We have already hinted in a parenthesis, that Signor Marchesi is a vocalist of promise; and the manner in which he sang "Non più andrai" warrants us in giving the same sentiment out of parenthesis.

Two MS. ballads, sung by Miss Birch—"Coralie," by Mr. Linley, and the "Bird and the Breeze," by Biletta—were calculated to add to Miss Birch's reputation as a singer of MS. ballads. Did Signor Biletta forget that Spohr, Mendelssohn, and Molique have all set the "Flieg' voglein" to music, or has he boldly attempted to measure swords with them? If the former, good; if the latter, good! Still we must own, three to one are perilous odds, clever as is Signor Biletta without denial.

Why should we speak of Glover's duet, "What are the wild waves saying," if not to record that it was beautifully sung by Miss Birch and Miss Dolby? Why should we again mention the Orchestra, with its Conductor, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, unless to record that it brought the concert to an end, with a spirited performance of one of the marches from Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*? We say one of the marches, because Bottom's march, which, though a small march, and a short march, as a march humorous and a march characteristic of Bottom, is too often overlooked, in speaking of these immortal musical illustrations to an immortal poem.

Why should we add anything more than just so many words as will explain? We have nothing more to add, except that the concert of the Misses Birch gave that entire satisfaction to their patrons and admirers, which we are quite certain it was the first wish of the charming young artists to secure.

MISS DOLBY AND MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S CONCERT

Thus best of benefit concerts took place on Tuesday morning in the Hanover Square Rooms. The programme, as was usual with these excellent artists, was composed of the best materials. We cite it at length, since it is worthy of place

in the columns of any journal devoted to the interest of music.

PART I.

Overture (<i>Egmont</i>)	Beethoven.
Duetto, "Bella imago," Miss Dolby and Signor Marchesi	Rossini.
Song, "La Dea di tutti i cor" (<i>Il Giuramento</i>), Signor Marchesi	Mercadante.
Larghetto, violoncello, Signor Piatti	Mozart.
Scena ed Aria, "A te riede," Miss Dolby	Mercadante.
Aria, "Non mi dir" (<i>Dos Giovanni</i>), Miss Catherine Hayes	Mozart.
Concerto, D minor, pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper	Mendelssohn.
Romance, "Parmi les pleurs" (<i>Les Huguenots</i>), Miss Dolby	Meyerbeer.
Quintetto, "Bento, oh Dio" (<i>Così fan Tutti</i>), Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Dolby, Signor Marchesi, Signor Marchesi, and Mr. Smythson	Mozart.

PART II.

Overture (<i>Faust</i>)	Spohr.
Aria, "Tanti affetti" (<i>La Donna del Lago</i>), Miss Birch	Rossini.
First Movement of Concerto, violin, Mr. H. C. Cooper	Viotti.
Aria, "Vedro mentr'io sospiro" (<i>Le Nozze di Figaro</i>), Signor Marchesi	Mozart.
Duetto, "The Sabbath Morn," and "The Harvest Field," Miss Catherine Hayes and Miss Dolby	Mendelssohn.
Serenade, Study in A major, and Galop, pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper	Lindsay Sloper.
Irish ballad, "Silent, O Moyle," and Scotch song, "Bonnie Dundee," Miss Dolby	
Quartetto, "I Poveretti," Miss C. Hayes, Miss Dolby, Mr. Benson, and Signor Marchesi	Biletta.
Instrumental Finale	

The cavatina of Mercadante, the romance from the *Huguenots* (that of Valentine in the second act), and the national airs, Irish and Scotch, form the catalogue of pieces in styles sufficiently opposed to prove Miss Dolby's talent is various as it is finished. She sang all in her best manner, and was compelled to repeat one of the national airs.

Mr. Lindsay Sloper, in the second concerto of Mendelssohn, selected one of the most difficult works in the repertory of the pianoforte. But that he had not overrated his powers was shown by the admirable manner in which he both read and executed it; perfect mechanism fulfilling all that poetical conception suggested. The orchestral accompaniments were exceedingly well played, under the experienced direction of Mr. Benedict. The compositions of his own introduced by Mr. Lindsay Sloper are elegant and finished specimens of his talents as a writer. The last, somewhat modestly styled a "Galop," but in reality a very difficult *toccata* in the modern style, was executed with remarkable precision and brilliancy, and re-demanded.

Miss Catherine Hayes and Miss Dolby sang the two duets of Mendelssohn to perfection. They belong to the posthumous set of three, and are among the happiest specimens of those treasures of fugitive thought bequeathed by the lamented master to the music of the chamber.

The beautiful *larghetto* of Mozart was just suited to the graceful and passionate playing of Signor Piatti; and Mr. G. H. Cooper gave a modern vigour and sentiment to the square-cut themes and passages of old Viotti.

Signor Biletta's new quartet is deserving of special notice, not only as a very clever piece of vocal part writing, but as a composition of genial spirit and considerable dramatic character. It was exceedingly well sung on this occasion, and was warmly received, but we think it would be found still more effective on the stage.

It is unnecessary to enter into further details; we may therefore conclude with saying, that the Hanover-square

Rooms were crowded with a brilliant and fashionable audience, and that every one seemed thoroughly satisfied with the substantial and well-varied programme which Miss Dolby and Mr. Lindsey Sloper provided.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE most recent productions of the English painters in the higher walk of art may be divided, for the purposes of discrimination and comparison, into two classes, very distinct in their style, their merits, their defects, and their treatment. The one pursues, in the manner of the Venetian school or of Rubens, breadth of colour, vividness of effect, a certain amplitude of style which expands nature itself, and exults in the brilliancy of strong contrasts, varied by the more subtle harmonies of prismatic effects, until it sometimes degenerates into confusion or coarseness, and the great principles of correct design and elevated meaning are sacrificed to an immoderate glow of colour. The other starts from the stricter methods of the Tuscan or the German schools, aiming, above all things, at expression—sometimes by great vigour of form, sometimes by extreme refinement of design and execution—more correct in its drawing, more indifferent to the mere charm of colour, more intent on the idea of the work, and liable to faults the most opposite to those of the rival artists, since we find in this exhibition instances in which these qualities are carried to the last excess of dryness, hardness, unnatural colour, and a false air of antiquity. The former class of painters are, as it were, intoxicated with nature, loving her richness, her variety, her warmth, and her abundance; the latter, restrained by sterner or more scientific rules of art, practise an abstemiousness of effect and a temperance in handling, which addresses itself to the nicer judgment of a less popular audience. The Colourists are on their way downwards from Venice to Flanders; the Expressionists (if we may coin such a term) are on their way backwards from Raphael to Masaccio, and there are some among them who seem eager to push on at once to Cimabue. Or, to employ more familiar terms of comparison, the former class pursues the track of Etty, Wilkie in his later manner, Calcott, and Turner—the latter, of somewhat later date amongst us, and of more foreign growth, tracks the footsteps of Eastlake or Maclean.

We do not intend to apply this distinction with rigorous accuracy to the artists whose works are this day thrown open to the public, for in our times the arts are more affected by the bent of individual genius, or by the demands of the public taste, than by the theory or practice of any school. But this sort of classification may serve to guide us through the exhibition, and to extract from each class of artists those merits for which they deserve notice. The habits of English life are not favourable to the grandest productions of art. We have no chapels to adorn, no ceilings to people with a host of angels, and hardly any walls to support the heroic works of high art. But some recent experiments have shown that British Artists, when called upon, are by no means incapable of producing great gallery or architectural pictures of a high order; and they have done it, we must add, at a pecuniary sacrifice from very honourable motives. The indirect consequences of this patronage extended by the nation to the high branches of art have not been unfehl, and Mr. Pickersgill's picture of "Samson disarmed" (16) is by no means an inconsiderable result. The moment is that at which Delilah "called for a man to shave off the seven locks" of the Jewish hero. The triumph of false love is achieved, and the Philistine crops the sources of that mysterious strength. It is a

subject so liable to coarseness and violence that we congratulate Mr. Pickersgill on his complete freedom from these defects. Etty could not have been trusted with it. The attitude of the Delilah is vigorous and original, springing as it were upon the vanquished Samson; the colouring exceedingly rich and harmonious, the keeping excellent, especially in the left hand group of the picture. The women kneeling on the right are less essential to the action, and more conventional in their attitudes. The scenery is grand and novel—the Syrian daylight streams through the jasper columns, and, without any excess of local imitation, there is a power of association in the details of the East, to which the elder artists were total strangers. In this respect Mr. Roberts has rendered great service to his brother artists, by the fidelity of his own delineations. As a powerful contrast to this work, and an example of the abuse of those resources which Mr. Pickersgill has skillfully employed, we turn with reluctance to Mr. Armitage's "Aholibah" (486). There, too, the recent discoveries of the palaces of Nineveh have suggested a more lively portraiture of Babylonian splendour, and the mere scene, though with little artistic merit, might escape criticism. But the subject of the picture—an impersonation of the coarsest metaphors of prophetic imprecation—and the reality given to the impure desires of the condemned cities, which the names of Aholah and Aholibah conveyed in the language of Ezekiel—imply a depravity of taste, and have found a prurency of execution, which do no credit to Mr. Armitage. We regret, that after the merited success of his cartoons this picture should have appeared, to the great injury of his reputation, but the sooner Aholibah ceases to gloat upon "her Chaldeans, portrayed with vermilion," the better it will be for himself and the public; nor can we allow a certain amount of power to be pleaded in extenuation of offences against taste, propriety, and judgment.

Mr. Frost continues to deal pleasantly with his Dryads and Oceanides, but with no material advance in strength of execution or originality of design. His larger picture, "The Disarming of Cupid" (15), painted for Prince Albert, is less effective than the "Andromeda" (304), but Mr. Frost has a charming power of treating these subjects with grace and refinement. Perhaps the absence of passion and force enables him to surmount what a bolder artist might fail in; but he waxes weary, and runs some risk of falling into that class of artists who pass their lives in repeating one picture.

Mr. Patten exhibits two works which will not raise his reputation; the "Susannah and the Elders" (38) is a feeble and theatrical repetition of an odious subject, undeservingly conspicuous; and though his smaller picture of "Bacchus discovering the use of the Grape" (446) is less objectionable in composition, it wants distinctness and simplicity. Of a much higher character is Mr. Broeky's small round picture, "A Nymph" (133), at the end of the great room. It has the crispness of Paul Veronese—the child playing on the Nymph's bosom is all action and gaiety, the flesh tints are in excellent keeping with the golden hue of the picture, and we hold it to be one of the best pieces in the collection. In a style not dissimilar we may place Mr. Uwin's "Psyche"—a small but elegant and classical contribution not unworthy of his graceful pencil. In the same excellent style of colour we remarked with great pleasure the pictures by Mr. J. C. Hook, "the Pursuit of Francisco di Carrara" (376), and "A Dream of Venice" (503);—both are remarkable for breadth, purity of colour, and judicious arrangement, with a warmth and richness of tone evidently derived from a careful study of Giorgione, and probably obtained by the successful application

of some of the newer vehicles of colour. As we pass onward from the purely historical to the more dramatic works of this class, we cannot but revert to M. de la Roche's "Cromwell" as the highest production of its kind in this exhibition. It appears there, not strictly as one of the works of the year, but as a picture of established reputation and European fame. We recommend it to the attention of the public—we recommend it to the study of our artists. There stands the man, contemplating the Royal victim beside him, relentless, crafty, insensible to any touch of sentiment or to any restraint of duty. The pinched lip, the complacent brow, indicate, that if in that deed of blood there had been one moment of compunction, it passed away with the successful darning of the act. Cromwell, face to face with that dead Charles, shows no trace of misplaced sensibility or affectation. Even the composed austerity of the hypocrite is thrown aside. He is the impersonation of vulgar power enthroned by audacity and by crime. If that character of the Protector be not to the taste of some of our readers, who may be under the influence of the judgment which has sought of late to deify in Cromwell the man of fraud and of force, that is at least the expression stamped on this picture by the great artist whose name it bears. The subject is treated with extraordinary breadth and simplicity—no adventitious jerks of colour to disturb the serenity of the composition—no artifices to dress up the reality of the scene, but in every part truth, depth, and strength of the highest order.

In point of execution Mr. Ward's picture of "James II. receiving the Intelligence of the Landing of William" (350), will sustain no comparison with the magnificent treatment of De la Roche, and, as a painting, this picture must be ranked below some former works of the artist. The composition is a little scattered, and the tone of the central figures depressed. But, in point of invention, it is full of point and ingenuity. Mary of Modena, leaning on the arm of her appalled husband, who has just dropped the fatal letter from his hand, and sunk back in his *fautuil*, points with the energy of a mother and a Queen to the Prince of Wales, who plays with the ladies of the Court and the lapdogs of his uncle on the right hand. On the left, another courtier slinks away. Beside the King, the Romish conclave, which disputed it for a year with the genius of English liberty, shrinks in dismay. The baffled Jesuit bites his lip,—the courtly Adda sighs in his violet robes,—Jeffries scowls. In the background, the ladies of the Court, strangely intermingled with bearded monks, debauchery and superstition side by side, just indicate the wavering loyalty of an *orange* riband, and the carpet of the chamber reminds the spectator of the treacherous lilies of France. The personages of the picture are evidently portraits, and the subject deserves to attract the public interest.

In a kindred style, but with decreasing power, we arrive at Mr. Egg's "Peter the Great's First Interview with Catherine" (292), in which the subject is not favourable to the artist's habitual quality of lively action. It is, however, a work painted with care and depth, full of colour, without exaggeration. The figure of the Russian maiden born for so rare a destiny is vigorous, but somewhat inexpressive; and it may be doubted whether the head-quarters of Peter the Great ever had the spruceness and elegance of the tent of the Marischal de Saxe. Mr. Frith exhibits two pictures, "Sancho and the Duchess" (332), and "A Scene from the *Goodnatured Man*" (343), both painted with great transparency and brilliancy, and the last especially, with a good deal of playful expression. Mr. Elmore, with somewhat higher pretensions in point of treatment, has produced two agreeable works from

Boecacio—a "Griseldis" (312), and "The Queen of the Day" (526): the former is bright and spirited; it represents the moment when that most tyrannous of husbands comes to relieve that perfection of fidelity from her menial toil. The popularity of this class of pictures is no doubt a sufficient encouragement for the production of them; but they add little to the real knowledge or enjoyment of art, and they run some risk of sinking into vulgarity in straining for popular interest. Mr. Solomon's "Too truthful" (525), is a degree beyond the line of good taste; and the worst authority in matters of art is the jest-book.

Our survey has now led us to the furthest range of those artists who can be termed colourists of the historic school, omitting, indeed, many names which we pass over for want of prominent attraction, and missing some names, such as Mr. Herbert and Mr. Horsley, who are engaged elsewhere in the service of the nation. We shall revert in our next notice to the works of those artists who may be regarded as more essentially painters of expression.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS.—If we were allowed to form our estimate of dramatic productions from the mere good intentions of the author, the soundness of the morality inculcated by him, and the healthy tones of his doctrines, our task would be a comparatively easy one; but such is not the case. The examples of the best dramatists of all countries and the public taste, which it is the author's province to captivate to the best of his powers, have proved that the foremost consideration in such compositions must be to amuse the multitude; their instructions being a secondary element, although, to every enlightened mind, a most important one, which must be so managed as to throw off all appearance of magisterial, clerical, or pedagogical interference. In this delicate distinction lies the difference between the preacher and the dramatist, so that if the latter encroach on the province of the former, the consequence will inevitably be monotony and tediousness. We heartily applaud the good intentions and sound morality of *Monsieur Augier*; his object is a most legitimate one, and the attempt to uphold the sanctity of the domestic hearth entitles him to our warmest sympathy and respect. As a comedy, *Gabrielle* will hardly stand minute criticism. The first three acts have little to do with the subject matter developed in the fourth and fifth acts; they are a sort of preface which would have done quite as well for any other *déroulement*. The domestic quarrels of Mr. and Madame Tamponnet, have little interest, and are introduced as a sort of antithesis to a catastrophe which we do not apprehend in the least, and of which we have scarcely any previous warning. In the fourth act we begin to be more interested. Julien (M. Regnier), discovers that he has lost the affections of his wife (Mlle. Nathalie), and that his friend Stéphane (M. Luguet), has seduced her from her duty. Julien turns over in his mind the probable cause of this estrangement, and, firm in the conviction of his wife's purity, he resolves to appeal to her sense of honour, both as a wife and a mother. The scene in which this is done is powerfully written, the arguments employed are strongly put and vigorously stereotyped. The author depicts the fatal effects of illicit love in apt terms, and presents such a loathsome picture of the intercourse of persons whom passion may have coupled together under such circumstances, that a violent revulsion ensues; his friend abandons his guilty pursuit, and the wife falls on her knees penitent and convinced. The husband craves the wife's forgiveness for his former

neglect, and his triumph is complete. We say that a better scene than this we have never seen on the stage, and it will amply repay for any monotony of the previous part of the play.

The acting of the two principal performers, Mdlle. Nathalie and Mons. Regnier, was admirable. Mdlle. Nathalie has vastly improved since her reception at the *Théâtre Francaise*. There is a vivacity and earnestness in her impersonations which arrests and captivates the attention, as was testified in the scene with her husband, in which she owns her fault and solicits his forgiveness. M. Regnier was excellent as the husband. The other parts were sustained by Mdlle. Avenel and Messrs. Loguet, Tourillon, and a Mdlle. Tetard, a little child, who spoke gracefully the few words allotted to her.

Monsieur Lafont has repeated several of his favourite characters, and has been warmly received by the public. He is, if possible, more imitatively humorous than ever.

J. DE C—

MUSICAL PROFESSORSHIP.

THE following letter appeared in the *Times* of yesterday:—

"Sir,—In these days, when 'University abuses' are the cry, there are few which escape the notice of the public and the denunciation of the public press. There is one, however, which I do not think has yet been adumbrated upon—the absence of our Professor of Music, Sir H. R. Bishop, from his chair. This absence of professors is, unfortunately, of too frequent occurrence to cause much remark, but when we see advertisements in the daily papers announcing that that functionary is engaged in the delivery of courses of lectures at the Polytechnic Institution and Whittington Club, it certainly seems odd that, if he does lecture anywhere, it should not be in fulfilment of his infinitely more honourable and important office here, rather than to the indiscriminate audiences of the above institutions; particularly as I learn that on entering on his Professorship he expressed his intention of delivering regular courses of lectures. I do not know whether he is one of those wise men for whom, according to the proverb, a word is sufficient; I hope he is, and remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
"Oxford, May 15. MUSICUS OXONIENSIS."

The absence of functionaries is, unfortunately, not the only evil connected with musical professorships. We have no time to enter into the subject, but propose, unless interrupted by other matter of immediate interest, to devote some articles to its consideration.

REVIEWS.

The Bury Bee Polka.—WESSEL and Co., 229, Regent Street.

THIS is the most brilliant, lively, and tuneful Polka we have seen for some months past, and possesses that great desideratum for popularity, that even in the hands of a performer of most moderate pretensions, it cannot fail to produce a pleasing and sparkling effect.

MUSICAL ENIGMA.

THE FIVE DAYS OF THE YEAR.

My first it is St. David's day,
Tune your Welsh harp, a merry air to play!
My second's the 2nd of June,
When the nightingale sings his pleasant tune;
My third is the 1st of September,
As the sportsman will doubtless remember;
The 4th of April, number four—
(We will not be bored with many days more)
The 4th of March, the last we bring,
All these five days shall make us dance and sing.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

OPERA COMIQUE.—Mr. Mitchell's talented troupe will have given three performances in Manchester when this appears in your columns—the last (on Friday night) was shall not be able to report for this week's number. Being passionately fond of opera, whether national or foreign, and having such rare opportunities here for indulging our taste, we were anxious to be present at all the three operas, and were also curious to see how this, the first production of French opera in Manchester, in French, and by French artists, would be patronized. We were well pleased to see a fairly-filled pit, and a full dress circle (upper circle and galleries were nearly empty) on Monday, the opening night. The operas selected were all Auber's; the first, "*Les Diamans de la Couronne*," the second, "*Le Domino Noir*," the third, "*Fra Diavolo*." It is our belief the last will prove the most attractive of the three, from it being better known, and the music being more popular; still, there was a better house on Monday than we anticipated; and the audience must, a good portion of them, have understood French well, to enjoy the points in the dialogue as they evidently did. We were delighted with the whole affair; there was nothing extravagant or astonishing, but much to delight and please. Madlle. Charton, of course, stands out from the rest of the company as a star of great brilliancy, if not of the first water; her figure and face are very prepossessing, to begin with; her voice is of excellent quality, and her vocalization most exquisitely finished and refined. We are of good old Mrs. Malaprop's opinion about eemparisons—still it is neither odious or unjust to say, that Mdlle. Charton reminded us of Jenny Lind in voice, and Sontag in the delicacy and grace of her ornaments. Of course we do not mean that Mdlle. Charton's voice has either the silvery brilliancy of the one, or the mellifluous purity of the other, still she has a charm of her own that belongs to neither of those eminent *prime donne*. As an actress her talent is first-rate. Indeed, this French opera company has convinced us that, as comic actors, they are unapproached. We remember not liking French tragedy when Rachel was here, some few years ago (great as Rachel herself was—we thought her, and think her still, the greatest tragic actress we ever saw), on account of the sing-song delivery of their tragic verse, and stilted tone of most of the actors. There is none of this in the Opera Comique; the dialogue is delivered with all that point and pliancy of style in which the French are "to the manner born." Then they are the best dressers for the stage in the world. In their dress and attitudes to all subordinate parts of a performance, our English actors and stage managers would do well to take a lesson from their French brethren.

We cannot say so much in praise of the *Crown Diamonds* as a "grand opera," as it has been unjustly called. The clever author of *La Muette de Portici* must not rest his fame on either *Les Diamans de la Couronne* or *Le Domino Noir*. Neither can we congratulate Mons. Scribe on his libretto. A more wild or improbable tale than that a Queen of Portugal, about to be crowned, should associate with a band of coiners in the Estremadura mountains for the purpose of getting the crown diamonds copied—to replace the real with false—for the sake of her exhausted treasury, one would think too much, even for a French audience. So it is, however, and Auber does not seem to have derived any very brilliant inspiration from his subject; for, melodious as Auber generally is, there is scarcely a bit in the whole of the *Crown Diamonds* that dwells in the memory, except the chorus of coiners (which is striking and characteristic), and the somewhat commonplace "galop" tune that occurs in the overture, and afterwards as a sort of accompaniment to a concerted piece in the opera. The orchestra on this occasion was the usual theatrical one, with some useful additions in both wind and string departments, ably led by Mr. C. A. Seymour, and sensibly conducted by Mons. Hanssens. The overture is of the noisy modern French school—in our opinion, unworthy Auber's reputation. It was very fairly played, saving

* When our correspondent is more familiar with Auber's music, he will retract these hurried opinions.—Ed.

the horn and cornet department. The gentleman who plays the latter instrument seems more at home in solo playing than in his orchestral parts. From what we said of Madlle. Charton at the commencement, it will be supposed that the rest of the company are not first-rate vocalists, any one of them; still, they are all respectable—all painstaking and correct—so that the performance went smoothly from beginning to end. Madlle. Charton, indeed, pleased her audience at first; and, as the opera proceeded, it was evident she grew more and more in favour from the increasing bursts of applause bestowed on all her vocal efforts, from her "Où, c'est moi," on her entrance, to the pathetic solo "Je suis femme, je suis Reine." She was loudly called for at the close of the opera. On receiving the customary floral tributes, she goodnaturedly would persist in sharing them with Madlle. Guichard, and the audience gave her another distinct round of applause for it. We were on the whole very much pleased with Madlle. Charton, and think more highly of your able critic, "J. de C." now that we have seen and heard Mr. Mitchell's company. Madlle. Guichard, as Diana, did what she had to do in the duets and concerted music respectfully and well. Madlle. Lac was very earnest and graceful as Don Henrique; he sings well and correctly, though not gifted with such a tenor voice as some that we have heard on the Italian boards; the same may be said of M. Soyer. The best male voice, as it appeared to us, was the bass, M. Huguet; the weakest, M. Chateaufort; the former would have been very good indeed but for a slight nasal quality. The concerted music and chorusses all went fairly for the numbers, but appeared deficient in force and power. The most effective scenes in the opera were those where Don Henrique and the disguised princess are together in the colonnade in the first act, and the scene two in the Castle of Combra in the second. We shall not soon forget the arch way in which Madlle. Charton replied to the inquisitive lover in the first "C'est mon secret," or her proud look as in the second as she uttered, "Moi! votre maîtresse!" but she was very charming throughout. The dresses were very appropriate, each costume being so complete, that the individual actors might have walked out of the canvas of a picture of the time; this we noticed to be carried out to the greatest minutiae; and also, that the dresses were generally of a superior quality in the material to what we see on the English boards. Last night, *Le Domino Noir* was given—again thin galleries and upper circle—pit and dress-circle well filled. Our impressions, as already given, were fully confirmed. More, with the particulars of *Fra Diavolo*, next week.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I HAD intended writing to you for some time past, but preferred waiting till I could occupy your space with a something that might interest your readers, who, during the present magnificent musical doings at the two operas, won't thank you or your correspondents for filling up the pages of the *Musical World* with the comparatively dry and uninteresting details of provincial "doings." Before I begin, I wish to say a few words relative to a letter, signed "Musica," which you lately inserted, and which, it appears, was written in this town. I flatly deny that the critiques of the *Chronicle* and *Journal* are considered of no worth in Liverpool. They are; or "Musica" would never have written his letter. The truth is, that those papers have, on several occasions, spoken out forcibly and truthfully, respecting musical affairs here; and in consequence, several artists, whose musical incompetence called forth the remarks, have done their best to abuse the writers, but without avail. Your correspondent, however, erred in saying that you only inserted articles from the *Chronicle* and *Journal*; I have frequently sent you extracts from the *Courier* and also from the *Mail*—another paper whose rather too plain-speaking has also raised the ire of the aforesaid envious incompetents. Where artists and critics live there will always be squabbles, but in the end, if a new paper only adhere to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, the critic must prevail. As far as regards myself, since I commenced taking the liberty of troubling you with my scraps of information, I have studiously avoided annoying any one, though the opportunities that have been afforded me of speaking

disagreeable truths respecting the state of music and the drama in Liverpool have been numerous enough. I only give a plain, simple, and true report of what I hear; and not being a "learned pundit" in quavers, try to avoid speaking ill of the crotchets of those whose public performances fall under my notice. So much for the prologue to my speech.

Last Friday, Mr. Percival, a flautist of considerable talent, which he is fast ripening into excellence, commenced giving a series of *Musicales Soirées* at the house of Mr. Robinson, in this town. The room was inconveniently crowded, but notwithstanding, the *soirée* gave general satisfaction, and, as another attempt to promote a love of chamber music in Liverpool, it is worthy of the fostering patronage of all who love the art. The *Courier*, in a lengthy notice of it, says:—

"The flute music given, was, with one exception, of a higher and totally different class to what we have usually heard at concerts, and which have generally consisted of popular melodies varied—constructed, apparently, solely with a view to display rapid execution, and possessing little or no claims to notice as compositions; but even the solitary piece alluded to was itself an exception to the general rule, being as good as could be of its class. Two pieces, however, were entitled to the utmost praise, namely, two movements in a pianoforte and a flute duet, and a capriccio for the flute with pianoforte accompaniments in E flat, both the composition of Mr. Percival—the last, especially, is not only the best flute piece we have ever heard, but is as good as it can be. This praise may appear fulsome, but we can assure our readers we do not, in our opinion, exceed the facts.

"Besides the two compositions referred to, Mr. Percival, in conjunction with three gentlemen, amateurs, executed a quartet by Kuhlau. The trio for two flutes and piano by Kuhlau was very good, and well played by Mr. Percival, an amateur, and Mr. Henry Rogers, on the pianoforte. Spite of what we have said in reference to the ineffectiveness of concerted music written for three or four flutes, we adhere to our previous statement, that the selection was a vast improvement on what is usually assigned to the instrument, while the principal part of this excellent programme consisted of compositions of really a high class. Mr. Henry Rogers accompanied all the songs, and executed the extremely difficult piano parts in the duet and capriccio most admirably. This gentleman has immense powers of execution, which he displayed to great advantage in Chopin's *Tarantelle*. He played, as an introduction to it, a clever and peculiar, rather than interesting, prelude by the same composer. Mr. John Robinson sang Beethoven's "Adelaide" very charmingly. His voice is more powerful, and has greater compass, than when we heard him last. He also rendered very effectively Feca's sweet little ballad, "The Red Rose," and not less well Spohr's "The Maid and Bird," Mr. Percival playing the obligato flute part. Mr. Percival's performances throughout were marked by great care, and feeling, much taste, and most finished execution."

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY gave a concert at their hall on Tuesday last, on which occasion Mendelssohn's *Middlemarch Night's Dream* was performed, the text being recited by Mr. Barry Sullivan most excellently. This actor is a fine clarionist, but, from the immense quantity of prose he had to speak, a monotony of tone was inevitable, and which, combined with so much music, was rather wearying to the auditors than otherwise. Some parts of the delightful music were admirably given, particularly the choruses; but the soloists did not possess sufficient talent and power to give due effect to so glorious a composition. The band had evidently been well drilled, as they played with great spirit and delicacy, the overture being finely given. The wedding march—that most jubilant of all musical inspirations—was loudly scored. Notwithstanding the beauty of the music and the story, the audience were fatigued at the termination; and I doubt the policy of giving works of such magnitude entire at a provincial concert, unless the talent engaged is first-rate—a desideratum much wanted on this occasion. I do not mean to underrate local talent, and feel glad that our first musical society frequently requests their services, but I think the opinion which exists among the subscribers to the Philharmonic Society is that the same singers are brought forward rather too prominently. We have "turned out" some excellent vocalists in this town; but their fellowtownsmen have little or no chance of

hearing them at Jbo Philharmonie Hall. Would it not be worth while to give us a fair opportunity of hearing such singers as Mr. Weiss, Mr. Travers, Miss Anne Kemmer, and several others whose names I cannot now call to mind? Hitherto they have only been heard at badly "got up" concerts and wretchedly performed operas.

During this week, Mr. Bunn has been giving his Monologue at the Theatre Royal to, I am sorry to say, very poor houses. I really expected that hundreds would have rushed, if it were out of nothing else but mere curiosity, to see the "pet poet" of *Punch*; but no, as I said before, the attendance was very poor. I scarcely think there was £5 in the house either on Monday or Wednesday. His "entertainment" is very amusing, and though some of the jokes are strikingly venerable, yet all he says and does is so well said and done, that he cannot fail to please. His remarks upon the decline and prospects of the drama appeared to me to be very just, and well worthy of the consideration of all who wish prosperity to the British drama.

Next week, Charten, *La belle charmante*, pays us another visit, fresh from her triumphs in Dublin and Manchester. We are to have three more operas, two of them quite new to Liverpool, namely, *Zampa* and *Le Caid*, respecting which much curiosity exists here, a very recent French opera being a perfect curiosity in our musical annals. We all owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Mitchell, but I am afraid he has ruined the prospects of our musical and operatic companies, let the *Cemique* Company play and sing with such ease and completeness, that we shall have little or no relish for the slovenly produced and performed pieces that have usually been given here as the best specimens of English opera.—

May 16, 1850.

J. H. N.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—In my last letter but one, I promised to offer a few remarks on a subject that I feel sure will have long engaged the earnest attention of most of the "organical" readers of the *Musical World*; namely, the agitation which at this moment, and for some years past, has been, and is being, carried on in the English Church, on the subject of the Gregorian Chants. That promise it is now my intention, Mr. Editor, with your kind permission, to proceed to fulfil.

Probably, few of your readers are aware, whatever may have been their suspicion in the matter, that the present noisy outcry in favour of the Gregorian Chants, originated in the *Romish Church*. Yet, such is in reality the case. It will be recollected, that some ten or twenty years ago, little or nothing was heard about a return to the use of the said chants in the celebrations of the service of the Reformed Church. It was admitted, indeed, on all hands, that the music then in use was not always of the healthy character it should have been; and organists, in various parts of the country, feeling sensible of this, endeavoured, — sometimes assisted, sometimes opposed by the clergy — to bring about a better state of things. It had not, however, occurred to them to assert that the Gregorian Chants were "an infallible remedy" for all existing evils; and that a return to them, if persevered in, would be the means of "purging Church Music of its levity and effeminacy." No; this strange position was reserved for others to take.

About eight years since, that is, on the 26th of April, 1842, the Cardinal Archbishop of Mechlin issued "an order to the Romish Clergy of the diocese of Malines," in which decree occur the following directions:—

"It is manifest, according to the holy fathers and the council, that chanting and music in Divine service ought only to be employed as a means of celebrating with more solemnity the praises of God, and to excite the minds of the faithful to the adoration of the Divine Majesty, and to holy desires. We therefore urgently recommend to the curates, and other officiating priests, and also to those who serve in private chapels, to regulate the chanting, the use of the organ, &c." And further on, after a laudation of the Gregorian Chants, it continues:—"We therefore exhort that it (that is the Gregorian Chant), may be continued in those places where it

is still used, AND THAT IT BE RE-ESTABLISHED, PROPAGATED, AND CULTIVATED WHERE IT HAS BEEN ABANDONED, &c."

The decree from which the above extracts are made, was translated and printed in full in some of the extreme High Church (or semi-papistical) magazines of the day, where it was commented upon in terms of high approval.

Now, by a most remarkable coincidence—like the Gregorian Chant pointed out in G. R. C.'s sensible letter, rather too remarkable in one to be a coincidence at all,—about the period at which the above "order" was issued, a certain clique of the clergy of the High Church party affected to have discovered that the Gregorian Chants were the very essence of all that is solemn, sublime, and grand; and accordingly,—for the purpose of purifying the Music of the Church, as was said, but virtually to obey the dictates of a dignitary of another church, towards which many of them were then looking, and to which several have since succeeded,—forthwith raised their voices in favour of these chants, which, such as they had been commanded to "re-establish, propagate, and cultivate, were abolished." And it is unfortunate for the cause of Church Music, that the agitation did not cease with the retirement from the church of some of her inconsiderate members; but has been persisted in up to the present time. It generally happens, however, that some circumstance is permitted to exist, to defeat the schemes of designing men. And so it is the case in this instance. One fact has all along materially tended to check, and let us hope will yet entirely thwart, to Romanise the English Reformed Church, in the particulars of music—namely, the existence of the Anglican Chants. These simple strains, as your readers are aware, are peculiar to the English Church; and a rich inheritance they are. Part of the original Gregorianising intention was to thrust into the hands of the masses, as being inferior to the Gregorian Chants. The movers, however, were soon taught to know that the better informed part of the clergy and laity were not disposed to belie the evidence of their senses so far as to join in the cry that the Gregorian Chants were either mere solemn in character, or better (if equally) adapted for congregational purposes, than some of the Anglican Chants. On the contrary, it was retorted that the better kind of Anglican Chants possess all the best points of the Gregorian, divested of their stiffness; and, besides certain additional advantages arising from the discoveries in the musical art, which have been made since the Gregorian era. On observing this intelligent resistance on the part of earnest English Churchmen, the Gregorianisers, with characteristic shrewdness, tried a change of ground; and now endeavoured to show that the Gregorian and Anglican Chants were, after all, much the same kind of thing; that, although the Gregorian Chants were written in one part only, and the Anglican in four; the Gregorians out of time, and the Anglicans in time; the Gregorians with both reciting notes the same, and the Anglicans with both different; and the progress of the Gregorian notes moving one way, and those of the Anglicans another, yet there was little real difference between the two classes of Chants. Now, what an impudent attempt was this to mislead the credulous—what a willful disposition to prostitute influence to bad ends does it unfold! If so many as from sixty to seventy of the Anglican Chants were fairly traceable to Gregorian sources (excepting only the variations above pointed out), as was pretended to be the case, then any return from the better to the ruder Chants was surely quite uncalled for; unless, indeed, as a significant declaration of a spirit of sneaking seditiousness on the part of their advocates to the decrees of a hostile Church. Again, if a recognition of the Gregorian Chants was really to be traced in the Anglican Chants from the time of Tallis to that of Dupuis and our own, how hypocritical to talk of a "return" to antiquarianisms which, in that case, could never have been forgotten.

As the Anglican Chants now exist, as did they before the present Gregorian rumpus was kicked up; and so would they have continued.

• The writer desires to draw the distinction between the High Church party, which he has the happiness to know abounds with earnest, good, and faithful men, and those whom one of the greatest ornaments of the High Church party (Dr. Hook), has been compelled to denounce as "men who are eating the bread of the Church of England, and doing the work of the Church of Rome." His remarks are directed to those who, whether in music or outward observances, or doctrine, make the object of their ministry to consist in copying the Church of Rome as closely as possible.

tioned to do without any such a wretched fuss. The fact is, the whole movement is founded on a dogged determination to "bring in" the Gregorian Chants without being at all particular as to how.

And this, Sir, is the reformation of Church music upon Church principles! On Jesuitical it may be, but certainly not on honest, straightforward, above-board, Church of England principles.

I remain, my dear Sir, yours truly and obliged,
Friday, May 10, 1850. AN ORGANIST.

(To be continued.)

M. SILAS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—There is an old saying of being "as welcome as flowers in May," which, as they are a long time coming and of short duration, suggest a very agreeable idea; but change it to "as frequent as flowers every week," and how complete is the sensation reversed; and be assured that the latter is the effect produced upon your readers by the almost weekly appearance of the contributions of your pertinacious correspondent, with whose name I have taken the above liberty. I know that it is vulgar to pun upon proper names, but I cannot refrain from saying to myself, when I see the well-known signature, "Everlasting Flowers," again. This was "wrong" from me by part of your last number. I mean that part in which the last (I fear not) letter of that writer appears. Now, Sir, let me ask you what excuse there can be for obtruding that letter upon the notice of your readers? For, in it, he admits that he knows nothing of the persons alluded to by either "A Reader" or by "Musics," and yet his love for seeing himself in print is so great that he does not mind shewing, that although he is little inclined to bear contradiction from others, he has no objection to inflict it upon himself—at least, that is what I understand from his letter; for he says, that because he has read that a young lady has excellent qualities of voice, and that, when she has finished her vocal studies, which are being pursued at the Royal Academy of Music, he hopes she will be qualified to sing at the Italian Opera, and yet he follows up this hope by shewing how little foundation there is for it, by regretting the number of voices, with excellent qualities, turned out by the Royal Academy of Music worth nearly nothing. He then bestows his protection upon M. Silas, of whom he says he also knows nothing, but good-naturedly puts that gentleman down as a man of moderate capacity, and condescends in venture to predict that his compositions, of which he knows nothing, will prove as good as most of such foreign fashionable pianoforte pieces. Dear me! Bless us! Happy M. Silas! What a dignified and condescending nod from the great professor of "two and two make four," seated upon his mole-hill mountain of fudge. I only hope that M. Silas may appreciate the patronage so benevolently bestowed upon him.

The simple cause of the letter of which I complain will be found in the postscript—it was to have another fling at the British musicians, who, very wisely, no doubt, will not have your correspondent among them, although he is so anxious "to be of use," and I think that very circumstance is the real cause of the "black ball" for experience has shewn that no persons are so much in the way as those who are so determined to be useful, which is too frequently an excuse for meddling in everybody's business and neglecting their own.

When your correspondent can descend from his contrapuntal stills or contrapuntal "contrivance," as he well calls fugues, or to speak more fully numerical, contrivances adapted to notation, which is what they really are; when I say he can permit his contrapuntal great toe to touch the earth, and can feel sufficiently mortal to allow the idea of melody to cross his mind, I should feel greatly obliged if, in a childish mood, he would permit a mere sputter of his pen to take that direction; for I am a conscientious person, and I fear that I wrong him in believing that he could not write twelve bars of original melody, if his life depended upon it. I shall be most happy to be undeceived upon this point.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully, DUTCH PINKS.

P.S.—I beg your correspondent to understand that he is required to neither quibble nor scribble, but to write a melody. Let him do it. And, which is more, your readers do not wish to see his name again until he has done it.

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—When are we to have a continuation of the highly interesting criticisms of Mr. Macfarren upon Beethoven's Symphonies? I, as well as a great many more of your subscribers, have been sadly disappointed at the long delay in the production of this clever poetical essay on these masterpieces.—Yours truly, W. C. H.

Penzance, May 14, 1850.

MR. FRANCH FLOWERS AND THE BACH SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—In a late number of the "Musical World," I was surprised and vexed to see a letter from Mr. G. F. Flowers, animadverting somewhat roughly on the Bach Society. It seems Mr. F. is hurt at not having been elected (without application) an honorary member of that Society. I cannot but think, that if, before condemning the Society, Mr. F. had taken the trouble to learn something about it—fer, about it he tells us that he knows nothing—he would have held a different tune. Surely no man has a right to find fault with a Society for not departing from their rules and customs in order to make him an honorary member. With Mr. F.'s complaint against the British Musicians, I have nothing to do; but it does seem to me somewhat unreasonable in him to be angry with the Bach Society for their transgressions. For Mr. Flowers I have a sincere respect, as a sound musician of the best school, and as one of the best teachers that any country has ever produced; and I cannot but think, that if he will only take the trouble to inform himself somewhat more accurately concerning the infant Society he has so unceremoniously condemned, he will be glad to retract his opinion.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

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Member of the Bach Society.

London, May 16, 1850.

DR. MAINZER AT MANCHESTER.

(From the Manchester Advertiser.)

On Thursday night, the 9th inst., the first practice meeting of all the classes taught by Dr. Mainzer, in connexion with the Normal School of Music, took place in the Free Trade Hall, and was a most interesting proceeding. The pupils occupied the centre of the hall, within the pillars. The bills announced that 1800 would be present, and we should think that fully that number attended. The audience was large, and the platform was occupied by members of families of distinction. On the platform we noticed, during the evening, his Worship the Mayor of Manchester, who presided, the Very Rev. the Dean of Manchester and family, Sir Elkanah and Mrs. Arncliffe and party, Mr. Oliver Heywood and party, Mr. J. A. Turner and party, Mr. Commissioner Jemmett, Mr. Robert Barbour, and other influential townspeople, with the juvenile members of their families.

A little after seven o'clock the Mayor of Manchester rose to commence the proceedings. He said he trusted no one had attended expecting to find perfect musicians, for they would probably go away disappointed. Dr. Mainzer had not long resided in the town, and it was only in October last that these classes commenced. None, therefore, had had such instruction as would entitle the audience to expect perfection; besides, these five classes had never sung together till the previous night; they had only had one rehearsal.

The vocal performances then commenced; they consisted of pieces calculated to exhibit progress, adopting a liberal standard of comparison; the singing was good throughout, and the number of mistakes committed fewer than we expected. Led by Dr. Mainzer at the pianoforte, and accompanied by Mr. D. W. Banks on the organ, the vast school sang well together. The girl trebles were decidedly superior to the boy trebles in general quality of voice, and in careful execution. The lights and shades introduced were several of them given with clearness and feeling, and in the mass they were deserving of high praise. The solos were for the most part not so good, from the timidity of the soloists,—little lads

and lasses of very juvenile years. Where this timidity was not perceptible, there was a fluency of execution which seemed to break either great musical genius, or a training previous to attendance at the school. There was much grandeur in some of the choruses when the whole voices swelled in unison, and then subsided into the soft contralto of the girls, or the depths of the men's sonorous tones. Several of the pieces were deservedly encored, and others were much applauded.

When the programme was gone through, at the request of the Chairman,

The Very Rev. the Dean of Manchester rose and said, that not only in obedience to the request of his Worship the Mayor, but out of great sincerity of feeling, he rose to propose an expression of acknowledgement to Dr. Mainzer, for the admirable entertainment he had afforded. They must, he was sure, all have been delighted with that which had been exhibited. To his own mind, it was one of the most gratifying instances afforded of the intelligence and good feeling prevailing in Manchester, that so many young persons should have been found assembled together for such a purpose. The progress they had made under the instruction of that wonderful man, as he must call him, in so short a space of time as six months, must have astonished every one in the meeting, and they could not but wish him most abundant success, because he seemed to be bent on doing good service to society. Not only was he labouring with increased and increasing vigour for the purpose of bringing together those in social harmony who perhaps hitherto had never been accustomed to assemble themselves together for such a desirable purpose, but he had taught them how to use their time when so associated, and to make to themselves, when at their homes, the happy instruments in the hands of God for spreading good throughout the whole community. The cultivation of music had always been recognised as one of the most chastening and delightful occupations in which a human being could be engaged; it gave a new source of pleasure, and a means of occupying time agreeably and happily, which otherwise might be employed in debasing pursuits. He hoped what had been begun well would be successfully carried on, and he trusted that Dr. Mainzer would, in Manchester, receive that encouragement which his talents and industry deserved.—(Cheers from the pupils.) He had come among us professing himself a stranger, although his name was known to the whole world; he had come for the purpose of doing good to others, as well as benefiting himself; it was not a selfish motive which prompted him to engage in such laborious work as he went through day by day, but he felt that in his daily occupation it was his duty to render the best service he could to the social community. Manchester was not ungrateful; it was not a place to discountenance industrial talent; and, therefore, he (the Dean) firmly believed that every encouragement Dr. Mainzer could reasonably expect would be afforded him; and he trusted no circumstances would induce him to depart from us until he had leverened the whole community with the same spirit he possessed himself. For his (the Dean's) own part, he was willing to give him every encouragement in his power; and he had already set the example by sending his own children to Dr. Mainzer for instruction. If others did the same, he would be abundantly supported, and then he could give to others, who could not afford to pay for it, the advantages which were secured by those who might be superior in station, but not, perhaps, in talent or information.—(Hear.) He proposed that the thanks of the meeting be given to Dr. Mainzer for the admirable and unexpected entertainment he had afforded, and also for the benefit he was conferring on society at large by his arduous labours in Manchester.

Mr. Oliver Heywood seconded the motion. He said he felt flattered by the compliment of calling upon him to second the resolution. He wished the duty had fallen into other and better hands, but he was unwilling to yield to any one in the expression of the warmth of interest he took in the object which Dr. Mainzer had in view. He had been several times reminded, since he entered the hall, of the policy which some years ago originated in it—a policy which had been the means of giving the industrious classes of the community, in greater abundance and larger allowance, the blessings of this life—of cheaper food and cheaper clothing—a policy which would, he trusted, be the means of still more multiplying their blessings; and he could not but feel that the

object in view that evening was second only to that contemplated by that great and glorious policy. He could not but feel that Dr. Mainzer sought, as much as possible, to promote the happiness, the social intercourse, and well-being of the large community that he had around him. Truly did he wish Dr. Mainzer hearty success in his labours, for they would be the means of sweetening the pleasures of home, of doubling its gratifications, and of strewn with flowers the laborious pathway of life.—(Hear.)

The Mayor, before putting the resolution, congratulated Dr. Mainzer upon the success which had attended his efforts. He looked back to last October with the greatest possible satisfaction, because he had then an opportunity of taking a part, with others of his fellow-townsmen, in establishing this Normal Music School. He knew Dr. Mainzer's devotion to the object he had in view—his singleness of purpose—that his object was not only to refine and cultivate the taste of the people, but the much higher, nobler object of making music an instrument in improving their moral and social position, and he believed his labours would be crowned by the success of that great and good object.—(Hear, hear.) On behalf of the town he had the honour to represent, he cordially thanked Dr. Mainzer for his labour of love for the community.—(Cheers.) Dr. Mainzer's labours were absolutely and entirely gratuitous; the instructions that had been afforded to the multitude around him, then, had been extended out of the fulness of a good heart, without fee or reward, or any hope of it. The labour he had taken upon him, in endeavouring to improve the social and moral position of this portion of the community, by no means sat lightly upon his shoulders. It was a most arduous task he had undertaken. Every evening in the week he devoted two hours of his precious time to the instruction of the classes, and on Saturday he devoted an hour and a half to the same object. May God bless his efforts (energetically said his worship) to improve this community, and may this community appreciate the efforts which he is making! (Hear, hear.) Speaking to the pupils, his worship reminded them that, during the past year, a great proportion of them had had the opportunities of leaning through the kindness and generosity of others, but that might not continue, and if they appreciated the advantages they had enjoyed, they would be fully prepared to pay the small charge for which those advantages were offered. Only five shillings a year entitled them to the advantage of Dr. Mainzer's instructions, and he firmly believed that there were few of their friends who would not think that a very small return for the advantages and enjoyment they received. Who that had witnessed the assemblage that evening could for a moment doubt the enjoyment and delight that had attended the progress and the gaining of knowledge; this enjoyment of the pupils he firmly believed was extended to their homes; and if the cultivation of music was continued and extended throughout the community, many a home which had been deserted by one and sometimes both of the parents, would be made a home of happiness and enjoyment, and the parents would remain to hear the sweet voices of their children.—(Cheering.) Having referred to Dr. Mainzer's successful efforts in Paris and Edinburgh, his worship remarked—If that measure of success had attended him in those two capitals, surely in a community like that of Manchester, where musical taste and knowledge were so much appreciated and extended, we might hope for greater results than even those before him. He had the happiness to say, that during the session they were to have another meeting; and he trusted that at no very distant period the magnificent hall they were met in would be too small to accommodate all parties. But this success could not be accomplished without funds, and he was sure that to good an object, the committee had a right to expect, would be supported by the whole community; that money offerings would be made on all sides without solicitation, because those who had witnessed the results of Dr. Mainzer's efforts would be convinced, that if supported they would be crowned with success. His worship then put the resolution. It was carried unanimously, the pupils loudly cheering.

Dr. Mainzer returned thanks. He said that six months ago he met the Mayor of Manchester and some other gentlemen at the Town Hall to consider the plan, but it was thought enthusiasm—a dream. Well, only six months had gone and that dream of enthusiasm stood, in all the vigour of full life, with 2000 voices to show it.—(Applause.) The plan was based upon experience, and

principle, on the conviction that a work of this kind would be useful to society. Every town ought to have an institution of a similar kind, a view which had been admitted by all writers upon the position of the operatives. He hoped schools of this kind would for ever exist in the capital of manufactures. He gave much of the credit of success of the schools to the Mayor of Manchester, whose hearty co-operation had given an impetus and encouragement which were greatly needed.

The assembly broke up about half-past nine o'clock.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ has arrived in town, from Manchester, for the London season. He will perform at one of the next meetings of the Musical union.

THALBERG has arrived in town, and will perform a concerto of Mozart's at the next Philharmonic concert.

MR. MACFARREN has sold the foreign copyright of *Charles the Second* to an eminent music firm at Vienna, where, in all probability, the work will be shortly produced.

M. BILLET.—This rising and talented pianist gave the second of his second series of illustrations of the great composers for the pianoforte on Friday, the 10th inst., at St. Martin's Hall. The principal features were Mendelssohn's Fantasia in F sharp major (played at a previous concert, but repeated by particular desire), and G. A. Macfarren's second sonata in A major, both of which produced the greatest effect. We are unable to say more of this performance at present, except that the room was crowded as usual. Next week, in speaking of the third and last concert, we intend giving a *résumé* of M. Billet's performance at St. Martin's Hall.

M. APOLLINAIRE DE KOWSKI, the violinist, is returned to town from Paris.

MRS. EUGENE SCRIBE, the celebrated dramatist, arrived in London on Thursday, to assist at the rehearsals of his new piece, *La Tempeste*, to be produced shortly at Her Majesty's Theatre.

M. C. DE RICHEMIEU, of Nice, well known in Parisian circles as a tenor singer and as a composer of vocal romances, has arrived in London.

THE MISSES SOPHIE AND ISABELLA DULCKEN'S CONCERT.—(From an occasional Contributor.)—These talented young ladies are the daughters of Mr. Henry Dulcken, and nieces to the late Madame Dulcken. The *matinée* took place, by permission of Mrs. Bethel, at her residence, in Bryanston-square. A select and elegant audience assembled. Madlle. Sophie Dulcken, the young pianiste, possesses all the requisites for a first-rate executant, which may in due time qualify her to assume the honourable position in which her lamented aunt, the late Madame Dulcken, shone for so many years. A glance at the programme of the pianoforte pieces selected by Madlle. S. Dulcken shows her versatility in different styles.

A Grand Fantasia on *Lucia di Lammermoor*—Thalberg; "La Fontaine," Grand Etude de Concert—C. Mayer; Etude, No. 15—Stephen Heller; "Margaret," Etude de Concert—A. Billet; "Si c'est l'été," from Op. 2—A. Henckell; Impromptu in A flat, Op. 23—Chopin; Impromptu in E flat, Op. 22—Th. Kalkb.; Etude, No. 23—Stephen Heller; "Le Bon Humeur" H. Dulcken.

As these works are well known, we deem it unnecessary further to speak of them. Madlle. S. Dulcken succeeded in all her performances. She took also part in Hummel's Sixth Trio, Op. 96, excellently supported by M. M. Deichmann and Hausmann. The finale of this trio was rendered with much spirit. Herr Charles Oberthür, the eminent harpist, made his *débüt* this season in London, and astonished the audience by his extraordinary *tour de force*, as well as elegance and grace. M. Deichmann afforded much pleasure in Viennet's brilliant Fantasia Caprice. We observed a great improvement in this gentleman's boldness of style and firmness of intonation. He unquestionably deserves to hold a conspicuous rank amongst our best violinists. Schubert's lovely song, "Ye flow'ers that to me give," was sung by Herr Stigelli with the sweetness and passion for which his delivery is remarkable. In his own *canczonetta*, "La mia gondolella," and the *lied*, "War ich ein Engel," he created great enthusiasm. A pretty German song by Curtschmann, "No, I will not bear it longer," sang by Madlle. Wagner, received its due meed of applause. This young lady appears already firmly established in public favour. The

younger of the two sisters, Madlle. Isabella Dulcken, although but thirteen years of age, showed that her time had been well spent in forming a talent of a peculiar kind. Her perfect and elegant style of execution on the concertina reflects much credit on her master, Signor Ginio Rogondi. When heard to such advantage as on this occasion, it is no wonder that the concertina finds many proselytes.

THE CHORAL FUNG.—The Oratorio selected for performance last evening, for the benefit of this charity, was Haydn's *Seasons*, conducted by Mr. Jules Benedict, under the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, and the Royal Family. Amongst the vocalists whose services were secured for the occasion, were Miss Birch, Mr. H. Phillips, and Mr. Lockey. The Band and chorus were on a most efficient and extensive scale, and consisted of nearly 800 performers. From the appearance of the rooms, which were crowded in every part, we are led to hope that this charitable and benevolent institution has received a large accession to its funds.

MADAME AND MADMOISELLE UCCELLI have arrived in London for the season. A journal published at the Hague, where those ladies have been recently sojourning, has the following paragraph concerning them:—"Our town possesses at this moment two artists of considerable talent—Madame and Mademoiselle Ucelli, of Florence (mother and daughter). Madame Ucelli, whose reputation as a composer is established in Italy and France, has been lately giving concerts in this country and Belgium with much success, in conjunction with her daughter, a *cantatrice*, possessed of a soprano voice, of compass and purity. We learn that during their sojourn in London, to which they are destined, these ladies propose to display their talents in some concerts, where amateurs of good music will attend." Madame Ucelli will be remembered as having, two years ago, sung at concerts in London with considerable success.

SURRAY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—The new picture, painted by Messrs. Danon and Son for this popular place of amusement, represents the passage of the Alps by Napoleon and his army. The mountains, of which the St. Bernard is the most conspicuous, are exhibited in an elaborated set-scene, and the soldiers, represented by moving figures, are seen in various sizes to denote variety of distance, their march being from the low mountains in the foreground to the lofty summits at the back. The whole picture is very ingeniously and effectively contrived, and the problem of painting against a real sky, which is peculiar to this kind of exhibition, is solved, as usual, with great success. The band at the gardens is now composed of wind instruments only, and during the passage of the Alps, French melodies, popular at the time of Napoleon, are played. On Monday, Julien and his orchestral force commence operations.

THE OFFICE OF LAUREATE.—The poet laureate, was formerly called the king's versifier, and may be traced as far back as 1251, at which period his stipend was one hundred shillings per annum; it is now £100 a year. In the "History of English Poetry," Mr. Watson says, "In the reign of Edward IV. the first mention is made of the more dignified appellation of Laureate, which was originally bestowed on John Kay." Mr. Watson is also of opinion that the title arose from the degrees taken at the University of Oxford, on which occasion a wreath of laurel was presented to the new graduate, who was styled *Poeta Laureatus*—*Etc.*

SADLER'S WALLS THEATRE.—On Thursday night the performances at this house were in aid of the funds of the "Grand Exposition of 1851," and the liberality of the lessees, in devoting their theatre to such a purpose, was well met by a hearty acknowledgment on the part of the public. The house was crammed to suffocation in every part; and Mr. Phelps, when he came forward to deliver the address written for the occasion by Mr. R. H. Horne, was received with deafening applause. The first four acts of *Henry VIII.* formed the principal part of the entertainment, and were distinguished by the genuine and unobtrusive pathos of Mr. Phelps in the farewell scene of Cardinal Wolsey, and the almost preternatural interpretation which Miss Glynn gives to the death of Queen Catherine. Mr. R. H. Horne not only aided the cause by writing the address, but also appeared, as an amateur, in the trial-scene of the *Merchant of Venice*, in which he played the part of Shylock. A miscellaneous concert, and the variations on "Le Carnaval de Venise," played in his most masterly style by Herr Ernst, were added to the dramatic entertainment.

MISS BASSANO'S MATINEE MUSICALS.—This event came off on Sunday, at the Hanover-square Rooms, and was honoured by a full and fashionable attendance. Miss Bassano provided an ample and excellent programme for her visitors. The concert opened with Mendelssohn's Trio in C minor, in the pianoforte part of which Miss Arabella Goddard, a pupil of Thalberg, made her first appearance in London. The *débütante* obtained the assistance of Mr. Beneth and Mr. Lucas as violinist and violoncellist. Miss Arabella Goddard is a very clever pianiste, and her efforts were duly appreciated. She was much applauded in the trio; but her talents were rendered more conspicuous, and her style had fuller scope in Thalberg's *Macanille Fantasia*, which she executed with remarkable facility and boldness. Miss Arabella Goddard's *débüt* was decidedly successful. Miss Josephine Bassano was another *débütante*, and a successful one likewise. She made her primal public effort as vocalist in Spohr's cavatina, "Rose softly blooming," from *Azor and Zamira*. Her voice is fresh and pleasing, and her singing indicates a nice talent. No doubt, habitually will give her more expression and more fire. M. Henri Drayton attempted the "Pif Paf" song. This gentleman is a puzzle to us. He has a semi-French name, yet speaks the English far too well for a foreigner. He has a good voice, yet does not know how to direct it to advantage. He has gained a certain degree of concert reputation in London; yet how acquired it is impossible to make out. M. Henri Drayton, with a really good voice, ought to do something. Meyerbeer's battle-song is entirely beyond his powers. Miss Ransford gave Mozart's "No no mi dir" in a very pleasing, unaffected manner, and was warmly applauded. Catherine Hayes commenced with two songs of Salaman, "Placido Zeffiretto" and "Annie Lawrie," in the last of which she was encored. We cannot laud these songs highly. Mr. Brinley Richards played a fantasia on airs from the *Prophète*—his own composition—and won the suffrages of all his hearers. Miss Bassano sang Donizetti's "Cari luoghi" remarkably well. The fair *beneficiaria* was also heard advantageously in the grand air, *Ahi, quel giorno*, from *Semiramide*—in which she exhibited great facility of execution and energy of style; and a very poor ballad of Linley, called "Oh! say you love me truly," which neither charm of voice nor sweetness of expression could redeem from the Slough of Insignificance, although charm of voice and sweetness of expression obtained for it a most hearty encore. Mr. Sims Reeves sang twice. His first effort was Donizetti's *romanza*, "Se tanto in me," his second, the popular duet from *Linda di Chamouni*, "Da quel di," in which he was joined by Miss Catherine Hayes. Both these pieces were finely given, and both were received with their due meed of applause. A Mr. Swift, a tenor, sang "Il mio tesoro," and made part in a quartet of Mendelssohn and a ditto of E. Biletta. Mr. Lucas was the conductor.

MESSRS. GOLLMICK AND BLACKSHAW'S CONCERT.—(From an occasional Contributor.)—This concert took place on Wednesday evening, at the Princess's Concert Room, which, on that occasion, was completely filled. The list of performers combined the names of Piatelli, Oberthur, Stigelli, Madlo, Rummel, Goffrie, Miss Griesbach, and M. De Bernier, in addition to the *beneficiaries*. Mr. Gollmick's quartet for two violins, tenor, and violoncello, was excellently performed by MM. Goffrie, Stromeyer, Webb, and Elner. It gave general satisfaction; and, in particular, the *Andante con var.* was much applauded. We shall have to say more of this production on a future occasion. It afforded us pleasure to hear Madlle. Rummel, after a twelvemonth's absence in Germany. Her musicianlike style and freshness of voice always find numerous admirers. The beautiful *romanza* by Spohr, "Rose, thou art in thy charms," she sang with great simplicity. She was encored in a French *romanza*, "La Manolo," by Heurion. Miss Mira Griesbach sang the cavatina from *Robert Le Diable*, and received a due share of applause. M. De Bernier, a tenor singer lately arrived in London, displayed a very sweet voice in a couple of French *romanzas*; with a little more fervour in his delivery, he would no doubt become a general favourite. Herr Stigelli, as usual, received an unanimous encore in his own song, when it was replied to by "Wallace's" "There is a flower that bloometh." Herr Oberthur made his second appearance since his return to London. We congratulate the public on having so distinguished a talent added to the long list of virtuosi now resident in the metro-

polis. His "Elegie to Alvars Parish" was so much liked as to produce a general call for an encore. Herr Oberthur, however, played instead a piece of his own composition. De Beriot's *Air Varié* was performed with delicacy and energy by Herr Goffrie, and received much applause. Messrs. Blackshaw and Gollmick selected one of Hummel's best works for their united display on two pianofortes, namely, a grand Duo in C flat minor, Quintett Op. 87, every part of it "came off" in a good style. Signor Piatelli's violoncello solo, beautifully executed, was greeted with immense acclamations. Herr Gollmick delighted his friends with two compositions of his own; his notes are remarkably clear and pearly. A round of applause followed his Fantasia on the "Georgiana Polka."

BIRMINGHAM.—(From a Correspondent.)—A concert was given at the Town Hall, on Wednesday evening, by Miss Amelia Hill, the vocalist; pupil, I believe, of the Royal Academy of Music. Miss Hill provided a tolerable programme, in which she endeavoured to mix the *utile* with the *dulce*, though it must be acknowledged the latter preponderated. The fair *beneficiaria* had for her exhortations—as singers, Miss Huddart, Mr. Frank Bodda, and Mr. Sims Reeves; as instrumentalists, Kate Loder, and Mr. Tilley and pupil. The concert was well attended, and several *encores* were bestowed. Miss Huddart had to repeat Alexander Lee's "We met." This lady has a fine contralto voice. What a pity she knows so little of its management! Miss Amelia Hill was encored with much applause in Bishop's "Let here the gentle lark," Mr. Tilley playing the flute obligato. The lady's singing was much liked. Two other *encores* followed immediately—Sims Reeves in "My sister dear," and Frank Bodda in "Largo al factotum." Mr. Sims Reeves was also encored vociferously in "The Death of Nelson," which he gave with great power; and Mr. Frank Bodda likewise received a similar compliment in "Phillip the Falconer." Miss Amelia Hill sang "Old Robin Gray," and reserved an encore. Kate Loder played Wallace's *Cavatine Fantasia* and Leopold's *Meyer's Lacrima Borgina Fantasia*. The last, a most difficult *morceau* for the piano. It was wonderfully executed, but its wonders seemed to have been idly expended on the audience. Though immensely applauded, it was not understood. The "Cracovienne" was, to the audience, quite another affair, and was encored with rapturous applause. I never heard Kate Loder in more force, nor do I remember to have witnessed a Birmingham audience more excited.

SUNDERLAND.—The Bishopwearmouth Choral Society have recently given their last concert of the season, and for which the committee had secured the services of Miss Emily Grant, the talented vocalist, whose reception and numerous *encores* throughout the evening were most enthusiastic, and most cheerfully did she comply with the unanimous recalls of the audience, mostly substituting another favourite song for each encore, and sometimes accompanying herself in a manner peculiarly calculated to give effect to the true sentiment of the composition, as was particularly apparent in her conception of "Auld Robin Grey," "The Dream of Home," &c. &c., so admirably sung by her. She produced a great effect in the solo of "The Tramp Chorus," and in the third verse of "The National Anthem," both spiritedly sung. There were some excellent glees and madrigals given by the members of the society; and a Miss Anne Brown, understood to be a pupil of Miss Grant, displayed a charming voice in a ballad, in which she was most deservedly encored. Mr. Hiles, a young and rising pianist, presided at that instrument, and accompanied some of his own compositions. Great credit is due to the committee for their efforts in promoting the rising taste and love of music now so prevalent in Sunderland.—(A Correspondent.)

NOTTINGHAM.—The Ditties gave a concert on Wednesday evening at the Mechanic's Hall, which was attended by a numerous audience who were enchanted with the performances of these popular musicians on their silver Sax Horns. Miss M. O'Connor and Mr. T. Dittie were the vocalists.

SOVERA TIERD OCT.—It is stated that M. Soyer, the celebrated cook, is about to quit the Reform Club, the number of dinners required from six to seven p.m., having already sufficiently tied his skill and patience, while some of the members are desirous of introducing more visitors, and thus burdening the kitchen department still more severely.

MR. JULIAN ADAMS, the pianist, is daily expected in London for the season.

MISS ADELA MEULET, the youthful pianiste and composer, has arrived in town for the season.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. BUCHENHALL'S *Musical*, and other notices, are unavoidably postponed to our next.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW SOLO FOR THE FLUTE,

By MR. RICHARDSON.

INTRODUCTION and Variations on the Russian National Hymn, with Pianoforte Accompaniment, dedicated, by permission, to His GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

as performed by the Author on Siccamo's Patent Diatonic Flute. Price 5s. Published at the Patent Flute Manufactory, 135, Fleet Street. May be had of all musicellers.

Description of the Diatonic Flute forwarded free.
A. SICCAMO, Patentee.

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IS NOW Ready for delivery by the DOZEN or by the Single Copy.
WESSEL AND CO., 229, Regent Street.

DISTIN'S CONCERTS.

MR. DISTIN AND SONS will perform on the Sax Horns at the following towns:—May 20th, Grantham; 21st, Uppingham; 22nd, Market Harborough; 23rd, Atherstone; 24th, Coventry.

MR. DISTIN AND SONS will return to Town for the fulfilment of engagements on the 10th of June.

All communications to be addressed to 31, Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, May 22, 1850, will be performed **MEDELBACH'S CANTATA, LAUDA SION!** and for the Second Time, a **FESTIVAL ANTHEM**, composed by Henry Leland, for Two Choirs and Orchestra; **BEETHOVEN'S GRAND SYMPHONY IN D**, and the Overture and Finale to the Second Act of **WEBER'S OBERON**, Principal Vocal Performers:—Miss DEAKIN (Pupil of Alfred Shaw), Mrs. NOBLE, Mr. LOCKETT, Mr. FRANK BOND, and Mr. W. H. STROUT. The Chorus will consist of the Members of Mr. Hullish's First Singing School. The Orchestra will be complete in every department.

Conductor, Mr. JOHN HULLISH.
The Performance will commence at Eight o'clock. Prices of admission: Two Shillings; Reserved Seats, Five Shillings. Tickets may be had of Mr. J. W. PARKER, 445, West Strand; of the principal Musicellers; and at St. Martin's Hall. Temporary Entrances, 98, Long Acre.

SIGNOR AND MADAME FERRARI

BEG to inform their Friends and Pupils that they have **REMOVED** to their permanent residence, No. 60, UPPER NORTON STREET, Portland Place, where they continue to give Instructions in the Cultivation of the Voice, and the various branches of Singing. Their course of Spring Classes is now forming.

Signor and Madame Ferrari have a Vacancy for one Lady as IN-DOOR ARTICLED PUPIL.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL,

89, LONG ACRE.

MR. ALEXANDER BILLET (From St. Petersburg), begs to announce that his **THIRD** and **LAST CONCERT** will take place on Friday, May 26th, when he will have the honour to introduce:—1. Fantasia in A major, (St. Bennett); 2. Grand Duo in F minor (Unlabeled); 3. Grand Duo in A minor (Schubert); 4. Grand Sonata in E flat, dedicated to Madame Boissard, (Steibelt); 5. Progressive Selection of Studies from Clementi, Cramer, Steibelt, Moscheles, Hummel, Pottier, Schumann, and Mendelssohn, &c., &c., &c.

Tickets for a Single Concert, 2s.; Central Seats, 2s.; Reserved Seats, 5s. Subscription to Reserved Seats for the Series, 10s. 6d.

To be had at St. Martin's Hall; of WESSEL and Co., 229, Regent-street; PURDAY, Holborn; FLETCHER, Strand; and KISS and Co., Newgate-street. Also at Mr. BILLET'S Residence, 13, North Bank, Regent's Park.

MR. GODEFROID

BEGS to announce that he will give a **MATINEE MUSICALE** on Wednesday, May 22nd, at the **NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS**, 37, Queen Anna Street, when he will perform several of his latest compositions for the Harp.

Mr. Godefroid will be assisted by eminent vocal talent. Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 15s.; at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s; and at the principal musicellers.

THE FLUTE.

HER MAJESTY'S LETTERS PATENT have been obtained for **TWO NEW FLUTES**, manufactured by Messrs. RUDALL and ROSE, (either in Wood or Silver). The tube and Holes of these Flutes being constructed according to the true principles of Acoustics, there is not a weak or incorrect note throughout the scale, but they possess every perfection of Tone and Tune. One is fingered exactly like the old Flute, for the convenience of those accustomed to that instrument; the fingering of the other is slightly changed, but affords extraordinary facilities of execution.

The Inventor, Mr. Carls, will introduce these Instruments in the course of his Lectures on Musical Instruments and Instrumental Music, at the Scientific Institution, Edward Street, Portman Square, London, 13th May; and the City of London Institution, 15th and 22nd May. They may also be seen at RUDALL and ROSE'S Manufactory, 28, Southampton Street, Strand, on and after the 7th May.

MR. W. STERNDALÉ BENNETT

RESPECTFULLY announces a **MORNING PERFORMANCE** OF **CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC**, on **THURSDAY, June 6th**. To commence at 3 o'clock.

Tickets, Half-a Guineas each; to be had at all the music warehouses; and of Mr. W. S. Bennett, 15, Russell Place, Fitzroy Square.

MR. CRIVELLI

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that his Work on

THE ART OF SINGING,

Adapted with alterations and additions for the BASS VOICE, may be had at his Residence,

71, UPPER NORTON STREET,

And at all the principal Musicellers.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY. EXETER HALL.

Conductor MR. COFFA.

LAST PERFORMANCE THIS SEASON.

FRIDAY NEXT, May 24th, Handel's "ISRAEL IN EGYPT."
Vocalists:—Miss Williams, Mrs. Newton, Miss Dolby; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Machin, and Mr. H. Phillips; with Orchestra of 700 performers.
Tickets, 2s., 1s., 6d., at 6, Exeter Hall (where may be had the music of the Oratorio, price 6s. 6d.); or of Mr. Bowley, 88, Charing Cross.

MUSICAL UNION.

FIFTH MATINEE, WILLIS'S ROOMS, Tuesday, May 21st.

Quartet, in D, (No. 79).—Haydn; Concerto, D' minor (allegro).—Bach; Romances sans paroles.—M. Silas; Quartet, in C, (No. 9).—Beethoven; Quartet for Piano and Violoncello.—Mendelssohn, Hungarian Violata.

Executants:—Salnton, Deloffre, Hill, Platt, Howell.
Pianoforte M. SILAS.
(His First Appearance in London.)

Strangers' Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each; to be procured at Cramer and Co's. Members can introduce visitors by payment at the rooms.

J. ELLA, Director.

BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 76, HARLEY STREET.

MR. G. A. OSBORNE'S THIRD AND LAST MATINEE MUSICALE, THURSDAY, 23rd May, at 3 o'clock.

Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Trio in D minor. Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, —Pianoforte and Violin. Osborne's Trio in A (by desire). Duo, for Pianoforte and Violoncello (MS.); and Solo—Pianoforte.

Mr. Osborne will be assisted by Messrs. Ernst and Platt.

Vocalists:—Miss Catherine Hall and Miss Lacombe.
Family Tickets, to admit Three, One Guinea; Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea. To be had of Mr. G. A. Osborne, 23, Devonshire Street, Portland Place.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, May 21st, a Grand Combined Entertainment will take place, commencing with WEBER'S GRAND OPERA,

DER FREISCHUTZ,

Agata . . .	Madame CASTELLAN,
Annetta . . .	Mademoiselle VERA,
Una Parainfa . . .	Mademoiselle COTTI,
Giulio . . .	Signor MARALTI,
Chiliano . . .	Monsieur MASSOL,
Cuno . . .	Signor ROMMI,
Ugo . . .	Signor LUIGI MEI,
Eremita . . .	Signor GREGORIO,
Zaniel . . .	Herr DEERING,
AND	
Caspar . . .	Herr FORMES.

After which will be performed the SECOND and THIRD ACTS of the GRAND OPERA of

ZORA,

Anais . . .	Madame CASTELLAN,
Senside . . .	Mademoiselle VERA,
Nicotri . . .	Mademoiselle OKOLSKI,
Merismano . . .	Signor TAMBRINI,
Zora . . .	Monsieur ZELGER,
Debais . . .	Signor LAVIA,
Osiris . . .	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
The Oracle . . .	Signor POLONINI,
Aufide . . .	Signor SOLDI,
AND	
Amenofi . . .	Signor TAMBERLIK.

EXTRA NIGHT.

FIRST NIGHT of "ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO."

ON THURSDAY NEXT, May 23rd, will be performed, for the First Time with the following most Powerful Cast, MEYERBEER'S Grand Opera,

ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.

Alice . . .	Madame GRISI,
(Her First Appearance in that Character.)	
Isabella . . .	Madame CASTELLAN,
Elena . . .	Mlle. LOUISE TAGLIONI,
Alberto . . .	Signor ROMMI,
Eruldo . . .	Mons. MASSOL,
Il Priore . . .	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Major Domo . . .	Signor POLONINI,
Cavaliers . . .	Signori MEI and SOLDI,
Roberto . . .	Signor TAMBERLIK,
(His First Appearance in that Character.)	
Bertramo . . .	Herr FORMES,
AND	
Rambaldo . . .	Signor MARIO,
(His First Appearance in that Character.)	

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor . . . Mr. COSTA.

On FRIDAY NEXT,

THE GRAND MORNING CONCERT

Will take place,

Supported by the Principal Artists of the Establishment.

The Opera founded on VERDI'S "NABUCCO," in which

SIGNOR RONCONI

will make his First Appearance this Season, will be performed on TUESDAY, May 28th.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven, and the Performances commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had (for the Night or Season) at the Box-office of the Theatre, corner of Hart Street and Bow Street, Covent Garden, which is open from 10 till 5 o'clock; and at the Principal Libraries.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

MORNING CONCERT.

THE DIRECTORS have the honour to announce, that the SECOND GRAND MORNING CONCERT

will take place

NEXT FRIDAY, MAY 24th, 1850.

PROGRAMME.—PART I.

Overture . . .	"Guillaume Tell,"	Rossini.
Duo	"Perché mi guardi," from Zelmira,	Rossini.
	Madlle. VERA and Madlle. de MERIC.	
Aria	"Sanctum et terribile,"	Fergolese.
	Signor TAMBRINI.	
Duo	"Ah Fuggi," from La Favorita,	Donizetti.
	Madame GRISI and Signor MARIO.	
Quartetto . . .	"Cielo il mio labbro," from La Donna del Lago,	Rossini.
	Madlle. VERA, Madlle. de MERIC, Signor TAGLIAFICO, and Signor TAMBERLIK.	
Aria	"Tutto è sciolto," from La Sonnambula,	Bellini.
	Signor TAMBERLIK.	
Aria	"Prende per me,"	De Bériot.
	Madame CASTELLAN.	
Madrigal . . .	"Now is the Month of May,"	Morley.
	By THE CHORUS.	
Aria	"Adelaide," with Orchestral Accompaniment.	[Bertholon.
	Signor MARIO.	
Preghiera . . .	"The Grand Prayer" for FULL CHORUS and ORCHESTRA, with Solos from the Opera Zora	Rossini.

PART II.

Overture . . .	"Oberon,"	Weber.
Grand Scene, with Chorus . . .	From Iphigenia in Tauris	Glück.
	Mons. MASSOL.	
Duetto	"Sul' aria," from "Le Nozze di Figaro"	Mozart.
	Madame GRISI and Madame CASTELLAN.	
Aria, The Aria of Mephistopheles, from the Opera of Faust	Herr FORMES.	Spohr.
Trio	From Guillaume Tell	Rossini.
	Sig. MARALTI, Mons. MASSOL, and Mons. ZELGER.	
Aria	"Il mio tesoro," from Don Giovanni	Mozart.
	Signor MARIO.	
Solo	VIOLIN	Mons. SAINTON.
Aria	"Elena o tu,"	Rossini.
	Mademoiselle de MERIC.	
Madrigal . . .	"Down in a Flowery Vale"	Festa.
	By THE CHORUS.	
Duo	"O amor di Patria," From Masaniello,	Auber.
	Signor TAMBERLIK and Mons. MASSOL.	
Overture	"Zampa,"	Herold.
Conductor, . . .	Mr. COSTA.	

Prices of Admission:—Boxes, £1 11s. 6d.; £2 2s.; £2 12s. 6d., and £3 3s. Orchestra Stalls, 10s. 6d.; 15s. 5s. Amphitheatre Stalls, 5s. Amphitheatre, 2s.

The Concert will commence at Two o'clock precisely.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had at the Box-office of the Theatre, corner of Bow Street and Hart Street, Covent Garden, which is open from Ten till Five; and at the principal Libraries.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



THE
Second Grand Classical, Dramatic, Concerted,
MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

Will take place on
MONDAY MORNING, MAY 27TH, 1850,
on which occasion the following eminent Artists will appear:—

MADAME SONTAG,
MAD. PARODI, Miss CATHERINE HAYES,
MADAME GIULIANI, MAD. IDA BERTRAND,
AND
MADAME FREZZOLINI

SIGNORI BAUCARDE, CALZOLARI, SIMS REEVES,
COLETTI, BELLETTI, F. LABLACHE, AND LABLACHE.

SUPPORTED BY

All the Instrumental and Choral Resources of the Theatre.

In addition to which the valuable assistance of

M. THALBERG

has been secured.

The whole under the Direction of Mr. BALFE.

Amongst other Novelties,

Madame SONTAG

will sing

"LET THE BRIGHT SERAPHIM,"

With Trumpet Obligato Accompaniment, by Mr. Zeiss.

THE

"LABECESANO,"

from MENDELSSOHN'S Cantata,

"THE HYMN OF PRAISE,"

and other Favorite Pieces.

MADAME FREZZOLINI

will also appear at this Concert, and sing several favorite morceaux, and amongst others, the admired Russian Ballad, entitled,

ZOLOVOI; or, LE ROSSIGNOL.

M. SIMS REEVES

will repeat the celebrated

"WAR SONG."

from "KING ARTHUR"—Purcell.

The celebrated

TRIO FOR THREE TENORS,

will be also repeated by

Signori BAUCARDE, SIMS REEVES, and CALZOLARI.

M. THALBERG

will perform his celebrated Variations

On AIRS from "L'ELISE A'MORE,"

as executed by him with the greatest success at the recent Concerts at the Grand Concerts at Paris, and other favorite morceaux.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes, 2 Guineas; Pit Stalls, 12s. 6d.; Pit, 5s. 6d.;
Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 3s. 6d.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of

The Concert will commence at Two o'clock precisely.

Programmes, with full particulars, may be had at the Box Office.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE

MADAME FREZZOLINI.

At the SECOND GRAND CLASSICAL, DRAMATIC, CONCERTED,
MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

MONDAY MORNING, MAY 27TH, 1850,

MADAME FREZZOLINI

Will sing several favourite morceaux, and amongst others the admired
Russian Ballad, entitled,

ZOLOVOI; or, Le Rossignol.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MADAME SONTAG

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"LET THE BRIGHT SERAPHIM,"

With Trumpet Obligato Accompaniment, by Mr. ZEISS.

THE

"LABECESANO,"

from MENDELSSOHN'S Cantata,

"THE HYMN OF PRAISE,"

and other Favorite Pieces.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



M. BENEDICT'S

GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT,
ON FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 21st,

Under the immediate Patronage of Her Majesty THE QUEEN,
H. R. H. Prince Albert, H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, and
their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge.

MR. BENEDICT begs respectfully to announce that in compliance with the request of many of his patrons, and in consequence of his not being able to find adequate accommodation for his Friends, he has made arrangements with the Director of Her Majesty's Theatre to give his Annual Concert on the stage of the above Theatre; on which occasion he will be supported by all the eminent artists of that establishment, including—Madame Sontag, Madame Frezzolini, Mad. Parodi, Madame Giuliani, Mad. Ida Bertrand, Miss Catherine Hayes, Signori Gardoni, Calzolari, Baucarde, Coletti, Belletti, Lablache and F. Lablache, including the entire Chorus and full Orchestra.

The Instrumental Department will comprise the most eminent talent then in London. Engagements with several Continental artists of celebrity are pending, which will be duly announced; and no exertion will be spared to render this entertainment worthy of the distinguished patronage it has hitherto enjoyed.

Application for Boxes, &c., to be made at the principal libraries, music warehouses, the Box Office of Her Majesty's Theatre, and of M. Benedict 2, Manchester Square.

MADAME VERDAVAINNE,

PROFESSOR of the Pianoforte and Guitar, has the honor to inform her Patrons, her Friends, and Pupils, that she resides at No. 4, OLD CAVENTISH STREET, CAVENTISH SQUARE.
Tuition at home and abroad.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Purkess, Dean Street, Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, May 18th, 1850.

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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No. 21.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1850.

PRICE THREEPENCE
STAMPED FOURPENCE

EMILE AUGIER.

THIS celebrated French dramatist, the success of whose comedy of *Gabrielle* was so great at the St. James's Theatre, has returned to Paris to fulfil an important engagement. M. Augier is preparing the libretto for a grand opera to be presented at the *Académie Royale de Musique*. The music will be written by M. Gounand, an untired composer, of whose talent report speaks highly. M. Gounand is the real "new musical genius" whose advent has been so often hinted in mysterious terms by the *Athenæum*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

TUESDAY night was rendered important by the appearance of Madame Frezzolini, who, after a triumphant reign of three or four seasons over the Opera at St. Petersburg, returns with her fresh laurels to this country.

The opera was *Lucrezia Borgia*, and the first aria, "Com' è bello," with its caballetta, at once established the success of the vocalist. The upper part of her voice is singularly clear and powerful,—indeed, more so than the middle; and though she goes as high as C or D, these extreme notes are firmly held, and are never deficient in quality. Her execution was marked by the brilliancy of her cadences, and the truth of intonation with which she touched her intervals.

In the second act all her qualities as an actress were not perfectly displayed. The agonies of *Lucrezia* were rendered with elegance and expression, both of voice and gesture, but there was not the full amount of force in the threats darted at Don Alfonso. But the third act completely took the audience by storm; her acting here was a masterpiece of tragedy for which they were unprepared. The poignant grief of the mother at witnessing the death of the son whom she had regarded as the only consolation of her miserable and sinful existence was as forcible as it was elaborate, and it is scarcely possible to conceive gestures at once so striking and so graceful as those which indicated the last stages of her despair. "M'odi, ah! m'odi," when she implores Gennaro to take the antidote, was a perfect specimen of dramatic singing, every phrase being impregnated with the intense feeling of the situation. This produced an enthusiastic *encore*. But even more striking was the effect she created with the audience by the declaration, "Un Borgia sei," with which she astounds Gennaro. The confession seemed accompanied by an indescribable thrill of agony, and was well met by the horrified astonishment of M. Baucarde, who played Gennaro. It will be observed that at this point there was no passage to *encore*, no air to applaud, in a word, no ordinary starting point for operatic enthusiasm, but the loud approbation which filled up the pause on the stage was the almost involuntary tribute to a genuine histrionic display. The enthusiasm which Madame Frezzolini created by this scene lasted with undiminished force after the fall of the curtain, and on her first appearance

after the conclusion of the opera she was almost overpowered with bouquets. When she retired she was summoned to reappear a second and a third time. It is rarely that we can record an instance of a success so decided.

M. Baucarde maintained his reputation as Gennaro, and, as we have already hinted, ably supported Madame Frezzolini in his last scene. Mademoiselle Ida Bertrand sang very nicely as Orsino, but scarcely gave enough anaeronic gaiety to the famous "Il segreto per esser felice." The admirable performance of Lablache as Don Alfonso is too universally known to need new commendation. The trio in the second act was, of course, an *encore*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

ALTHOUGH Meyerbeer's celebrated work, *Robert le Diable*, was produced last season at the Royal Italian Opera, the cast was so unsatisfactory, and the performance—a solitary one—in general so incomplete, that it may be said to have been heard for the first time at this theatre on Thursday, when it was revived with an *ensemble* entirely unparalleled, and a splendour and magnificence seldom, if ever, surpassed. Last year, Salvi was the Robert; Marini, the Bertram; Lavia, the Rambaldo; Dorus Gras, the Alice; and Corbari, the Isabella. All these parts were differently sustained on Thursday, Tambrlik being the Robert; Formes, the Bertram; Mario, the Rambaldo; Grisli, the Alice; and Castellani, the Princess. The difference of the cast may be estimated at a glance. The result of this powerful array of talent combined in one opera was one of the most crowded audiences ever witnessed within the walls of the Royal Italian Opera.

Unfortunately for the prolonged success of the *Roberto il Diavolo*, two circumstances will be found to exert a counter-acting influence. The first is, the vagueness and uninteresting nature of the plot; the second, the interminable length of the work. Though curtailed as much as possible on Thursday night, without robbing it of its fair proportions, and though the first and second, as well as the fourth and fifth acts were united into one, thus abridging the time of the performance considerably, yet the opera was not over until half an hour after midnight. Four hours and a half of serious music, unsupported by moving incident, or thrilling situation, must inevitably prove too much for the nerves of a large auditory; and despite the beauty of the music, the fineness of the singing, and the gorgeousness of the *mise en scene*, towards the close of the performance on Thursday we witnessed all round us unmistakable signs of lassitude and ennui. If the opera be retained at Covent Garden, it must be cut largely. The difficulty is, where is the knife to be used without entailing serious damage. Mr. Costa has already pruned the music with his usual tact, but his skill must be carried to a still greater extent, if he would hope for an enduring success for the *Robert le Diable*.

As a work of art, though not of effect, the *Robert* is, perhaps, superior to the *Huguenots* or *Prophete*. Its power is more equally sustained throughout, and it more abounds in pleasing and natural melodies. In construction and development it certainly leans more to the manner of the great masters than the later works of the composer. It is, in fact, less fragmentary and patchy, and exhibits less of that word-painting, which appears to be the besetting sin of Meyerbeer in his two last grand works.

The effect produced by the *Robert le Diable*, on Thursday, at the Royal Italian Opera, was hardly equal to what might have been foregathered from the list of characters and the complete manner in which the opera was given. Doubtless too much was expected, and disappointment was the inevitable consequence. Great was the curiosity indulged in to hear Mario and Tamberlik in the same piece of music, and great were the expectations raised. Anxious were the many to test Grial in Jenny Lind's famous part; while Formes' performance of Bertram having been spoken of as something marvellous, helped to create further tantalising anticipations. Now, all his while, it never occurred to the "mighty many," that all these artists, with the exception of Formes, had to undertake their parts for the first time, and never thought of making the least allowance for initiative essays, more especially in music something opposed to their school of singing. In fact, neither Grial nor Tamberlik felt perfectly at home in their characters; and although at the end they warmed up, and created an immense effect, separately and together, we are certain they have not yet come out in full force. Tamberlik, in the earlier scenes, either husbanded his powers, or was afraid to use them. The famous *Sicilienne* lost much of its effect by the timidity or carefulness of the singer. In the whole of the first act Tamberlik was certainly not himself. In the duet with Formes in the third act he gathered strength, was really great, and sang magnificently. In the trio with Alice and Bertram, and the subsequent duet with Bertram, he fully sustained his reputation as one of our greatest living dramatic singers. The trio was encoored, and Formes and Tamberlik were re-called after the duo.

The character of Alice has not metal enough in it for the great powers of a Grial. The "Dira," though she sang at times magnificently, and acted at times with all her wonted grandeur and impulsiveness—witness the scene at the cross and the duet with Bertram—did not feel entirely at home. Alice is a very charming part, and so is Linda, and others of that stamp, but it is not of that kind to call forth the highest tragic qualities, and is more suited to the capacities of a Lind, or a Persiani, than a Grial.

Formes, in Bertram, exhibited that admirable conception of character which we have noticed in all his personations, and that splendour of voice and dramatic energy for which he is so justly celebrated. The character in his performance lost none of its vitality or forcefulness, but was realised with a vigour and carried out with a sustained power impossible to be surpassed. It is much to be lamented that the great German basso did not exhibit as much judgment in his personification as he did other desirable qualities. It is perhaps the custom in Germany to render characters of the Bertram class, which may be said to be half demon and half man, intensely coloured and exaggerated for the purpose of effect. In this case, however, the effect is lost on us. We see nothing strikingly dramatic in Bertram's continually using his cloak as the vampire-bat uses his wings, making himself a Zamiel instead of a Caspar. Herr Formes should have discriminated better, and the eternal struggle after effect has

no other effect than to neutralize effect altogether. These remediable faults apart, Formes' performance was powerful and intense, and produced a marked sensation.

In the small part of Rambaldo, Mario displayed the nicest appreciation of character. He played the rustic minstrel with the most becoming *gaucherie*, and looked as pleasantly frightened when sentenced to be hanged by Roberto, as the veriest countryman in all Normandy. His music was not very important, but what he had to sing he sang delightfully.

Castellan made a most charming Isabella, and gave the beautiful music of the part with great brilliancy and expression. The two famous airs, "Idol de ma vie," and "Robert, toi que j'aime," were received with peculiar favour, and the latter encoored, although the encore was not accepted by the fair artist.

We have already extended our article beyond our limits. Next week we shall advert to sundry matters connected with the *Roberto il Diavolo*, unavoidably omitted in our current number.

PILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The following was the programme of the sixth concert, which took place on Monday night:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in D, No. 4	Mozart.
Aria "So weill' ich mich" (Euryanthe) Herr Formes	C. M. von Weber.
Trio, two violoncellos and contra-basso, Messrs. Lindley, Lucas, and Howell	Corelli.
Aria "Perigi, Amor" (Le Nozze di Figaro), Madame Madeleine Nottes	Mozart.
Concerto in D Minor, pianoforte, M. Thalberg	Mozart.

PART II.

Sinfonia Pastorale	Beethoven.
Aria, "O tu, la cui dolce possanza" (Fidelio), Madame Madeleine Nottes	Beethoven.
Variations of the Barcarolle in L'Elisir d'Amore, pianoforte, M. Thalberg	Thalberg.
Duetto "Durch die Nacht" (Les Huguenots), Madame Madeleine Nottes and Herr Formes	Meyerbeer.
Overture, Anacreon	Cherubini.

Conductor, Mr. Costa.

That the above selection was attractive to the general public may be surmised from the fact that considerably more than a hundred extra tickets were sold, and the rooms so crowded that many could not find even space for standing. Those who deery concerts where good music and first-rate artists may be heard by large audiences at a moderate charge, and who declare that both the music and the artists are depreciated, might have found reasons last night to modify, if not reverse, their opinion. The undoubted features of attraction, the real combined causes of the unusually full attendance, were M. Thalberg, Herr Formes, and the Pastoral Symphony. Nevertheless, both the pianist and the singer have been constantly, and very recently, heard at the Wednesday Concerts, while the Pastoral Symphony has been one of the mainstays of M. Jullien for five or six years. How can these facts be reconciled with their alleged deterioration in value? The truth is there are two different audiences, never likely to meet in the same arena, although entertaining a taste for the same things in art; and there is no substantial reason why each should not be satisfied in proportion to its means. There is no doubt that, if the Philharmonic Society were materially to reduce its prices of admission, the Hanover Square Rooms would not be large enough to accommodate a sufficient number of subscribers to meet expenses; but this is no argument in favour of monopoly; this does not by any means affect the propriety of a notion rapidly gaining ground

among the multitude of music lovers who reside in the metropolis, that a cheap Philharmonic, in a vast arena, would be an excellent, and is positively a desirable thing. For the 500 or 600 persons who can afford to pay four guineas for eight concerts, or a guinea for one, how many thousands are there equally desirous of hearing the music of the great masters well executed, to whom the fourth part of these sums would be the *maximum* at disposal? The Philharmonic Society was for very many years a regular close borough; but matters have changed, the taste for music has become almost universal, and the annual direction of these exclusive concerts is now as open to public observation and the strictures of the press as the management of a theatre or an opera-house. We are aware that the society itself is very unwilling to own this, and affects to express a thorough independence of out-of-door censure; but the time is not far off when it will be obliged to acknowledge the fact, and shape its course accordingly. One great advantage of another society, with similar views and objects, would be the breaking up of that system of past-worship, and that tendency to cliquism, which, had there ever been a substantial opposition, would have long ago brought the Philharmonic Society to a proper sense of its position. We will merely suppose that during the present season there had been another society for the performance of the great instrumental compositions of the classical masters, and for the introduction of all that is novel and excellent (so far as the number of concerts might allow) in the school of executive art. What would have been the probable result? First, the public would have had the advantage of hearing and appreciating the talents of such justly eminent men as Charles Hallé, Stephen Heller, Dreysechock, Molique, Ernst, and several others, in concerts of magnitude and importance suited to bring them conspicuously forward. Second, some of the works of Hector Berlioz, which, though of European fame, have been studiously avoided by the Philharmonic Society (simply because they imperatively demand the most careful rehearsal), might have been submitted to the ordeal of an English musical public—the most judicious in the world—while many other works by meritorious composers, at home and abroad, which cannot succeed in finding even a trial at the Philharmonic (the society is too prosperous and lazy to give trials now), might have had a chance of being applauded, or condemned, according to their deserts. But while there is a monopoly all this is impossible, and so long as the Philharmonic Society remains absolute and exclusive, the subscribers and the public must be content to put up with anything that best suits the interests and individual policy of the seven annual directors, who may or may not be competent men, as the die turns.

One of the faults of Monday night's programme was its length, another was its choice of pieces, a third was the manner of their distribution. Mozart's symphony and Mozart's concerto, both in the same part, and both in the same key, was surely a miscalculation. Moreover, the symphony—except the first movement, which is very fine—is one of the weakest of the seven acknowledged grand symphonies of the master. The vocal music was exceedingly heavy, and, with the single exception of Mozart's *aria*, quite unfit for a concert-room. M. Thalberg, with all his talent—which we own to be incomparable in its way—should not have been engaged to play twice, while so many excellent artists, now in London, remain unheard by the Philharmonic subscribers—three of whom, by the way (Charles Hallé, Molique, and Stephen Heller), were observed among the audience. Perhaps M. Thalberg, whose performance of Mozart's concerto was an

unusual condescension on his part to the classical school, was doubtful of the effect of the music of the composer of *Don Giovanni*, and relied upon his own new fantasia on the air of *Dulcamara*, the Charlatan, to bring him up "with a wet sail" in case of failure. He should have had more confidence in his author, in his own fine playing, and in his audience, who are too used to Mozart to treat him with indifference. The *cadenzas* introduced into the first and last movements of the concerto, moreover, were quite enough to give the audience an opportunity of judging of the difference between the ancient and modern schools, between the styles of Mozart and Thalberg. These *cadenzas*, indeed, were the only points for criticism in M. Thalberg's very striking performance, since, having no quality in common with the concerto, to which they were forcibly allied, they were evidently out of place. We have already entered our protest against prepared *cadenzas* (in other words, impromptu composed ready for use) and we may add, that the only argument at all admissible in their favour is their resemblance in style to the master, whose music they are intended to illustrate. M. Thalberg's execution of his own fantasia was one of the most prodigious feats of mechanism to which we ever listened. The fantasia itself is as good a specimen of its class as most of the later productions of the same pen. It was rapturously encored; and, in reply to the compliment, M. Thalberg played his well-known *Tarantella* in C minor.

Corello's trio, originally composed for two violas and violoncello, is a musty remnant of antiquity which has only been preserved from well-merited oblivion by the occasional performances of Mr. Lindley, who, on this occasion, we understand, made his last public appearance. We never witnessed enthusiasm greater or more unanimous than that which honoured the *entrée* of the "father of the orchestra," who for upwards of half a century has occupied the first rank in his profession. Mr. Lindley played with that vigour of style and fulness of tone which have ever distinguished him, and so great was the satisfaction of the audience that he was compelled to go through the whole composition twice. The cheering was uproarious as the veteran slowly quitted the orchestra, carrying his beloved instrument himself, as though unwilling to trust so old and tried a friend to any other hands.

The symphony of Mozart was finely played, but the grand treat of the evening was the magnificent pastoral poem of Beethoven, the execution of which, apart from one or two slight inaccuracies, and some rare instances of want of delicacy in the delivery of subordinate passages, Mr. Costa has brought to a perfection almost impossible to surpass. Never was this glorious work more keenly relished.

Herr Fornes gave a graphic and powerful reading of the fine scene from Weber's *Euryanthe*, an opera which has yet to become appreciated in this country. Madame Madeleine Nottes, owing to some mistake, arrived an hour too late, and was obliged to sing both her airs in the second part. This lady, we believe, enjoys considerable reputation in Vienna, Hanover, and other German towns, as a dramatic singer. She has a *mezzo soprano* voice of excellent quality, strong, and of ample register. She sings with an immense deal of feeling; but, like many German vocalists, is given to exaggerate expression. Her intonation is generally, but not always, correct. Madame Nottes produced a favourable sensation in both her songs, but her best effort was decidedly the air from *Figaro*. The overture to *Amazone* was almost too good to play the audience out, but more than half of them left after M. Thalberg's second performance. The introduction of Corello's trio—which, though even more objectionable

than a quartet, was excusable on account of the interest attached to Mr. Lindley's performance—deprived us of one of the two overtures which the subscribers have been accustomed to expect at every concert.

THE MUSICAL UNION.

THE novelty of the fifth meeting was the first appearance in London of M. Silas, a young composer and pianist, of whom such flattering reports had reached us from abroad that we had every reason to suppose a new genius had arisen in the musical horizon. M. Silas began his education in Germany, and finished it at the Paris Conservatoire, where, we are told, he obtained the *premier prix* for a performance on the organ. It would appear that the difficulty is to avoid gaining a first prize at the French Musical Academy, since there is scarcely on record an example of any pupil leaving the institution without some such distinction. That it is not a proof of genius, or even of uncommon talent, M. Silas is by no means the first, or the twentieth, to have established. That continental fame may be as instable as water, M. Silas has also been able to demonstrate in his own person. Though a very young man, we have read accounts of him in foreign journals which contain the most extravagant eulogies, and some go even so far as to make a comparison between M. Silas and the late Felix Mendelssohn. A Liverpool paper, in quoting one of these articles from the *Handelsblad*, an Amsterdam print, suggests that "it is not to be classed with the inflated *feuilletons* of the Paris press." It was recently, at one of the concerts of the Liverpool Philharmonic, that M. Silas made his first appearance in England. He played a concerto and conducted an orchestral overture of his composition, besides extemporising on "St. Patrick's-day," and "Come e gentil." The reports of his performances which appeared in the Liverpool journals were at strange variance. Some raised M. Silas to the skies, whilst others sank him into the abyss of insignificance. Mr. Ella, anxious, as usual, to provide his subscribers with the latest novelties, engaged M. Silas for the fifth meeting of the Musical Union, where his pretensions were fairly and dispassionately considered. M. Silas played the first movement of Sebastian Bach's concerto in D minor (with quintet accompaniment), and three *lieder ohne Worte* of his own composition. He also extemporised on the theme of a slow movement from one of Haydn's quartets, which formed part of the morning's programme.

It is with sincere regret that in offering our opinion of the talents of M. Silas we are unable to take rank with his admirers. Still more do we feel the disagreeable responsibility of our office in being compelled, as a matter of justice, to declare that M. Silas does not rise above mediocrity either as a composer or a pianist, and that, as an extempore performer, he is beneath it. But it gives us pain thus, as it were, to blow away the reputation of a young artist with a breath; but calm reflection assures us that it is only charitable to tell M. Silas the truth. With the amount of talent he at present evinces, he cannot decently support the praises that have been lavished upon him; while the hollow fame he has acquired through the mistaken zeal of friends might some day place him in a position from which he would find it difficult to extricate himself with credit. We do not doubt that, by the aid of years of laborious study, M. Silas, who has youth to back him, might acquire distinction; but he is now at the very beginning of his career, and if he would honourably prosper he must henceforth depend upon the industrious application of his own resources for success, and not upon the insinuating breath of flattery, which hides a

poison in its sweetness, and is much more likely to send enthusiasm to sleep than spur it on to exertion.

From what we have said it would be evidently superfluous to enter into a detailed criticism of M. Silas's performances as pianist, composer, or improviser. Had he not been heralded with strains of unlimited adulation, we should have passed him over in silence, but we owe it to the public on all such occasions as the present to disclose the truth without hesitation, however unthankful the task. There are plenty like M. Silas at home, without looking for more elsewhere.

The quartets at this meeting were Haydn in D, No. 79, and Beethoven in C, No. 9 (Razumoffsky), both of which were played in first-rate style by MM. Sainton, Deloffre, Hill, and Piatti. While mentioning the quartets we may take the liberty of reminding Mr. Ella that Mozart wrote many master-pieces in this form—a fact of which the spirited director appears to be forgetful, if we may judge by the little value he sets upon them. That Haydn was a great man no one will deny, but that Mozart was a greater is equally a truth, and why he should be almost excluded from the Musical Union, where Haydn figures so often, it would not be easily to explain. The Hungarian vocalist, whose admirable performances were so highly lauded last year, sang Kruezer's "Evening Prayer" and Mendelssohn's "Turkish Bazaar" at the end of the concert, much to the satisfaction of the audience, one of the most crowded of the season.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

The twelfth concert was given on Wednesday night, under a new management, and those persons who had purchased tickets for the eleventh, which it may be remembered did not take place, were admitted. The conduct of the musical arrangements is now vested in the hands of Mr. Jarrett, a gentleman whose long experience in these matters will probably inspire confidence, and help to bring the present season to a successful termination. It would be a pity that any reverse of fortune should arrest the progress of the London Wednesday Concerts, since, with all their leaning to popular tendencies, they have done essential service in spreading a taste for music among the multitude, besides having found constant employment for a large number of deserving artists.

The concert was a very attractive one, and gave a good augury of the spirit with which Mr. Jarrett intends to carry them on. Mademoiselle Angri was the vocal queen of the evening, and again created the greatest enthusiasm. She sang three solos—"Ah, quel giorno" from *Semiramide*, the page's second song, "No, no, no," from *Huguenots*, and the *Brindisi* from *Lucresia*. She was encored with acclamations of applause in each, and was obliged to give the last three times. She was in fine voice, and sang with increased energy and vivacity of style. Mademoiselle Angri has taken the Exeter-hall audience by storm; her dashing and hearty manner of singing, her dramatic fire, and a certain *abandon* which is generally confined to the theatre, are something quite novel to the Wednesday Concerts. Herr Stiggeli, the new German tenor, continues to improve upon acquaintance. He has a beautiful voice and considerable animation of style, which he displayed to advantage in "All is lost now" (*Sonnambula*), and the serenade from *Don Pasquale*. Herr Stiggeli's pronunciation of the English language is pleasing and distinct. The other vocalists were Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Rose Braham, Signor Bailini, Mr. B. Frodsham, and Mademoiselle Bordet, a young *débütante* of French extraction, who in the romance from *Oiello* exhibited a *soprano* voice of the sweetest quality and a great deal of feeling, which the utmost nervousness could

not conceal. Mademoiselle Bordet produced a very favourable impression.

The instrumental part of the concert presented two successful novelties. A young girl, Mademoiselle Euphrosyne Bordet, (sister of the vocalist just mentioned), astonished the audience by executing one of the most difficult fantasias of Viouxtemps on the violin, with a fulness and purity of tone, a delicacy of execution, and a depth of expression quite extraordinary in one of her sex and years. Mademoiselle Bordet is certainly not yet a Teresa or Maria Milanollo, but she is the nearest approach we have heard to the celebrated sister violinists. She was honoured with the warmest reception. Herr Hekking, another *débutante*, played a solo on the violoncello, in which he gave proofs of remarkable executive powers. He has the mechanism of the instrument completely at command, but his style is somewhat hard, and we did not like the tone of the instrument upon which he played. His performance was loudly applauded.

Herr Dreychock shared the honours of the evening with Mlle. Angri. He played twice, and was obliged to repeat both his pieces. In the first, a brilliant rondo of his own composition, accompanied by the orchestra, his prodigious command of octaves was demonstrated with the greatest effect, in several passages of extreme rapidity, where both hands were continually employed. There is a great deal of merit in this rondo, which, while extremely showy, is effectively written, and evinces considerable musical knowledge. After being encased in his variations on "God save the Queen," for the left hand alone—one of the wonders of modern execution—Herr Dreychock introduced his *Saltarello*, a sparkling and fanciful *morceau de caractère*, which he executed with delightful crispness of touch. The only fault of this concert was its length. Half a dozen of the vocal pieces might have been advantageously omitted.

HALEY

(From the Morning Post.)

For the last fifteen years this distinguished composer has enjoyed a high reputation in England, whether from the success of his works in France, or from their reproduction on our own stage. Circumstances have, however, lately combined on all sides to attract general attention towards him. The French composers have lately superseded the Italian *maestri*; and at the opening of the theatrical campaign in London this year, two of his minor works were given with signal success at St. James's Theatre; another was no less successful at the Princess's; and, whilst the Covent-Garden establishment announced the production of two of his serious operas, it was found likewise that he had been engaged, in conjunction with M. Scribe, in writing another of the most important and promising character on the subject of Shakespeare's *Tempest*. On the eve of the production of this work, on account of its authors and of its actors, equally the object of general curiosity, some account of the life of M. Haley cannot fail to prove interesting.

Fromental Haley was born in Paris at the beginning of the present century: his father was a German, his mother a French lady. As the boy showed a precocious understanding, and his father, like most of his countrymen, was devotedly fond of philosophy and *belles lettres*, the young Haley was, at an unusually early age, sent to an academy. However, a few lessons on the pianoforte having been given him, with a view to employ his leisure moments, and to vary and relieve his attention, an invincible love of the musical absorbed all his thoughts. His father finding, at last, he could not surmount

this propensity, wisely gave way, and placed his son, at ten years of age, at the great Conservatoire. There, so rapid was his progress, that, being only twelve years, he won the grand prize of harmony against all his seniors. Soon afterwards he had the still greater good fortune of attracting the attention of one whose name and works will endure as long as the art of music. At thirteen, he studied composition under Cherubini. Only two years afterwards, when that great master was obliged to visit London (in 1815), so high an opinion did he entertain of the young Haley that he chose him as his temporary substitute to direct his class at the Conservatoire. From this moment, the great object of ambition with the young artist was to follow the example of Mozart, and visit the schools of Italy. A new triumph afforded him this opportunity. In 1819, having won the grand prize for composition of the Institution, he was sent by the Academy of France to Rome. He spent three years in Italy, travelling from one great musical city to the other, examining the works of such old composers as Marcello and Palestrina, studying under such renowned masters as Salieri and Zingarelli. From Italy he went to Vienna, purposely to visit one who was the particular object of his reverence—Beethoven—and was kindly received by that sublime composer. The time was now when the young Haley must return to Paris, and shew "the mettle of his pasture." His first composition was *Pygmalion*, a work which he offered to the Grande Académie de Musique. It was immediately accepted, and highly spoken of by the *cognoscenti*. Political troubles, however, soon interfered to prevent the production of this opera. Haley resumed his studies until 1827. At the beginning of this year he gave the Opera Comique a work entitled *Phidias*. Its success was such that another was immediately demanded. This was *The Artisan*, which fully sustained the opinion entertained of his abilities.

Passing over minor works, we must particularly notice an opera which he subsequently gave at the Italiens, in 1829. This was an Italian opera *buffa*, entitled *Il Dilettante*. It was performed for two consecutive seasons, with immense success, by Malibran, Zucchi, Donzelli, &c. In 1830 he produced, at the *Académie de Musique*, a ballet, *Manon L'Escout*; and in 1831, at the same theatre, a ballet opera, *La Tentation*, which was performed, not only in Paris, but in all parts of Europe; its catching, sprightly melodies being re-produced on every hand—organ then manufactured for the peripatetic musicians of the streets. In 1832, Herold having suddenly died in all the flush of his triumphs, leaving his score of *Ludovic* imperfect, Haley undertook the duty of finishing and producing it on the stage; and this year he likewise composed *Les Souvenirs de la Fleur* for the re-appearance of the celebrated Martin. In 1835 he produced, at the *Académie de Musique*, an opera of the highest pretensions, *La Juive*, whose success was such that it was immediately brought out in every capital in Europe. He next produced, at the Opera Comique, *L'Eclair*, which has remained ever since one of the favourite works of that theatre's repertoire. In 1837, he produced his grand opera, *Guido and Ginevra*, at the Académie de Musique, with great success. He subsequently produced works whose titles alone suffice for a eulogy. In 1838, *Les Treize et le Sherif*, at the Opera Comique; in 1842, *La Reine de Cypre*, at the Académie; in 1843, *Charles VI.*, at the same theatre; in 1844, he produced the *Guitarero*; and in 1846, *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, at the Opera Comique. In 1848, at the earnest request of the director of the Opera Comique, whose theatre, owing to the disturbed state of society, had been nearly forsaken, he gave *Le Val d'Andorre*, which was performed 165 successive nights,

and restored at once, in spite of every inauspicious circumstance, the vogue and fortunes of that theatre. Last year he was equally successful at the Opéra Comique with *La Fée aux Roses*, of which a translation is at this moment performed in London. Hineley has long since received the highest rewards his country could confer on him. At the court of Louis Philippe he enjoyed the highest favour: the unfortunate Duke of Orleans and his widow, the Duchess of Orleans, had placed him at the head of their *chapelle*. The Conservatoire conferred on him the title of Professeur de Haute Composition; he is an officer of the Legion of Honour, and of a number of foreign orders conferred on him by the different sovereigns who have listened to his compositions; and he enjoys the highest title that can reward exalted merit in France—that of Member of the Institute.

JULLIEN AT THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

WHIT-MONDAY was a great day for the Surrey Gardens. Jullien and the fine weather collected upwards of fifteen thousand people. It was the first appearance of both this season, was the delight in consequence.

Jullien's mind is a railroad, on which improvement is always travelling. The popular composer-conductor, in his own person, is the incarnation of the march of intellect. Last year, Jullien collected together a splendid band in the orchestra of the Surrey Gardens. But he found a great waste of means in his stringed instruments. They were all excellent, but they could not be heard. The open air drank in all the soft music. Now, this season, Jullien has dispensed with his fiddles entirely, and has manufactured a band of his own creation, nine parts military, and one operatic. He has doubled, or tripled, or quadrupled, as it may be, the wind instruments, and added a very strong battalion of double-basses. The effect is as novel as it is extraordinary, and as extraordinary as it is novel. Certainly the band, as it is at present constituted, is infinitely better adapted for *al fresco* playing than the commonly constructed band, and the effect is tantamount to its adaptation. The music is now heard over every part of the garden, and reaches the bears and the giraffes at the far end, as well as the pumas and hyenas of the round house.

The greeting given to M. Jullien on Monday last when he entered the orchestra was enthusiastic in the extreme. Again and again was the applause renewed, each round being more energetic than the former; and again and again did Jullien's name, sent from a thousand throats, reverberate through the gardens, startling the echoes of the mimic Alps behind the lake.

The bill of fare provided by Jullien for the visitors to the Surrey Gardens is just such a bill of fare as the visitors would cherish—in the main. In the main, we say, because Jullien, in catering for the pleasures of the multitude, aims also at their improvement. Whilst supplying them with popular overtures, valzes, quadrilles, polkas, &c., &c., he silly slips in his programme an *andante* or a *scherzo* from a symphony of Beethoven or Mendelssohn, and marks how it produces its effect. When the *andante* and the *scherzo* are relished, then will Jullien peril the entire symphony.

The most favourite piece of the week has been Jullien's new *fantasia* on the *Prophète*. It produces an immense effect nightly, and may be reckoned among the composer's most happy and ingenious essays.

Solos have been played by Lazarus (clarinet), Pratten (flute), Koenig (cornet), Prospero (ophicleide), &c.

The new painting provided by the directors this year represents a view of the Alps, with Napoleon crossing them with

his entire army. In point of colouring and perspective effect, this picture is undoubtedly the best which has been produced at the Surrey Gardens. The distance is preserved with a truthfulness which is quite puzzling, and the broken character of the mountains and the details of the foreground are managed with wonderful effect. This is decidedly a day picture, and should be considered without reference to the fireworks. The passage of the troops, appearing at the foot of the mountains in full size, and decreasing as they ascend gradually until they appear no bigger than pins' points, is capitally managed, and well worth a visit, to say nothing of the splendid fireworks and the magnificent tableau of Napoleon at the end.

The gardens have been crowded to suffocation during the week; and the directors, with the aid of the popular conductor, M. Jullien, and his admirable band, together with their new picture, stand a fair chance of reaping a silver harvest.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

BERLIN.—(From a Correspondent.)—A favourite theme with German journalists is the religious bigotry of Englishmen and their narrowness of view in matters of art; in the more or less complete misrepresentations of England published by German tourists, princes and plebeians, the same charge is often found. It is singular that Berlin, the very focus of German enlightenment, has just produced, in an influential organ of the higher official and educated classes, the new *Preussische Zeitung*, a series of articles that unite the most violent religious bigotry with its most narrow-minded application to a work of art, to a degree never equalled by its *bornierte* islanders. The great composer of *Robert*, the *Huguenots*, and the *Prophète* is accused in that journal of a systematic design, that runs through all his music, of undermining and destroying the Christian religion, and desecrating the forms of worship of the Christian church! The basis of the argument is that Meyerbeer is a Jew, and in his operas has frequently employed church music as a means of effect, such as the organ passage in *Robert*, and the Lutheran hymn of Marcel in the *Huguenots*. But all his previous offences sink into insignificance compared with the still more extensive employment of similar means in the *Prophète*. There, a solemn rite of the church, a coronation, is desecrated by the consecration of an impostor, with all the pomp of priestly processions, incense, and anthems. In this spirit the whole of the composer's last opera is criticised; no merit as a work of art redeems it; it is an insidious design against the Christian faith, for the purpose, it must be inferred, of propagating Judaism. The public must therefore beware how they listen to music; the most inspiring and glorious strains of harmony are snares for the soul if their composer is a Jew. This is a new principle in criticism, and deserves to be noticed, because finding readers and approvers among a people who represent themselves the sole possessors of a gift of a deep and philosophical appreciation of art in all its manifestations, and a universality of knowledge that makes prejudice in them impossible. In the case of Meyerbeer this freedom from prejudice has not been exhibited. He is more ungrudgingly admired in Paris and London than Berlin. There, his critics were more enthusiastic and more generous. The *Prophète* is not without honour in his own country, certainly, but it seems to be paid with considerable reservation.

REVIEW.

"Grand March of the Protectionists;" by JAMES DACE.—WESSEL AND CO.

From the title of this composition, the intentions of the

author are evident. The "March" is appropriately dedicated to Lord John Manners and the Farmers of England. Should his Lordship have any intention of heading a procession of "Protectionists" to the House of Parliament for the purpose of demanding aid in making John Bull pay, as in the good old war times—£50 a load for wheat—we have little doubt but that the energetic strains of Mr. Dace's "March" would enable his Lordship to screw his courage up to the "sticking place." The "March" is a spirited one, notwithstanding its title, which may not perhaps sound so pleasing to the generality of ears as it does to those of Lord John Manners and the Farmers of England.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

LYCEUM.

It is not usual now-a-days to distinguish the Whitsun holidays by any special dramatic entertainment, but this year the Lyceum and the New Strand have departed from the general rule, and pieces have been produced at both establishments with as much of the holiday character as the works ordinarily brought out at Christmas and Easter.

Noctely Fair, or Hints for 1851, belongs to the class of pieces known in Paris as *réveux*, with this peculiarity, that in the act of reviewing it rather looks forward than backward. The year 1851, which is personified and acted by Mr. Charles Mathews, is the chorus to the whole, and sings the average quantity of voluble songs. From the "library of time" he calls forth sundry other personified years, each of which has its appropriate characteristic. Thus the year of Magna Charta is represented by a Runnymede Baron; 1792 is a furious French poissarde; and 1848 is a Red Republican, crimson from head to foot. When this prefatory matter is over, the scene of action is transferred to the booth erected to exhibit the industry of all nations. Here Britannia (Miss Julia St. George) presides, and the British Lion (Mr. Frank Matthews) officiates as a sort of bandle. France (Miss Eardley) is the most conspicuous of the foreign visitors, and friendly relations between her and Britannia are maintained by Peace (Miss M. Oliver.) The principal specimens of the industry of all nations are a series of four *tableaux*. The first represents a Parisian group at the barricades, which speedily gives place to a troop of dancing *debardeurs*. Italian and Spanish peasants, both shown in the act of doing nothing in a very picturesque manner, are the personages of the second and third *tableaux*; and the fourth, which concluded the piece, is devoted to a *Britannia triumphans*, attended by various good genii. In the intervals between these more imposing specimens sundry articles of a satirical purport are shown, such as a filter for the Thames' water, the fountains of Trafalgar-square, and so on—all explained very amusingly by themselves (when personified), and the year 1851, who acts as showman.

The class to which this piece belongs excludes everything like plot or dramatic construction; but the various phenomena are introduced with great tact, and the dialogue is at once marked by its smartness and its wholesome good-humoured tendency, commercial liberty and international peace being the goals to which it chiefly points. The year 1851 is one of those parts that Mr. C. Mathews alone can play; and though, through the nervousness of a first night, he now and then hesitated in his most rapid songs, the ease with which he cleared the gaps was so great that they even drew down additional applause. The three principal female characters were very well sustained by Misses St. George, M. Oliver, and Eardley, the last of whom was a *débütante*; and the Lion was

acted with unctuous burliness by Mr. Frank Matthews. The scenic effects, and especially the four *tableaux*, are beautifully managed.

After the principal actors had been called with tumultuous applause, a cry was raised for the authors, Messrs. Albert Smith and Tom Taylor, who accordingly appeared, and walked across the stage.

ADELPHI.

THE notion that a sudden elevation from poverty to wealth and rank is attended with anything but an increase of happiness has been popular at least from the time of Lucian, and many a dramatist has illustrated it by his art. Upon this notion is founded a new farce, produced at the Adelphi on Thursday night, under the title of *Jack in the Green*. The hero, represented by Mr. Wright, is a malcontent in the coal and potato line, who, because he is a foundling, and imagines that he is of noble birth, declines to oblige his friend, a stern plebeian chimney-sweep (Mr. Paul Bedford), by taking the itinerant part of "Jack in the Green" on May-day, and even objects to the assumption of that ladle-armed character termed the "lady" by his sweetheart, the sweep's daughter (Miss E. Chaplin). A gentleman (Mr. Boyce) works his enre by making him believe that he is the son of an earl, and forcing him to go through a course of etiquette. A dinner where he may not ask twice for soup, eat fish with a knife, and have an "ingon" with his cucumber, proves too much for him, and, abandoning his aristocratic notions with disgust, he is too glad to escape from genteel society, and effecting a reconciliation with his friends, to put on the verdant costume of the May-day "Jack."

The practical "fun" of Mr. Wright at the dinner, where he commits all sorts of enormities, is highly amusing, and the unmixt admiration with which he is regarded by his sweetheart is portrayed with a great deal of force by Miss E. Chaplin. The austere, unambitious *ramoneur* is a stately personage in the hands of Mr. Paul Bedford, and the small character of a sweep who enacts the May-day Clown, and incurs infinite bruises by practising his tumbling, is rendered with so much humor by Mr. Sanders that we regret the part—the newest in the piece—was not more developed.

A fault of the farce is its want of *vraisemblance* in point of character. The ignorance of the *parvenu* is rather that of the rustic who has seen nothing of cultivated life than that of the low Londoner, who has at any rate witnessed the outside of gentility.

NEW STRAND.

THE moral set forth in Mr. Godwin's romance of St. Leon, of the unhappiness consequent on the discovery of the great alchemical secret, has been worked out with less tragical results by Mr. Tom Taylor, in his burlesque of the *Philosopher's Stone*, produced on Monday night with distinguished success. Paracelsus (Mr. Leigh Murray), who is chosen for the hero, having found out the art of transmuting metals, and starts with the most sanguine views of enjoyment, at first becomes a thoroughly *blasé* rich man; tired of the amusements which his inexhaustible wealth procures, and lured to virtue by an amiable girl (Mrs. Stirling) in humble life, he tries philanthropy, but in his benevolent character he produces greater mischief than before, for his profuse charity stops the industry of the poor and causes a famine.

In the construction of the piece, which opens with a scene of all the metals personified, and then introduces them as transformed into beings of human interest, the author has followed the plan of his own *Diogenes*, where he has treated the Greek gods and goddesses in the same fashion. The dia-

logue has all the caustic smartness of thence lehrated Christmas piece. The characters most prominent are Paracelsus, in which Mr. Leigh Murray admirably shows the effects of successive phases of fortune, and two comic servants, played with great humour and vivacity by Mr. Compton and Miss Marshall. The songs, to popular tunes, are highly effective.

MARYLEBONE.

On Monday evening this theatre opened with the tragedy of *King John*, and a new holiday piece called the *Woodman's Spell*, written by Mr. Stirling. *King John* is one of the best conceived and most even performances we have yet witnessed from Mr. Gustavus Brooke. It showed throughout a marked improvement in manner. The scene, in particular, in which the King tamper with Hubert to induce him to assassinate the young prince, was given with an impressiveness and repose which was loudly applauded. As the new piece is little else than a vehicle for scenery and dancing, we need say no more than that the former is exceedingly pretty—that the dances were most of them encoored—that Mr. Herbert, as a woodman made drunk and maudlin by the genius of Intemperance, kept the house in continual merriment—and that the whole was received with the most decided marks of approval by a crowded audience.

ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS.—On Monday last *Le Mari à la Campagne* was given for the first time this season. The piece is known to the English public by Mr. Morris Barnett's clever adaptation, which is much more than a mere translation—the *Serious Family*—containing the pith of the French piece, and so much of the argument as is compatible with English manners and customs, the omissions being supplied by corresponding national peculiarities in a manner which testifies to the superior tact and nice discrimination of the English dramatist. The French piece is one of the most lively comedies of the modern school; the attention is thoroughly captivated and sustained throughout, the dialogue is piquant, and the impression produced is one of unmixt satisfaction, combined with just sufficient intrigue and uncertainty to maintain the interest of the story. The materials are slight, and the characters are rather broadly sketched than minutely developed, but the filing up is admirably executed by the principal actors, whose bye-play was little short of absolute perfection. Mdlle. Nathalie, Mdlle. Brasseur, Madame Mancini, and Messrs. Regnier and Lafont, were so perfectly at home in their parts, that we could almost fancy ourselves under the guardianship of the *Diable Boiteux*, witnessing some scenes of the drama of domestic life to all its truth and reality. The part undertaken by Mdlle. Nathalie showed her in a light in which we have not yet seen her in London. Her character was one which could derive no assistance from elegant toilettes or coquettish adjustments, in which all French women excel, and in which Mdlle. Nathalie is remarkable, even among Frenchwomen. Her dress was forcibly plain, prudish, even inelegant; yet she contrived to avoid the peril of being either ridiculous or inelegant, and, with the sole assistance of her great talent, presented us with a most finished and perfect picture. Her acting was remarkable for its extreme simplicity; her love for her husband, her awe for her mother, her respect for her position as a wife, superior even to her filial duty, were all portrayed with the most perfect judgment. Mdlle. Brasseur also sustained the part of the young widow with much liveliness and abandon. Madame Mancini made a good mother-in-law. M. Regnier's part was one of those in which he excels; more particularly in the scenes where he

is free from all trammels—delivered from the forced devotion and seriousness of the family circle—enlivened by the presence of Mr. Mathieu—conscious of the value of the few moments of liberty which he enjoys—forgetful of the past, alive only to the pleasures of the present, he multiplies himself to heap together as much enjoyment as he can crowd into every valuable instant of time; he is never quiet, either in word or action; he sets everybody in motion; he communicates his joyous humour to all with whom he is in contact, and even the presence of his mother-in-law can scarcely produce aught beyond a transient gloom on his countenance. Even the audience have some trouble to keep their seats, and the intervention of the orchestra and foot-lights is absolutely necessary to keep us from rushing on the stage to join in the medley, whilst under the influence of M. Regnier's mercurial vivacity. M. Lafont was most efficient in the part of César, he identified himself perfectly with the character, and was in every respect a gentleman. M. St. Marie did justice to the part of M. Mathieu, and looked a very Tartuffe. M. Alfred de Musset's petite comedy in one act, entitled *Un Caprice* has also been played. It is a clever trifle, more remarkable for the choice and elegance of the language than for originality of character or elaboration of sentiment. There are but three personages in the piece, and the plot—if plot there be—is a somewhat severe lesson on the inconsistency of the worst half of the creation. Mdlle. Nathalie was here quite in her element—elegant, capricious, coquettish by turns; she threw much charm into the author's conception, and interpreted his intentions with true feminine delicacy and refinement. The present combination of talent and excellent choice of pieces have drawn excellent houses to this theatre. J. DE C.—

The artists' amateur performance in aid of the funds of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution took place on Saturday night, the pieces selected being Mr. Jerrold's *Rent Day* and the *Poor Gentleman*, with the song of "Lord Bateman," given in character by Mr. G. Cruickshank, as an intermediate *bonne bouche*. The performance, which was under the patronage of Her Majesty and Prince Albert, was highly creditable to the amateurs, and attracted a numerous and fashionable audience.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

OPERA COMIQUE.—Before proceeding with our notice of Mr. Mitchell's interesting specimens of French Operas Comique, we wish briefly to allude to a subject of some importance to art and its profession—we mean the extravagantly high price which music is published at in this country. As an illustration of it, we went the other day into a music shop for a pianoforte arrangement of the *Crown Diamonds*, wishing for some reminiscence of it, although we do not think it a grand opera, or that its music is of a very high or intellectual character; still, some of it is very pretty. The only arrangement that was published, it was said, was one in five books, the price of each book five shillings, or twenty-five shillings for a pianoforte arrangement of a modern French opera, of course without the words or the overture! The consequence was, in lieu of the five books, but one was bought. It is true Mr. Novello and Messrs. Boosey and Co., have done something to remedy this, and deserve all praise for their excellent and cheap publications—the *Oratorios* of the former, and the *Standard Lyric Drama* of the latter publishers, are what we want, and should like to see carried out to a greater extent, as we feel confident that a more moderate price for music in this country would benefit all concerned, artists and amateurs, composers and conductors, professors and publishers. We are not at all sorry to see the *Lucretia* of Donizetti now publishing in the *Standard Lyric Drama*, and we consider it his

greatest opera, and that it is only fitting a good example from such a master should appear in the work. Messrs. Rockett and Maill, as well as Messrs. Booney and Co., must excuse us for hinting, that there is the one opera of Beethoven, *Fidelio*, and although we have had the *chefs d'œuvre* of Mozart, *Figaro*, and *Juan*, there are yet one or two in this great master's limited range of operas that will retain their place on the lyric stage. Gluck, and Cimarosa too—are they quite obsolete? Then Rossini still affords a mine of wealth—how many of his operas are popular as ever? Need we instance *Otello*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *Semiramide*, *Tancredi*, *La Donna del Lago*, the recently revived *Mosè*, to say nothing of his last and greatest, *Guillaume Tell*.

We must apologise to you, Mr. Editor, for thus trespassing on your space, and diverging so far from the matter in hand, but the importance of the subject, we trust, will hold us excused.

To the *Opera Comique*, Auber, and his *Domino Noir* in particular, we had only time last week to say there was a fair house and a good performance. Mons. Scribe has undoubtedly a more probable story in this libretto than in the *Crown Diamonds*; still it is to our taste, *outré* and extravagant; at the same time to such a charming actress as Madlle. Charton, it affords capital opportunity for displaying her remarkable talent, which completely bewilders poor Horace (Mons. Lac); her assumption of the dress and manner of the Aragonese girl were excellent.

There is the prescribed French pattern of an English Milord, as in *Fra Diavolo*, in a Lord Elfrith. (Where did Scribe conceive or pick up his idea of names for English soldiers? Only fancy Lord Kockbourg! in the latter opera—Lord Alceste we call him in the English version.) This part was very amusing by M. Chateaufort. We often hear in our own plays and farces an English actor represent a Frenchman with his broken English—it is something new to our ears to hear a French actor give the broken French interlarded with scraps of English. "Yes," of an Englishman M. Chateaufort created roars of laughter by his broad slow utterance; he carried out the idea capitally. M. Soyier was very good as Julian; and the Convent Porter, Gil Perez, by M. Buguet, was imitable. His song "Nous allons avoir," was unanimously encored from the droll character and mock gravity he gave to it. His "Deo gratias," with the low shake, was truly irresistible. The music, generally speaking, does not rise higher in our estimation than that of the *Crown Diamonds*; it is not a *grand* opera. Some of the music is pretty and well instrumented, but there is nothing great or grand about it. The overture appeared to us a thing of shreds and patches, strung together without any apparent connexion either with each other or the story to which it should have been the prelude—the change of time and key most abrupt and uncalled for. The trio in the first scene is rather nice, where Horace is feigning sleep on the sofa, and was nicely given by Madlles. Charton and Guichard, and M. Lac. Many of the songs and other vocalities are very rapid, set to music more like dance music or vocal exercises, than anything else; in fact, one air is sung with a castanet accompaniment, (and very pretty it is as given by Madlle. Charton) that is the Aragonese *tremolo* in the second act, "La belle Inès." A chorus of male voices occur in the earlier part of the same scene "Révolutions," that reminded us of the Hungarian polka. Then how rapid is the utterance required in the aria *d'agitée*. "Ah! quell nuit!" in which Angèle (Madlle. Charton) gives an account of her mishaps in her night rambles back to the convent. All was very distinct from Madlle. Charton, with at times great archness and grace; for instance, where she talks of the student taking two kisses, *tho' demanding* but one. The cavatina or adagio at the close "Amour ô toi," was given with much feeling. Madlle. Charton pleases us by her natural unaffected expression; also, that with her fluent execution she is so sparing in her ornaments, and places them so judiciously; she was much applauded in this her principal song. She was encored with M. Lac in the duet at the close of the first act, "Ne venez-vous pas," and would have been encored more frequently but for consideration of her ardent part. Mons. Lac pleased us much by the expression he gave to the solo, (accompanied by the organ and chorus of many behind the scenes) "C'est elle encor!" particularly the line—

"Filles du ciel, priez un pauvre insensé."

Of the rest there is little to be said, musically speaking; there was the same attention to dress and completeness as before, and the acting very good. The French company took the audience somewhat by surprise. Between the first and second acts of the opera, the curtain rose, displaying the whole of them assembled on the stage for a moment we were quite at a loss; but M. Hansen's baton fell, the first bar of "God save the Queen" commenced, and all was accounted for; it was the day Her Majesty's birthday was kept. The compliment was duly acknowledged, and warmly responded to; the anthem was very fairly sung. Madlle. Guichard took the first verse, M. Lac the second (Her Majesty's Anthem bothered him, and he it most desperately); of course, Madlle. Charton gave the last, and she gave it with good emphasis and great force, the audience joining freely in the chorus; it was a pleasing episode, and the whole company being foreigners, it told well. The usual recalls were made at the close of the opera, but there were no bouquets. On Friday night, as we anticipated, there was an excellent house, by far the best of the three, to see the popular *Fra Diavolo*. A writer in the *Manchester Guardian* of the following day (Saturday), makes the (to us) somewhat startling announcement, that "it was certainly the least successful" of the three performances, on the whole; when compared with the others, it was tame and ineffective." Anything more contrary to the fact than this statement we have not lately seen in print, and we notice it, because in general these articles of the *Guardian* have been tolerably accurate, and at times very cleverly written. "No Sign" no longer does the operative criticism in this paper, we fearlessly assert, on the contrary, that it was far the best performance of the three in every sense of the word. We have already stated, in the first place, that there was a better house, the dress-circle was fuller, the pit was fuller, the gallery must have had five times the number it had on either of the other nights, and the upper circle had at least three times as many. The overture was infinitely better made, and right well played by Mr. Seymour and his small but excellent orchestra. The libretto is far more probable and interesting than either of M. Scribe's other two operas; there is the same pattern of an English lord as in *Le Domino Noir* (with his English lady in addition), which, of course, is strongly caricatured; but have we not caricatured the French in our *Mons. Tonsons*, &c.? The music is all through of a much higher aim and character, to say nothing of its lovely and popular melodies; it is evidently written more with a view to the character and intention of the scenes and persons to which it is distributed. The instrumental accompaniments are much fuller, and the interest throughout, both musically and dramatically, never flags. The opera opens spiritedly with the chorus of carabiniers, which was well sung, "En bons militaires." The duet betwixt Milord and Milady Kockbourg was very effective, "Je vous la tiens," from the good acting and careful singing of Madlle. Guichard and M. Chateaufort. The latter makes an admirable Englishman; his dress, his look, his difficulties about his French, the English oath (made one word of in the libretto, "Goddam!"), and his gentlemanly, easy air on the stage, make his embodiment of this character truly perfect—(how much is lost of the humour of this part in the French version, where Milord Alceste becomes a buffoon?)—the whole house was convulsed almost with laughter, whenever he was on the stage. The beautiful quintet, which begins sotto voce and staccato—"Que vois-je? c'est elle!" where the pretended Marquis first appears, was as fine a bit of concerted, vocal music, as we have listened to in a theatre for a long time; the flowing part, given alternately by Zerline (Madlle. Charton), *Fra Diavolo* (Mons. Lac), was most beautiful; and Mons. Buguet's bass voice was of great service in sustaining the harmony. The encore was unanimous, and it was repeated with the same charming effect. Madlle. Charton next delighted the audience in "Venez, sur cette roche, ce brave,"—so well known in the English, "On yonder rock reclining;" the expression she threw with this lovely air was admirable. The interest and bustle at the bar is well kept up by the two Russians and his two Russian confederates; and the finale to the first act is full of incident and mystery. The chorus were not quite so steady here as usual. In the opening scene of the second act, Madlle. Charton introduced a very brilliant aria—said to be "Le Rosignol"—whatever it was, or whoever it was composed by, we never listened to such a display of voice and instrument together, as was given in this act by

Madlle. Charton and her wonderfully clever obligato accompanist on the flute, Mons. Demeur (said to be her husband, but that Charton being the name by which she has acquired a deserved celebrity, she retain her maiden name as a "Non du Theatre"). It was a splendid and a perfect performance; the succession of shakes, one above the other, at the close, was most astonishingly perfect, both by voice and flute. The theatre fairly rang again with plaudits. We have not heard such a furor since Jenny Lind's flute trio; the applause continued until Madlle. Charton began again in spite of the cries of "No!" and "Shame!" from the more considerate part of the audience, and she gave it a second time, and Mons. Demeur his accompaniment, as if it was no trouble or exertion to either of them. The succeeding trio, by Milord, Milady, and Zedina, went exceedingly well, too; Madlle. Charton taking her part as if she had not been the cause of such a furor the moment before. Mons. Chateaufort acquitted himself in his singing much better in this opera than either of the preceding two; he is an excellent actor always. Mons. Lac gave with great expression the Barcarolle "Agnès la jeune fille;" he wants both power and compass, but he ekes out the latter in the higher notes by a judicious use of the falsetto. The bedroom scene was very neatly, modestly, and cleverly managed, by Madlle. Charton. The hy play of the concealed Marquis and his robbers was very good, as was also the bustling finale to the second act.

The third act opens with the well known "Je vois marcher" ("Proudly and wide" in the English version). We were afraid this would be beyond M. Lac's power to give effect to; he did much better than we anticipated; and in the descriptive portion (the ronde), his talents as an actor assisted in giving it effect. The Palm Sunday Chorus, "C'est aujourd'hui Pâques fleuries!" reminded us of the opening chorus in *Semiramide*, where the voices respond to each other in a sort of double chorus; it went very well, saying that it was deficient in strength. M. Lac had a beautiful dress, but scarcely bright enough in appearance. His velvet jacket and trunk, his silk stockings and gold cloak, looked like the Figure than *Fra Diavolo*. Messrs. Jossot and Devaux were low brigands to the life, both in dress and action. Altogether, it is generally allowed (by the writers in the *Courier* and the *Examiner* also), that this was not only the most effective of the three operas, but the best performance of *Fra Diavolo* ever given in Manchester. Madlle. Charton took her benefit on Saturday, when the *Crown Diamonds* was repeated; but we were not able to be present. We understand that there was a good house, and an excellent performance.

You must excuse this long notice, Mr. Editor; we fear it will be a long time before there will be a chance of such a communication again, and that we must bid a long farewell to opera!

The Theatre Royal will open every night this Whitsun-week (our race week), with Miss Helen Faucit. She is giving a round of six of her principal characters.

MUSIC IN LIVERPOOL.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

MR. MITCHELL'S Opera Comique Company have this week, for the third time, enlivened this city with their performances, for that of which, Herold's *Zampa* has been selected. To this opera we shall, for the present, confine ourselves, deferring, until next week, our report upon the *Caid*.

Were we called upon to select an opera capable of giving pleasure alike to the mere untutored lover of music, the profound and analytic harmonist, or to (and possibly the best judge of the three) the moderately skilled dilettante, who looks not so much to causes as to effects, and whose opinion is influenced more by *couleur locale*, and poetic association than by actual "science," we should unhesitatingly select *Zampa*. From the overture (than which no piece of orchestral music is more popular or more frequently performed in any country), to the prayer, with which the opera concludes, this production is one long succession of exquisite melody — by turns ravishing, reckless, piquant, and sublime. As a proof of the versatile nature of Herold's genius, it would only be necessary to select two duets from this opera — the *buffo* one, between Daniel and Ritta, which deserves to rank among the happiest specimens of comic music ever written, and that between Camille and

Alphonso, the *adagio* of which is the most undulating and "love-lorn" *motivo* ever allotted.

Mademoiselle Charton, both as vocalist and actress, was fully worthy of the music and part entrusted to her. It requires no less than this lady's beauty and graceful presence to give probability to the irresistible and headlong passion conceived for Camille by Zampa. In every respect Herold himself could not have desired a more admirable interpreter of his music.

Monsieur Lac was by no means equal to the part of Zampa, which requires far greater dramatic and vocal capabilities than are ever likely to be possessed by this gentleman. His dressing of the part, too, was comic in the extreme — being, apparently, intended for something between Sir Philip Wyndy and Sir Walter Raleigh.

We must not omit a word of praise for Mlle. Guichard. As the soubrette Ritta, her singing and acting in the *buffo* duet, before adverted to, were highly commendable. Mons. Boyer was very satisfactory as Daniel. His second costume, exhibiting a sailor's notion of a nobleman's dress and demeanour, drew forth a shout of laughter from the audience.

It would be extremely unjust to pass over in silence the impersonator of the Statue; so still and motionless did this individual remain, that until the momentary animation of the *Fincée de Marbre*, at the end of the 1st act, we felt convinced that the statue was a "dummy." Anything more stony has not existed since the days of Pygmalion. The name of this petrification we understood to be Mons. Eugène.

The choruses and concerted pieces went extremely well, and the orchestra was more than respectable. We regret, however, to say, that our townsmen were rather behind hand in their appreciation of this performance, upon which, singular enough, they did not bestow the same hearty commendation that has attended the representation of the French Operas performed here.

The Festival Choral Society met, for the first time since their departure from the old Music Hall, on Friday evening, at the Collegiate Institution, and all must have felt it a great change for the better. When the suddenness of the movement is taken into account, we think it a very creditable performance (as we believe the society, though not better, never having tried the hall till the night in rehearsal elsewhere, never having tried the hall till the night in rehearsal elsewhere, never having tried the hall till the night in rehearsal elsewhere) and several matters in the arrangements which might have been better, will doubtless be set to rights before another public night. The programme embraced Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," Romberg's "Transient and Eternal," and Handel's "Jubilate." The band was much improved, only we do wish the trombones would moderate their exertions: several times we really could hardly distinguish anything but their perpetual roaring; the performer's lungs must be made of cast-iron or brass to stand such tearing work. Why does not Mr. Holden curb their virtuous but over-straining zeal? The flute was in good hands, so were the clarinet and oboe. The strings were better than we have very often heard them at the meetings of this society, and Mr. Charles Hermann led with much spirit. The chorus was very creditable, the tenors "barked" rather too much at times, but on the whole, though the body lacks the light and shade so much required by a choral body which aims at perfection, the effect they produced on Thursday in the hall was superior to what they generally led us to believe they were capable of, while their performances were given in that shockingly bad room in Bold Street. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Holden, Mrs. McDougall, Mr. George Holden, Jan., also (who did not please us), Mr. Ryalls, and Mrs. Armstrong. The ladies acquitted themselves very well, as did the two last-mentioned gentlemen. Mr. Armstrong had nothing to do in the mentioned programme. Mr. Holden conducted as usual, and Mr. Richardson filled his post at the organ with ability.

We should not be doing justice to the subscribers to the Choral Society if we omitted to record the good example they set to the generality of the frequenters of concerts in Liverpool — musical audiences we will not call them. Instead of imitating their superiors, by following the rude and senseless plan of talking, which many are in the habit of doing during the performances of the Philharmonic Concerts, to the annoyance of every one around them, as though the occupancy of a stall rendered them totally independent of every one; likewise, as it were, to buy their commonplace small talk in tones loud enough to interfere with their

neighbor's enjoyment of the performances,—instead of this, our readers might have heard a pin drop, so far as the audience of Thursday were concerned; and, in place of an array of nearly empty benches honouring the performance of the last piece, as is usual elsewhere, we believe we exceed the number if we say twenty persons left the room, late though it was, before the last chords were struck. We adhere to our oft-repeated opinion, that a two and three shilling audience is the discriminating portion of our local musical attendants; would it were otherwise; may it soon be changed; and the pecuniary betters of our concert goers, take a lesson in manners and real sense from those who have lighter purses than themselves.

MUSIC IN SUNDERLAND.
(From our own Correspondent.)

It is a long time since I last lifted up my voice in your paper, and I scarcely know whether I may venture to address you again in that free and familiar style I was wont to do when I was one of your "own." Things have changed with me, Mr. Editor, and I have been obliged to hoist another flag, and sail for a time in foreign seas: but the heart is still the same, and the first thing I do, on setting my foot once more upon old England's verdant soil, is to inquire after my old friends, among which you and your paper stand foremost. It almost appears an age to me since I have had a sight of the *Musical World*—that great emporium of talent and wit—that repository of knowledge and battle-field of rival geniuses? How are you all going on, Mr. Editor? Does Macfarren still pursue his musical anatomy, or has he done with Beethoven's symphonies? Is your Manchester correspondent still wielding his clever pen? Is Desmond Ryan still alive? Has there been any row going on between Flowers, the cadence-maker, John Barnett, the fire-eater, Aspinall, the eloquent, Molinieux the Liverpoolian trump, and that incomprehensible being, the meek and "innocent" Teutonia? How I long to see their dear names once more, and all others that used to figure in your columns. Do you be sure, dear sir, send me a paper next Saturday, that I may once more wile away a Sunday's dull morning over its contents; and, that there may be no mistake, I take the precaution of enclosing four royal heads on sticking-paper, lest you might have struck my name from your full list as one dead and gone for ever. If, however, you should object to taking payment from an old friend—*as I hope you will*—only send back the stamps, and old Anthony Windpipe shall never offend you again by offering vile cash instead of honest thanks for acts of friendship.

Well, as I was going to say—at least I think I was—did you ever hear of such a place as Sunderland, Mr. Editor? If you did not, you would have done so very shortly, and had it not been for me, at your own cost. I am going to explain. Having arrived at Hull a few days ago, with the intention of taking a trip through the North of England and Scotland, I first visited York, to have a peep at its old Minster, and the fine organ therein, and then proceeded to Newcastle, where I all at once recollected that I had an old friend and schoolfellow living not more than ten miles off, who might, perhaps, be so glad to see me as I should be to meet him. I never forgot old friends, Mr. Editor, and the sight of one of them is such a pleasure to me that I don't mind, old as I am, even walking a few miles out of my way for the gratification of this, I hope, not blameable fancy of mine. In this case, however, I had only to slip into a railway carriage to be whirled down to Sunderland in half an hour. My friend was not a little surprised, and still more pleased, to see me; and we had scarcely finished the first bottle of port—you understand, after dinner, I mean—when he had already succeeded in exacting from me a solemn promise that I would stay with him at least a month. When I got sober—that is to say, when the first excitement of the meeting had cooled down—the enormity of my rash promise began to frighten me. I had returned to England with the express purpose of roaming about from place to place, in order to breathe the refreshing spring air of England's green fields, and to restore the lost equilibrium of the middle parts of my old body. And now I was to sit for a whole month with an old bechever like myself, shut up in a little back-room (modelled and furnished after the fashion of a ship's cabin), and obliged to listen to long sea-mays, or laugh at nautical jokes, the points of which I could not catch. I saw a dreary life

before me, and I sighed; I tried to back out of my promise; I found suddenly, that I had most pressing engagements somewhere else; but Captain Wilson said, "No skulking, sir; a word is a word, and stay you must till your time is up." "But I suppose there is not much to be seen in this place," I asked, meekly. "What, boy! nothing to be seen in Sunderland! why there's enough to occupy you a whole year. It's a wonderful place, this Sunderland; a little London, sir. There's first the new docks, then the many shipyards, all full of life and activity; then there's the new light-house, which we wheeled from one side of the harbour to the other, without shifting a timber? "A brick or stone," he meant), "and the high bridge over the river. There's also the deepest pit in the world, and a curious sort of place they say it is, although I was never in it—talk of nothing to see in this place, d—mme!" (I am sorry to say, my friend occasionally swears.) "This very morning we launched a brig from Jones's yard, as fine a piece of timber as ever floated on the sea. You shall see her to-morrow morning." "Is there any literary or scientific institutions in this place?" I asked. "Yes, they've got what we call an Athenaeum here; and, by the bye, as you are such an old fellow for singing, fiddling, and organ-playing, they have handed me a bill of a concert which is to be given there. I have got it somewhere in my pocket; but they couldn't board me with a ticket; had I known you were coming, I should have taken one." "Out with this bill," I cried, and after some fumbling amongst bits of old wine, pieces of canvas, and a multitude of incongruous articles, Captain Wilson drew forth from the unfathomable depth of his pocket a crumpled sheet of paper printed on one side. I grasped at it, unfolded it, and read—you can imagine with what delight—

"The Committee of the Bishopwearmouth Choral Society respectfully announce, that their last

GRAND CONCERT

For the present Season will be given
In the *Athenaeum*, on Monday Evening, April 29.
Principal Vocalists: Miss Grant, Miss Brown, and Mr. Ferry.
Pianist and Conductor: Mr. H. Hills.
&c. &c.

"Well," I exclaimed, "that's something, any how. Who should have thought it? A Choral Society here, and a regular 'Grand Concert' during the season. For my sake, my friend was almost as glad as I, and not a little proud at having pleased me with this unexpected increase of attractions in his native place. He got me a ticket that very night, and the next morning—it was Sunday—I went to Bishopwearmouth Church, to hear the conductor of the concert play the organ. He did not please me very much; his playing was all in the florid style; but, thought I, the gentleman is a pianist; probably he will be quite another man to-morrow night. One thing in the service of this church, however, pleased me uncommonly: I found here the old *turbator chori* (Anglice, choir devil) resuscitated. Our forefathers were aware, as well as we are, that the devil hates, above all, the sound of pure and pious harmony; and that wherever the glorious choirs of the blessed angels raise their voices in songs of praise, he endeavours to spoil or drown the heavenly strains by all sorts of hellish music, and stirs up his damned companions to shouts of scorn and blasphemy. It was the office of the *turbator chori* to imitate the devil, scream and squeak when the hymns and anthems of the choir sounded most delightfully; and the effect of this combination of sound is said to have been most curious and beautiful, so much so, that the blessed angels themselves could scarcely help weeping at such a spectacle of piety and devotion. The choir-devil has been abolished, to the great injury of the service; only here and there one has continued to raise his voice by surferance; but, thanks to God, we are now gradually returning to the good old time, when the church was what it ought to be; and I cannot help expressing my satisfaction and gratification at the fact of seeing one of the most pious customs of the church—the presence of a *turbator chori* restored. In the church I speak of, they have revived it as an improved plan, inasmuch as they employ a whole set of choir-devils instead of one, and do not pay them, but make it a work of love, as it ought to be. They have placed the children of the Sunday-school below the organ loft, and the little creatures—who must have been well trained—acquit themselves to perfection.

I could not help admiring the manner in which they

spoiled the chanting, by being always a bar behind the congregation; nor should I ever have thought it possible that a number of boys and girls, provided with the usual organs of hearing, could have been brought to sing constantly a semitone below the real pitch, in spite of a powerful organ and a not-detonating congregation. The thing was quite marvellous to me, but the effect was so sublime, that I shall not easily forget it; and I hope that some of your Christian readers in authority—organists, for instance—will not let this hint pass unnoticed.

Now, I was going to say something about the concert, but I perceive that my letter has already exceeded the usual length: so I will break off here, and continue my communication next week: that is to say, if you will insert it, and do not forget to send me a paper.

ANTHONY WINDFIRE.

THE CHORAL FUND AND THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETIES.

THE following letter has been addressed to us, on a subject not without interest, since music and charity are jointly implicated:—

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

"Strand, May 18th, 1850.

SIR,—On reading *The Daily News* this morning, respecting the Benefit Concert of the above Society, which took place last evening at Exeter Hall, I was struck by one remark. The paragraph states that the concert was "creditable"—a fact undoubted by the amount of applause elicited from the audience after each song and chorus. Yet it asks "Why is not this done by the Sacred Harmonic Society?"—meaning "they alone can do it." I ask—Why the remark? Is not Mr. Benedict as able to conduct as Mr. Costa? and the major portion of the chorus of our society belongs to the other. Then, I say, what difference could there be? Yet, I would say, why did not the Sacred Harmonic Society, when applied to first, "sing for this charity?" (I enclose you a copy of the correspondence.) The fact was, one or two of the committee could not have the same despotism away in the management of this concert as with their own, and suffered their pride to get the better of their judgment in refusing to aid one of the most noble and benevolent institutions for the relief of aged and afflicted musicians. In a case like this, it is a disgrace to any society to allow party feeling to spring up and interfere with an object of charity.

I fancy your excellent journal is free of all party spirit, and therefore trust you will give room for its insertion.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

FAIR PLAY.

The correspondence alluded to by "Fair Play," whose benevolence is more remarkable than his English, is subjoined:—

"Dean-street, Soho, March 16th, 1850.

GENTLEMEN,—The concert committee of the Choral Fund beg to inform you that they intend giving two performances at Exeter Hall of Haydn's *Seasons*, on the 17th and 31st of May next, under the conductorship of Jules Benedict, Esq. This change of getting up their annual benefit concert has been necessitated by frequent losses for years past, and increased expenses for widows and orphans. In selecting for this year's performance a work which, from its mixed character, is excluded from the *répertoire* of your Society, the concert committee hope to obtain from you that assistance and co-operation which will be alike beneficial to us and honourable to yourselves, by assisting a deserving charity. It is, therefore, with confidence in your sympathy with our cause, we are induced to request the gratuitous use of your organ for these two performances, and your kind aid by a selection of about sixty vocal performers from each part of those best capable of doing justice to the oratorio.—Hoping for a favourable answer to our request, we remain, yours respectfully, the Concert Committee.

"CHARLES TETT, Sec.

"To the Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society."

"Sacred Harmonic Society, 6, Exeter Hall, April 8th, 1850.

SIR.—The absence from London and subsequent severe illness of Mr. Brewer preventing his attending to business, I am requested to reply to your letter of the 16th of March. The committee of

the Sacred Harmonic Society have taken into their consideration the application of the concert committee of the Choral Fund, for the gratuitous use of the organ in Exeter Hall, and for the assistance of sixty of the best from each department of the Society's chorus, at two performances of Haydn's *Seasons*: it is proposed to give at Exeter Hall on the 17th and 31st of May, the proceeds arising from which, it is hoped, will be beneficial to the fund. I am instructed, in reply, to inform you, that, after careful attention to the circumstances of the case, the Committee deem it incumbent upon them to decline acquiescence in either of these requests. At the same time, the committee desire to express their wish for the prosperity of any institution devoted to the relief of those who have been employed in the execution of the works of the great choral writers—a sentiment which is cordially participated in by, sir, your obedient servant,

ROBT. DOWLAT.

"Mr. C. TETT, Sec. Choral Fund."

A similar application was made to the committee of the London Sacred Harmonic Society, requesting the use of their orchestra and the same number of vocal performers, to which the following reply was received:—

"Rectory, Limehouse, March 23rd, 1850.

SIR,—Your letter of the 16th of March was laid before the committee of the London Sacred Harmonic Society, at our meeting last evening, and I have the satisfaction of informing you that the committee were unanimous in their feeling that we should assist, to the utmost of our power, in furthering the cause of your most excellent charity. Our orchestra will be placed at your service gratuitously, and we will endeavour to select the number of vocal performers you think requisite for doing justice to the *Seasons*. And I may add, that we are most anxious, in every way, to co-operate with the concert committee of the Choral Fund, especially in a performance under the conductorship of Mr. Benedict.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

GEORGE ROBERTS, Pres. L. S. H. S.

"CHARLES TETT, Esq., Sec. Choral Fund."

Thus it would appear upon the face of these minutes that of the two societies devoted to the cultivation of sacred choral music, the youngest, "The London Sacred," is the more inclined to charity. We have no great faith in charity that begins at Exeter Hall. There is too much spouting and ranting in that notorious temple of puritanism to leave room for any of the feelings that spring from the heart. Our reading of the whole matter under hand, is therefore *sic*—The Sacred Harmonic Society found it inconvenient to accord the Choral Fund what the choral Fund demanded, and so, "making no bones," candidly declined. The London Sacred Harmonic Society, the younger institution, and naturally prone to take hold of any means of securing popularity, and wisely concluding that in the eyes of the human race (nineteenths of whom are blind to all the secret springs of action) it would be regarded as a popular and magnanimous step, threw themselves into the arms of Mr. Tett, and placed their "Affairs" at his disposal. But by a diver into the depths of the human breast, the real motives of all this display of generosity may be seen at the bottom, disposed in irregular rows, like precious stones. After all, to adopt another view of the subject, we are inclined to think that the Sacred Harmonic Society, in refusing its organ, showed more real charity than the London Sacred Harmonic in granting its orchestra and chorus.

We have done our best, however, to place the matter clearly before the world. Let those that are interested in the matter read the letter of "Fair Play," and the correspondence that ensues, and judge for themselves. What we have said is hardly worth consideration; but we have no time to scratch it out.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PIATT.—This celebrated violoncellist has been nominated Professor of the Conservatoire of Milan.

MR. BAINLEY RICHARDS' concert will take place on Friday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms. Mr. B. Richards, among other performances, will perform, with Messrs. Piatti, H. C. Cooper, and Hill, a MS. quartet by G. A. Macfarren, the last movement of which has been expressly arranged for this concert.

MADAME PUZZI.—The annual concert of this accomplished professor of the vocal art took place on Monday morning in the music room of Her Majesty's Theatre, and was attended by a brilliant display of rank and fashion. As usual, Madame Puzzi's programme was enriched by the names of all the artists of Mr. Lumley's powerful company, at the head of whom was Madame Sontag, who sang an air by Lacner, with a violoncello *obligato*, beautifully played by Signor Piatti, and the celebrated variations of Adolphe Adam, on the old French air, "Ah vous dirai-je, Maman." The latter, introduced by Madame Sontag for the first time in this country, was a wonderful display of voluble execution and expressive singing. The air was delivered with touching simplicity, and the variations rendered with exquisite neatness and grace. Mr. Remusat played the flute *obligato*, an important element in the variations, with masterly finish. Madame Sontag was encored in both these airs, in which she was admirably accompanied by Mr. Balf. It is impossible to enter into details about the remainder of the programme. The performances of Signor Puzzi on the horn, nevertheless, demand a special notice. This gentleman was one of the first to establish the horn as a favorite solo instrument in England. In his day, long before the acoustic marvels of Vivier had doubled the resources of the instrument, Signor Puzzi was unrivalled, and at this moment he possesses a sweetness of tone and a method of pleasing peculiarly his own, both of which he exemplified to favorable advantage in a *melodie* of Masini, and the barcarole from Donizetti's *Maria Tullio*. Signor Puzzi had some difficulty in accommodating his pitch to that of the pianoforte, which was a quarter of a tone too high, but the manner in which he accomplished it showed his perfect knowledge of the peculiarities of the horn. Mr. Thalberg played his *Don Giovanni* fantasia in superb style, and being encored, substituted a part of his *Don Pasquale*. A Mr. Gerhard Taylor executed some very singular variations on the larp in a very original manner; and an endless catalogue of popular vocal *morceaux*, by Mesdemoiselles Parodi, Catherine Hayes, Giuliani, Ida Bertrand, Madame F. Lablache, Signors Buearde, Calzolari, Coletti, Belletti, Lablache, F. Lablache, and Lorenzo, completed the concert, which, to judge by the warmth of the applause, and the many encores, gave the fullest satisfaction to the audience. Mr. Balf presided at the pianoforte, and was assisted by Signors F. Ronconi, Pilotti, Biletta, and Schira.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Mr. Hullah gave a grand performance on Wednesday night, in the large room of his new hall, which was very fully attended. There was a grand orchestra, and the usual numerous choral phalanx from the members of the first upper singing school. The programme was classical and interesting, but, containing nothing new, demands no special notice. The first part included Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion* (the English version, "Praise Jehovah"), which Mr. Hullah, to whom the score was presented by the composer, as a mark of esteem, was the first to introduce in this country; and Beethoven's second symphony in D. The solo voice parts in the *cantata* were allotted to Miss Deakin, Mrs. Noble, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. W. H. Seguin. The second part began with Mr. Henry Leslie's festival anthem, "Let God arise," of which we had the pleasure to speak in terms of high favor when it was first played under Mr. Hullah's direction, at the opening of the great room in St. Martin's Hall. Although, on the whole, the execution was not so satisfactory as on the previous occasion, a second hearing impressed us still more strongly in favour of Mr. Leslie's anthem, which is certainly one of the most remarkable choral works from the pen of an English composer. It is satisfactory to find our young musicians engaged in essays of this lofty character; and had Mr. Leslie failed, the attempt itself would have been honourable; but success has fully justified his ambition. The chief defects in the execution last night were with the chorus, which seems to be falling into a habit of dragging the time of every movement, so hard to be avoided in large bodies of singers. In the second part of the impressive chorus, "The Lord gave the word," at the passage, "Kings with their armies did flee," the

composer's idea, which is clear enough, was lost in confusion. We fear Mr. Hullah must often experience the difficulty almost inseparable from amateur associations—that of obtaining proper rehearsals at stated times. The solo parts of the anthem were admirably sustained by Miss Deakin and Mr. Lockey. Miss Deakin, a pupil of Mrs. Alfred Shaw, has a *soprano* voice of excellent quality, and bids fair to rise to a high rank among our professional singers. She obtained an *encore* for the effective solo, "But let the righteous be glad," which her bold and animated style of singing well deserved. The anthem was honoured by the greatest applause throughout. Mr. Hullah conducted with his usual decision and intelligence. The concert concluded with a selection from *Obéron*.

CHORAL FUND.—We regret that Exeter Hall was but moderately filled at the concert for this charity on yesterday's night. The performance was Haydn's "Seasons," conducted by Mr. Boneddy, the vocalists being Miss Birch, and Messrs. Phillips and Lockey. Miss Birch sang throughout as if her task had been "a labour of love." The gems of her performance were the little cavatina, "Nature sinks" (the only fault of which is its brevity); and the popular song, "There was a squire." The former was given with charming simplicity; and the latter with so much ardour as to obtain an *encore*. Miss Birch was ably supported by Messrs. Lockey and Phillips.

CERMOANE.—This popular place of amusement opened for the season on Monday last, under the direction of Mr. T. B. Simpson.

MA. G. A. OSBORNE'S third *matinée musicale* took place on Thursday, at the Beethvee Rooms, Harley Street. The concert commenced with Mendelssohn's trio in D minor for piano, violin, and violoncello. The performers were Mr. Osborne, Ernst, and Piatti. The trio was splendidly played. Mr. Osborne both read and executed Mendelssohn's music admirably. Miss Catherine Hayes sang Mozart's "Voix du sapin" with infinite grace and expression, and received the warmest congratulations of the audience. Beethoven's sonata in E flat, for piano and violin, an early work of the composer, was played to perfection by Osborne and Ernst. A duo for pianoforte and violoncello, by Osborne, first time of performance, was rendered by the composer and Piatti with immense spirit. The first movement is an air *suris*; the variations are ingenious and melodious. The second movement is a rondo, sparkling and brilliant, and exceedingly quaint. A very pretty ballad by Mrs. Mackinlay, called "Remember thee! yes, Love, for ever," sung by Miss Catherine Hayes, was a capital specimen of pure and unaffected ballad singing. Mr. Osborne's trio in A, for piano, violin, and violoncello, well known as the composer's masterpiece, went off with great *clat* in the hands of Osborne, Ernst, and Piatti. The *matinée* concluded with a brilliant performance by Mr. Osborne of his "Romance sans paroles," a composition highly characteristic and effective. The concert was excellent in every respect, and tended to the gratification of a numerous and attentive audience.

HALIFAX PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—This new society commenced its concerts for the present season with great *clat*. Since the visit of Julien's band never has there been a finer than that which filled the orchestra on Tuesday last. The instrumental pieces performed were the *Adagio* and *Allegro* in Mozart's symphony in E flat, the overtures to *Zampa* and *William Tell*, Haydn's *Surprise*, and Weber's *Jubilee* overture. Of these, the *Surprise* and Herold's overture were best appreciated. In the duet (pianoforte and violin) played by Mr. Frobisher and Mr. Haddock, the latter performer exhibited a quiet even ability in the old school of violin playing. His tone, however, was somewhat thin, and his playing was scarcely a match for the spirited pianoforte playing of Mr. Frobisher. Mrs. Sonderland and Mr. Ryalls furnished the vocal relief of the evening's performances; but the music selected was by no means so attractive as at the preliminary concert given in the same room three weeks ago. Each vocalist had a piece from Douizetti, and (as on the former occasion) their duets were all by English composers. But the best song sung by Mrs. Sonderland was Baroetti's "I saw him on the mountain," which was worthily encored; and an *encore* to a semi-comic song of Lover's enabled Mr. Ryalls to introduce a better song (albeit an older), Carey's ballad, "Sally in our alley." The attendance in the front seats was excellent, but there was much room for improvement in the back seats and gallery.—*Halifax Paper*.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—A grand performance will be given on Monday evening for the benefit of Messrs. G. A. Macfarren and E. Loder. The entertainments consist of the first act of *King Charles II.*, the second act of the *Night Dancers*, a miscellaneous concert, and a farce. In the concert Ernst and Kate Loder will perform, and Mr. Sims Reeves and Miss Catherine Hayes will sing. The whole vocal strength of the Princess's Theatre will be employed in the operatic selection.

BATH.—Miss Ley's morning concert took place on Wednesday morning, May 8th, at the Assembly Rooms. The programme opened with Beethoven's grand trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, admirably performed by Messrs. Jaques, Ernst, and Hausmann. This was unquestionably the gem of the concert, and was played amidst the breathless attention of a delighted audience, and received with tokens of the most cordial approbation. Miss Ley sang two solos, besides assisting in the concerted pieces. In her rendering of the air from *La Clemenza di Tito*, we were much gratified with the manifestations which she displayed of a highly-cultivated musical faculty. Miss Ley was also listened to with much pleasure in a German song by Kreutzer, with violoncello accompaniment, and took part with Mrs. Millar in the ballad, "Sweet sister stay," and in the trio, "Ti prego," by Curschman. Mrs. Millar was heartily applauded in Costa's aria, "Stanza di piu." Mr. Millar also rendered valuable aid. The great attraction of the concert was, of course, Herr Ernst, the violinist. We believe few went from the room without paying a tribute of admiration to the wondrous facility and skill displayed by this celebrated performer. To us it appeared that he possessed every excellence. His facility and clearness in the execution of the most rapid and difficult passages was astonishing, even to those who had heard the first artists on that difficult instrument. He has also another merit, which is not always to be found among the violinists—he depends entirely on the legitimate resources of his art; there is no leger-demin or clap-trap in his performance. He excels equally in the *allegro* and the *andante*, and aims less at astonishing than at pleasing his auditory. He certainly has succeeded in attaining a brilliance and a dashing rapidity which excite the organ of wonder in no mean degree. Herr Hausmann, the talented professor of the violoncello, was, as usual, a general favourite, from his manifest talent and his unassuming manner. His new fantasia on British airs was a very pleasing piece of instrumentation, extracted by the hand of a master from a most difficult and untractable instrument. It consisted entirely of well-known airs, with variations, and formed a good specimen of what a good solo intended for popular ears ought to be. Mr. George Field presided with his accustomed ability.—*Bath Gazette*, May 15.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The notices of several Concerts and other matters are unavoidably postponed till next week.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. CRIVELLI

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that his Work on

THE ART OF SINGING,

Adapted with alterations and additions for the BASS VOICE, may be had at his Residence,

71, UPPER NORTON STREET;

And at all the principal Musicellers.

MADAME VERDAVAINNE,

PROFESSOR of the Pianoforte and Guitar, has the honor to inform her Patrons, her Friends, and Pupils, that she resides at NO. 4, OLD CAVENDISH STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE. Tuition at home and abroad.

NEW PIANO MUSIC.

GRAND MARCH OF THE PROTECTORIST.—Dedicated to LORD JOHN MANNERS, M.P., and the Farmers of England, by JAMES DACK.—Price 2s.

London: WEBER and CO., 229, Regent Street; and may be had of all music and booksellers.

BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

M. ROSSIGNOL ROUSSELOT respectfully announces that the Fourth Exclusive Performance of **HERR ERNST AT THESE QUARTET PARTIES** will take place on **WEDNESDAY, May 29th**, at 27, Queen Ann-street, at Eight o'clock.

Quartets: Haydn, No. 79, in D major; Mendelssohn, No. 4, in E minor; Beethoven, No. 7, in F major, and the Grand Sonata in C sharp minor for Pianoforte.

Executants—Messrs. ERNST, H. C. COOPER, H. HILL, S. ROUSSELOT, and LINDSAY SLOPER.

Names will be received at Messrs. ROUSSELOT and ARBANS, 66 Conduit-street, Regent-street.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS

BEGS to announce that his Concert will take place on **FRIDAY EVENING, May 31st**, at the **HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS**, under the immediate patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, and His Grace the Duke of Newcastle.

Vocalists:—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Birch, Miss Bassano, Miss Mesent, Miss Owen, and Madame Macfarren; Messrs. Sims Reeves, W. H. Harrison, W. H. Seguin, Marchesi, and H. Drayton.

Instrumentalists:—Messrs. Piat, H. C. Cooper, Hill, Mount, and Brinley Richards, who will perform a (MS) Quartet, by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, the last movement of which has been re-arranged expressly for this Concert.

Mr. Richards will also perform Selections from Bach and Handel; and also a Concertante Duet with Mr. Benedict.

Conductors:—Messrs. BENEDICT and LINDSAY SLOPER. Single Ticket, 7s. each; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. To be had of all music-sellers; and of Mr. Richards, at 31, New Bond Street.

MADLLE. COULON

HAS the honour to announce that her ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place at the **HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS**, on **MONDAY, June 3rd**, to commence at Two o'clock precisely; on which occasion she will be assisted by the following celebrated artists:—

Vocalists:—Messieurs Birch, Nau, E. Birch, Graumann; Messrs. Sigelli de Becier, Burdini, and Marchesi.

Instrumental Performers:—Pianoforte, Madlle. Coulon; Harp, Mr. Frederick Clatterton; Violin, M. Sauton; Flute, M. Briceland; Violoncello, M. Roussiet; Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus; Horn, Mr. Jarrett; Oboe, M. Barrett; Bassoon, M. Baumann.

Conductors:—Messrs. BENEDICT and LINDSAY SLOPER. Seals and Tickets may be had at all the principal music warehouses; and of Madlle. Coulon, 48, Great Marlborough Street.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

M. BENEDICT'S GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, Under the immediate Patronage of Her Majesty **THE QUEEN**, H. R. H. Prince Albert, H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, and their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge.

MR. BENEDICT begs respectfully to announce that his **ANNUAL CONCERT** will take place on the **STAGE OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, on FRIDAY MORNING, June 21st, 1850**, with the entire Chorus and Orchestra, on which occasion he will be supported by all the eminent artists of that establishment, including—Messieurs Sontag, Frezzolini, Pardi, Giuliani, Ida Bertrand, Miss Catherine Hayes, Signori Gardoni, Calandari, Baccare, Coletti, Bellotti, F. Labache, and Labache, under the direction of Mr. Bello. Funes, Messrs. Hallé, Osborne, Lindsay Sloper, and Benedict; Violin, Messrs. Ernst and Molique, Violoncello, Signor Piat; and French Horn, M. Vivier. Engagements with other distinguished artists are pending.

Pieces of Admission:—Boxes, Two, Three, and Four Guineas; Pit Stalls, £1 1s.; Pit Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d. Application for Boxes, &c., to be made at the principal libraries, music warehouses, the Box Office of Her Majesty's Theatre, and to M. Benedict, 2, Manchester Square.

Just Published.

"THE BUSY BEE POLKA."

THE BUSY BEE POLKA is now ready for delivery by the **Dance of Single Copy.**

WEBER and CO., 229, Regent Street; where may be had

"THE TWIN POLKAS."

Also now performing nightly at the Theatre Royal Haymarket,

"LA POLKA GLISSANTE,"

Dedicated to W. H. HOLMES; and

"LA POLKA TREMOLA."

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

COMBINING THE TALENTS OF

Madame SONTAG and Madame FREZZOLINI,
Signori CALZOLARI, BAUCARDE, and REEVES,
COLETTI, BELLETTI, LORENZO, and LABLACHE,
Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI,
Madlle. AMALIA FERRARIS, Madlle. MARIE TAGLIONI,
And M. PAUL TAGLIONI,
will take place on

THURSDAY NEXT, May 30th, 1850,

when will be presented.

(THE LAST TIME.)
BELLINI'S Celebrated Opera, entitled

LA SONNAMBULA.

Amina . . . Madame SONTAG,
Count Rodolpho . . . Signor BELLETTI,

AND

Elvino . . . Mr. SIMS REEVES.
After which, a Divertissement from the admired Ballet,

THE FA.

By Mdlle. MARIE TAGLIONI,

Mdlles. AUBANDON, JULIEN, LAMOREUX, ROSA, and Corps de Ballet.
In the course of the Evening, Selections from Rossini's celebrated Opera,

GUGLIELMO TELL.

Guglielmo Tell . . . Signor COLETTI,
Arnoldo . . . Signor BAUCARDE,

AND

Walter . . . Signor LORENZO.
And the admired

"PAS STYRIEN."

Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI and M. P. TAGLIONI.
To be followed by the Last Act of DONIZETTI'S Opera,

L'ELISIR D'AMORE.

Aina . . . Madame FREZZOLINI,
Memorio . . . Signor CALZOLARI,

AND

Dr. Dulcamara . . . Signor LABLACHE.

After which, the highly successful New Grand PAS DE TROIS,
by M. P. TAGLIONI, entitled

LES GRACES.

BY

Mdlle. CARLOTTA GRISI,
Mdlle. AMALIA FERRARIS,
Mdlle. MARIE TAGLIONI.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of
the Theatre.

Doors open at Seven, the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

For the Benefit of Messrs. MACFARREN and LODER, on
MONDAY EVENING, 27th May, 1850, when the following Artists will
appear:—

Miss Catherine Hayes and Miss Birch, Madlle. Nan, Madame Macfarren, Mrs.
Weiss, and Miss Louise Payne. Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Allen, Mr. Corri, Mr. Lister,
Mr. Weiss, and Mr. W. Harrison. Miss Louisa Howard and Mr. A. Wigan. Herr
Ernst will perform a Solo on the Violin. M. Viner will perform a Solo on the
Horn. Messrs. Brundell, Brinley Richards, W. C. Macfarren, and Osborne will
perform a Quartet on two Pianofortes. Mr. Richardson will perform a Solo on the
Flute. Mr. Thomas will perform a Solo on the Harp.

The Performances will comprise the First Act of Mr. G. A. Macfarren's Opera,
KING CHARLES THE SECOND;

A CONCERT;

The Second Act of Mr. Loder's Opera,

THE NIGHT DANCERS;

And the Extravaganza of

THE FIRST NIGHT.

Tickets to be had of Mr. MACFARREN, 65, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square;
and of Mr. LODER, 145, Albany Street; of the principal Music Sellers; and at the
Box-office of the Theatre.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ONE MORE

Grand Classical, Dramatic, Miscellaneous, Concerted
MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

Selected from the following Authors:
MOZART, HANDEL, MERCADANTE, CIMAROSA, MEYERBEER,
DONIZETTI, RICCI, ROSSINI, BELLINI, VERDI, BALFE,
A. ADAM, PURCELL, SPOHR, GLUCK, BEETHOVEN, and
MENDELSSOHN.

Will take place on

MONDAY MORNING, May 27th, 1850,

On which occasion the following eminent Artists will appear:

MADAME SONTAG,

MADLE. PARODI, Miss CATHERINE HAYES,
MADAME GIULIANI, MADLE. IDA BERTRAND,
AND MADAME FREZZOLINI.

SIGNORI BAUCARDE, CALZOLARI, SIMS REEVES,
COLETTI, BELLETTI, LORENZO,
F. LABLACHE, AND LABLACHE,

SUPPORTED BY

All the Instrumental and Choral Resources of the Theatre.

In addition to which the valuable assistance of M. THALBERG
has been secured.

The whole under the Direction of Mr. BALFE.

PART I.

Overture (*Faust*) Spahr.
Te Deum (*Laudamus*) Mozart.

Mesdames Sontag, Parodi, Catherine Hayes, Giuliani,
Ida Bertrand, and Frezzolini; Signori Baucarde, Calzo-
lari, Sims Reeves, Coletti, Belletti, Lorenzo, F. Lablache,
and Lablache, and Chorus.

Cavatins, Madame Frezzolini, "Di quei sonni palpiti," . . . Mercadante.
(*Orasi e Curiosi*) Donizetti.

Aria, Signor Calzolari, "Spirto gentile" (*La Favorita*) . . . Donizetti.

Duetto, Mme. Sontag and Mme. Ida Bertrand,
"Ser brami ognor," (*Semiramide*) . . . Rossini.

Cavatins, Sig. Baucarde, "La Dea di tutti i cor," (*Giuramento*) . . . Mercadante.

"Le Dieu de l'Apoph," (First time in this country) . . . Gluck.

Mesdames Sontag, Parodi, Catherine Hayes, Giuliani,
Ida Bertrand, and Frezzolini; Signori Baucarde, Calzo-
lari, Sims Reeves, Coletti, Belletti, Lorenzo, F. Lablache,
and Lablache, and Chorus.

Variations (by desire), Madame Sontag, "Ah! vous dirai-je," . . . A. Adam.

Flute Overture, Messrs. Baucarde, (*La Torreador*) . . .

War Song and Chorus (by desire), Mr. Sims Reeves,
"Come if you dare," (*King Arthur*) Purcell.

PART II.

Overture (*The Isle of Fingal*) Mendelssohn.

Recit. & Aria, Signor Coletti, "L'eti voci" (*L'airo*) . . . Mercadante.

Rondo, Madame Frezzolini (*Betty*) Donizetti.

Duetto, Signor Coletti and Signor Lablache,
"Qui fra voi" (*Elisa e Claudio*) Mercadante.

Aria, Madlle. Parodi, "Semprie all'alta" (*Giovanna d'Arco*) . . . Verdi.

New Variations, Pianoforte, on the "Barcarolle" . . . Thalberg.

Air, Madame Sontag, "Let the bright Seraphim" (*Sampson*) . . . Handel.

(Trumpet Obligato, Mr. Zelin) Meyerbeer.

Aria, Signor Belletti, "Fid-paff" (*Oh Ugnotti*) Donizetti.

Polacca, Madame Giuliani, "Severe azzite encore" (*Les*
Mortiers) Donizetti.

Selections from the "Hymn of Praise" (*Lobpreisung*), the Solo
by Madame Sontag and Miss C. Hayes and Full Chorus

PART III.

Overture (*Prometheus*) Beethoven.

Russian Ballad, Mme. Frezzolini, "Zolovo; on le Rossignol"
Tertetto, for Three Tenors—(in consequence of the rap-
turous encore at the last Concert)

Signori Baucarde, Sims Reeves, and Calzolari,
"In quile aspetto imbelite," (*Arnaldo*) Rossini.

New Ballad, Miss Catherine Hayes, "The Joy of tears," . . . Balfe.

(First Time of Performance.)
Fantasia, Pianoforte, M. Thalberg, on subjects from *L'ucania*
Borgia, Thalberg.

Duetto, Signori Lorenzo and Coletti, "Che l'anticipate,"
(*Chorus of Rome*) Ricci.

"Serbate o Dei Custodi" (*La Clemenza di Tito*) Mozart.

Mesdames Sontag, Parodi, Catherine Hayes, Giuliani,
Ida Bertrand, and Frezzolini; Signori Baucarde, Calzo-
lari, Sims Reeves, Coletti, Belletti, Lorenzo, F. Lablache,
and Lablache, and Chorus.

Boxes, 2 Guineas; Pit Stalls, 12s. 6d.; Pit, 5s. 6d.;
Gallery Stalls, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. 6d.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of
the Theatre.

The Concert will commence at Two o'clock precisely.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

THIRD NIGHT OF ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, May 28th, will be performed, with the following powerful Cast, Meyerbeer's Grand Romantic Opera,

ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.

Alice	Madame GRISI,
Isabella	Madame CASTELLAN,
Elena	Mdlle. LOUISE TAGLIONI,
Alberto	Signor ROMMI,
Erasto	Mons. MASSOL,
Il Priore	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Major Domo	Signor SOLDI,
Cavaliers	Signori MEI and POLONINI,
Roberto	Signor TAMBERLIK,
Breramo	Herr FORMES,
	AND
Rambaldo	Signor MARIO,

EXTRA NIGHT.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF SIGNOR RONCONI.

FIRST NIGHT OF "ANATO."

On THURSDAY NEXT, MAY 30, a GRAND COMBINED ENTERTAINMENT will take place, embracing the whole of the Opera ANATO, in which SIGNOR RONCONI will make his first Appearance this Season, the most striking portions of the Opera LUCREZIA BORGIA, and the Grand Third Act of Rossini's Opera of ZORA, (Mose in Egitto), including the incidental Ballet, the magnificent Chorus, and Finale.

The Performances will commence with (for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera) a Grand Opera, founded on Verdi's NEBUCCADONOSOR, entitled

A N A T O,

The Principal Characters by
 Signor RONCONI, (His First Appearance this Season),
 Mme. CASTELLAN, Mdlle. VERA
 Signor TAGLIAFICO, AND Signor TAMBERLIK.

After which will be performed the Principal Act (the Second) of DONIZETTI'S Opera,

LUCREZIA BORGIA.

Lucretia Borgia	Madame GRISI,
Maffio Orsini	Mdlle. de MERIC,
Don Alphonso	Signor TAMBURINI,
Don Apostolo Gasella	Signor GREGORIO,
Ascania Petrucci	Signor RACHE,
Jeppo Liverotto	Signor SOLDI,
Gubetta	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Oloferno Vitellozzo	Signor LUIGI MEI,

AND
 Gennaro Signor MARIO.

To conclude with the THIRD Act of Rossini's Grand Opera,

ZORA,

including the Magnificent Finale.

Anais	Madame CASTELLAN,
Senaude	Mademoiselle VERA,
Nicotri	Mademoiselle d'OKOLSKI,
Merismana	Signor TAMBURINI,
Zora	Monsieur ZELGER,
Babias	Signor LAVIA,
Oairis	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Audile	Signor SOLDI,

AND
 Amenodi Signor TAMBERLIK.

The Divertissement will be supported by
 Monsieur ALEXANDRE and Madlle. LOUISE TAGLIONI.
 Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor Mr. COSTA.
 The Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven, and the Performances
 commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had (for the Night or Season) at the Box-office of the Theatre, corner of Hart Street and Row Street, Covent Garden, which is open, from 10 till 5 o'clock; and at the Principal Libraries.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

Under the Immediate Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty,
 THE QUEEN.

MRS. ANDERSON (Pianiste to Her Majesty the Queen, and Musical Instructor to Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal), has the honor to inform her Patrons and Friends, that her ANNUAL

GRAND MORNING CONCERT

Will take place at the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, on
 MONDAY, JUNE 10th, 1850,

Commencing at HALF-FAST ONE O'CLOCK precisely.

MRS. ANDERSON has very great gratification in being able on the above occasion to present to her Patrons and Friends a Grand Work of FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, viz., the Music written by that great Composer to the SUPERTROCLEAN TRAGEDY of

EDIPUS COLONEUS.

This Work has been performed only at Buckingham Palace, and it is by THE KIND AND GRACIOUS PERMISSION of HER MAJESTY that Mrs. Anderson is enabled to produce it. It will therefore be heard for the first time in public on the above occasion, and will be given with the English version of it LUTIN, and an elucidative MONOLOGUE, written for this occasion by Mr. BARTLOW, and which will be recited, with extracts from the MS. Tragedy, by

MR. BARTLEY.

who had the honor of reading the Tragedy at Buckingham Palace, by Command of HER MAJESTY.

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EDIPUS COLONEUS.

Part II. will consist of a

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION

from the most admired Opera, and Works of the Great Masters
 and include

BEETHOVEN'S GRAND CHORAL FANTASIA,

Performed by

MRS. ANDERSON.

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Mdlle. VERA,	Mdlle. de MERIC,
Signor TAMBURINI,	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Signor POLONINI,	Signor LAVIA,
Signor LUIGI MEI,	Mons. ZELGER,
Mons. MASSOL,	Signor MARALTI,
Herr FORMES,	Signor TAMBERLIK,
Signor BONCONI,	Signor MARIO.

Also the magnificent BAND and CHORUS of the Royal Italian Opera.

Conductor Mr. COSTA.

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Tickets and Boxes to be had at the Box-office of the Theatre; at the principal music-sellers and libraries; and of Mrs. Anderson, 21, Manchester Street, Manchester Square.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1850.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE.
STAMPED FOURPENCE.

SPOHR.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE PHILHARMONIC.

THIS illustrious musician, having entirely recovered from his recent illness, the result of an accident, an account of which has appeared in these columns, has been devoting his leisure hours to the composition of a new grand symphony, entitled *The Seasons*. We hear, from competent authority, that this work, which constitutes the ninth symphony of the great composer, is one of the most remarkable that has ever proceeded from his fertile pen. From the manner in which Spohr has treated other poetical subjects—need we mention, as examples, the *Power of Sound*, and *Earthliness and Godliness*—we can readily conceive in what a masterly and imaginative style he would be likely to develop so happy and suggestive a theme as that of the *Seasons*. Of course this new and important work, by the greatest living composer for the orchestra, will be seized on with avidity by the directors of the Philharmonic Society, who, panting for novelty, and honourably eager to give entire satisfaction to their subscribers, have thus an opportunity afforded them of which there can be little doubt they will zealously avail themselves.

ALBONI.

THE *Athenæum* appears incredulous on the success of Alboni in the *Prophète*, notwithstanding that it has been recorded in unmistakable terms by the whole of the French press, musical and unmusical. In support of his incredulity the critic of that journal quotes a fragment of the *feuilleton* of M. Berlioz, in the *Journal des Débats*, with comments appropriate to the view he takes of the subject. We cite without curtailment:—

"M. Berlioz has rarely, if ever, been more grotesque in his praises than when writing of Mademoiselle Alboni's *Fides*, the singing of which he lauds as beautiful, though as every one must have been prepared to learn, is deficient in dramatic vigour. 'I should like,' says he, after politely adverting to this, 'to be very young and very handsome. I would try to inspire her with an unhappy passion—to deceive her—from time to time to beat her, and at the end of three or four years of such discipline and grief, the talent of Mdlle. Alboni would be something amazing and complete in every respect!'"

If we may be allowed an opinion on the subject, we shall make bold to say, that it would have been fairer, both to Alboni and to the readers of the *Athenæum*, had the writer quoted at least so much of the *feuilleton* of M. Berlioz as would have conveyed a just impression of that distinguished critic's real opinion of Alboni's performance, which, if we are able to read, and understand what we read, is as warmly and unconditionally eulogistic as any notice of any artistic effort that has appeared in any journal any time this twenty years. The fact is, that Alboni's recent triumph has so astonished many people, the critic of the *Athenæum* among the rest, that they are at a loss what to make of it. We, however, were not

surprised at all, having already witnessed her performance of Leonora, in the *Favorita*, on the Continent. We have no space for a translation of the entire article of M. Berlioz, but shall quote a few passages next week, which may serve to neutralise the erroneous impression likely to be induced by the garbled extract and significant comments of the *Athenæum*.

VIVIER.

(Continued from No. 19.)

EUGÈNE VIVIER was born at Ajaccio, the capital of Corsica, on the 4th of December, 1822. He is, therefore, though of French extraction by his grandfather's side, no more a Frenchman than Napoleon Buonaparte. Corsica, however, being a department of the French empire, or rather republic, Vivier is a subject of the French crown, or rather presidency. His family is honourable, as might readily be guessed from his manners and conversation, which are those of a polished and accomplished gentleman. His grandfather was a surgeon-major (*chirurgien-major*) in the French army, at the conquest of Corsica, whose services were rewarded with the grand cordon of St. Michel, a decoration of high distinction, and who in Corsica, contracted a matrimonial alliance with a young lady of noble family. Vivier's father, the eldest-born from this alliance, held for many years an honourable post in France, in the department of Finance.

Eugène, who, when quite a child, a mere *bambino*, displayed a lively disposition and a keen perception of the difference of things, was destined by his parents for the bench, and as soon as he was old enough to learn, was put out to study in that direction. A noble and wealthy kinsman, the Comte Colonna D'Istria, anxious to forward the views of his parents, afforded material aid to young Eugène in his destined career. Meanwhile he was permitted to study music, as a relaxation from his severer pursuits, and the violin was selected as his principal instrument. Apparently better organised to excel as a musician than as a magistrate, Eugène made such rapid progress that in an incredibly short period he could play at sight almost anything placed before him; while already that inventive genius, which afterwards enabled him to make so many new discoveries in the properties of instruments—more especially the horn—manifested itself in endless new effects, to the great astonishment of the most ancient and expert performers on the fiddle, who straightaway went forth and proclaimed young Vivier a prodigy. And a prodigy he truly was—that is inasmuch as his precocious knowledge of so difficult an instrument was concerned; but in what related to the study of the law, beyond the comprehension of the first principle, *meum et tuum*, he had not advanced a step. His backwardness in this respect was a sad disappointment to his parents, and particularly to his kind friend, the Comte Colonna D'Istria, who had indulged in the most extravagant hopes of the eminence his young protégé was destined at some future period to

attain. Vivier, however, who, then as now, was one of the most merry and fascinating of companions, would sooth their ill temper by some humorous remark, some witty rejoinder, or some philosophical axiom, turned in so original a manner that nothing could resist it; and thus he was left, unmolested, to employ twelve hours out of the twenty-four in pulling to pieces his violin, and reconstructing it—like the child who breaks the images in a Noah's ark, to see if there be anything inside. Unlike the child, however, Vivier's organ of destruction was balanced by an organ of perception equally strong. In the scattered fragments of wood and calgut, which had once constituted his much loved fiddle, he could discover secrets that, when he had, with infinite pains, restored the instrument to its original shape, enabled him to produce effects altogether opposed to past experience. Out of these his suggestive and far-seeing mind would plan the most original and unprecedented combinations, the realisation and practice of which would occupy and amuse him for weeks, until, wearied by familiarity, he would once more break his fiddle into pieces, concoct new wonders, and put them into execution with the same ready felicity. Being even more a musician than a mechanic, and more a poet than either, Vivier did not rest satisfied with the bare result of his experiments. It was not enough for him to know that certain sounds could be produced, and certain effects contrived, which had been previously unsuspected by violinists. He was eager to apply his discoveries to the legitimate purposes of art. With the breath of his imagination he swept the chords of the dumb fiddle, twisted by his ingenuity into another shape than its own, and gave birth to melodies and harmonies that filled the warm atmosphere of Ajaccio with dulcet and unaccustomed noises. In the early dawn, when spring decked the fields and hedges with primroses and wild blossoms of every scent and hue, Vivier, always an early riser (at that period), would awaken the birds to their orisons by a music softer and sweeter than their own. In the hot noon, when the summer sun made the ploughman sweat and the cattle seek shelter in the shadow of the woods, Vivier, concealed in the thick branches of some many-armed tree, would lighten the toil of the herdsman, by a music so strangely harmonious, that the bees left their honey-seeking, the May-flies their courting, and sat upon the leaves to listen. In autumn, when leaves began to fall, and the verdure ripened into brown and yellow tints, Vivier would pass the live-long day in the woods with a few bunches of grapes and a bottle of spring water for his sole repast, imitating the song of the west wind, as it moaned in the melancholy pine, with such closeness and felicity, that the wind, astonished at hearing a voice so like its own, stopped blowing for a while; but the motionless leaves and branches soon explained the trick, and the vexed zephyr, enraged at the delusion practised on her, blew with redoubled fury, while Vivier, charmed with his success, mingled his laughter with the voice of the wind, until the branch on which he was rocking to and fro would well-nigh break with the irregular weight that swayed it. [We state this on the authority of certain inhabitants of Ajaccio, who, be it understood, are given to superstition, have faith in spirits, and suppose the woods and meadows to be filled with nymphs and fawns. The peasants conscientiously believed Vivier to be no less than the god Pan, who, for certain inscrutable reasons had revisited earth in the shape of a fiddler, abandoning his pipes for fear of recognition.]

Thus would Vivier spend his days, in the sylvan and hilly vicinities of Ajaccio—unless when there might be a storm or a hurricane; then he would hie him to the sea-shore, and seated on a cliff, mock at the fury of the waves, until the rage of the

elements subsided, and no other noise interfering, he would draw from the strings of his violin (with the simple aid of his fingers—for Vivier rarely used the bow), a kind of hymn of thanksgiving in diverse parts, which the labourer, issuing from his hut to weep over the ravages of the tempest, would mistake for some celestial harmony, and cross himself with penitent humility. In the summer and autumn nights, when the moon dispensed her sly soft beams, like the smiles of some bashful girl, Vivier, restless and sleepless, would wander about the silent streets, or thread the dark and winding lanes, driving slumber from the tired eyes, by the plaintive and touching strains of his voice and instrument—for be it known, that, if as a fiddler Vivier could emulate Pan, as a singer he could rival Apollo, in the fond credulity of the romantic maidens of the city of Ajaccio and its environs. In the cold and gloomy winter, which is colder and gloomier in Corsica than in less genial climes, Vivier, like a bird of summer, would disappear and be no more seen in his favourite haunts. How he employed his time, however, may easily be guessed. His hours were devoted to study and contemplation, and it was what he had acquired with diligent assiduity in the winter recess, that, in spring and summer and autumn, was the charm of town and country, and morn and noon and night, filled the air with dirges and serenades and cradle songs and hymns.

One fine day, however, when the summer-sun was at its fiercest, and the full luxuriance of vegetation laded the atmosphere with perfumes that made the senses ache, those strange and errant melodies were no longer heard, that music so much loved was silent. The breezes and birds and insects were left to sing their daily concert, unmolested and alone. That mocking, kindly, trifling, and harmonious spirit had taken wing for another sphere. Vivier, determined to travel and see the world, had quitted Corsica for ever. Music in Ajaccio was dumb.

(To be continued.)

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S CONCERTS.

THE sixth and last of these instructive performances took place on Friday evening, the 24th ult., at St. Martin's Hall, before a crowded audience. As we have already said so much of the design of M. Billet in giving his illustrations of the pianoforte, and of the competent manner in which he has carried his design into execution, we shall, on the present occasion, instead of advancing any further opinions of our own, quote those of some of our contemporaries, beginning with the *Morning Post*, a journal which has already, more than once, paid a just compliment to the talent and spirit of M. Billet:—

"M. Billet, a sterling, legitimate pianist of the very best school, has been delighting and instructing the public by a second series of classical chamber concerts at the above hall, the last of which took place on Friday evening last. The concert-giver has, in the course of the series, proved himself to be familiar with the highest class of pianoforte works, and, by his admirable execution of them, has fully maintained the excellent reputation he has for some time enjoyed, both on the Continent and in England. The programme of Friday night included a grand sonata, in E flat, by Steibelt; a selection from studies by F. Hiller, Henselt, Chopin, Moscheles, and Mendelssohn; and the grand sonata in B flat, op. 106, by Beethoven. The latter work derived additional importance from the fact of its never before having been performed in public, at least in this country. Its extreme length, not to speak of its difficulty, had deterred most pianists from attempting it. Great honour, therefore, is due to M. Billet for the spirit he displayed in being the first to introduce so admirable a composition to the general public, and the truly artistic manner in which he rendered its manifold beauties."

The *Daily News*, in an excellent article on the second concert, joins to its praises of M. Billet, a warm and well merited eulogium on the second pianoforte sonata of Mr. Macfarren, * a work that deserves to be more generally known by pianists :—

"M. Alexander Billet, a pianist of distinguished ability, is giving a series of concerts of classical pianoforte music in St. Martin's Hall, consisting of pieces for the pianoforte alone, selected from the works of the greatest pianoforte composers from the time of Bach and Scarlatti to the present day. At the concert of last night, M. Billet performed Sonatas by Wolff, Haydn, and Macfarren; Mendelssohn's Fantasia in F sharp minor; preludes and fugues by Scarlatti, Bach, and Mendelssohn, and a selection of Modern Sonatas by Chopin, Henselt, Stephen Heller, and Sterndale Bennett. He showed himself to be a highly accomplished performer, extensively acquainted with the styles of the different composers, and possessed of a firm hand, freedom of execution, and variety of expression. One of his most effective performances was Macfarren's Sonata in A major, a beautiful work, which entitles its author to a place amongst the greatest writers for the pianoforte. It is regular and symmetrical in structure, clear in its design, rich in harmony, and full of flowing and graceful melodies. One of the movements, a short scherzo, is remarkable for the originality of its subject; and the finale, in the style of a rapid Neapolitan *Tarantella*, is in the highest degree brilliant and animated. This masterly piece ought to be in the hands of every amateur of the pianoforte. "The room was crowded, and it was gratifying to observe the attention and interest with which so large an audience listened to instrumental music of such a severe and classical character."

The *Times*, in the same spirit, enters more at length into the subject. We quote the whole article :—

M. Billet has given the sixth and last of his interesting performances at St. Martin's Hall. Perhaps on no former occasion has the pianoforte been so comprehensively illustrated in a continuous series of concerts. M. Billet has played specimens of every composer of eminence belonging to what is termed the classical school, from the earliest times until the present day. Out of a list of 26 names he has not omitted one. During the series he has revived many *chefs d'œuvre* which had fallen into undeserved neglect, and has brought them so favourably into notice that they are not likely again to be forgotten lightly. Among the most remarkable of these may be mentioned Dussek's *Forcell to Clementi*, Pinto's sonata in A major, and Dussek's *Elegy on the death of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia*, all doubly attractive, as works of the highest genius and as stepping-stones in the history and progress of the art. Had M. Billet done no more than restore these fine compositions to public notice, he would have rendered an essential service to good taste; but he has successfully illustrated every master of renown; and the catalogue of works he has presented during six performances would alone be enough to afford to any one anxious for knowledge an excellent idea of the genius and style of all the great composers for the pianoforte, from Handel, Scarlatti, and Sebastian Bach, down to Beethoven, Weber, and Mendelssohn.

"At the last *soirée* M. Billet introduced a beautiful sonata of Steibelt in E flat, dedicated to Madame Bonaparte—a work full of fancy and genuine melody, with ideas enough to furnish materials for twenty of the current fantasias of the day. He also played a chain of modern studies, from Ferdinand Hiller, Henselt, Chopin, Moschies, and Mendelssohn; two of which—those of Henselt and Chopin—has been compelled to repeat. The grand feature of the concert was Beethoven's sonata in B flat, Op. 106—the longest and one of the most original and extraordinary pieces ever written for the instrument. The difficulties of this work, which was composed at a late period of Beethoven's career, are so enormous, that no pianist has ventured before to attempt it in public. M. Billet, however, has had the courage to make the essay; and though the performance took up more than half an hour, the audience listened to it with marked attention throughout, and applauded each movement with enthusiasm. The finale, especially, containing an

elaborate fugue in three parts, many points of which are so widely dispersed that it is almost impossible for the hands to grasp them simultaneously, demands prodigious mechanical powers. But M. Billet found both fingers and intelligence for the task, and executed the finale with unflinching spirit and decision, never once abating, for his own convenience, the rapid tempo indicated by the composer.

"We have bestowed some attention on these concerts, since we esteem them among the most instructive and interesting that have been given for many years in illustration of the pianoforte. If M. Billet proceed boldly in the new path he has struck out for himself, he cannot fail to attain a very distinguished position among modern pianists of the classical school. It is worthy noting, in conclusion, that, although himself a composer of ability, M. Billet has modestly refrained from introducing a single production of his own pen during the entire series of illustrations—a piece of self-denial for which we imagine not many precedents could be cited."

We understand that it is M. Billet's intention to give a performance at the New Beethoven Rooms, in the course of which he will introduce some of those pieces which have been most successful during the series of six, at St. Martin's Hall. We think these illustrations of the great piano-forte writers would be attractive at some of the Literary and Philosophical Institutions in London and its vicinity—to say nothing of Manchester and other large towns. Perhaps M. Billet may be persuaded to consider the subject.

APOTHEGMS.

Laws, like the bones of animals, become stronger from having been broken and mended. In this light, the law-breakers are the best law-makers.

DREYSCHOCK.

We learn from our enlightened contemporary, *Punch*, that this eminent performer on an instrument which, from our infancy, we have been accustomed to call the pianoforte, is not a pianist, but a violinist, and, consequently, the marvels of execution with which he is in the habit of astonishing and delighting his enthusiastic auditors are not achieved upon the pianoforte but upon the violin. We are grateful for this unexpected piece of information, which will enable us for the future to steer clear of those confounded mistakes, which, in the multiplicity of our daily and nightly avocations, as musical reporters, it is very natural we should make from time to time. Yet, with the profoundest respect for our deep and subtle contemporary, we are still at a loss to guess how Herr Dreychock, with all his skill and all his prodigious mechanism, can possibly manage to perform, with only half his complement of fingers, those extraordinary variations on the national anthem, which have excited such universal surprise, on an instrument so very unaccommodating to the grasp and capabilities of a single hand (and that the left hand) as the violin. Perhaps however, *Punch*, who for this discovery merits a tautological degree at the university of Oxford, and should be dubbed hereafter *Punch, Mus; Doc*: will, in the heat of his benevolence, and the light of his wisdom, condescend to explain in a future number. Meanwhile we gladly correct our own blunder, and apologise to our readers for having represented Herr Dreychock as a pianist, when our ears and our eyes, to say nothing of our understanding, should at once have informed us that he was really a fiddler, and played upon a fiddle.

The following is the paragraph in which the erudite Dr. Punch discloses this new piece of information to the world :—

"HERR DREYSCHOCK, the celebrated violinist, has been astonishing his auditors by playing 'God save the Queen,' with his left hand.

However wonderful the feat, it has been objected to by a super-loyalist, on the ground of its being after all but a left-handed compliment to the sovereign."

Soliciting the indulgence of our readers for having committed so gross an error as to mistake a violin for a piano-forte we take leave of the subject for the present, and promise to behave better for the future.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mr. Lumley's troupe, already sufficiently strong, has received additional force from the acquisition of Madame Frezzolini, who, on Saturday, in the *Élixir d'Amore*, sustained the part of Adina, and showed herself no less a proficient in comedy than in tragedy. Her performance, both vocally and histrionically, was well sustained throughout. The brilliant quality of her singing were admirably developed in the duet with Dulcamara, and the cavatina of the second act, each of which won for her the most enthusiastic marks of approval, and in each of which the final movement was unanimously redemanded. In her acting, Madame Frezzolini brought forward with equal prominence the coquettish and the pathetic side of Adina's character.

Calzolari's Nemorino was chiefly made attractive by the admirable taste with which he sang the beautiful aria, "Una furtiva lagrima," which was, perhaps, never encored with more genuine heartiness.

Lablache's Dulcamara is a gigantic piece of humour and amusing insolence. By such a pleasant and glabritous charlatan one would not be sorry to be duped. The roguish eye, blinking with good humour—the pleasant rotundity, so full of healthy vigour—the smile, at once oily and satirical—the cool impudence with which a scrape is compromised—the self-satisfied egotism with which a mistake is rectified—the physiognomy, shining with quackish effrontery and undeniable good-living—constitute an *ensemble* of unctuous drollery, inimitable waggishness, and exquisite caricature which is not to be resisted. And then the voice, which fills the whole theatre with peals of resonant melody, vigorous and mellow as they are bulky and commanding; musical thunder is the only fit epithet by which to apostrophise it. Alas! if ever Lablache should leave us—which we fondly trust he will never—who is great enough to fill the place he now occupies!

Belletti's Belcore cannot be too warmly commended as a careful and effective performance. Mr. Lumley has not, in his whole company, a more zealous and useful artist than Signor Belletti, whose singing may always be accepted as a model of correctness.

The opera was altogether well played. Balfe, whose orchestra shows nightly marks of improvement, was in great force, and conducted with the utmost vigour and discretion. The audience were in excellent humour, and recalled Madame Frezzolini and the other principals several times during the evening.

On Tuesday the same opera was repeated, and the Nepaulese princes, in one of the first tier boxes, arrayed in all the magnificence of their national costume, with diamonds in their head-dress, the worth of which was estimated by a learned jeweller, who sat near us, at 180,000*l.* sterling, were the objects of incessant curiosity to the audience. The three princes are apparently very young, and have a certain expression of stolidity in their countenance which partakes largely of the Cochinchinese. Mr. Lumley's attention to the young scions of Eastern royalty was marked and unremitting.

On Thursday the entertainments were varied and lengthy,

after the manner of "long Thursdays" in general. A mere list of the entertainments will suffice to give some idea of the copious richness of the bill of fare. Bellini's *Sonnambula*, for the last time, with the delightful Sontag, the energetic Sims Reeves, and the careful Belletti; a scene from Paul Taglioni's popular ballet of *Thea*, in which the charming Marie executed one of her prettiest and most characteristic pas, assisted by those four veritable graces of choreographic art (if four graces may be allowed, even in metaphor), Julien, Lamoureux, Ausondin, and Rosa; some selections from the last act of *L'Élixir*, in which Frezzolini, Calzolari, and Lablache appeared; a scene from *Guillaume Tell*, with the grand trio, or rather the slow movement from the grand trio, for Baucarde, Coletti, and Lorenzo; and, to crown all, the new *divertissement*, entitled *Les Graces*, in which Carlotta Grisi, the Queen, was diviner, Amalia Ferraris more iron and "pointed," Marie Taglioni more winning and youthful than ever. Such was the programme, and such being the programme, was it to be wondered at that the house was crowded to the ceiling?

By the way, in speaking of *Les Graces*, on various occasions, we have endeavoured to do justice to the fertile invention of M. Paul Taglioni, to the sparkling characteristics of Signor Pugn's music, and to the talents of the executants, Carlotta Grisi and her satellites. We have as yet, however, failed to apostrophise in due terms of eulogy the invaluable services of M. Gosselin, that able and experienced professor, who has had the trouble of getting up all the choreographic entertainments at Her Majesty's Theatre for many years, and whom Perrot was wont to designate his "right hand." M. Gosselin's zeal and indefatigability cannot be too highly lauded. Although his labours are wholly behind the curtain, and his name does not prominently appear in the bills, it is but truth to say that, without his assistance, it would have been impossible for Mr. Lumley to produce such a rapid succession of attractions in the ballet department as he has been enabled to do for years past. M. Gosselin not only trains the *coryphées* and subordinates, but assists at the studies of the principal dancers, who on all occasions eagerly adopt his advice and suggestions. A more useful officer than M. Gosselin is not to be found in the service of Her Majesty's Theatre, and we are glad to take this opportunity of making his merits known.

While on the subject of *Les Graces* we may quote the *compt rendu* of that elegant *divertissement* which has appeared in the pages of a weekly contemporary:—

"Thursday, the 4th of May, was rendered memorable by the first execution of a new *pas de trois* for the three principal *danceuses* of the establishment, Carlotta Grisi, Marie Taglioni, and Amalia Ferraris. Since the famous *Pas de Quatre*, no feat of choreographic art has been produced which can at all approach, in grace of invention and prodigies of execution, this new composition of M. Paul Taglioni, which is appropriately entitled *Les Graces*. The *divertissement* commences with a series of beautiful groupings, by the nymphs attendant upon the Graces, which gives way to the simultaneous *entrée* of the three goddesses, who, in a characteristic *adagio*, exhibit all the varieties of *pose* which classic art, in sculpture and painting, has attributed to the fabled Graces. The drapery in which the charming *danceuses* are enveloped adds decency to every motion, without diminishing one atom of the attraction. The *adagio* is succeeded by a *suite* of three *pas seuls*, in which each of the dancers displays, in a variety of quick and animated steps, the elasticity of her feet, the strength, *aplomb*, and agility of her execution. Marie Taglioni exalts in those joyous bounds for which she has been noted; Amalia Ferraris astonishes by the wonderful firmness of her *pointes*, the rapidity of her *entrechats*, and the perilous height of her leaps; Carlotta Grisi combines with a number

of twinkling steps, betraying the most finished art, numberless feats of mechanism, which, from the ease of their accomplishment, become no longer surprising, and that inimitable grace and child-like abandon which is the distinguishing trait of her exquisite talent. Each of the Graces was applauded to the echo in her variation; but, if the word must be spoken, it was Carlotta who "bore away the bell." She never danced more beautifully since she first set her small and symmetrically-formed foot—a foot that would have found Cinderella's glass slipper too large—on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre, the scene of so many of her triumphs. The coda, in which all three dancers were busily engaged in a quick revolving step, brought the *pas de trois* to a brilliant climax, and worked up the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Never was success more decided, or more amply merited.

Carlotta "bore away the bell." We like the expression, both for its truth and its poetical applicability. Carlotta always "bore away the bell," no matter who were her competitors, and always will, as long as youth and health allow her to dance and enchant the world.

The second grand concert for the season was given on Monday morning, in presence of a crowded and fashionable audience. Although not deficient in points of interest, the programme was inferior to that of the first. There was no *pièce de résistance*, no grand composition, to break the monotony of a lengthy succession of vocal *morceaux*, few of which bore the stamp either of novelty or musical excellence, and thus, while the performance took up less time than on the former occasion, it was infinitely more prolix.

As far as names went the entertainment was attractive enough, since every member of the company was more or less engaged. The delightful talent of Madame Sontag was exhibited in a variety of pieces, the most striking of which was the "Ah, vous dirai-je, maman!" with Adam's variations and the flute *obligato* of Remusat. We have already spoken in befitting terms of this finished and brilliant vocal display, which on Monday, as at Madame Puzzi's concert, created the greatest enthusiasm, and was followed by an encore too genuine and unanimous to be declined. Madame Frezzolini, too, sang with charming effect in the popular cavatina from Ricci's *Il Colonnello*, the *rondo finale* from Donizetti's *Betty*, and a Russian ballad about the nightingale, called "Zolovoi," which was given in the original language. The last, a catching specimen of national melody, was rendered by Madame Frezzolini with the utmost spirit, and in the cadences the strength and purity of the upper notes of her voice were shown to eminent advantage. This, also, met with a hearty and spontaneous encore. Miss Catherine Hayes, in a new ballad, "The joy of tears," composed for her by Mr. Balfe, was honoured by a similar compliment. The ballad is in its composer's happiest manner, the melody being graceful and touching, while the accompaniments are appropriately simple, never interfering with the vocal effect. Miss Hayes sang it with perfect taste, and indeed nothing could better suit her voice and style of singing which are peculiarly adapted to expressive subjects. A chorus of Glück, "Le Dieu de Paphos," in which the principals took part, was well executed, but beyond a pretty tune there is nothing at all remarkable in the music. Surely something more important might have been selected as an illustration of the style of this great master. Still more unfortunate were some fragments from the *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn, which, besides being very imperfectly executed, were in the least calculated to give a correct notion of the merits of the composition from which they were abstracted. We strongly object to the custom of taking "bits" out of great works, which can only be properly appreciated when performed entire. A miscellaneous selection

of pieces by Mölle. Parodi, Madame Giuliani, Mdlle. Ida Bertrand, Signori Baucarde, Calzolari, Coletti, Belletti, Lorenzo, Lablache, F. Lablache, Mr. Sims Reeves, &c., none of which demand special notice, completed the vocal department of the programme. The splendid performances of Mr. Thalberg on the pianoforte lent a seasonable relief. The first essay of the great pianist was his fantasia on *L'Elisir d'Amore*, which being loudly redemanded, he played the latter part of his *Maennello*; the second was his fantasia on *Lucrezia Borgia*, which afforded equal pleasure, although, coming so late in the concert, it was not encored. In both pieces Mr. Thalberg displayed that wonderful strength and finish of execution in which he has never been surpassed.

One of the most interesting features of the whole concert was Mendelssohn's imaginative and masterly overture to the *Iles of Fingal*, effectively played by the band under the able conduct of Mr. Balfe. This fine composition, even had the concert been less attractive, would have served as a satisfactory apology for a multitude of shortcomings.

Among the audience was observed the celebrated Madame Pasta, who is in London on a short visit.

Meanwhile, the whole talk of musical London is the forthcoming opera of *La Tempesta*. Halévy and Scribe, composer and author, are both here, and the preparations are going on rapidly, though steadily. It is a pity Shakspeare himself cannot be here, to look on. Mr. Marshall is said to have surpassed himself—no easy matter, by the way. The opera is positively announced for Thursday in the next week. It is to be hoped, for the sake of all parties, that it may be triumphantly successful.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE second performance of the *Roberto il Diavolo*, on Saturday night, was in every respect so superior to the first, that the latter might be considered as a mere stage rehearsal. Indeed, the audience were fully sensible of the difference between the two performances, and in place of the half-cold reception awarded to the opera on Thursday, it created a *furor*. Now, many causes combined to produce this result. The chorus felt more at ease, and were steadier and more decided. The first act especially was infinitely better sung throughout. Grisi, Tambrlik, and Formes had each and all gained strength and confidence from experience. The Alice of the "Diva" abounds in manifold and intense beauties.

A great improvement was manifested in Tambrlik, who, weak and hesitating occasionally on the Thursday, came out transcendently on the second night. He was frequently cheered by the whole house. His performance of Robert is a masterpiece.

In Formes, too, we espied evident signs of amelioration. The great German basso is too real an artist not to believe his performance capable of improvement, and too wise not to follow the advice of those who, he must know, have no wish but to set him right. Of Formes' conception of Bertram there can be but one opinion—that it was noble and true; but fault has been found with the manner of realizing his conception. The motions and attitudes which were considered by many extravagant and *entré*, were softened down on Saturday, and the embodiment of the character appeared doubly powerful and real in consequence. Exuberance is the only fault of Formes—but it is a fault not infrequently allied to the brightest intelligence. We have little doubt that the great German basso will soon get rid of this drawback altogether.

The general performance was a great advance on the first. Several *morceaux* which passed off without a hand on Thursday were received with enthusiasm on Saturday. Seldom has there been heard within the walls of a theatre singing to equal that of the grand trio in the last act on Saturday, by Grisi, Tambrilki, and Formes. It was a splendid performance, and brought down the house with an explosion of applause.

We are glad to find that Mr. Costa has shortened the opera by at least half an hour. This may be reckoned among the decided improvements. Four hours and a half of music, however interesting, is somewhat too long. They seem to have a leaning to these prolix entertainments in France. John Bull prefers them short and sweet. It must not be forgotten that our operas are given in the summer months, while the musical season on the continent mostly takes place in the winter. Certainly the heat at present is sufficient to produce lassitude. Therefore we say Mr. Costa accomplished a decided improvement in the performance of the *Roberto*, when he shortened it by half an hour.

The third performance of the *Roberto il Diavolo* on Tuesday was confirmation strong of the preceding night's success. The opera went off with immense eclat.

Thursday was a sad and a joyful night for the Royal Italian Opera. Sad, because it brought us the prince of musical mountebanks, Verdi, the Jew-Peter tonant; and joyful, inasmuch as it restored to our longing eyes and wishful ears one of the greatest masters of song that ever adorned the lyric stage. Last week, or the week previously, we hinted what a pity it was that Ronconi should have fixed upon one of Verdi's operas for his *rentrée*. And yet, upon consideration, we think it something hard to blame him. Utterly destitute of music as in all these names does Verdi's work rejoice—meagre and ill-constructed as is the plot, it contains some situations powerful enough to exhibit the finest talent of a tragedian to the greatest advantage, far more powerful, indeed, than could be found in the majority of the works of the dramatic masters. It was, of course, Ronconi's desire to display his capabilities in the most favourable light, and as *Nabucco*, *Nino*, or *Anato*, dramatically, if not musically, fitted his genius to a T, he made choice of that opera. He was also aware that unless he appeared in that particular opera on his opening night, there would be but little chance of its subsequent production. Nor shall we bestow any blame on Ronconi for not making choice of a more legitimate work for his reappearance, when we remember that all the principal parts of the operas of Mozart, Rossini, and others, are at present in such safe custody with Tamburini, that they stand but little chance of being resigned to anybody else. Considering all things, therefore, we cannot censure to any great extent Ronconi for making Verdi's opera the vehicle for his opening display.

When Verdi wrote the *Nabucco*, he had evidently *Semiramide* in one eye, and *Mosé in Egitto* in the other. (Friend Punch would here exclaim, "It was all—my eye" with him.) He kept the music in his hearing as well as he seems to have kept the stories in his sight, it might have been all the better for his reputation. Young, uneducated, imprudent, and fatuous, he determined to pluck the dramatic crown from Rossini and to place it on his own head. His own drama should have read him a severe lesson. The impious *Nabucco* insisted on his godship, and was struck blind for his temerity. Verdi undoubtedly imitated, or attempted to imitate Rossini in his so-called grand operas, but it is the imitation of a school-boy who piles up a two-foot wooden house, and fancies

he is building a St. Pauls. Never was writer of operas so destitute of real invention, so deficient in power, or so wanting in the musician's skill. His sole art consists in weaving ballad tunes—we never find any tune in his songs—into choruses, which sung in unison make an immense noise; or in working up a finale by means of a tremendous crash of the brass instruments, the drum, and cymbals, and voices screaming at the top of their register. Strip his fineries of their noise and nothing remains—absolutely nothing. The instrumentation is thin, insipid and pointless; the colouring overcharged; the construction feeble; the development puerile. He has not a notion of real effect. But let us turn from unsophisticated brass to unadulterated gold—from Verdi to Ronconi.

The Royal Italian Opera on Thursday evening was filled to overflowing, although we know several who were kept away from the theatre by Verdi. Ronconi was the main attraction. The name of the great little artist is a tower of strength.

We shall say nothing of the music—there being nothing to say. The one solitary encore was achieved by Ronconi and Castellani. The one tune in the opera, the "Va pensiero" chorus, failed to elicit an encore, because it was out of place. The audience displayed the best possible taste in overlooking it.

The story of *Nino* must be familiar to our readers, most of whom cannot but remember Fornasari in the hero, to say nothing of Coletti's later performances.

Anato, or Nino, is a regal tyrant of Assyria, who would enslave the whole Babylonian race, and who carries his tyranny, or madness, so far, that he insists upon being worshipped as a god. He is struck with lightning for his impiety, and loses his reason. A slave, his supposed daughter, obtains possession of the throne, and imprisons him. The Assyrians break into his prison and rescue him, and he eventually becomes a good old man.

In the earlier scenes Ronconi assumed the imperiousness and mingled dignity of the tyrant with admirable tact. His splendid acting, although he had but little to do, and energetic singing, despite his having nothing to sing, won him an enthusiastic recall when the curtain fell.

The second act contains the scene in which Anato is struck with lightning for his impiety. We never witnessed any acting more powerfully impressive throughout—more instinct with genius—than that of Ronconi in this scene. The defiant air and haughty bearing yielding to the sudden prostration of mind and body, as he fell, stunned by the requiting flash, into the arms of an attendant, and awoke to life, half-mad, half-penitent, was portrayed with a reality absolutely fearful. Every look, motion, and attitude combined to form one of the grandest pictures of overwhelming passion ever seen. The poverty of the music was completely lost sight of in this stupendous exhibition of art. Despite of Ronconi's deficiencies of voice, his singing is scarcely inferior to his acting. Few singers we have heard can produce more wonderful effects by phrasing, or by contrasting the *piano* with the *forte* tones. Ronconi, more than any other singer, reminds us of Malibran in that abandonment to the feeling of the moment which seems to set aside singing as a vehicle for display, and to treat it as a language which expresses the more as it is less circumscribed by the niceties of rule. Nor does this prove that Ronconi cannot sing when mere singing is required. No vocalist can infuse more pathos and expression into his tones, nor sing with more indication of every requisite of art in its highest province. True, Ronconi is not gifted with a beautiful organ, powerful, or of great compass; but he possesses what few barytones

can boast of—high notes resembling a tenor's of a peculiar quality, and a *mezza voce* singularly effective. The manner in which Ronconi modulates his voice from the *fortissimo* to the *pianissimo* is one of the most extraordinary things we have heard in singing. Indeed, the only thing we know to which it may be compared is Ernst's violin playing.

Ned we say that Ronconi created a perfect *furore* in this scene, and was recalled at the end with every demonstration of enthusiasm.

The third act does not offer such fine opportunities for the artist as the second. Nevertheless, Ronconi accomplished some grand things, vocally and dramatically, in both his scenes. His superb singing and acting in the duet, "O di qual onta," won the only encore of the evening. We could point, also, to the cabaletta of this act, in which Anato entreats Abigail to spare his daughter's life, as a transcendent display; as well as the whole of the last scene, which is worked up with prodigious power. Enough to say, Ronconi achieved one of the greatest triumphs in the chronicles of the Royal Italian Opera.

Madame Castellan wins her way nightly, and has made immense improvement since last year. Her performance of Abigail was in every respect admirable. Her recitative in the beginning of the second act, dramatically considered, was the best thing she ever did. It occasionally approached the borders of inspiration. She was more than once recalled.

Tamberlik had but little to do; but his magnificent voice came out more powerful and brilliant than ever in the *finales*.

Mademoiselle Vera made an interesting Fenena, and Tagliafico gave the music of the High Priest with graphic power.

The dresses and *mise en scène* were splendid, but we detected the carpenters laying an embargo on *Semiramide* and *Zora*. In this they only imitated Verdi.

An act from *Lucresia* and an Act from *Zara* followed, and made a real "long Thursday."

To-night the *Huguenots*; and on Tuesday Ronconi will appear in the second act of *Anato* and as Figaro in *Il Barbiere*. Mario plays the Count in the last opera and Castellan, Rosina.

On Thursday, perhaps, we may have *Don Giovanni*.

MARIO AND TAMBERLIK.

(From a Correspondent.)

Mario's, as a tenor voice, seems to me unrivalled for its astonishing breadth, purity, and sweetness. His register, tending down to the bass, perhaps more than almost any tenor voice ever heard, combines, in the most eminent degree, the majesty and pathos of the barytone voice with the intense feeling, beauty, and flexibility of the tenor. Take him in a character requiring heroism, and he sings with a breadth, boldness, and energy which is truly grand. Take him as a lover, his voice is pathos and purity itself, without for a moment degenerating into markedness or an overstrained sentimentality: the beautiful and perfectly smooth junction of his natural and falsetto voice is here shown with that consummate art, that it must be a highly-educated ear which is sensible of the exact boundary line of the two.

As an actor, he is the most polished gentleman I have seen either on or off the stage; he never degenerates into rant, and is as far from any coarseness or vulgarity as light from dark. All this must require a most superior physical and mental organisation, which he certainly possesses in an eminent degree.

His style of singing is chaste and severe; and he, of all tenor singers, is the least addicted to clap-trap, which he seems never to condescend to, feeling the consciousness of his immense real and legitimate resources.

Tamberlik, the new tenor of the Covent Garden Opera, whose style and voice are of totally different character, appears to be the only contemporaneous tenor who has in any way rivalled the incomparable Mario. Their styles are, however, so different that,

whilst they may be equals, they are both masters of their own model and originality.

I should describe Tamberlik's singing as mystic, subtle, and insinuating. His voice, contrary to Mario's, appears to have its great distinguishing features towards the treble, where, in astonishing force, I should think it was never exceeded, if equalled. It is of a metallic, and at the same time of a silvery, tone, which, aided by the self-possessed subtlety of his singing, and his strong and intense, but at times internal rather than external, dramatic feeling, creates an indescribable fascination in the hearer that amounts to necromancy, so that you could almost imagine that the fiend was sent on earth to tempt you with sweet sounds. His singing is of a most thrilling character, which seems to creep stealthily throughout your whole nervous system; to keep him at bay seems impossible, for though, like the serpent's prey, you would avoid him, he so fascinates that you abandon yourself to his mercy.

His style of singing appears to me most artful. He is so cool, and so well aware of his amazing powers, that he opens with a sort of tantalizing apathy and calmness which may, at the first, disappoint, while it is in reality riveting your attention and expectation. You wonder what this mysterious and quiet opening portends; he gradually unfolds himself by insensible degrees, until an encore is extorted from the audience; then the lion begins to lash his tail; he is roused, and shakes his mane, and casts his apparent apathy on one side; then you hear him roar with terrific roar; you know and feel his mighty power; henceforth he has all his own way; you are powerless when he lashes out in his magnificent rage; when his shrill cry outvies and overtops the mighty mass of concerted music, and is heard above the thundering tones of the great basses and barytones—above the lark-like notes of the sopranos—then he strikes lightning into your very soul!

You have now seen and heard him—you are unable to explain why he holds your feelings as if with the iron grip of a vice—why your heart craves to be again fascinated—why his shrill tones ring in your ear, and the mind feels as if there was some mysterious *diablerie*—some demoniacal charm—about his unearthly cry, against which no sound, however mighty, can prevail.

Strange to say, in some portions of the voice, if a person was suddenly dropped, blindfold, into the middle of the open house, they would declare that Albani was singing; if they had not heard Tamberlik before; whilst, if they had heard both, they would be equally puzzled to tell which of the two it might be—the compliment to either artist would be undoubtedly great—the same thrilling lusciousness, or both, in this of Tamberlik's portion of the voice.

In the lower part of the voice you do not get that magnificent breadth, volume, and distinctness which you have in Mario. The tones appear indistinct, and somewhat muffled, and you feel that all he does is of heavy calibre; still you arrive at the conclusion that to attain one beauty or distinguishing characteristic you must sacrifice another, and that there is no such thing as perfection in any one artist, however great.

Altogether, then, in attempting to make any comparison of these two imitative tenors, I should say, in looking at their respective voices as a whole, that Mario's is a more perfect voice, for it is literally perfect throughout, whilst Tamberlik's cannot be said to be so.

Tamberlik's singing is thoroughly dramatic; the stage must be his great stronghold.

But their voices and their dramatic styles are so totally different, and yet both so great and original, that I shall not attempt to enter into any closer comparison.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE second performance of *Israel in Egypt*, and the last of the present season, on Friday night, the 24th., attracted a crowded audience to Exeter Hall. The solo singers were Misses Birch, Eliza Birch, and Dolby, Messrs. Sims Reeves, H. Phillips, and Machin. The performance, on the whole, is one of the best we have ever heard of this most elaborate of oratorios.

This season thus terminated has been one of considerable interest as regards the performances of the Sacred Harmonic

Society. It began in November, 1849, with a revival of *Solomon*, one of the later works of Handel, followed by three performances of the *Messiah*, the customary number in the Christmas week. Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* opened the new year, and was also given three times, the last at the desire of Prince Albert. It was in this great work that Miss Catherine Hayes and Herr Formes made their first appearance at the concerts of the society. Herr Paul Mendelssohn, brother of the composer, was present at the last two performances of *St. Paul*, and highly complimented the committee on the manner in which the oratorio had been executed. *St. Paul* was succeeded by Handel's *Saul*, which had not previously been attempted by the society for six years. *Saul*, like *Solomon*, though containing some of Handel's most ingenious, characteristic, and splendid choruses, was found prolix by the majority of the audience, owing to the excessive quantity of recitatives and airs, and the formless insipidity of the books. Neither of these oratorios can acquire the popularity to which their merits entitle them, until they have been curtailed in this department by some judicious hand. Handel was fettered in his day by the jealousies and caprices of contemporary singers, for each of whom he was compelled to write special airs; but, as these potential ladies and gentlemen of the vocal art have long been gathered to their ancestors, there can be no profanity now in lightning Handel's oratorios of some of the dead weight with which their vanity encumbered them. It may be mentioned here that *Saul* was presented on this occasion by the Sacred Harmonic Society precisely after Handel's score, which is fuller and more varied in the instrumental accompaniments than most of his oratorios. For this excellent idea, we believe, the subscribers were indebted to Mr. Costa. After *Saul* came Haydn's *Creation*, which in its turn, gave place to a very interesting miscellaneous concert, consisting of the same composer's *Third Mass*, Mendelssohn's *Lauda Zion*, and Spohr's *Last Judgment*. Mendelssohn's work, produced for the first time, pleased unanimously, and is likely to be a strong feature in future miscellaneous concerts. The *Messiah* was repeated, as usual, in Passion week, and was succeeded by three performances of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, which were among the most lucrative and successful ever given by the Sacred Harmonic Society. The two recent performances of Handel's *Israel*, which is rapidly approaching the *Messiah* itself in popularity, brought the season to a close with the greatest éclat.

In reviewing the prospectus issued previous to the commencement of the season, we find that every work promised has been duly brought forward, a fact which cannot but exercise a beneficial influence on future subscriptions. The immense improvement in the band, chorus, and general ensemble since Mr. Costa was appointed conductor is a matter of notoriety. There is still, however, room for amendment in certain departments of the orchestra, and some expedient is absolutely essential to insure a greater degree of steadiness in the unwieldy mass of chorus, a large number of whom, from the manner in which they are placed on either side of the organ, can obtain but an imperfect glimpse of the conductor, while the two divisions at the extremities can neither see nor hear each other. This, in the grand double choruses of Handel and Mendelssohn, is worse than an inconvenience; it is a stumbling-block in the way of perfect execution. We are much gratified to learn, however, that the committee have some important plans under consideration for improving the acoustical capabilities of the building. According to these plans, the roof is to be raised, the organ—that most obstinate

and gigantic of obstructions—to be thrown back, and the pillars in front of the great gallery removed. There can be little doubt of the vast good that must accrue from these alterations, which, it is anticipated, may be completed before the commencement of next season. The two opposite wings of the chorus will be thereby placed in direct communication with the conductor and with each other, while the sound, freed from obstruction, will henceforth be equally distributed over every part of the building. All thereafter wanted, to insure continued prosperity for the Sacred Harmonic Society, will be a new musical genius to write another *Elijah*. Where such a one is to be found, however, it is difficult to suggest. At present there are no visible signs of any such phenomenon.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE third concert for the present season took place on Saturday morning in the Hanover Square Rooms, and was a decided improvement on the others. The following was the programme:—

PART I.	
Overture—"Die Elfen."—M.S.	C. Steggall.
Choral Song—(full choir).—"Jog on."	Miss Macrow.
Cavatina—"Rose softly blooming." Miss J. Bassano.	Spohr.
(Astor and Zemira).	
Duet—"Come be gay." Miss Helen Taylor and Miss Owen. (Der Freischütz).	Weber.
Concerto No. 1.—Pianoforte. Mr. R. Thomas.	Mendelssohn.
Romanza—"Cari inoghi." Miss Owen. (Linda di Chamouni).	Donizetti.
Recit ("Eccomi giunto omai") Miss Browne. (Il	Meyerbeer.
Aria ("Ah! come rapida.") Crociato in Egitto).	De Bériot.
Andante et Rondeau Rasse—Violin. Mr. Simmons.	
Final to the 1st Act of Zelmira—Principal parts by Miss Clara Fraser, Miss Owen, Mr. Swift, Mr. W. Lyon, and Mr. Pollard.	Rossini.
PART II.	
Concertino—(M.S.)—Pianoforte. Miss Woolf.	Miss Woolf.
Madrigal—"Hence, dull care and sadness." (A.D. 1581).	Castaldi.
Duet—"Down in our valleys." (M.S.) Miss Helen Taylor and Miss Owen.	Pollard.
Song—"Should he upbraid." Mrs. Edward Hancock	Sir H. Bishop.
Scot in D minor.—(1st movement and Scherzo.)	
Pianoforte, Miss Yates. Flute, Mr. E. Card. Oboe, Mr. Horton. Horn, Mr. Standen. Viola, Mr. Colchester. Violoncello, Mr. Aylward, and Contrabass, Mr. Mount.	Hummel.
Duetto—"Ah! perdona." Miss Clara Fraser and Miss Young. (La Clemenza di Tito).	Mosart.
Finale to the last Act of "Astor and Zemira." Principal parts by Miss Mary Rose, Miss J. Bassano, Miss Pitt, Mr. Swift, Mr. Wm. Lyon, and Mr. Pollard.	Spohr.

Mr. C. Steggall's new overture, *Die Elfen*, both in the character of the principal ideas, and in the manner of their treatment, showed a considerable advance on his previous essay. There can be no doubt of the talent of this gentleman, who, besides great facility, evinces an acquaintance with the art of writing for the orchestra by no means common at his age. What we miss in him is originality—a gift, however, accorded to very few. Mr. Steggall's overture was well played, and much applauded. Miss Macrow's choral song is a composition of merit, but not quite good enough to bear out the promise held forth by some of her earlier efforts. The vocal duet, "Down in our valleys," of Mr. Pollard, was chiefly remarkable for the monotonous repetition of an idea in itself neither attractive nor new. It was, nevertheless, very well sung by Miss Helen Taylor and Owen. The pianoforte concertino of Miss Woolf made up the catalogue of new compositions by students of the institution. We believe this

is Miss Woolf's first effort of the kind. If so, it does her credit, for although it contains nothing either new or striking, and is somewhat meagrely scored for the orchestra, it is effectively written for the pianoforte, and many of the passages are exceedingly brilliant. Miss Woolf, of whose talent as a pianist we have spoken more than once, was her own executant on that occasion. With a great deal of strength and a dashing style of playing, this lady wants both finish of execution and equality of tone. At the same time she is decidedly one of the cleverest pupils at present in the Academy, and is young enough to make amends for all present drawbacks. The warmest applause was bestowed both upon her composition and her playing. Mr. R. Thomas, a very young student, distinguished himself highly by his performance of Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, in which he displayed a power and elasticity of finger, combined with a decision of style, quite remarkable at his age. Mr. Thomas bids fair to become one of the best pianists in the academy, and it is to be hoped that the applause with which his performance was received on Saturday will serve as an inducement to continued exertion. The other instrumental pieces—De Beriot's *Andante et Rondo Ruse* for the violin, played by Mr. Simmons, and the first movement and *schœra* from Hummel's well-known septet in D minor, in which the pianoforte part was sustained by Miss Yates—were neither of them very brilliant exhibitions of talent or promise—Mr. Simmons hardly improves as we could wish. We fear he does not practice with zeal, since his execution, though not wanting in spirit, is deficient in finish. Miss Yates plays neatly, but her tone is very small, and in the *forte* passages we could scarcely hear the pianoforte. On the whole we were not greatly pleased with the execution of the septet; the violoncello was out of tune, the horn by no means correct, and the viola inaudible; the oboe, flute, and double-bass, however, were more up to the mark. In the vocal selection we have nothing to note but the great improvement exhibited by Miss Owen in the *romanza* from *Linda*, "Carli luoghi," and the unpretending manner in which Miss J. Bassano sang "Rose softly blooming," from Spohr's *Asor e Zemira*. The *finales* to the first and second acts of Spohr's *Jessonda*, were well executed. Gastoldi's madrigal, "Hence, dull care," was ill-selected and not particularly well sung. The concert was conducted by Mr. Lucas, and M. Sainton officiated as principal violin in the orchestra. The room was crowded.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRINCESSES.

MESSES. MACFARREN and LODER gave a combined benefit at this Theatre on Monday evening. The entertainments were unusually attractive. The first act of *King Charles II.*, and the second act of *The Night Dancers*, would of themselves have furnished a most satisfactory entertainment. But, in addition, the brothers *beneficiaires* provided a miscellaneous concert, at once highly spiced and richly varied; and as a dessert to the feast, they superadded one of the smartest farces in the repertory of the theatre. This with an eye to the gods and the devourers of midnight fun.

Of the first act of Macfarren's delightful opera, we can only say it sounded more charming than ever in our ears; that the principal vocalists endeavoured to surpass themselves by their exertions on this interesting occasion; and that the band and chorus were more independent than consisted with the attainment of a perfect performance. Both Miss Louisa Pyne and Madame Macfarren were in excellent voice, and the usual

encores of the favorite *morceaux* followed, as a matter of consequence. Mr. Harrison and Mr. Weiss were unusually good, and Mr. Corri must not be forgotten.

The musical miscellany followed the act of *King Charles the Second*. It commenced with a harp *fantasia*, by Mr. J. Thomas, which was greeted with considerable applause. Next came Sims Reeves, who was received with raptures, and encored with thunders in the "Day of Biscay," after which he gave "The Death of Nelson," which, being re-encored, he repeated. The audience went into ecstasies.

After Sims Reeves came Ernst, who played the "Carnaval de Venise." At this time the second price was pouring an immense congregation into the pit and galleries. Ernst had unfortunately commenced at a most inauspicious moment, and, although everybody, save the in-comers and down-sitters, was anxious to catch every note of the great violinist, his marvels were lost in the confusion. The performance was cut short by Ernst, who retired amidst roars of applause and cries of encore, but the audience had to expend their breath in vain, and Mr. Loder made an apology.

Mr. Latter sang Loder's bass song, "Philip the Falconer," Miss Birch sang the brilliant mad cavatina "Qui la voce," from the *Parisi*, and Miss Catherine Hayes sang Osborne's charming new ballad "I'll sing to thee." Each of these performances found warm applauders, the last named, perhaps, being most in favor.

Mr. Richardson executed a fantasia on the flute in his usual brilliant style; and Mr. Harrison was encored in his favorite ballad, "Then you'll remember me."

Vivier, the celebrated horn player, excited the utmost astonishment and enthusiasm in a solo on the horn. He played Benedict's beautiful ballad "Scenes of my Childhood," and introduced some of his wonderful effects with double, triple, and quadruple tones. The simplicity and perfect grace with which he mastered the air on his instrument, and the expression with which it was rendered, making it vocal instead of instrumental, was not less surprising than those magical effects, which may be termed sleights-of-hand of playing.

Madame Macfarren displayed her fine contralto voice and energetic style to great advantage in the Page's song in the *Huguenots*. She was greatly applauded.

The concert was brought to a termination by the performance of a MS. quartet for four pianists, composed by Walter Cecil Macfarren. It was splendidly played by Messrs. Osborne, Benedict, Brinley Richards, and W. C. Macfarren. The quartet is a remarkably clever and brilliant composition, and reflects infinite credit on Mr. W. Macfarren's talents.

Of the *Night Dancers* it is sufficient to say that with Mr. Allen, Mr. Corri, Mr. Weiss, Madame Macfarren, and Mdlle. Nau as principals, it passed off with great *éclat*; Mr. Edward Loder, as conductor and composer, coming in for his due share of applause.

The entertainments wound up with the farce of *The First Night*, supported by Miss Louisa Howard, Mr. Harris, and Mr. Wyne.

The theatre was crowded in every part, and we have reason to believe Messrs. Macfarren and Loder reaped an abundant harvest by the results of the performance.

SADLERS WILLS.

YESTERDAY sun'night, (24th ult.), this theatre closed, after a season of the same steady prosperity that has uniformly attended the present management. The Shakespearian revival—*Antony and Cleopatra*—has been eminently successful, and will, we believe, be followed early next autumn by *Timon of*

Athens, one of the greatest efforts of the poet's pen. The season has also presented us with an important accession to the company, in Miss Fitzpatrick, a young lady unquestionably destined to take a high rank in the performance of genteel comedy. Her style is entirely her own. Without much power over the passions, and with the polished elegance of the manners of high life yet to acquire, she has a fund of natural ease, archness and *naïveté*. These qualifications, aided by an open and intelligent countenance, and a laugh of genial and earnest vivacity, have already placed her high in public estimation, and give the most favourable auguries of her future career. The best parts we have as yet seen her in are Helen in the *Hunchback*, and Charlotte in the *Hypocrite*, in both of which she is delightfully easy and true, and we understand that she carries the same graceful geniality of manner into the domestic circle which distinguishes her on the stage.

SONNET.

To Mrs. W. F.

THE summer task is ended—the sweet labour
Thou oft hast heard me speak of, is complete—
Songs rudely cast for rustic pipe and tabor,
Wild quips, and sportive jests, and fancies, meet
Here in this little book, that at thy feet
Like some meek suppliant lie. O lady fair,
If there be sought within this little tome
Worthy to meet one passing thought of thine,
Thou art the cause—the songs of beauty rare,
The pleasant days passed in thy happy home
Of roses, myrtle, and green eglantine,
Thy smiles—their sweet fond talk, and angel heart,
And loveliness, and goodness all divine—
These have inspired the poet's gentle art.

LATINE.

*Tandem igitur venit lapis gratissima rebus,
Et totius hora petiti nostri
Acripe quod nulli mitto tibi pignus amoris,
Carmina perperci pignus amoris habes.
Carmina missa tibi que carmina, quaque poetas,
Vulgis, et celebri carmine dignus facis.
Musarum studiis, studiis operanti Minerva,
Ede tunc colitur Phœbus, amantque coli.
Ecce tines, distaque fœda pignore recant,
Tortis recedunt Mœna rubore genas.
Me cantata tuas juveni, O pulcherrima, laudes,
Nymphæ nec donis dignior ulla modis,
Quid si quid merui de te bene, si quid amari,
Fecit meo nostri, hæc me, vive memor.*

GERMANICE.

*Jetzt ist mein Werk gethan, das süsse Ziel
Dir nicht ganz unehelich, ist nun vollendet,
Nur Spatz, und Schertz, geringes Mosenapfel,
Der Dichter Dir mit diesem Büchlein sendet,
Precht's si nicht, du wunderthätig Deme,
Das nur den Füssen hier als Opfer dinst.
Wenn nur ein Glanz von heiler Götterflamme
Deiner Aemerkung werth darin sich zeigt
Du hast die angestanden—deiner Töne
Liedlicher Klang, die Wohnung suchst so theuer
Bedeckt mit Rosen, Lilien und Reben,
Dein holdes Lächeln, Engels Hertz, und schone
Freundliche Sprache—dies haben Feuer
Glühender Dichterkunst mir oft gegeben.*

[We shall take it as a particular favour, if any of our Correspondents or Readers will oblige us with other versions of the above Sonnet, in French, Italian, German, or whatever language they best know.—ED. M. W.]

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I have read, with some interest, the correspondence induced by the charge made by Dr. Gauntlett against Handel and others of feloniously stealing, taking, and carrying away, certain inventions of one Pope Gregory.

Dr. Gauntlett, like many other clever men, occasionally holds a peculiar point, which, in this instance is not a very tenable one, for it is absurd to suppose that vast geniuses, such as Handel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., who could, with facility, produce the most elaborate works, were yet unable to invent a short and simple subject, and that the instant they attempted to do so, these mighty giants should become at once paralysed.

But the assertion requires much stronger proof than a mere coincidence in a short phrase. I will refer to one out of numerous such coincidences that might be adduced, in which Croft, Handel, and Bach, made use of nearly the same subject: Croft, in the first movement of the anthem "God is gone up"; Handel, in the chorus "Then round about the Starry Throne," at the words "and triumph over death"; and Bach, in the beautiful fugue in E major, No. 33, of the 48. Yet we never hear these masters accused of purloining from each other. But even if it were so, has not each produced something totally distinct, both in spirit and treatment? Has not each raised an edifice from the same material, differing altogether in form and style, to which each has given the peculiar impress of his own mind?

I, however, agree to a great extent with the remarks of Dr. Gauntlett on our cathedral music, in his letter of the 26th of February, who therein gives a very rebuke to those declaimers for what they are pleased to call "the true style of church music," not one of whom has ever been able to define what is meant by "the true style," which, however, must be difficult enough, if not impossible, seeing the almost infinite variety of styles of which church music is made up; unless, indeed, considerable monotony, with occasionally a few crudities, together with the absence of elevation of feeling and thoughtful expression, constitute "the true style."

I would not, for one instant, detract from the great praise which is justly due to the old masters, especially their great contrapuntal skill, which renders many of their compositions masterpieces in that respect; but, nevertheless, the advancement in pure taste and correct expression would, to some extent, seem to merit certain of their compositions for devotional purposes at the present day; more particularly some of their morning services, in which the frequent perversion of expression, together with false accent, are at times almost as much calculated to excite ideas of the ludicrous as feelings of devotion. But there can be no doubt, that had these authors flourished at a later period, their compositions for the church would have been free from these faults, which occasionally so much disfigure them. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

EDWARD DEABLE.

M. SILAS AND THE BACH SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—If your amiable correspondent, "D. P." will provide me with vocalists, I will endeavour to gratify his wish to hear a little original melody from my pen. But, sir, if you have reason to doubt the ability of Italian vocalists to render justice to Dr. Spohr's music, which I infer from this sentence—"His music has nothing in common with the Italian opera style; unless carefully prepared, such compositions had better be omitted altogether"—if this be so, then my style of music has little chance of being properly sung by British vocalists, for it is more difficult than Spohr's. In truth, so long as the present methods of singing continue, and the singing masters neglect the higher branches of music, and have so little admiration for the Great Masters, so long will vocal music of a common-place nature be pushed upon the public.

If your correspondent thinks I set little value on the natural voices of our countrymen, he greatly mistakes me; for, on the contrary, I think very highly of their natural voices, and just the very reverse of their artificial voices, by which I mean their trained, or what is falsely called, their educated voices. As a specimen of an artificial voice (and I know of others), let me instance Mr. Swift, who sang "Il mio tesoro" at Miss Bussani's concert. His natural voice (which is excellent) is *baritone*, and yet he is taught to consider it a tenor by his master, notwithstanding that he has not a tenor sound in the whole range of his natural voice! In consequence of his pushing out high sounds, his voice on one occasion gave way. Was this his fault? No, it was his master's, who had not ascertained the quality of Mr. Swift's voice.

One instance of this kind ought to damn any master. Your correspondent seems distressed that I am "determined to be useful," and his amiable letter fully explains why he is so; but this will not deter me from doing what I consider a duty. I have the satisfaction to inform him that the few words I said of M. Silas induced that gentleman to call on me to thank me for them, which is a little encouragement for me (with the "well-hated signature") to go on endeavouring to be useful, without regarding the elegant question your correspondent put to the readers of the *Musical World*, viz., "Let me ask you what excuse there can be for obtruding that letter upon the notice of your readers?" I had the pleasure of hearing many of M. Silas's compositions, and (as I expected) they proved to be of a superior class to the fashionable pianoforte music; in fact, I think very highly of his talents and acquirements, and equally well of his unassuming manners and artistic feelings.

Permit me to offer a few words on the letter of a "Member of the Bach Society," who would have cause to complain of me had I none to complain of in him, which is simply that he mistakes the nature of the complaint he urges against me. He writes, "Surely no man has a right to find fault with a society for not departing from their own rules and customs, in order to make him an honorary member." Now, if I gave the society the credit (for so it is considered) for making honorary members, all there is to complain of, is that I have given this society the credit for doing what is usual. But surely this cannot be construed into an offence. Whether the Bach Society do or do not wish me amongst them I know not; but all I can say is, that I wish this great undertaking every success, and nothing will ever escape my lips or pen to induce the members of it to place distrust in the sentiment I here make, and have formerly expressed. I am yours, obliged,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

P.S.—The letter of "An Organist" ought to be read by every proper member of the Church of England. We live in odd times, but we would scarcely believe that organists would show up the secret designs of a certain set of clergymen!

SIR HENRY BISHOP AND THE OXFORD PROFESSORSHIP.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR,—Your correspondent, or rather the correspondent of the *Times*, who signs himself "Musicus Oxoniensis," has no occasion to regret the absence of Sir H. Bishop from the chair of his university, if the lectures the professor intends to deliver there contain no more information than those to which he is now delivering at the various institutions in London. I feel that a man in the position of Sir H. Bishop ought to lend his weight to the improvement of the present style of lecturing, and he ought not to yield to the wishes of the managers of those institutions who always impress upon the lecturers the necessity of treating their subject in "a popular form," and to make it "light and amusing." Unknown men cannot resist this; but professors like Sir H. Bishop ought to make a stand, or we shall shortly see in the bills something like this—"Doctor S. will deliver a course of lectures on Moral Philosophy—Doctor S. will have the honour to appear in the real dress worn by the lamented Joseph Grimaldi as the Clown in *Mother Goose*;" and, in the course of the evening, the Doctor will sing the comic song belonging to that character."

I had occasion to write to some friends who were going to hear Sir H. Bishop lecture, and supposing that I might facilitate their arrangements as to the junior branches of the family, who are learning music, I then said, little thinking that I should repeat it in print, "You will be amused, but obtain no information."—Yours, &c.

AP HARRY.

AN IRISH MUSICAL GENIUS.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As musical mysteries are at all times truly tantalising to musical artists, perhaps most especially so when they relate to the discovery of some new meteor in the harmonic horizon, I will now venture to announce the discovery of a promising young artist, and give his name also. In a town not a hundred miles from Belfast, at present sojourns a young artist of the name of Barry. He is, I believe, a native of Bandon, in the south of this

kingdom, and has already earned in his own country a reputation as a pianist and composer. I do not say too much when I assert he is equally at home in interpreting the classical Beethoven, and the unclassical Chopin and Liszt. I recently heard him in private; and, though I have heard some of the "world's renowned," he really charmed and mystified me: he is, indeed, a poet-pianist. In his bravura playing there is a lack of energy, which must be attributed to his exceeding delicacy of constitution, and an excessive nervous temperament. But it is not alone as a performer he is remarkable; he is the author of several really beautiful works for the piano, and he has ventured further—a *Sinbad* *Maid* in full score, and a *Psalm* for double choir, besides overtures for a grand orchestra. When will the time come that talent will not struggle with obscurity, and that artists, great and renowned, will divest themselves of self, and beckon forward the child of genius with artistic love?

Belfast, May 20th.

HENRY G.—

[We are glad to hear this good news, and shall be much pleased to welcome and judge of the abilities of Mr. Barry, of Bandon, when he pays a visit to this metropolis. We trust, however, he will not "mystify" us.—Ed.]

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC IN LIVERPOOL.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

In our last week's notice of the proceedings of Mr. Mitchell's French Opera, we were unable to give any account of the production of *Le Caid*, a *buffo*, or rather burlesque opera, by M. Ambroise Thomas.

The proper understanding of this opera, light and trifling as it may appear, involves all the *savoir* and musical experience of an *habitué* both of the Italian and French Operas. To those who do not know that this music is intended as a direct parody of the Italian school of composition, and that all the vocal eccentricities and exaggerations indulged in by the singers—such as the entire separation of the last syllable from the rest of the word, the tremendous rolling of the letter *r*, &c.—are intended as reproductions of the peculiarities of their Italian brethren, much of this opera must appear flat and pointless. Far from this being the case, it has the rare merit of being full of pretty and original melody, while at the same time the whole work is a keen and telling musical satire.

The story itself presents that piquant assemblage of contrasts, in the groupings of which French librettists are so unrivalled. Oriental cadis and French hair-dressers, ladies in Turkish costume and Parisian *modistes*, drum-majors and swartly Moors, mutually cause each other to stand out in the strongest relief.

The part of Virginie, the *modiste*, devolved on Madlle. Charton, who, as usual, proved the mainstay of the opera. Her singing in the mock-"grand" trio in the second act displayed a physical power, a flexibility of voice, and a certain breadth of delivery, for which even her previous successes in *Le Domino Noir* and *Les Diamans de la Couronne* had not prepared us; while the naïve and serio-comic earnestness of her acting rendered her share of the performance most amusing.

Madlle. Charton's taste in costume must not be forgotten in the list of her manifold perfections. We never remember having seen so thoroughly irresistible a *coiffure* as the cap worn by this lady in her first dress; and we most certainly do not recollect so fascinating a *tout ensemble* as that produced by Madlle. Charton's voice, presence, and acting. Critics' hearts are, or ought to be, of stone; but we must confess that we carry our admiration of this lady to the very utmost verge of the limits prescribed by that cold-blooded philosopher, Plato.

The part of the Tambour-major was entrusted to M. Henri Dayton, a basso-profundo of extreme profundity, whose fine powerful voice and stalwart frame rendered him as "proper" a drum-major as any in the service. This part is one which is certain to be unappreciated everywhere except in France, where the public sympathy for everything military is so intense as to place an entire audience on the *qui vive* the moment a pair of red pantaloons

crosses the stage. In England, however, no such mania prevails, and therefore M. Drayton's solo, principally descriptive of the way in which a French soldier amuses himself on a Sunday, and of the violent affection entertained for that fortunate individual by the whole female sex, went rather heavily. Besides, M. Drayton's *forte* is evidently not the comic; grand French opera appears to us the province in which his fine organ would tell with full effect, and "Pif-paf" the song of songs for him.

M. Lac's hair-dresser-like assumption of gentility was not without merit. His singing, and acting in the admirable trio before adverted to, was excellent. M. Buguet exhibited a great deal of humour as the Caid. A. M. Devaux, to whom a small part in the beginning of the opera was allotted, appears to us to have the finest bass in the whole *troupe*. The sonorous volume of this gentleman's voice made us regret that some more important part had not been confided to him. M. Chateaufort, as the drunken and avaricious intendant, was inimitably humorous. This gentleman is one of the best actors on the French stage.

The getting-up of the piece was extremely creditable to those concerned therein.

In taking leave of this company, we do so with the ardent wish that no great space of time may elapse before that most spirited of *entrepreneurs*, Mr. Mitchell, may again favour us with another series of Opera Comique performances. *En attendant*, it will be some consolation to us to hear of Madlle. Charton's successes in more favoured parts of the world.

May 27, 1850.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. HERRMAN, the eminent violinist, has arrived in London for the season.

BETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.—We shall give a *resume* of the last three meetings of this admirable society next week.

MADAME PARTA has arrived in London, but will not make a long sojourn. She visited both the Italian Operas during the week. We saw her on Thursday night at the Royal Italian Opera, looking in admirable health and spirits. Would that she could be induced to appear, if but for a single night, to charm the world with her glorious art. What, though her voice be gone, enough remains to delight and entrance. How much would be forgiven for one look and one attitude in *Medea*!

MR. ELLA proposes to organise a chamber band and semi-chorus for the practice of Dramatic Music, and the encouragement of young and native vocalists. Such a society is much needed; for whilst amateurs are aiming at the highest flights of the lyrical music, our professional singers have little or no opportunity of exercising their talents in this branch of art.

MICHAEL HAUSER, a violinist and composer of repute in Vienna, has arrived in London.

SAMUEL M. MILLAR, a well-known performer on the trompet, died last week in Edinburgh, leaving a widow and nine children totally unprovided for.

HEAR REOL has been appointed musical director at Vauxhall Gardens.

MISS ANNA WILLIAMS.—This talented vocalist and great popular favorite, has retired from private life, having contracted a highly advantageous matrimonial alliance. Miss Williams was married, on Monday fortnight, to Alfred Price, Esq., of Gloucester, a gentleman of large property and influence in that county. The duet, which has so long charmed the public ear, will now be for ever silent, except to those who enjoy the privilege of hearing it from time to time in intimate circles.

M. ANTOINE BOHRER, violinist, and his clever daughter, Madlle. Sophie Bohrer, have arrived in London from St. Petersburg. It will be recollected that in 1842 a concert was given in the Hanover Square Rooms by M. Bohrer, in which the pianoforte playing of Madlle. Sophie Bohrer, then a mere child, created a great sensation. Since then, we understand, she has made immense progress. We shall be curious to hear her.

MISS EMMA BERRY gave a *soiree musicale* at the Beethoven Rooms on Wednesday evening. Miss Berry is a pianiste of much promise. She played Beethoven's trio in D major with Deichman and Piaté, Chopin's ballade in G minor, "La Favorite," Thalberg's

duet for piano and violin (from the *Huguenots*), in conjunction with Herr Deichman, a "Musical sketch," by Bennett, a Lied by Mendelssohn, and a valse by Chopin, in all of which she showed much good taste, and her execution was marked by great precision. Herr Deichman, in an adagio and rondo by Viestemps, proved himself a first-rate violinist. Piaté's beautiful violoncello playing is too well known to need comment. The vocalists were Madame Nottes, Madlle. Grammann, and Herr Stigelli. The latter sang, in a very chaste and pleasing manner, a song and a barcarole of his own composition, and took part in a duet with Madlle. Grammann. The *soiree* gave much satisfaction to all present.

A MORNING AND EVENING performance of Sacred Music will take place in Higham Terrors Church, on Thursday the 6th of June, in aid of the funds for the restoration of Chelveston Church: Handel's Oratorio, the *Messiah*, will be performed in the morning, and in the evening a selection from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Martini, Arne, and Mendelssohn. We observe Miss Birch, Mrs. Abbot, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Lawler are the principal vocalists, and Mr. Surman will officiate as conductor. The band and chorals, it is stated, will number 100 performers. We hope the performances will be well attended by the surrounding gentry.

ALBERT SMITH'S new entertainment, *An Overland Journey to Egypt*, was produced on Tuesday at Willis's Rooms with complete success. "In amusing his audience with an account of a journey from Suez to Boulogne," says the *Times*, "Mr. Albert Smith unites two distinct classes of entertainment—the instructive diorama, which has, of late, become so much the rage, and the humorous song and characteristic sketch, which belonged to the old 'Mathews at Home.' For the pictorial part of the entertainment Mr. Smith has engaged the services of Mr. William Beverley, unquestionably one of the first scenic artists of the day, as is fully demonstrated by the exquisite decorations of the Lyceum spectacles. The Egyptian views before which Mr. Albert Smith delivers his humorous lecture at Willis's Rooms are at once distinguished for knowledge of effect and a finished execution rarely attempted in works of the kind. His skies are remarkable for transparency, his distances are always conceived with a true feeling for atmosphere, and the figures in his foregrounds are admirably brought out. A picture of the Nile, with a "kandia," or native boat, upon it, is a perfect specimen of scenic art. The views are separate from each other, not connected as in other moving dioramas, and hence we would suggest that, in future exhibitions, the curtain should be lowered between each scene, and that a song should occur in the interval. Mr. Albert Smith, in his part of the work, brings forward a quality which is always popular with an English audience—unfeigned good-humour. Profundity he does not attempt, but he gives in as pleasant a form as possible the impression which a succession of new objects produces on a traveller determined to enjoy himself after his own fashion, and little disposed to be influenced by those who had gone before him. When a situation or a national trait becomes remarkably piquant he tells it in the shape of a song, and in singing lays, the great effect of which depends on the judicious utterance of the words, there is probably no one who could equal Mr. Smith, except Mr. Charles Mathews. Moreover, these songs are exceedingly well written, displaying a nice feeling for smooth metre, and great power in compressing a number of salient points into a small compass. The characteristic anecdotes with which the lecture is interspersed are all exceedingly well contrived, and told with a power of impersonation which is almost wonderful when we consider that the gentleman who affords the entertainment does not belong to the histrionic profession." We more than agree with every word of this, and shall next week give our own impressions in detail. A more amusing and interesting entertainment of the monologue species was never offered to the public. We hope and believe that, what with town and country, it may be the means of making the fortune of Albert Smith, whose exertions to please the public have been so zealous and incessant.

BENEDICT.—The directors of the Philharmonic Society have engaged this eminent musician to perform a new concerto of his own composition at the eighth and last concert of the season. Every one must applaud this step, which indicates that the Philharmonic is at last becoming sensible to the necessity of favouring its subscribers with something in the shape of novelty.

MADAME ALBONI's next part at the grand opera in Paris will be Leonor, in the *Favorita*.

MADAME VIARDOT GARCIA.—This distinguished artist has finished her engagement at Berlin, having given sixteen representations of the *Prophète*, instead of twenty-four, as originally intended. Madlle. Wagner, from Dresden, has succeeded her in the part of Fides.

M. JARIS, the pianist, who was to have played at the next Musical Union, has unexpectedly returned to Paris. Mr. Ella has engaged M. Charles Hallé in his place.

MADAME THÉRÈSE WARTZ.—The *Menestrel*, a French musical journal, informs its readers that this well-known pianiste has been invited to lend her assistance at several concerts of the London season, and, among others, at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society. The *Menestrel* is misinformed.

ALARD, the celebrated French violinist, has arrived in London for the season, and will play at the next concert of the Musical Union. M. Alard has recently played at the Gentlemen's Concerts, Manchester, which now, as our readers are aware, are under the direction of M. Charles Hallé. The pieces performed by M. Alard were the first movement of Beethoven's concerto, and a fantasia of his own composition. The concert was otherwise attractive. Madlle. Aggrî, Madame Castellani, Signor Tamberlik, and Signor Marchesi being the vocalists.

AMATEUR CONCERT.—(From a Correspondent).—An amateur performance of music is but an agreeable apology for professional efficiency; but where the selection of pieces attempted is interesting and suggestive, the imagination supplies the slight defects of execution, and receives a satisfactory impression of the compositions. The following programme of Lady Clerk's concert on Thursday last, executed by forty amateurs, is both novel and highly creditable to all parties:—

Selections from *Otello*.—Intro: a Coro (Viva Otello), e Marcia; Duettino (correi che il tuo pensiero); Finale, Atto 1^o, Coro (Santo Imen); Trio (Tutti l'amore); Quilietto, on Boro (Incerta l'anima).—Rossini.

Duetto (L'Addio).—Donizetti.

Selections from *Le Prophète*.—Intro: a Chœur (La brise est tranquille); Romance à deux voix (Un jour dans les bois); Air Pastorale, Oboe Solo; Chœur Des Paysans (Vieilles fermières).—Meyerbeer.

Aria (Il mio piano).—Le Grazie Lodovico.—Rossini.

Selections from the *Maisie*.—(Musique de Ballet) No. 1, Andante ed Allegro; No. 2, Adagio ed Allegretto; Quartetto (Je tremble et soupire); Grande Scène (Quelle horrible destinée); Finale, Act 3ème (Dieu sauvera par amour).—Bisini.

Mr. Ella officiated as director. [Agreeing with the general tenor of our correspondent's observations, we must confess, we should have been better pleased had the selection been less exclusively operatic. Operas are only good on the stage.—Ed.]

M. SCHREIBER.—Eugene Scribe was born in Paris on the 24th of December, 1791. His father was a silk mercer, near the Piliers des Halles, in the Rue St. Denis. His lively wit at an early age was discerned by all his friends, and he was in consequence sent to the Great College at St. Barbe. When at 18 years of age he left college, he was an orphan, and without fortune. Fortunately he found a kind guardian in a relation, M. Bonnet, a celebrated harpist of those days, who destined him for his own profession, and placed him under that celebrated jurist and politician, Dupin, the elder, now the President of the French Legislative Chamber, to study the Roman law. But in his studies the legal fact that most deeply impressed itself on Eugene Scribe's mind was, that at 21 a young man is master of his own activities, and having reached that age, he determined to renounce the law, and betake himself to his pen for support. Shortly after reaching his majority he began his dramatic career by writing a vaudeville for the Gymnase. His success here led to an engagement to write for the Théâtre Français, and to the establishment of his reputation as a dramatic author. He has composed 10 comedies in five acts, and 20 in one, two, or three acts, for the Français. He has written 150 vaudevilles for the Gymnase. As a lyrical poet he stands unequalled for the number and purity of his libretti, having written the poetry of 40 grand operas, and of 100 comic operas; to these must be added the libretto of the foregoing *Tempesta*. His entire works are 340 in number, besides his novels. Throughout his literary career he has preserved his independence, and never solicited patronage or place; yet his merits have not passed unwarded. He is a commander of the Legion of Honor, has received crosses

from almost every sovereign in Europe, is a member of the Quarante de l'Académie, and to these gratifying tokens of success he has added the more substantial reward of a handsome independence, achieved by incessant industry.

VAUXHALL.—On Wednesday night these gardens were opened with a grand *Bal Masque* as a preliminary entertainment to the opening for the season which is about to take place. The gardens are in admirable order, and the arrangements, under the superintendence of the well-known lessee of former seasons, Mr. Wardell, all that the frequenters of the place can desire. As was stated in the bills, "all the resources of the far-famed establishment" were made available, and certainly there was no want of necessary attractions to induce the company to enter, and plenty to protract their stay when they had entered, the gates. The walks and avenues were brilliantly illuminated; every accommodation was given for dancing, and for eating and drinking. Three excellent bands were in attendance, the incessant music of the instruments of which kept the company in continuous movement. For some hours the merriment and frolic was kept up by hundreds of persons in costumes of all ages and countries, and in countries not referable to any age or clime. There were many groups from Epson, who seemed determined to prolong the "Derby" day by the addition of several hours from his successor. No signs of exhaustion were perceptible in the votaries of pleasure, and it was not till the "professionals" were completely worn out that the patrons of the place retired. The whole went off in good style.

IPSWICH MUSICAL SOCIETY.—Under the superintendence of Mr. R. W. Foster and M. A. Bowles, assisted by Mr. S. King, Mr. Goodhall, Mr. Bacon, and other native artists, this society is making steady progress. The first open concert was given on Tuesday evening at the Mechanics' Lecture Hall, when, in addition to various local talent, the society had the valuable assistance of the Misses C. and S. Cole, of the London Wednesday Concerts; Mr. Bowles being leader with the violin, and Mr. Foster presiding at the pianoforte. The programme combined a very tasteful selection, and afforded universal satisfaction. Amongst the *encores* was Miss S. Cole's song, by Rodwell, "O Charming May," which was given with purity and expression. Miss S. Cole also sang Haydn's "My mother bids me," which was warmly and deservedly applauded. Two other performances were also distinguished, a concerto on the violin, and Parry's song, "Country Commissioners," by Mr. Bowles. Miss C. Cole also gave with much taste and feeling, "When Lullaby sings," by Hubbs, "Good Night," by Rosenbaum, and "O Luce di quest'anima," from Donizetti, all of which were remarkably well received; as were also several duets, by the two artists. The orchestra has been considerably strengthened and exhibited improvement, though the amateurs evidently require practice to attain precision. The want of the latter was occasionally exhibited; but we are bound, upon the whole, to commend the style in which the overtures were given, particularly the *Siege of Rochelle* and *Der Freischütz*. The attendance was large, embracing many of the principal families in the town and neighbourhood. The popularity already attained by this society, affords assurance of future support, as well as of increased excellence in its performances.

LEAMINGTON.—The Messrs. Distins gave a concert at the Music Hall on Monday evening last, which was well attended. Nothing could excel the general *ensemble* which pervaded the various concerted pieces performed by them on their silver sax-horns, as the composer, Marschner, remarked of them, "they performed as if they were but one man" while the power they displayed in the forte passages, produced all the effect of a tolerably full band. The party was assisted by Miss O'Connor, the same pleasing vocalist who appeared with them at Leamington some three or four years ago, and who accompanied them in their recent tour in America. Miss O'Connor sings in the true English-ballad style; her voice is sweet, her articulation perfect, and there is a degree of mild and pathetic in her style which wins upon the audience, and proves at once her vocal and artistic powers. We have seldom heard the ballad, "The Irish Emigrant's Lament," and J. P. Knight's song, "Of what is the Old Man Thinking?" more impressively rendered. Not the least attractive portions of the concert were the pieces and madrigals introduced by Miss O'Connor and the brothers Distins; several of them, were deservedly enquired

a compliment that was also awarded to Mr. Theodoro Distin for his singing of Loder's popular song, "Phillip the Falconer," and to that gentleman and Miss O'Connor for Barnett's buffo duet, "The Singing Lesson." Mr. Willy accompanied both the vocal and instrumental pieces on the piano forte, and played a solo on that instrument, which fully sustained his reputation of ranking among the pianists of the day. We hope to hear the same party again before our summer season is ended.—(*Leamington Paper*.)

HERR W. KUHE, the well-known pianist, has announced his annual morning concert to take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday next. Herr Kuhé has engaged a host of talent; the names of the artists may be seen on reference to his advertisement.

MADAME LEMAIRE'S *Soiree Musicale* was held on Monday, the 6th inst., at Mr. E. Coulou's rooms, Great Marlborough Street. The *beneficiaire* engaged for the occasion, as assistants, Mrs. Gardner, Mr. Peed, Signor Montelli, and Signor Marras, with the Newlames, Wagner, and Mora as vocalists; and Mademoiselle Coulou (pianist), M. Rousselot (violinello), the Dons J. and R. Ciebra (guitar), and Mr. Sedgwick (concertina), as instrumentalists. The programme, which was made up of the usual miscellaneous kind, offers few points for particular notice. Madame Lemaire joined Signor Montelli in the duet, "Danque lo sono," from the *Barbiere*; sang the rondo finale from the *Cenerentola*, and introduced two romances by Celli, which were expressly written for the occasion of her benefit. Madame Lemaire was received with much favor in all her efforts. Mdlle. Coulou performed with M. Rousselot Mendelssohn's sonata, for piano and violinello, in B. flat, and Thalberg's *Masaniello* fantasia. The fair pianist showed herself equally an adept in the classical and picturesque schools. The sonata was played admirably, and was loudly applauded at the end. Mademoiselle Coulou's execution is neat and brilliant; and her reading evidences the taste and appreciation of a musician. Mendelssohn's music is no sealed volume to this talented and rising young artist. We must not omit a word of strong praise for M. Rousselot's performance of the violinello. In the modern school of pianoforte playing, Mademoiselle Coulou appeared no less happy than in the severe composition of the great master. Thalberg's very difficult fantasia was dashed off in a bold and energetic style, which told with considerable effect on the audience. Mademoiselle Coulou is on the high road to excellence, and we shall be disappointed if, after a few years, she does not reach an eminent rank in her profession. Mr. Maurice Levy conducted.

SUSSEX HALL.—An Evening Concert was given on Monday week in this place. The programme was long, and the performers multitudinous. The City gentry had a somnolent, if they estimate the excellence of an entertainment by its length. Among the singers, we noticed Miss Catherine Hayes, Mdlle. Graumann, Mdlle. Therese Wagner, Herr Sigelli, and the Hungarian vocalists. In the instrumental section was comprised Ernst, Herr Wilhelm Kuhé (the pianist), and Ap Thomas (the Welch Harpist). Boots it not to name all that was effected. The great gun of the evening was Ernst, who electrified his hearers, and produced a sensation that will not soon be forgotten within the sound of Bow-bells. The first performance of the great violinist was his own grand fantasia on the march and romance from *Othello*; he next played May-seder's "Air varié" with a cædenza written by himself; and lastly he gave, as a *bonne bouche*, the "Carnaval de Venise." Each of these pieces was executed in the most magnificent style, and produced an effect not to be described. The good citizens were roused to the utmost enthusiasm, and applauded till their hands were weary and their throats grew dull. Of course each morceau was encored. Miss Catherine Hayes sang three times, and three times sang admirably. Of the rest of the concert it is unnecessary to speak. Herr Wilhelm Kuhé officiated as conductor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MERCURY.—Mr. J. M. Mudie, beyond all comparison,

VIPFORD.—In the German Opera there is no recitative; the dialogue is all spoken. Balfe had not to write recitations for the Venetian version of his operas. The other question we cannot answer.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. CRIVELLI

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that his Work on
THE ART OF SINGING,
Adapted with alterations and additions for the BASS VOICE, may be had at
his Residence,
71, UPPER NORTON STREET;
And at all the principal Musicians.

BALFE'S NEW BALLAD,

"THE JOY OF TEARS."

Composed expressly for and Sung by
MISS CATHERINE HAYES,
at Her Majesty's Theatre, and the London Concerts.—*Price 2s.*
JOHN CAMPBELL, 53, New Bond Street.

Just Published,

MADLIE JENNY LIND'S

"MADELAINE AND THE BIRD."

A DOUBLE SONG, Translated from the German by
DIAMOND RYAN, Esq. Music by C. A. MARSDEN. Sung by JENNY
LIND in all her late Concerts on the Continent.—*Price 1s.*
SCHOTT and Co., Importers and Publishers.

W. H. HOLMES' NEWEST PIANOFORTE WORK,

"DREAM OF FAIRY-LAND,"

VALSE BRILLANTE. *Price 6s.* Also the following arrangements by the same composer:—*Fantasia, Mazurka, 3s. 6d.; Beethoven's*
"Adelaide," 3s.; *Scena, Der Freischutz, 3s.* and Handel's "Harmonious
Blacksmith," 2s.

LEADER and COCK, 63, New Bond Street,
(Corner of Brook Street, London).

Just Published,

"THE BUSY BEE POLKA."

"This is the most brilliant, lively, and tuneful Polka we have seen for months past, and possesses that great desideratum for popularity, that even in the hands of a performer of most moderate pretensions it cannot fail to produce a pleasing and sparkling effect."—*Musical World.*

WESELY AND CO., 329, Regent Street;
where may be had

"THE TWIN POLKAS,"

"POLKA GLISSANTE,"

AND

"POLKA TREMOLA."

TO THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.

A YOUNG MAN, possessing a knowledge of the Pianoforte, Concertina, and Organ, in each of which he is capable of imparting instruction to a considerable extent, is desirous of obtaining a SITUATION where he could make further improvement, and obtain a moderate remuneration for his services. In Pianoforte Tuning and Quadrille Playing he would also be found useful. Good testimonials can be given of character and ability. Apply, by letter, to E. B. Mr. Allen's, 17, Percy-street, Bedford-square, London.

HERR W. KUHE

HAS the honour to announce that his **ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT** will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on **TUESDAY, June 4,** to commence at two o'clock precisely, on which occasion he will be assisted by the following celebrated Artists:—Vocalists: Mesdames Catherine Hayes, Rusconi, Schloss, Graumann, De Ruppini, Madame Nottus; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Clibbins, Mayerhofer, and Sigelli. Instrumental Performers: Pianoforte, Herr Kuhé; Harp, Mr. Ap-Thomas; Concertina, M. Regondi; Violin, M. Molière; Violoncello, M. Piat. Conductors: Messrs. Lavenu, Kuhé, and Brinley Richards. Stalls and Tickets may be had at all the principal Music Warehouses, and of Mr. Kuhé, 18, Princes Street, Cavendish Square.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



The Nobility, Patrons of the Opera, and the Public, are respectfully informed that on

THURSDAY NEXT, JUNE 6TH, 1850,
(WHICH WILL BE INCLUDED IN THE SUBSCRIPTION)

Will be presented for

THE FIRST TIME;

An entirely New Grand Opera, by HALEVY,

The Poem by SCHRE, founded on the *Tempest* of SHAKESPEARE, and composed expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre.

The Incidental Dances by M. PAUL TAGLIONI.

entitled,

LA TEMPESTA.

The Scenery by Mr. CHARLES MARSHALL.

The Costumes by Mr. Coombes and Miss Hendley, under the superintendence of Madame Coper.

The Machinery by Mr. D. Sloman. The Appointments by Mr. E. Bradwell.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alfonso (King of Naples)	Sig. LORENZO.
Prospero (Duke of Milan)	Sig. COLETTI.
Antonio (his Brother, the Usurper)	Sig. F. LABLACHE.
Ferdinand (Prince of Naples)	Sig. BAUCARDE.
Sycorax	Mdlle. PARODI.
Trinculo	Mdlle. IDA BERTRAND.
Spirit of the Air	Mdlle. CATHERINE HAYES.
	(Who have obligingly undertaken the parts.)
Ariel	Mdlle. CARLOTTA GRISI.
Caliban	Sig. LABLACHE.
	and
Miranda	Madame SONTAG.

Courtiery, Soldiers, Mariners, Kites, Spirits of the Air and of the Deep, &c., &c., &c.

On this occasion, M. HALEVY will have the honor to preside in the Orchestra.

With Various Entertainments in the

BALLET DEPARTMENT,

Combining the talents of

Mdlle. CARLOTTA GRISI.

Mdlle. AMALIA FERRARIS, Mdlle. MARIE TAGLIONI, M. CHARLES, and M. PAUL TAGLIONI.

Doors open at Seven, the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock. Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS,



HANOVER

SQUARE.

Under the distinguished Patronage of His Royal Highness THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

MR. W. H. SEGGIN and Mrs. W. H. SEGGIN (Associate, Hon. Mem. and Professor of Singing at the Royal Academy of Music), have the honor to announce that their ANNUAL CONCERT is fixed to take place on FRIDAY MORNING Next, June 7th, 1850; on which occasion the following artists will appear:—

Madlle. Schloss, Miss Lucombe, Mrs. W. H. Seggin, Miss M. Williams; Miss S. Mesent, and Madame F. Lablache; Mr. Sims Reeves (who will sing "The Savoyard's Return," and "Lamento della Anna"); Mr. W. H. Seggin, Mr. Beaton, and Signor Marchesi.

The eminent Pianist, M. Thalberg, who will perform the following Pieces:—Fantasia (MARIANELLO) Thalberg; and New Variations on the Baccarole (L'ELFIN D'AMORE) Thalberg. M. Benedict will perform, in conjunction with Mr. Brindley Richards, a Grand Duet Concertino, for two pianofortes, on Themes by Schubert—Benedict. Mr. J. Balis Chatterton (Harriet to Her Majesty the Queen), a Grand Fantasia. Violoncello, Herr Hekking (from the Higue), who will perform "Souvenir de Spa"—F. Servais.

A Sir Henry R. Bishop will preside at the Pianoforte. A limited number of Reserved Seats, 15s. each; to be had only of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Seggin. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; Family Tickets, to admit Three, One Guinea; to be had at all the principal musicellers, and at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Seggin, 48, Curzon Street, May Fair.

MUSICAL UNION.

WILLIS'S ROOMS, SIXTH MATINEE, Tuesday, June 4th,
Half-past Three o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

Quartet, in D. No. 10. — Mozart. Trio, No. 2, in C minor, Op. 66. — Mendelssohn. Quintet, in C major, Op. 29. — Beethoven. Elocutions:—Alard (from Paris), Deloffre, Hill, Mellon, Piat, and Charles Hallé. Strangers' Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; to be had of Cramer and Co., Regent Street. Members can introduce visitors by payment at the rooms.

J. ELLA, Director.

Ernst and Heller, Piat, and Hallé, Sainanton, and other distinguished artists, will perform at the Director's Grand Matinée, on the 18th of June, to commence at Three o'clock—half an hour earlier than usual.

MR. W. STERDALE BENNETTS

MORNING PERFORMANCE OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, on THURSDAY, June 6th, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS; on which occasion he will be assisted by MM. Stephen Heller, Sainanton, Piat, Graitan Cooke, Williams, Jarrett, and Baumann.

The Hungarian Vocalists will sing some of Mendelssohn's an Weber's choicest part songs.

To commence at 3 o'clock.

Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each; to be had at all the music warehouses; and of Mr. W. H. Bennett, 15, Russell Place, Fitzroy Square.

DISTIN'S CONCERTS.

MR. DISTIN AND SONS will perform on the Sax Horns in the following towns:—Norwich, June 3rd; Yarmouth, 4th; Lowestoft, 5th; Beccles, 6th; Harleston, 7th.

Vocalist Miss O'CONNOR.
Pianist Mr. J. WILLY.

Distin's Amateur Cornet Classes assemble nightly for the practice of Quartets, &c., 31, Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square.

MESDAMES SONTAG, FREZZOLINI, PARODI, GIULIANI, Ida Bertrand, Miss Catherine Hayes, Madlle. Charton, Signor Gardoni, Calzolari, Baucarde, Coletti, Belletti, F. Lablache, and Lubuche, under the direction of Mr. Balis; Panno—Messrs. Halle, Osborne, Lindsay Sloper, and Benedict; Ernst and Messrs. Ernest and Mollins; Violoncello—Signor Piat; Harp—Mr. Ap-Thomas; and French Horn—Mr. Vistler; will all perform at M. BENEDICT'S GRAND CONCERT, which will take place on the Stage of HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, on FRIDAY MORNING, June 21st. Applications for Boxes, &c., to be made at the principal Libraries, Music Warehouses, the Box-office of Her Majesty's Theatre, and to M. Benedict, 2, Manchester Square.

MADLLE. COULON

HAS the honor to announce that her Annual Morning Concert will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on MONDAY, June 3, to commence at Two o'clock precisely, on which occasion she will be assisted by the following celebrated Artists:—

Vocalists—Messieurs Birch, Nau, E. Birch, Grammans; Messrs. Stigelli, de Brenier, Bardoni, and Marchesi. Instrumental Performers:—Pianoforte, Madlle. Coulon; Harp, Mr. Frederick Chatterton; Violin, M. Sainanton; Flute, M. Bricciardi; Violoncello, M. Rousselot; Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus; Horn, Mr. Jarrett; Oboe, M. Barret; Bassoon, M. Baumann.

Madlle. Coulon will perform Beethoven's grand Quintet in E, Thalberg's grand Fantasia on airs from Sennambula, a grand Duet by Osborne for two pianos, on themes from Les Huguenots and Ravina's Sielenspiele.

Conductors Messrs. BENEDICT and LINDSAY SLOPER. Stalls and Tickets may be had at all the principal music warehouses; and of Madlle. Coulon, 48, Great Marlborough Street.

MISS BINCKES & MR. JOSEPH HAIGH,

BEG to announce that they will give an EVENING CONCERT at the Hanover Square Rooms, on FRIDAY, June 14, 1850.

Vocal Performers, Miss Catherine Hayes, Madlle. De Vinci, and Miss Binckes, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Ronconi, and Mr. Joseph Haigh, (his first appearance since his return from Italy).

Instrumental Performers.—Pianoforte, Miss Binckes; Harp, Mr. J. Balis Chatterton, (Harriet to Her Majesty the Queen); Violin, Mr. H. Diagnevo; Concertina, Mr. H. Diagnevo.

Conductors Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER, and Mr. W. C. MACFARREN. Tickets, 7s. each; to admit four, £1 1s.; and Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. each; to be had at the principal music shops of Miss Binckes, Cornbury Place, Old Kent Road; and of Mr. J. Haigh, 31, Bernard Street, Russell Square. Reserved Seats to be had only of Miss Binckes and Mr. Haigh.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA

COVENT



GARDEN.

SECOND APPEARANCE OF SIGNOR RONCONI.

THE Directors have the honor to announce, that on TUESDAY next, June 4th, a COMBINED ENTERTAINMENT will take place, on which occasion Signor RONCONI will have the honor of appearing in Verdi's Opera SERA, ANATTO, and also in Rossini's Opera BUFFA, IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA. The entertainments will commence with the SECOND ACT of Verdi's Opera,

A N A T O,

The Principal Characters by

Signor RONCONI,

Mme. CASTELLAN,

Mlle. VERA,

Signor TAGLIAFICO,

AND

Signor TAMBERLIK.

After which will be performed (for the first time this season) Rossini's Opera BUFFA,

IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.

Rossini	Madame CASTELLAN,
Bertha	Mlle. COTTI,
Almaviva	Signor MARIO,
Bartolo	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Basilio	Signor POLONINI,
Fiorello	Signor BOLDI,

AND

Figaro Signor RONCONI.

EXTRA NIGHT.—DON GIOVANNI.

On THURSDAY NEXT, June 6th, will be performed Mozart's Grand Opera,

DON GIOVANNI.

Donna Anna . . .	Mme. GRISI,
Elvira	Mlle. VERA,
Zerlina	Mme. CASTELLAN,
Don Giovanni . .	Signor TAMBURINI,
Leporello	Herr FORMES,
Masetto	Signor POLONINI,
Il Commendatore .	Signor TAGLIAFICO,

AND

Don Ottavio . . . Signor MARIO.

The Opera will be supported by a Triple Orchestra and Double Chorus

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven, and the Performances commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had (for the Night or Season) at the Box-office of the Theatre, corner of Henri Street and Bow Street, Covent Garden, which is open, from 10 till 5 o'clock; and at the Principal Libraries.

Mrs. ANDERSON'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place on Monday, June 10th. For Particulars see Advertisement.

COVENT



GARDEN.

Under the Immediate Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty,
THE QUEEN.

MRS. ANDERSON (Pianiste to Her Majesty the Queen, and to the Honour to announce to her Patrons and Friends, that her ANNUAL
GRAND MORNING CONCERT

Will take place at the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, on

MONDAY, JUNE 10th, 1850,

Commencing at HALF-PAST ONE O'CLOCK precisely.

And will be supported by all the Principal Artists, and also the Magnificent Band and Chorus of that Establishment.

The Concert will be in Two Parts.

PART I.—The Whole of the Music, composed by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, to the Sophoclean Tragedy of

ŒDIPUS COLONEUS,

Which (for the First Time) will be publicly performed, with the English version of its Lyrics, and an elucidative MONOLOGUE, written for this occasion by Mr. BARTHELOMEW, and which will be recited, with extracts from the MS. Tragedy, by Mr. BARTLEY, who had the honour of reading the Tragedy by Command of His Majesty.

This Work has been performed only at Buckingham Palace, and it is by THE KING AND GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY that Mrs. Anderson is enabled to produce it on this occasion.

PART II. will consist of the following
MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION.

Overture, <i>Leonora</i>	Beethoven.
Quartetto, "Noble Chateleine," Signor Marali, Mons. Masco,	Rossini.
Signor Rommel, and Mons. Zeller	
Air, "Robert, toi que j'aime," Robert le Diable, Madame	Meyerbeer.
Castellan	
Grand Choral Fantasia, Pianoforte, Mrs. Anderson and	Beethoven.
Chorus	Mozart.
Air, "In diesen heiligen Hallen," Die Zauberflöte, Herr Formes	Dominetti.
Duetto, "Tornami a dir," Don Pasquale, Madame Grisi and	Beethoven.
Signor Mario	
Chorus for Female Voices, "Bridesmaid's Chorus," King	Rossini.
Strophes	Sainton.
Duetto, "Parlez-moi de l'Amour," Zoré, Signor Tamberlik and Signor	Dominetti.
Tamburini	Dominetti.
Solo, Violin, Mons. Sainton	Spahr.
Duetto, "Quanta Amore," L'Elisir d'Amore, Madame Castellan	Dominetti.
and Signor Ronconi	Guccia.
Romance, "Spirito gentile," La Favorita, Signor Mario	Dominetti.
Tarentella, Pianoforte and Violin, Mrs. Anderson and Mons.	
Sainton	
Air, "Ecco il peggio," Gemma di Vergy, Signor Ronconi	Spahr.
Duetto, "Oh guardate che figura," La Prova d'un Opera Seria,	
Madame Grisi and Signor Tamburini	
Duetto, "Ah bel destin," Linda di Chamouni, Madlle. Vera	
and Madlle. de Merie	
Madrigal, by the Chorus, "In these delightful, pleasant	Parcell.
groves"	Weber.
Jubilee Overture	

Conductor Mr. COSTA.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

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VIVIER.

The following is an extract from the journal of an amateur on the occasion of Vivier's first appearance at M. Jullien's concerts:—

"The debut of this extraordinary and accomplished artist is decidedly the most significant musical event of the month; and, if we are not much mistaken, will mark as an epoch in musical annals. M. Vivier has acquired over that rebellious instrument, the French horn, a mastery so absolute, that he draws from it at pleasure tones soft and sweet as those of the flute, notes rough and angry as the trumpet's snarl, melancholy as the hollow wailing of the bassoon, or deep-mouthed and fierce as some wild beast's roar, or the muttering of distant thunder. The twisted brass seems plastic in his hands. Sometimes, in his sliding transition from note to note, the human voice sings mournfully; sometimes he breathes forth earnest entreaty, sometimes passionate remonstrance; and there are long, tremulous, palpitating tones, which seem to express the sobbing of a bosom torn with anguish, or to give shuddering utterance to the most intimate agony of the soul. Next moment, the strains will change, and joyful tones gush forth like the bubbling silver from a fountain, merry and clear as a child's carol, and overflowing like it with careless happiness, bright hope, and delightful memories. It is this rare power of painting in music the varying passions of the soul, and of impressing on his audience emotions profound and vivid as his own, that characterises M. Vivier's performance. As we listen, intellectual appreciation and critical analysis give place to responsive sympathy; we feel ourselves under the influence of genius, and it is no longer the sound of a trumpet, but the soul of a man that absorbs our rapt attention. Just so, when Paganini played, it was not to the mere wooden violin, to the vibrating strings, to the physical undulations of the air, that we used to listen; through those material media an impassioned soul found utterance, and entered into communication with our own."

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The *Huguenots* was repeated on Saturday.

On Tuesday Ronconi made his second appearance. The entertainments were the second act of *Antio* and the *Barbieri*. The first part of the performance was not much relished, despite the immense acting and fine singing of Ronconi in the *Usurper*. Verdi cannot obtain a stronghold at Covent Garden. He is disrespected by the band, the singers, the conductor, and the public. The chorus alone hold him in any favor. They have a lean liking for him inasmuch as his unisons give them no trouble. But we shall leave Verdi to the flagellation inflicted on him by the *Morning Post*, which the reader will find transferred into another part of our journal.

The *Barbieri* went off with infinite spirit. Mario is the

very perfection of Count Almaviva, and Ronconi the most mercurial and humorous of Barbiers. Never have we seen the two characters represented with so much effect as on Tuesday. It is altogether unaccountable how Mario should have ever resigned the part of the Count to any tenor. It is beyond all question one of his most splendid performances, and surpasses all the Counts heard or seen in this country. Mario's voice is exquisitely adapted to Rossini's music, both in its natural sweetness and its floridness. The "Ecco ridente" was a magnificent specimen of singing, and was encored enthusiastically—a compliment we never heard paid to this most beautiful of serenades before. Perhaps one cause of the encore was that Mario did not alter Rossini's notes. This was a lesson the singers had been previously taught by Alboni. Time was when vocalists considered Rossini's airs but frames on which to hang their own *broderies*. They are beginning to be a little more enlightened now, and to entertain a notion that the *maestro* knew something more of the voice than themselves. However, if they still persisted in their presumption, the public would treat them with disdain, being taught to distinguish the legitimate from the false by two of the greatest singers of all times—Mario and Alboni. To such as loved to hear Rossini's music sung as he wrote it, Mario's performance on Tuesday must have afforded a very rare treat. The beauty of the melodies were rendered with a voice of exquisite richness, and purity, while the florid passages were given with the precision and facility of a violin. Mario's execution is quite marvellous. We do not remember ever to have heard the duet, "All' idea di que metallo," provoke so much enthusiasm. Mario's Count Almaviva, in short, is one of the most perfect performances ever witnessed, and, if attractive according to its merits, would draw all London to the Opera for twenty nights.

And then, what a coadjutor had Mario in Ronconi. The Figaro of this artist is a performance of great originality. It is the Spanish barber to the life; the sly, the witty, the self-possessed; the liar, the intriguer, the flatterer, the money-seeker. In all these phases Ronconi is curiously happy, and makes every point tell with the audience. His "Largo al factotum" was splendidly sung, or, rather, splendidly acted; for, indeed, his every look and motion was so instinct with fun and humour that the hearers' ears were forestalled, and "made fools of the other sense." The music of Figaro was written for a high barytone, and here Ronconi has a decided advantage over all the Figaros in our recollection. His voice has also a good deal of flexibility, without which the music could not be completely rendered.

Madame Castellani made a charming and lively Rosina, and sang the music delightfully. It was the first time, if we mistake not, the fascinating *cantatrice* made her essay in comedy in London. If so, she has no need to apprehend a failure in her new line of impersonation. Madame Castellani introduced, at the piano, an air of a Spanish character, written by De

Beriot for Malibran. This was rendered with peculiar warmth and feeling, and was loudly applauded.

Polonini, with a little practice, would make an excellent Bartolo. He should not have omitted the fine aria in the first act. By the way, why does not Tamburini undertake this part? He would make an immense hit in it, or we are greatly mistaken.

Tagliafico made much of Basilio, and sang the splendid "Cullunna" song very finely, bating a little too much hurrying the time.

Mademoiselle Cotti, although a little frightened, acquitted herself capitally in the old duenna. She sang her song in the second act with point and spirit.

If the opera had even one rehearsal—poor Rosini could not have been spared one rehearsal!—the success of the *Barbieri* would have been immense; but some parts went so lamely as to be quite unpardonable. Ronconi was the only individual who knew his part perfectly.

So much for the *Barbieri*, which, with the same performers as on Tuesday night, we would willingly walk twenty miles on foot to hear—provided it had one or two rehearsals.

Thursday was an extra night, and the *Don Giovanni* was given for the second time this season. At the first performance great disappointment was felt that Formes was unable to assume the part of Leporello, which was known to be one of his greatest personations. On Thursday night Formes appeared for the first time as Leporello on the Italian stage, and with a result which his warmest admirers could hardly have anticipated. Truth to say, the Leporello of the German basso is the most satisfactory we have ever seen, as it is not only highly comic, when comedy is requisite, but profoundly serious where the exigencies of the scene demand a total forbearance from any thing verging on the humorous. In the latter respect, his Leporello is the only one that really impressed us with a sense of its reality. All the Italian artists who have played the character, including the greatest of them all, Lablache, have never condescended to consider the awfulness of the last scene, but thought it incumbent on them to create mirth when they should have exhibited terror, and to turn into a joke the most terrible situation in any drama we know. Formes alone has paid due reverence to the situation and the music; and hence the effect of the last scene on Thursday night was something indescribable. We never felt the weight of Mozart's music before. And all this is owing to Formes' knowing what he speaks, and feeling what he sings. How simple the means, and yet what a lesson has the German basso read to all the Italian vocalists who have preceded him. We are certain the lesson of Thursday night will not be thrown away.

The singing of Formes was admirable from first to last. The catalogue song was very finely given. In the duet in the churchyard, and the grand set, his splendid voice told with powerful effect.

We noticed many new points in Formes' acting which plainly indicated he had a purpose in all he did—that not a look, an attitude, or motion, was thrown away. We were particularly struck with his devotion to Don Giovanni, in the finale to the last act, and his clinging to him when confronted by the maskers, although he wanted to fasten his guilt upon him. In the last scene his seizing hold of Don Giovanni's hand and endeavouring to force him away from the statue, his look of horror when he hears his master declare his determination to sup with the ghost, and his exit with a shriek, were splendid points, and worthy of any artist.

We have no hesitation in saying that Leporello is by far the best performance of Formes we have yet seen.

Madame Castellani's Zerlina was, on this occasion, delightfully sung and admirably acted. We could hardly have desired a more captivating peasant girl in looks and demeanour, while the fair vocalist never exhibited more thorough indication of being an artist in judgment and a musician in feeling. Mozart's music was revered.

Of Grisi's glorious performance of Donna Anna, of Mario's Ottavio—which suffered slightly from a cold—and of Tamburini's Don—which was rendered doubly grand and impressive in the last scene by Formes' serious acting—it is unnecessary to speak. They are stereotyped in the pages of the *Musical World*.

Tagliafico sang with immense power in the last scene. His voice sounded stony and sepulchral, and was awe-striking in the extreme. We cannot help repeating that this last scene was unparalleled in its effect, and that it was, perhaps, the greatest thing achieved at the Royal Italian Opera. We trust *Don Giovanni* will be repeated; such a performance as that of Thursday night should not be overlooked by the directors.

Madame Viardot has arrived, and will appear in the *Prophète* next Saturday.

VERDI AT THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(From the Morning Post.)

A GREAT uproar took place at this establishment last night; several persons attired in quaint costumes appeared upon the stage, and for some reasons which we vainly endeavoured to make out from the business of the scene, or the requirements of the dramatic action, uttered strange cries and piercing screams. The strain upon their pulmonary resources appeared to be very great indeed, yet on the whole they did their duty manfully. After ruminating for some time at these peculiar proceedings, and searching deeply for the philosophy of this vocal raving, we were at length fortunate enough to discover something which we will venture to lay before our readers, not as a conclusive solution of the problem, but simply as a proposition which may, perhaps, afford a clue to the mystery.

Verdi, the hope of young Italy—Verdi, whose music (?) is being performed with success throughout musical Europe, and is the admiration of many Italian vocalists, must needs possess some wondrous excellence. Musicians (the poor blind creatures!) may not be able to discover it, they may not be able to discern in it any of those attributes of musicianship which they worship in Mozart and other dull writers of the so-called classical school; but musicians are seldom philosophers, and Verdi is—hence his incomprehensible superiority, and the great difference which exists between him and all other great composers. Verdi's style may in a great measure be considered as a tremendous musical illustration of the popular maxim that "unity is power;" but his chief and noblest aim appears to be to show that the human voice, when strained to the utmost, can be made to produce more noise than any combination of instruments whatever, to assert the supremacy of the "voice of Nature," to prove its superiority over mere mechanical inventions and contrivances, even though they be made of brass or sheepskin. Who can deny the elevation of this purpose? Nature *versus* Art! Why should man or woman be out-roared by an ugly trombone, or out-screened by an impertinent octave flute?

To the great object we have mentioned, Verdi has devoted

his energies; in the pursuit of it, all smaller considerations to which unphilosophical composers have given their attention, such as melody, harmony, count-point, dramatic propriety, originality, &c., have appeared to him insignificant and unworthy the attention of a genius.

We believe, then, we have explained the philosophy of Verdi's music, and the object of his ambition; but, unfortunately, his experiments have only been partially successful; for, with all the superhuman efforts of his vocalists, it is but rarely that they contrive to get above the truly infernal din of the orchestra; but when they do they are richly rewarded by the audience, who seem thoroughly to appreciate the difficulties they have undergone; and, highly gratified by this interesting triumph of human nature, not unfrequently vociferate, "Let them roar again!" which they do, accordingly, in a manner which it would "do any man's heart good to hear."

We are by no means sure that we have given a correct explanation of the Verdian musical philosophy, for the meaning of so great and popular a writer is not easily discovered; but perhaps our indulgent readers will accept it until they get a better.

We spoke very severely of this opera when it was performed at Her Majesty's Theatre under the title of *Nino*; and the fact of its being called *Anato* at the Royal Italian Opera by no means induces us to add anything to, or retract anything from, our already expressed opinion. Had not the affair been forced upon our notice by the fact of so deservedly celebrated a singer as Signor Ronconi selecting it for his *début*, we should not again have spoken of it; for as a work of art it is altogether beneath criticism. We shall now merely record that it was sung by Madame Castellani, Mdle. Vera, Signor Tamberlik, Signor Tagliacapo, and Signor Ronconi, much better than it deserved to be.

Signor Ronconi received a very warm greeting, and was much applauded throughout; but we must decline entering into any details respecting his general merits until we hear him in something more worthy of his talent.

The house was crowded.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' CONCERT.

THE Hanover Square Rooms were crowded at the concert of Mr. Brinley Richards, the pianist, and the audience were elegant as numerous. Mr. Richards is an artist who has lawfully earned the repute in which he stands with the profession and with the public, and he did much on the present occasion not only to confirm, but to increase the esteem in which he is held. The most important feature of the evening was Mr. Macfarren's quintet in G minor, for pianoforte, violin, viola, violoncello, and double bass, which was executed by Messrs. Richards, Cooper, Hill, Piatti, and Mount, and was received with great applause. Mr. Richards played also one of the admirable Studies of Cramer, the prelude and very melodious Fugue of Bach in C sharp major, and the Courante, followed by the air with variations, known as the "Harmonioli Blacksmith," of Handel, in which the classical purity of his style was displayed to much advantage. He was no less successful in a selection of pieces calculated to test very different qualities in the pianist from those brought into play in the works of these ancient masters, namely, a *Nocturne* and a *Scherzo* of his own composition, the latter of which in particular was extremely effective for the instrument. Further, he performed one of the brilliant fantasias for pianoforte and violin, of Osborne and De Bériot, with Mr. Cooper, an admirable violinist, whose talent is the more esteemed the more it is known; and lastly, an extremely showy *concertante*,

for two pianofortes, and some of the most popular songs of Schubert, with the composer Mr. Benedict. The only other instrumental performance was a solo on the violoncello of Sig. Piatti, whose beautiful style and extraordinary execution elicited much admiration. Among the vocal pieces the most conspicuous were a trio of Mr. Richards, sung by Miss Birch, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Drayton, the American vocalist, which was unanimously redemanded by the audience; and a song, "Hark, maiden, 'tis the battle cry," also the composition of the *beneficitaire*, which was so admirably sung by Mr. Sims Reeves as to deserve and to receive the same compliment. Miss Catherine Hayes sang an aria from the *Sonnambula* in her best and most effective manner, and, with Madame Macfarren, two of the beautiful duets of Mendelssohn, in which the charming combination of the exquisite voices of these ladies enhanced even the great beauty of the music. Madame Macfarren surprised us and delighted every one by her truly chaste yet highly impassioned rendering of "Voi che sapete;" we have long admired, in common with all the best musical judges, the beautiful voice and the energetic style of this young lady, but we remember not to have heard her to such advantage as on this occasion, when her evident appreciation of the intention and the intensity of the music, and her skilful command of her vocal resources, enabled her to give a reading to one of Mozart's happiest inspirations that we never wish to hear surpassed. Madame Macfarren's admirable singing of this lovely song was duly appreciated and fully acknowledged by the audience. Misses Birch, Bassano, and Messent, sung each an aria of Rossini, in which each displayed her accustomed powers. Miss Owen sang an extremely graceful ballad of her brother's, Mr. Owen, the clarionet player, with much sweetness. Signor Marchesi, a vocalist with a good style and a fine organ, Mr. W. Seguin, Mr. Drayton, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Sims Reeves, sang several other pieces which are too well known to need particularising. Mr. Benedict, Mr. L. Sloper, and Mr. Walter Macfarren accompanied the vocal music with their usual excellence, and the whole went off in a manner that must have been gratifying, as it was creditable, to the esteemed artist who furnished the entertainment.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE seventh concert took place on Monday night. The following was the programme:—

PART I.	
Sinfonia in A minor, No. 3.	Mendelssohn <i>Bartholdy</i> .
Aria, "Bell ruggito," ("Semiramide") Madame Ortesia	<i>Russini</i> .
Maillard, and Mr. Sims Reeves	<i>Allard</i> .
Concerto, Op. 15, Violin, M. Allard (in Movement)	<i>Allard</i> .
Motet "Ave Maria," Mr. Sims Reeves, (Clarinet Obligato, Mr. Williams)	<i>Cherkinski</i> .
Overture, "Preciosa"	C. M. F. von Weber.
PART II.	
Sinfonia in C minor	Beethoven.
Duetto, "Ah si tu" ("Guglielmo Tell") Madame Ortesia	<i>Russini</i> .
Maillard, and Mr. Sims Reeves	<i>Allard</i> .
Adagio e Finale of Concerto, Op. 15, Violin, M. Allard	<i>Allard</i> .
Reen et Cavatine "O Frettes de Béal," "Mon cœur est désolé," ("Le Prophète") Madame Ortesia Maillard	<i>Mejerbeer</i> .
Overture, "Giselle"	<i>Onslow</i> .

The strength of this selection was in the symphonies, both of which are masterpieces, and were played in the very best style. The *scherzo* of Mendelssohn's was encored. No two works could have been better chosen as examples of the matured genius of their composers, and none have more materially served to render their fame universal. There is nothing new, however, to be said of either of them, since they are well known and fully appreciated by all lovers of instrumental music, without as within the precincts of the Philharmonic.

It would be unfair to judge M. Allard by his performance

last night. The reputation of this gentleman in Paris, both as a soloist and an executant of classical chamber music, stands very high, and we have good reason to know not undeservedly; but the circumstances that induced him to come forward with a concerto of his own composition had an unfortunate influence on his *début* at the Philharmonic Concerts, and doubtless led those who had no previous knowledge of him to form a very disparaging notion of his talent. M. Allard does not shine as a composer; and, for a work of its pretensions, we have rarely heard anything more destitute of merit than the concerto in E major introduced last night to the subscribers. It is but fair to add, that when invited by the directors to perform at the seventh concert, M. Allard expressed a desire to play the concerto of Beethoven, or that of Mendelssohn; but both these works had already been given this season—the first by M. Sainton, the last by Mr. Cooper. M. Allard, it is true, might have resorted to Spohr or Molique, and even De Beriot or Mayersdorf would have been far preferable to the *pis aller* to which (we must presume) his non-acquaintance with these celebrated writers reduced him. Under the circumstances, however, we feel justified in postponing our decided opinion of M. Allard's ability as a violinist until we have heard him to better advantage in music more congenial to the taste of an audience so critical as that of the Philharmonic. His performance created very little sensation.

The two overtures were strongly contrasted. The *Preciosa* of Weber, though light in construction, is full of character and freshness; the *Guise* of Onslow, laborious and weighty, is utterly without interest: the one is the offspring of genius, the other of dull pedantry. The vocal music, except Cherubini's beautiful "Ave Maria," admirably sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, was by no means well chosen. Moreover, the lady upon whom two solos and a duet devolved, Madame Ortesia Maillet, produced so unfavourable an impression, by the exaggerated light under which she exhibited all the worst vices of the French school of singing, that after the symphony of Beethoven the audience began gradually to disperse, so that much of the second part of the concert was gone through before a very unaccustomed array of deserted seats. Altogether, this concert cannot be commended as a successful one. The directors must besir themselves, and make amends at the eighth and last of the present season, hopes of the goodness of which are already entertained by the assurance that Mr. Benedict is engaged to perform a new concerto of his own, written expressly for the occasion, and that Ernst will play.

OUR COTEMPORARIES.

We present our readers this week with an extract from the *Morning Post*, apropos of the Philharmonic, the Sacred Harmonic Societies, the Italian Operas, &c. There is much in the article for the reader to chew upon; but while affording them a space in our columns, we do not pledge ourselves to the writer's opinions:—

"On looking around us, on examining and comparing the operatic bills and concert programmes which appear during a London season, in the hope of being able to draw therefrom some positive conclusions as to the actual degree of our musical advancement, we are constantly confused by inconsistencies, and confounded by contradictions. The concert of last night, for instance, was an admirable one, all the great works were vociferously applauded, and really appeared to be understood and relished by the audience. People had paid liberally for their admission, and their evident satisfaction proved that they by no means regretted the outlay.

"We find, besides the Philharmonic, our excellent Sacred Har-

monic Society's and Classical Chamber Concerts, &c., constantly crowded to listen to good music, at the same moment that, perhaps, the poorest possible modern opera is attracting full audiences at one or both of our foreign theatres, or the most miserable ballad is enjoying "unbounded success." To reconcile these contradictions is a matter of some difficulty, and we confess we are scarcely prepared to do so; but we think a final judgment and a correct estimate of the actual state of musical taste can only be arrived at by comparing the amount of patronage bestowed upon good and bad, or, to use milder terms, inferior and superior music.

"We are willing to give the *habitués* of the Philharmonic, Beethoven Quartet Concerts, Musical Union, &c., the full benefit of the reputation for connoisseurship which their constant attendance at these classical entertainments argues; but the mere fact of people frequenting the temples of the classic muse, *decori gratia*, no more proves to us that they are possessed of pure musical taste than others by attending church every Sunday would convince us of the purity of their morals. We wish to know what they do every day. We wish to know their actions when uninfluenced by regard to appearances, or when seared into propriety by the dread of being found out.

"If a man may be judged by the company he keeps, the books he reads, music he hears, and pictures he sees, may surely be allowed to afford an equally powerful means of inferential judgment upon his mind and character.

"It is easy for the vicious or ignorant to assume a reverence for virtue and learning, but it is impossible for the truly virtuous to enter into any compromise with vice; and this trite fact, this truism (which, although admitted in theory, is strangely lost sight of in practice), when applied to the arts, establishes that it is possible for those having a depraved taste for music or painting to assume a reverence for the true and beautiful, but it is utterly impossible for those who know the true to believe in the false.

"We have six Italian opera performances per week, most of which are devoted to inferior works; we have innumerable concerts devoted to the small style of music; and, although there be many in which better things are to be heard, still, on examination, it will be found that the amount of patronage bestowed on the bad or inferior is infinitely greater than that which the good receives even for fashion's sake. But the strongest proof of all of our taste is to be found in the music one hears in private society, at musical parties. What compositions form the chief delight and recreation of our amateurs? Do they sing or play Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, or any other great writer? Yes! about one out of fifty thousand on an average; while the other forty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine revel in the nascent sweets of the modern Italian school, the namby-pamby English ballad, or the impossible melodies and frightful chromaticisms of small German composers. Again, we would ask—what is the kind of music our music-sellers and operatic managers find it to their interest to bring out and pay for? Is it the best? Certainly not, say they; and yet we have a *taste*! Save the mark! What sort of a taste? 'Ay, there's the rub.' We have now come to a point which touches most nearly the interests of all art. Persons who admit that they know nothing may be instructed; at least, they possess a knowledge of their ignorance, which is the next in usefulness to a knowledge of the thing itself. Persons who have a limited knowledge of the thing would rather pride themselves on their learning than on their taste, but it is only those who know nothing whatever, and yet have the presumption to aspire to criticism, who insist so strongly upon their *taste* for art; and it is no wonder they should; for deprive them of this Imaginary appreciative power, and what becomes of their approving 'good' or deprecating 'bad'? This all-sufficient *taste*, which comes, doubtless, like some divine ray of inspiration from above, is the sole supporter of their curule chair; let but the hand of common sense pluck it away, and down come these mighty law-givers, without being able to break their fall by clinging to one scientific truth, or artistic fact! Taste, forsooth, without knowledge, which can also give taste in the usual acceptance of the word! Save us from *such* taste, for it is the bane of all true art! How many out of all those who listened to and applauded to the echo the masterpieces performed last night would, supposing the same amount of merit, or a portion of it, to exist in the work of one of our own composers, be capable of

recognising or willing to encourage it? Very few, we fear! Yet if they really saw the excellence of the one, they could scarcely fail to discern the excellence of the other. "The greatest works of all kinds resemble each other," said poor Weber; and though a certain individuality and peculiar mode of expression are inseparable from original composition, still the resemblance must be greater than the difference. All great works are wrought upon some principle, which has been only discovered by reflection and experiments, and it is from such works alone that we can deduce all rules of art. Rules of all kinds are drawn from discoveries and based upon experience; they are not abstract inventions. Deep study and comparison can alone lead to a knowledge of them. But hold! may exclaim our transcendentalists—does not *inspiration* do it all! Such an argument would indeed take us altogether out of this world, upon the things of which we are all unable to reason. But we do not think that a great work is *judged* by inspiration, or that the faculty which enables us to see and admire its excellence would be able to sympathise so warmly with that which must of necessity be so above its comprehension, beyond its powers of judgment, and, consequently, out of the reach of its sympathies.

"Music is just as much a fixed science as any other. We know that certain causes give certain results; we know that such and such things are, although we may not know *why* they are. The true musical student visits every corner of the tone world, he investigates every possible combination of sound and variety of rhythm, he studies the powers and capabilities of every instrument and voice, and seeks to imbue himself with a feeling of their quality of tone and general effect. He essays the blendings of various instruments, and takes note of the effect produced by the various harmonic combinations so blended, and, in short, endeavours to acquire a *certain* knowledge based upon experience. The deeper he goes the more he finds to admire in the works of the great masters, in which he sees the application of the means of which he may be master. Out of the various forms and styles of beauty, drawn from total combination and succession, he discovers one grand *central form*, which he at once finds to be in every sense the best, for it includes every manner and style conceivable, every available chord or passage, and is the only means of arriving at the much-desired "variety-in-unity" principle. This form may be termed the whole; and particular styles, or schools, portions of the whole. Each of these may possess some attributes of excellence—some brightly-glowing passages; but the knowledge being limited, in such writing repetition becomes unavoidable, and a mannered style inevitably results. In the works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, we find everything worth having; and if a composer think to arrive at originality by studiously avoiding a resemblance to what they have written, he will merely fall into eccentricity and absurdity. It is true that a man, by the skilful use of newly-invented instruments, may produce some orchestral effects not to be found in the great masters; but his power stops there; for, without the general knowledge they possessed, he can never arrive at their eminence, and, at the best, can lay claim to no greater merit as a musician than he who brings together some brilliant colour effects in painting, without any reference to the general harmony of the whole picture or correctness of design or expression, would have to be considered a great painter.

"Light rises out of order, and beauty from proportion." Without order and proportion there can be no high art any more than there can be good government. That order, without which true liberty becomes impossible—that order which admits of the development of the greatest variety of character—is that which, applied to the arts, gives the greatest freedom to the imagination, the greatest variety of subordinate form under the salutary reign of the unity-of-design principle. There may be some small wits, some system-makers, or effect-seekers, who, for a time, succeed in throwing dust into the eyes of a novelty-loving world; but their reign is ever short, and they merely become ridiculous by their attempts to overturn a principle based upon that of the universe itself. The one only eternal principle of *variety in unity*, the variety which enchants the imagination, and the unity which satisfies the reason, the principle of all good governments, of all true art is coeval with the birth of the world, eternal as the Divine will, one and inviolable with the principle of our nature and the world itself.

"The end and aim of the arts is to elevate the mind by pleasing it; pleasure is their object, but pleasure of the most refined and ennobling kind. The mind should be raised to consciousness of that bright glowing world of intensest joy, the future world of golden dreams and hopeful aspirations, the spirit's home, where every thought and beautiful imagining which has haunted our brain here below may find a form—where that which was ideal beauty, either in tones, form, or expression, may become reality. It is only thus that we can be raised above the level of this dull earth, or be enabled to catch a glimpse of eternal truth. But, to accomplish this, certain means have been furnished to us, and it is only by the use of the Divine attributes of our nature, reason, that we can hope to discover and apply them. No rhapsodies, no poetical phrenzies will do, without knowledge—a knowledge to be slowly and calmly acquired, by investigation and experience. The means lie within the reach of all but those who are blinded by vanity, and love to prate of inspiration, and those who are too indolent to study.

"The truth and beauty of musical art, like every other, are to be sought in investigation of the principles and experience (in its highest sense) of the art itself, and verified by comparison with the works of nature and the sister arts. The public, though frequently and grossly wrong and unjust to living talent, never fails to do justice to those who are beyond the reach of its applause. The mistakes of one generation are rectified by another, and in the long run 'The Million' is decidedly right. Even those who are incapable of understanding any other proof will, perhaps, feel some reluctance at entering into a contest in which all civilised human nature is against them. Who now thinks of comparing Piccini with Gluck, or Bononcini with Handel? Yet those small people had their allies, and powerful ones, too, and contended for a long time successfully with the giants of song, whose works are for all time. The mists of error at length clear away, and the greatest men alone remain the wonder and admiration of succeeding ages. But how frequently does the homage of the world come too late! How often might the critic's pen, ably and honestly employed, teach the public to appreciate and reverence that living talent which, without its assistance, may presently fall a victim to ignorance, prejudice, or envy! To whom is the aspiring student to look for aid and encouragement, if not to the public critic and instructor.

"The comprehensive view we take of art enables us to recognise even the smallest merit. We can still discern the rays of the sun although they may be obscured by clouds or broken by irregularity. Knowing the whole, we must necessarily know its competent parts, also what proportion they bear to each other; and although we desire to have the best in art, it still affords us great pleasure to do justice to merit, be it never so diminutive, wherever we find it. The high standing of the Philharmonic Society, and its great influence upon musical feeling and art in this country, have led us into these reflections upon the state of public taste in general.

"We could say much more on this head, but the length to which this notice has already run warns us to proceed at once with the actualities of the concert."

The length of the above notice precludes our giving any further extract from our contemporaries in this number.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

MONTPELLIER.—It is quite impossible to describe to you the sensation the talented *cantatrice*, Madame Montenegro, has occasioned in our musical coteries. She gave two representations at Nîmes, *en route* from Lyons, so that from this short distance from hence to that place, she had already established popularity in the neighbourhood; but the frequenters of the theatre were in no way prepared for the impersonation of *Norma* which they witnessed on Thursday evening. Every one was struck with the impassioned scenes, and in the sublimed *aria* there was a truthful pathos which contrasted well with the jealous rage which followed the discovery of Pollio's infidelity, and showed the talent of the *artiste* to the greatest advantage. Madame Montenegro well deserves the laurels she has gained. Madame Santiago's Adalgisa was

excellent; the progress this lady, not yet twenty-two, has made since I last heard her, is surprising; her voice is clear and of good quality, and she always sings with taste and feeling. Pollio fell into the hands of Signor Santiago, the second tenor not having arrived. The music was charmingly sung, but all the tenors of any repute studiously avoid the part.* Signor Nerini was the Oreste. His voice, which he uses most judiciously, is powerful; he is very young, and will, if I mistake not, live to be numbered among the bass singers of the day. The chorus was excellent, and the precision of the band under the able guidance of Mons. Henin, was remarkable. The director of the theatre, Mons. Valgalier, after the performance, waited on Madame Montenegro to extend her performances, but having engaged with the director at Toulouse to give three representations, she was unable to accede to his request. From Toulouse she proceeds to Plymouth, where she is engaged on enormous terms to give twenty representations, and from thence to the grand theatre at Madrid, for the *fêtes* given in honour of the Queen's *anniversary* in November. Last night, in spite of the prices being doubled, the theatre was crammed to the ceiling to witness the performance of *Lucia*. It was as brilliant as that of *Norma*. The mad scene was finely given, and indeed the whole performance was entitled to very high praise. The encores which Madame Montenegro with best possible taste complied with, were almost as numerous as the *couplets* and *coronets* which were thrown at her feet. She was called before the curtain and received with the enthusiasm which is only known in the Midi, when they have talent they appreciate. Santiago might be said to have appeared for the first time, for one can scarcely call Pollio a part for a first tenor; however, the favourable impression he made even in that character, gave him a hearty reception, and he sang the music of Edgardo with taste and feeling. He was called for at the end of the second act, and after the great *scena* in the last. There are qualities in Santiago's voice that remind me much of Ivanhoff. He is very young, and with study and practice may take rank among the first tenors of the day. Signor Ghislanzoni was the brother of the unhappy Lucy. This gentleman is young in the profession, but possesses capabilities of being a first-rate barytone. On Thursday *Norma* is to be repeated by general demand. Never was there such a musical town as this. There are several amateur societies, and among them musicians, little, if any, inferior to professionals. There is a tenor, Mons. Colin, with a voice of the most brilliant quality. T. E. B.

MILAN.—(From our own Correspondent.)—Dear —: You will, I am sure, be right well pleased to hear of our countryman, Charles Braham, has made a decided hit here. I attended his *début*, which was highly successful. His first attempt before an Italian audience was at a concert of the Academy at the Carcano Theatre. He sang the "Una furiva lagrima," from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, was encored, and called for *seven times before the curtain*! I think of that, ye incomplete and frigid northern! I understand he has been taking lessons from Rubini; and indeed he has made an immense advance in his profession. I remember him a very innocent singer in London, and now he has become one of the artful. His voice, too, is improved. In short, Italian Charles Braham is a very different personage from the Princess's Theatre Charles Braham. The judges all say that, with six or twelve months' study, the young English tenor will make a fortune

in Italy. All the papers are highly encomiastic. Thinking you would be glad to hear of him, I have written this hurried scrawl, which, pray, excuse.

ACROSTICS TO MISS CATHRINE HAYES.

I.

MANY sweet charms in thee combin'd,
In varied loveliness we see,
So rare, so bright, and so refin'd,
Song, beauty, genius—all in thee.

Chanting divinest melody,
Ah! you such melting notes prolong,
That in delight we seem to be,
Heavenward wafted by your song.
Rushing through the deep-thrill'd brain,
In vain we'd check its onward way;
Now dazling joy, now rending pain—
Each changeful feeling owns your sway.

How many hearts hang on thy voice,
And souls obey such changeful feeling?
You make to mourn—you say rejoice—
Each soul then feels through its heart stealing
Such strange delight, your powers revealing. ROBERT.

II.

Most enraptured tones awaking,
In the soul such heavenly powers,
Sun-like, when the morn is breaking,
Showing this bright earth of ours;

Coursing through the rapid heavens,
Around its light the bright clouds fly,
Thus thou'st to the rapt soul given,
Heavenly tones to gild its sky;
Rending the deep awaken'd soul,
Inspiring thoughts that death-bound slept.
Now you make joy hold glad control—
E'en now we see mid eyes have wept.

How wondrous the unveiled powers
Awake, when Genius casts its spells,
You—like to Love, midst Passion's hours,
Evoke a life no language tells—
Strange, bright, and sweet, which in us dwells. ROBERT.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

ADELPHI.

ON Monday night a burlesque entitled *Esmeralda* was produced with decided success. The author has not gone back to M. Hugo's novel to reconstruct a new drama, but has taken the story as it exists ready dramatized in the ballet which Carlotta Grisi has rendered immortal.

There is something in the story of *Esmeralda* which resists the burlesque treatment. The fate of the fascinating young Bohemian is so thoroughly mournful, that even when her career is suddenly made to terminate happily, as in the ballet, it is impossible to give her fortunes a ludicrous aspect. The anxiety to see her execution is made the vehicle for some satirical allusions to that morbid love of the horrible which was so strikingly manifest some nine months ago, but the truth of the "hit" does not make it the more comical. The character of *Esmeralda*, as represented by Madame Celeste, is completely one of ballet, not of burlesque, and she is entitled to all praise for the elegance of her pantomime, and the characteristic freedom of her *travailleurs*. The *Quasimodo* of Mr. J. Smith was perhaps as fine a piece of dumb show as could be seen on any stage. The movements proper to deformity and the stolid ferocity were perfect, but it was the perfection of serious pantomime, not of burlesque. Captain

* Our correspondent overlooks the fact that Rubini, Donelli, and Mario, have played Pollio, and that Tamberlik does play the part.—Ed.

Phœbus turned into an exquisite in the Guards, and played by Miss Woolgar; Clinin made into a sort of pompous Blueskin, by Mr. Paul Bedford; and Pierre Gringoire, who afforded some scope for the droll activity of Mr. Wright, were the comic personages of the piece, but the characteristics of none of these artists were displayed with great prominence. Fleur-de-l'ys is a singing character for Miss Fitzwilliam, and is attractive through the merits of the vocalists.

The business of the piece, the dances, the groupings, and so forth, are remarkably well conducted, and we would suggest that the skeleton should be brought together, and that the dialogue should be considerably shortened. At present, to be sure, the actors are not perfect in their metre, but even when present deficiencies are surmounted, we cannot help thinking that there is a considerable want of *vis comica* in the words, and that the piece chiefly depends on its qualities as a spectacle and its pantomimic action.

At the conclusion a scene was introduced totally irrelevant to the plot, but which caused much amusement. Emerald was made to superintend a "wheel of fortune," from which a few prizes were drawn and actually allotted to the audience, the course of luck being determined by tickets given at the entrance to the theatre. Finally a living female statue was awarded to a gentleman in the stalls, represented by Mr. Worrell, and his right to take the article home was disputed by his better half, who, personated by Mr. Wright, in cloak and bonnet, remonstrated with him from a private box.

Madame Celeste and the other principal artists were called at the fall of the curtain, and the fair manager announced the piece for repetition amid loud applause.

MARYLEBONE.

On Thursday evening, a performance by the Dramatic Club of the Literary Institution of Edward Street, Portman Square, took place at this theatre, which was very well attended. The play was *Love's Sacrifice*. The female parts (the members of the club being all gentlemen) were assigned to professional artists, Miss T. Bassano and Miss Fitzpatrick taking the principal ones. Time and study enough to embody the impassioned ideals of her thoughts, are alone wanting to make Miss T. Bassano a dramatic star of magnitude. Her best passages in the character of Margaret were the quiet resignation of her manner after she had determined on the sacrifice, and the burst of uncontrollable agony that followed, touches in the true spirit of the tragic drama. Miss Fitzpatrick, in *Herminie*, was as graceful and animated as usual. Among the amateurs, Messrs. Roberts and Austin excited most attention. The former gentleman's Elmore was correct rather than powerful; his declamation was throughout smooth and harmonious, and if his performance presented few points for decided admiration, certainly exhibited nothing to offend. He was more in his element, and therefore more successful, in the two afterpieces, *The Eton Boy* and *Time Tries All*; in the former of which he excited considerable merriment. Mr. Austin's Jean Rusé was the best piece of amateur acting in the play. He gave an excellent picture of the cunning and hypocritical serving-man. The rest of the parts, with the due allowance for amateurs, were creditably filled.

ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS.—Wednesday last M. Regnier took his benefit, on which occasion Scribe's comedy of the "*Camaraderie*" was performed. The cast was somewhat different from what it was on its previous production, when four of the principal artists of the *Théâtre Français* took the leading parts, and by their united efforts contributed essentially to

the perfection of the ensemble. We then stated that we never saw a piece better put on the stage; as it now stands we again affirm that no piece of the modern repertoire is better worth seeing. We lose the *finesse* and finish of M. Samson's conception of the Comte de Miremont, peer of France, which is not compensated by the zeal displayed by M. Tourillon; but in other respects the play went admirably. Mlle. Brasseur displayed much archness in the part of Zoé, originally performed by Mad. Nathalie, and the latter lady gave us a most perfect and masterly picture of the ambitious, intriguing, female diplomatist. The sedate, demure, passive expression of the countenance, was in excellent keeping with the part; and the violent, although subdued outburst of rage, when Césaire discovers that she has been made a catnap of, completed the triumph of Mlle. Nathalie under a very difficult ordeal, which naturally provoked a direct comparison with Mlle. Denain, out of which she however came triumphantly. Her reading was somewhat different from that of her predecessor in the part; but it was equally good and forcible, and was rewarded with well-merited applause. The oily, smooth-tongued, intriguing Barnardet, is quite in M. Regnier's line, every word seems written expressly for him; even his slight Gascon accent contributes to the illusion; perpetual motion, both of limb and tongue, is his element, he rattles on in a manner which throws even the *buff comici* of the Italian Opera quite into the shade, so great is his velocity of utterance. In short he seemed the very incarnation of bustle and intrigue. Mad. Nathalie and M. Regnier were called on at the end of the performances. M. Regnier will leave London after next week; he will take with him our deepest sympathy and regret, with the hope that his parting will be but a temporary one. The house was good. The comedy was preceded by the favorite vaudeville *Les extremes se touchent*, in which M. Lafont played with true gentlemanly feeling the part of a nobleman of the old school. J. DE C—.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC IN SUNDERLAND.

(From a Correspondent.)

SIR,—I find, by No. 21 of your journal, that our musical doings, which have hitherto been passed over in silent contempt, are in future to be honoured by the notice of a special correspondent. I trust that the next time he forwards you a critique it will be a little more consistent with truth than his first essay; and, were he to separate the private little-battle from the musical matter, it would render his communications far more interesting to your readers generally, and take up less of that space in your columns which may be more usefully filled. However pleasant Mr. Anthony Windpipe's reminiscences may be to himself, or however agreeable his meeting with his old friend, I apprehend that they have little to do with "Music in Sunderland." Therefore, if we are to be visited with another of his literary compositions, pray spare us the three parts of twaddle, and at once introduce us to the pitch of his communication.

I should not have troubled you with this letter, had not the statements contained in friend Anthony's epistle been so absolutely false, and the object so evident (especially to any one knowing both the writer and the professional gentleman whose reputation he is attempting to injure), that common honesty towards one who, during his residence in this town, has done very much towards spreading a taste for the highest class of music, demands that the fallacies contained in Windpipe's letter should be exposed.

It appears, by his own statement, that your correspondent went to church solely to hear the organist. Now, whether this was a proper motive or not I will not stay to examine, but will at once proceed to speak of his remarks on this gentleman's performance. The organist did not please him: "his playing was all in the florid style." Perhaps, when Anthony favours us again, he will explain

what he means by the "florid style." In the meantime, I will just tell you what is my impression of Mr. Hill's organ-playing. I consider him to be a sound musician of the most severe school. During the three years he has been organist of Bishopwearmouth Parish Church—I have been a constant attendant there—I have never heard him on any single occasion alter, in the slightest degree, the music he had to play. In playing the chants, psalm tunes, &c., I have never been able to detect the slightest attempt at display—not a single shake, turn, or ornament of any kind, but just sufficient organ to support the choir, and no more.

A perusal of the choir books will at once convince any one what his taste in church music is; for whereas, before his coming amongst us, we had nothing but conventional tunes—bass solos, and tenor solos, and alto solos, and treble duets, *ad infinitum*—we have now none but old standard tunes; others, more modern, perhaps, but still written on the same models.

Your correspondent goes on to notice (very ingeniously) the Sunday scholars; and I would ask any one, reading this part of his letter, what is its evident object? Is it not to induce your readers to believe that these school children form the choir of Bishopwearmouth Church, and, being trained by the organist, are indebted for the faults of their singing to his imperfect tuition? What else does he mean by hoping that some of your Christian readers—*organists* for instance—"will take the hint?"

Now, the truth of the matter is, that we have a regular choir—very inadequately paid, indeed, but still a very good choir—totally distinct from the school children. Furthermore, the organist has nothing whatever to do with the Sunday-school children, so that, be their faults what they may, no blame can be attached to him. In addition to all this, the "powerful" organ of which "Windpipe" speaks is, in truth, a miserable affair, crammed into the lower behind the western gallery, the case having been horribly mutilated in order to get it under an arch; the swell-organ being in the bell-ringer's loft.

The children, again, are placed in the porch of the church, two sets of folding doors having been removed, in order to put them out of the nave of the church altogether. The sound of the organ must be faint, indeed, when it reaches them, and the idea of the organist being able to hear what they are doing is perfectly absurd—in fact, I doubt whether he was aware that they attempt to sing at all. When your correspondent states that the congregation is not a detestable one, he certainly does come near the truth for once, for, as there not a dozen people in the whole assembly who attempt to sing (the choral portion of the service being performed by the choir and organist, and the remainder by the priest and clerk), they cannot be said materially to alter the pitch.

Having exposed the unfair nature of Mr. Anthony Windpipe's remarks, I shall not apologize for the length of this, because, having inserted in your journal an article reflecting discredit (most unjustly) on a young professor, you are, in common fairness, bound to afford a place to its refutation. J. W.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CHARITY SCHOOLS.

THE anniversary of this great festival was celebrated on Thursday in St. Paul's Cathedral, with the usual pomp and ceremony. The principal object of the yearly assembly of the metropolitan charity schools is too well known to require explanation; but it gives us pleasure to say that the attendance of visitors was more numerous than for many years past, and that the ends of benevolence are likely to be accomplished with unusual efficacy. It is probable that such a scene as that presented by the interior of St. Paul's on these occasions could not be matched throughout the world. The picturesque aspect of between 5,000 and 6,000 children, disposed on raised platforms round the gigantic nave of the Cathedral, the tiers of benches gradually elevated to more than half-way up the height of the pillars upon which the dome reposes—decked out in party colours, with banners to represent the various schools from which they are sent as missionaries—the boys separated from the girls, and the whole

mass arranged with an eye to symmetry and pleasing contrast—is easier to insist upon than to describe; and when to this is added a dense and animated crowd of nearly 10,000 visitors, who fill the interior to the extremities, while in the background the great organ, with its pendant choir of seventy or eighty singers, arrayed in white surplices, serves to complete the picture, the magnificence of the *coup d'œil* may be well imagined. We shall refrain, however, from going over well-trodden ground by entering into further details about what may, without irreverence, be termed the spectacular part of this gigantic ceremony, and say a few words about the musical proceedings, which involve a large portion of the Cathedral service.

The celebrated composer, Haydn, during his residence in London, was wonderfully struck with the effect of the children's singing at one of the anniversary meetings of the schools, and declared that he never experienced a more profound sensation of delight than that derived from hearing the 100th psalm, sung in unison by such a vast number of young and fresh voices. Haydn was not likely to be moved without good reason, and we think the impression he describes must be felt with more or less intensity by every one alive to the persuasive eloquence of music. As usual, the service began yesterday at noon, and before the prayers the 100th Psalm was sung by the children. Besides the grand simplicity and breadth that result from the simultaneous combination of all the voices of boys and girls in unison, a very agreeable effect is produced by the occasional employment of the girls' voices alone. The pitch is sustained by the aid of the organ, and four trumpets placed near it, which play the most important notes of the melody. This device, however, does not always answer as well as might be wished, since the trumpets being all together, in a remote corner of the building, can scarcely be audible to the majority of the children. If doubled in number, and disposed in four different groups of two each, at four different parts of the Cathedral, and at equal distances from each other, they would be more efficient in insuring general steadiness of intonation, and would also materially help to enforce precision of time. Mr. Bates, from Woodford, upon whom devolves the task of drilling the children all the year round, added to that of conducting at the anniversary festivals, is scarcely decided enough in his manner of beating to obtain that pointed accent the absence of which is so detrimental to the effect of masses. He is placed on an elevation from which he can see and be seen by the entire company of youthful executants; but, as the psalms are always accompanied by the organ, it would be advisable for Mr. Bates to regulate his beatings by the suggestions of the organist rather than to depend entirely upon his own impulses. We own, at the same time, that it must be a very difficult matter to keep such an enormous host of voices continually together. Besides the 100th Psalm the children sang three verses of the 113th, and, after the sermon, four verses of the 104th, the last of which was perhaps the most satisfactory performance of the three. They also sang the "Gloria Patri" in the reading psalms; and joined at indicated places in the Coronation Anthem (*Zadok the Priest*) and the "Hallelujah" chorus (*Messiah*) of Handel, which were executed by the choir. The members of the choir, about 70 in number, are collected on these occasions from the Chapel Royal, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Temple, St. George's Chapel at Windsor, &c. On the whole, they are exceedingly efficient, although, from their being placed together promiscuously, the antiphonal effects aimed at by our anthem composers cannot be properly realised. For this,

however, we fear there is no remedy. Still the choir might be strengthened with advantage, and better music be introduced than Boyce's "To Deum" and "Jubilate" in A, especially at the anniversary festivals, which could consistently be rendered the medium of a very high order of musical performance. At so splendid and noble a celebration everything should be on the grandest scale, and, with such means, music might be constituted the worthy handmaid of religion and charity. The reading psalms were chanted by the gentlemen of the choir, to Jones's chant in D. This tune was much admired by Haydn, who suggested an alteration in the antepenultimate bar, which was adopted, and has ever since been adhered to. The chanting was good, but would have been better had one system of accentuation been unanimously adopted; this, however, in a choir made up from members of several choirs, each of which may have a peculiar method of pointing the words, was impracticable. We cannot understand, however, why one system should not universally prevail, since we presume only one can be correct. The music set to the *preces*, responses, &c., by Tallis, was executed, and in these severe old tunes the effect of the children's voices was, at times, sublime. In Handel's anthem, however, and in the "Hallelujah" chorus, there was a great want of precision, the choir and the children appearing at intervals to be mutually in the way of each other; without a strict adherence on both sides to the time indicated by the composer, their combination in works of such difficulty is, indeed, a hopeless case. That they kept together as well as they did must be ascribed to the admirably clear and intelligible manner in which the organ part was executed by Mr. Goss, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, assisted, we believe, by Mr. George Cooper, sub-organist. On Mr. Goss, a musician of distinguished reputation, devolves the entire direction of the musical proceedings at the anniversary meetings, and with the materials at his disposal he is entitled to high praise for the manner in which he performs the duties of his office. On the whole, our impression of the musical part of the ceremony was favourable; but it was not easy to repel an idea that continually suggested itself, of what great things might, with proper management, and some liberality, be effected on such an occasion. A skillful and ambitious composer would find it worth his while to write something expressly for the combination of the children with the choir, out of which the grandest effects are capable of being produced. It is not absolutely necessary to have always the same anthems in our cathedral service, and the art has assuredly grown out of Dr. Boyce. Something far better might be written—something more in consonance with the advanced state of music; and something would be written very soon, were the choirs of our cathedrals invariably in sound condition; but it must be disheartening, to the most enthusiastic lover of his art, to compose music of a lofty and elaborate character—music that can never repay in specie the time and pains it has cost—music that cannot find its way to the public through the medium of the publisher—unless at least there exist a hope of its being efficiently performed, and appreciated by those who are able to understand it.

The sermon was preached on the occasion by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Asaph, who selected for his text the first and second verses of the 127th Psalm—"Except the Lord build a house," &c. The whole proceedings terminated shortly after two o'clock; and through the unremitting exertions of Messrs. Fisher and Fuller (Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary), under whose zealous management all the arrangements were made, there was not the least disorder or inconvenience when the vast crowd dispersed and left the Cathedral, although

a heavy shower of rain presented an uncomfortable aspect outside. Among the notable persons present were observed His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the Marquis of Westminster (President), Lady Maclesfield, the Hon. Mr. Leigh, Lord and Lady Middleton, Lord and Lady Neville, the Sardinian, Prussian, and Hanoverian Ministers, one of the members of the Nepalese mission, the Lord Mayor, with all his attendant pageantry, &c.

The patrons of the society dined together in the evening at the London Tavern. Mr. Alderman Gibbs, at the request of the Lord Mayor, occupied the chair, and was supported by the Bishop of St. Asaph, the Marquis of Westminster, &c. After the usual toasts, loyal and complimentary, Mr. Gilpin stated to the company that the contributions amounted to £589 8s. The musical arrangements, under the direction of Mr. Goss, organist of St. Paul's, who presided at the piano-forte, were highly satisfactory. Messrs. Hobbs, Fraunce, Machin, and other members of the choirs of St. Paul's and Westminster, supported by twelve boys from the Chapel Royal, and some of the amateurs from the Sacred Harmonic Society, who also assisted in the morning, composed the vocal force.

EARLY DEVELOPMENT OF MUSICAL GENIUS.

(From *Chambers's Journal*.)

Music, in its highest degree of endowment, produces effects in the human character, of which the least that can be said is, that they are as worthy of being studied as any other class of mental phenomena. One of the most remarkable circumstances attending the gift in its loftiest forms, is the absolute impossibility of repressing it. Even during childhood, it is quite in vain, in most instances, to attempt to impose upon it the least control. In spite of the injunctions, the vigilance, the tyranny of masters and parents, the "unprisoned soul" of the musician seems always to find some means of escape; and even when debarr'd from the use of musical instruments, it is ten to one but in the end he is discovered on some quiet corner, tuning his horse shoes, or, should he be so fortunate as to secure so great a prize, like Eulenstein, eliciting new and unknown powers of harmony from the iron tongue of a Jew's harp. Some curious examples of the extent to which this ruling passion has been carried, occasionally occur. Dr. Arne (except Purcell, perhaps our greatest English composer) was bred a lawyer, and as such articled to an attorney; but his musical propensities, which showed themselves at a very early age, soon engrossed his mind to the exclusion of everything else. He used not unfrequently to avail himself of the privilege of a servant, by borrowing a livery and going to the upper gallery of the Opera House, at that time appropriated to domestics. It is also said that he used to hide a spinet in his room, upon which, after muffled the strings with a handkerchief, he practised during the night; for had his father known what was going forward, he probably would have thrown both him and it out of the window. The father, however, never appears to have come to a knowledge of these proceedings, and his son, instead of studying law, was devoting himself entirely to the cultivation of the spinet, the violin, and musical composition, until one day, after he had served out his time, when he happened to call at the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who was engaged with a musical party, when being ushered into the room, to his utter surprise and horror, he discovered his son in the act of playing the first fiddle, from which period the old gentleman began to think it most prudent to give up the contest, and soon after allowed him to receive regular instructions.

Handel, too, was similarly situated. His father, who was a physician at Halle, in Saxony, destined him for the profession of the law, and with this view was so determined to check his early inclination towards music, that he excluded from his house all musical society; nor would he permit music or musical instruments to be ever heard within its walls. The child, however, notwithstanding his parent's precautions, found means to hear somebody

play on the harpsichord, and the delight which he felt having prompted him to endeavor to gain an opportunity of practising what he had heard, he continued, through a servant, to procure a small clavierbord or spinet, which he secreted in a garret, and to which he repaired every night after the family had gone to rest, and, intuitively, without extraneous aid, learned to extract from its powers of harmony as well as melody. Upon this subject Mr. Hogarth, in his highly popular History of Music, has the following sensible observation:—"A childish love for music or palting, even when accompanied with an aptitude to learn something of these arts, is not, in one case out of a hundred, or rather a thousand, conjoined with that degree of genius, without which it would be a vain and idle pursuit. In the general case, therefore, it is wise to check such propensities where they appear likely to divert or incapacitate the mind from graver pursuits. But, on the other hand, the judgment of a parent of a gifted child ought to be shown by his discerning the genuine talent as soon as it manifests itself, and then bestowing on it every care and culture."

A tale exactly similar is told of Handel's contemporary, John Sebastian Bach, a man of equally stupendous genius, and whose works at the present day are looked up to with the same veneration with which we regard those of the former. He was born at Eisenach in 1685, and when ten years old (his father being dead) was left to the care of his elder brother, an organist, from whom he received his first instructions; but the talent of the pupil so completely outran the slow current of the master's ideas, that pieces of greater difficulty were perpetually in demand, and as often refused. Among other things, young Bach set his heart upon a book containing pieces for the clavierbord, by the most celebrated composers of the day, but the use of it was pointedly refused. It was in vain, however, to repress the youthful ardor of the composer. The book lay in a cupboard, the door of which was of latice work, and as the interstices were large enough to admit his little hand, he soon saw that, by rolling it up, he could withdraw and replace it at pleasure; and having found his way thither during the night, he set about copying it, and, having no candle, he could only work by moonlight! In six months, however, his task was completed; but just as he was on the point of reaping the harvest of his toil, his brother unluckily found out the circumstance, and by an act of the most contemptible cruelty, took the book from him; and it was not till after his brother's death, which took place some time afterwards, that he recovered it.

The extraordinary proficiency acquired in this art more than in any other, at an age before the intellectual powers are fully expanded, may be regarded as one of the most interesting results of this early and enthusiastic devotion to music. We can easily imagine a child acquiring considerable powers of execution upon a pianoforte—an instrument which demands no great effort of physical strength, and even punting forth a rich vein of natural melody; but how excellence in composition, in the combination of the powers of harmony and instrumentation—a process which in adults is usually arrived at after much labor, regular training, and long study of the best models and means of producing effect—how such knowledge and skill can ever exist in a child, is indeed extraordinary; still there can be no doubt of the fact. The genius of a Mozart appears and confounds all abstract speculations. When scarcely eight years of age, this incomparable artist, while in Paris, on his way to Great Britain, had composed several sonatas for the harpsichord, with violin accompaniments, which were set in a masterly and finished style. Shortly afterwards, when in London, he wrote his first symphony and a set of sonatas, dedicated to the Queen. Daines Barrington, speaking of him at this time, says that he appeared to have a thorough knowledge of the fundamental rules of composition, as on giving him a melody, he immediately wrote an excellent bass to it. This he had been in the custom of doing several years previously; and the minuets and little movements which he composed from the age of four till seven are said to have possessed a consistency of thought and a symmetry of design which were perfectly surprising. Mr. Barrington observes that at the above period, namely, when Mozart was eight years old, his skill in extemporaneous modulation, making smooth and effective transitions from one key to another, was wonderful; that he executed these musical difficulties occasionally with a handkerchief over the keys, and that, with all these displays of genius, his

general deportment was entirely that of a child. While he was playing to Mr. Barrington, his favourite cat came into the room, upon which he immediately left the instrument to play with it, and could not be brought back for some time; and very much, he had hardly resumed his performance, when he started off again, and began running about the room with a stick between his legs for a horse! At twelve years of age he wrote his first opera, *La Finta Semplice*, the score of which contained five hundred and eighty-eight pages; but though approved by Hasso and Metastasio, in consequence of a cabal among the performers, it was never represented. He wrote also at the same age a mass, "Offertorium," &c., the performance of which he conducted himself. The precocity of Handel, though not quite so striking, was nearly so. At nine years of age he composed some motets of such merit that they were adopted in the service of the church; and about the same age, Purcell, when a singing boy, produced several anthems as beautiful that they have been preserved, and are still sung in our cathedrals. "To beings like these," Mr. Hogarth observes, "music seems to have no rules. What others consider the most profound and learned combinations, are with them the dictates of imagination and feeling, as much as the simplest strains of melody."

Mozart's early passion for arithmetic is well known, and to the last, though extremely improvident in his affairs, he was very fond of figures, and singularly clever in making calculations. Stora, a contemporary and kindred genius, who died in his thirty-third year, and whose English operas are among the few of the last century which still continue to hold their place on our stage, had the same extraordinary turn for calculation. We are not aware whether this can be shewn to be a usual concomitant of musical genius, but, if it can, the coincidence might lead to much curious metaphysical inquiry. Certain it is that there exists a connection between that almost intuitive perception of the relation of numbers with which some individuals are gifted, and that faculty of the mind which applies itself to the intervals of the musical scale, the distribution of the chords, their effect separately and in combination, and the adjustment of the different parts of a score. It is by no means improbable, that, owing to some such subtility of perception, Mozart was enabled to work off an infinitely greater variety and multitude of compositions, in every branch of the art, before he had reached his thirty-sixth year, in which he was cut off, than has ever been produced by any composer within the same space of time, and with a degree of minute scientific accuracy which has disarmed all criticism, and defied the most searching examination.

Nevertheless there is seldom any thing wonderful which is not exaggerated, and many absurd stories have been circulated in regard to these efforts; among others, that the overture to Don Giovanni was composed during the night preceding its first performance. This piece was certainly written down in one night, but cannot be said to have been composed in that short space of time. The facts are as follow:—He had put off the writing till eleven o'clock of the night before the intended performance, after he had spent the day in the lazing business of the rehearsal. His wife sat by him to keep him awake. "He wrote," says Mr. Hogarth, "while she ransacked her memory for the fairy tales of her youth, and all the humorous and amusing stories she could think of. As long as she kept him laughing, till the tears ran down his cheeks, he got on rapidly; but if she was silent for a moment, he dropped asleep. Feeling that last that he could hold out no longer, she persuaded him to lie down for a couple of hours. At five in the morning she awoke him, and at seven, when the copyists appeared, the score was completed. Mozart was not in the habit of composing with the pen in his hand; his practice was not merely to form in his mind a sketch or outline of a piece of music, but to work it well and complete it in all its parts; and it was not till this was done that he committed it to paper, which he did with rapidity, even when surrounded by his friends, and joining in their conversation. There can be no doubt that the overture to Don Giovanni existed fully in his mind when he sat down to write it the night before its performance; and even then, his producing with such rapidity a score for so many instruments, so rich in harmony and contrivance, indicates a strength of conception and a power of memory altogether wonderful." In truth, Mozart's whole life would seem to have consisted of little more than a succession of

musical roveries. He was very absent, and in answering questions appeared to be always thinking about something else. Even in the morning, when he washed his hands, he never stood still, but used to walk up and down his room. At dinner, also, he was apparently lost in meditation, and not in the least aware of what he did. During all this time the mental process was constantly going on; and he himself, in a letter to a friend, gives the following interesting explanation of his habits of composition.

"When once I become possessed of an idea, and have begun to work upon it, it expands, becomes methodised and defined, and the whole piece stands almost finished and complete in my mind, so that I can survey it, like a fine picture or a beautiful statue, at a glance. Nor do I hear, in my imagination, the parts successively, but I hear them, as it were, all at once; the delight which this gives me I cannot express. All this inventing, this producing, takes place in a pleasing lively dream, but the actual hearing of the whole is, after all, the greatest enjoyment. What has been thus produced, I do not easily forget; and this is, perhaps, the most precious gift for which I have to be thankful. When I proceed to write down my ideas, I take out of the bag of my memory, if I may use the expression, what has previously been collected in the way I have mentioned. For this reason, the committing to paper is done quickly enough; for every thing, as I said before, is already finished, and rarely differs on paper from what it was in my imagination."

Apart from his musical triumphs, the personal character of Mozart is deeply interesting. From his earliest childhood, it seemed to be his perpetual endeavour to conciliate the affections of those around him; in truth, he could not bear to be otherwise than loved. The gentlest, the most docile and obedient of children, even the fatigues of a whole day's performance would never prevent him from continuing to play or practise, if his father desired it. When scarcely more than an infant, we are told that every night, before going to bed, he used to sing a little air which he had composed on purpose, his father having placed him standing in a chair, and singing the second to him, he was then, but not till then, laid in bed perfectly contented and happy. Throughout the whole of his career, he seemed to live much more for the sake of others than for himself. His great object at the outset was to relieve the necessities of his parents; afterwards his generosity towards his professional brethren, and the impositions practised by the designing on his open and unsuspecting nature, brought on difficulties. And, finally, those exertions so infinitely beyond his strength, which in the ardour of his affection for his wife and children, and in order to save them from impending destitution, he was prompted to use, destroyed his health, and hurried him to an untimely grave.

Mozart was extremely pious. In a letter written in his youth from Augsburg, he says, "I pray every day that I may do honour to myself and to Germany—that I may earn money, and be able to relieve you from your present distressed state. When shall we meet again, and live happily together?" It is not difficult to identify these sentiments with the author of the sublimest and most expressive piece of devotional music which the genius of man has ever consecrated to his Maker. Haydn, also, was remarkable for his deep sense of religion. "When I was composing the *Creation*," he used to say, "I felt myself so penetrated with religious feeling, that before I sat down to write I earnestly prayed to God that he would enable me to praise him worthily." It is related also of Handel, that he used to express the great delight which he felt in setting to music the most sublime passages of Holy Writ, and that the habitual study of the Scriptures had a strong influence upon his sentiments and conduct.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIANS.—On Friday, 31st May, a second performance of "The Creation" was given by this society to a Hall as crowded as before. Miss Hayes sang as charmingly as ever; Mr. Lockeay was, as usual, encored in the popular song, "In native worth;" and the grand chorus, "The Heavens are telling," was given by the choir with the usual precision and brilliancy. The society will, we believe, close its season with a performance of "St. Paul."

MADAMEVILLE ELISE KAINITZ, a talented pianist from Paris, has arrived in London.

LUTHER'S HYMN.

Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott,
Ein gute Wehr und Waffen,
Er hilft uns frei aus aller Noth,
Die uns jetzt hat betroffen
Der alte böse Feind,
Mit Ernst er's jetzt meint,
Gross Macht und viel List
Sein grausam Rükken ist,
In Fluch Erd' ist nicht sein's Gleichniß.

Mit unsrer Macht ist nicht gethan,
Wir sind es bald verloren!
Es streit' fur uns der rechte Mann,
Den Gott selbst hat erkoren.
Frägt du, wer er ist?
Er heisst Jesus Christ,
Der Herr Zebaoth,
Und ist kein ander Gott.
Das Feld mußt er behalten.

Und wenn die Welt voll Teufel wär,
Und wollten uns verschlingen,
So fürchten wir uns nicht zu schre;
Es soll uns doch gelingen.
Der Fürst dieser Welt,
Wie saur' er sich stellt,
Thut er doch nichts,
Das macht, er ist gerichtet,
Ein Wörtlein kann ihn fällen.

Das Wort sie sollen lassen stahn
Und keinen Dank dazu Laben;
Er ist bei uns wohl auf dem Plan,
Mit seinen Geist und Gben.
Nehmen Sie uns den Leib,
Gut, Ehr, Kind und Weib,
Latz fahren dahin!
Sie haben's kein Gewinn,
Das Reich mußt uns doch bleiben!

*The Lord is our good tower of strength;
Our shield, and sword of terror;
And He will free our souls at length,
From evil, and crime, and error.
The old accursed fiend,
With might and mastery contend,
Hell's armour dark and strong,
Hath risen to work us wrong—
On earth he hath no rival.*

*With arms of flesh we might avail,
Our ranks were soon disbaird,
But the right man doth hell assail,
As God himself command'd.
Ask ye, who can he be?
Jesus the Christ is he—
God of Sabaot's son,
By him the fight is won—
He on our side shall battle.*

*And, though the world with devils were thick,
Watchful and undevouring,
Ne'er shall our hearts grow faint or sick,
O'er all their wiles still towering.
The fiend, as pleareth him,
May angry look, and grim,
Our souls he cannot win;
His power hath passed away—
One little word shall smite him.*

*That Word, in spite of fraud or force,
Shall stand alone, unnumberd,
Still tramping in its A-very course,
Hell, and its gloomy portal.
Slaughtered, dashed, and revid,
'Refit of goods, wife, and child,
So be it—let them be!
Small is the loss, I fear—
God's munition is eternal.*

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ATTACK OF A SINGING MASTER.
(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—On Saturday, May 20th, I attended the Royal Academy of Music Concert, but arriving there late I heard only a few pieces, which, with the exception of the singing, much pleased me. My attention was soon arrested by a gentleman's asking me what I thought of her singing (a lady then singing). I shook my head. We entered into conversation. One of my remarks being overheard by a bystander, called forth from him a bitter tone of dissent; I requested him, therefore, to follow me into the passage, so that we might freely discuss without interrupting the audience; three or four other gentlemen accompanying us. I commenced by asking him of what he complained. He opened the debate by a grand philippic on my own standing in the profession, which he pronounced to be no very creditable one, adding that nothing I could advance respecting the singing masters would be taken any notice of. I answered, this depends, not on my personal acquirements, but upon the justness of my opinions; and if I write down *truths*, I fear he will find that they will be valued by honest men and by the dispassionate members of the press. I learned, in the course of the discussion, that this gentleman's name is Cocks or Cox, and having a judicious turn of mind, his name is not less pleasant for rhyming with *Box*. In fact he reminds me of Box, who asked Cox if he could fight, and on learning that he could not, he boldly doubled his fists and says "then come on!" As Mr. Cocks accused me of making broad assertions without proving them (though he named none), I will not withhold my reasons for considering him a shallow and pert man, which he can refute if he chooses. "I wonder that a man of your standing in the profession dare" do this that, and the other, knowing all the time that he is addressing his senior, who bears a good professional name by the first musicians, (which, if he do not know it, makes him appear the more ignorant and impudent,) I say such a man displays too insignificant a character to be deeply versed in anything except persinacy. Now as Mr. Cocks is a singing master, let him prove to the world that he is not what I take him to be, by sending before the public a vocalist properly schooled, which if he cannot do, he will but be another example of what the adage affirms,

"Sooner or later it will come to pass,
That every braggart will be found an ass."

I pass on to give my motive for exposing Mr. Cocks. He was aware that of late I have drawn the attention of your numerous and dispassionate readers to the imperfect methods of vocal instruction, and he being one who felt the shock, was determined to insult me amongst the very parties of whom I had passed judgment. He, no doubt, fancied he could run about to his friends and tell them how gloriously he had set me down before the young students of the Royal Academy of Music. If he wishes to distinguish himself on a permanent footing, he should proceed on principles of a bolder nature than the one he adopted. The *Box* and *Cox* method won't do; so I invite him to "come on" and refute one single word I have advanced respecting the singing and singing masters now in vogue; and if he can show that I have misstated facts, I will apologise for them in the next number of the *Musical World*.

What I complain of is as follows:—Many fine natural voices are spoiled by artificial training. The most generally used works on singing are written for the most uncommon voices, viz., the bass, tenor, and soprano, and for the common run of voices, viz., the baritone and mezzo soprano, no suitable exercises are to be found in them; and in these works, the book collectors give exercises for the most rare voices, and neglect the most natural or usual ones. The singing masters are notoriously deficient in the high branches of musical science; they teach common-place music; they neglect the Great Masters, and if they teach one song of Mozart's they have the bad taste to dub it with mis-placed caudices and impudent alterations, which not only shows a want of erudition, but a positive lack of musical perception. Now, Mr. Editor, I think the London singing masters cannot accuse me of assigning no reasons for my opinions; and I only wish they could assign as ample ones for not teaching our singers the great school of Italian

vocalisation, and further explain how it comes to pass that so many excellent voices have been ruined by teachers. If there be a true art or method in singing, it does not show itself to such advantage, and the mere fact of ruining one voice, or mistaking the character of a voice, permits one to doubt whether there be a fixed art in singing; and if not, the exercises given in singing books are of very little use to the world, because to practice them incorrectly does more harm than good to the voice. If such be the case, what opinion ought a reflecting mind to entertain of a singing master who strongly recommends this or that work on singing? The question is not *what* is the best work, but *what* is the best means to improve the voice.

Now, as twelve exercises, properly written for each description of voice, would make a singer, (if rightly practised). I think the masters would show more discretion by giving out such a work, than those now in vogue. But, Mr. Editor, *there may be a reason* for not doing this, and of this I will treat another time. Excuse the length of this letter. I am your obliged,

FANCY FLOWER.

P.S. 1.—I have a few words to say on the *Times* article respecting the last concert given at the Royal Italian Opera, and will compare it with another article in another journal, on the same subject.

P.S. 2.—I will answer the member of the Bach Society.

MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS. Plagiarism the fifty-first.

JOURNAL, as we all know, declares that the chief misfortune of schoolmasters in this life, is their being subject to a certain thing called *crambe repetita*, which an old schoolmaster of mine always called *repeated cabbage*. Now surely the condition of readers are as bad as that of pedagogues when they are condemned to the *crambe repetita* of all the old poets. And what are the lines in the text but cabbage reboiled and rehashed until the eater actually swoons away with disgust? The notion about nature combating with fancy, (old and unpoetical as it is), has many faults.

TURBENVILLE'S Poems.

For nature when she made her did intend
To paint a piece that no man might offend,
A pattern for the rest that after should be
Made by hand, or cast in conyng moulds.

SHAKESPEARE.—*Irons and Adonis*.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.—*The Faithful Shepherdess*.

Now the night

Of those sweet rising cheeks renews the sting
Of young Adonis, when in pride and glory
He by infolded 'twist the beating arms
Of willing Venus. Methinks stronger charms
Dwell in their speaking eyes, and on that brow
More sweetness than the painters can allow
To their best pieces.

PARK'S *Heliconia*, vol. i., p. 93.

A myrror make of M, whose wondrous Dame Nature in disdaine
To please herself and aught her face in beauty rayd to raigne.
Whose sunny beames and starry eyes presents a heavenlyke face,
And shewes the world a wondrous work, such are her gifts of grace.

DRYDEN.—*Palamon and Arcite*, book ii.

All these the painter drew with such command
That Nature catch'd the pencil from his hand,
Asham'd and angry that his art could feign,
And mend the tortures of a mother's pain.

TOM D'URVEY.—*Ariadne; or, the Triumph of Bacchus*.

When Flora in fresco a brimmer is holding,
Goddess Nature methinks a new model is moulding;
The rays of her eyes shine a thousand times stronger,
And her plump rose cheeks are still fresher and younger,
Her lips, like two cherries in Paradise growing,
Seem to blush with delight when the Burgundy's flowing.
Not bad lines, these of D'Urvey.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NEW PRIMA DONNA.—A young lady named Bianca has appeared at several of the Italian theatres with remarkable success. **MISS EASLEY**, who has made so successful a debut at the Lyceum, is from Mr. Newcombe's troupe at Plymouth. She was frequently mentioned by our correspondent as being one of the most rising musical actresses of the day.

MADAMEISSELLE CHARTON has returned to town after a most successful tour in the provinces.

MISS ANNE PELZER gave her first *Matinée Musicale* at Willis' Rooms, on Wednesday, under the patronage of the Duchess of Sutherland. The *Beneficente* exhibited her talents as a pianiste by playing Beethoven's trio, Op. 70, for piano, violin, and violoncello, in which she was ably assisted by M. Maciejowski and Herr Hausmann; Mendelssohn's sonata for piano and violin, with M. Maciejowski; a study by Kaffertin, and a duet for two pianofortes by Thalberg, in which she was ably assisted by Mr. Kiallmark. Miss Anne Pelzer also performed a solo of Regondi's on the concertina. Signor Regondi played a fantasia on the guitar, as well as a fantasia on the concertina, in his usual superior manner. The vocalists were Miss Pyne and Miss Lanza. The former well merited the hearty applause awarded to her in Macfarren's ballad from *King Charles the Second*, "She shines before me like a star;" and the latter received an encore for her manner of singing "Alice Grey." The *matinée* gave general satisfaction.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. G. Barker gave a monster concert at this establishment, at which the attraction of Misses Lacombe, Poole, Nan, Ransford, L. Pyne, Pyne, Law, A. Romer, and Madame Macfarren, Messrs. Signor Reeves, Travers, Weiss, Drayton, Harrisson, Mengis, De Kontaki, &c., attracted a moderately numerous assembly. Much as the entertainment pleased—for, monstrous though they be, those multitudinous performances have their admirers, who are most vociferous in the justification of their pleasure—much as the entertainment pleased, there was great disappointment expressed at the non-appearance of Miss Poole, and of two or three other vocalists of less importance, and considerable inconvenience experienced from the absence of Mr. Loder and Mr. Lavens, who were to have officiated as accompanists in conjunction with Signor Schira, which gentleman, finding they did not arrive, took his departure very long before the conclusion of the performance. In consequence of this, the greatest confusion prevailed, and Mr. Barker, whose powers as an orator had been tested even more severely, because more ineffectively, than as a vocalist and as a composer, had to appear in the new light of a pianist, in which character he did the best he could to carry on the proceedings, but this best did not carry them far. In the dilemma, Madame Macfarren, who had been singing an air from the *Huguenots* with great applause, kindly volunteered to accompany Miss Lacombe and Mr. Sims Reeves in the duet from *Linda di Chamouni*, which was received with such enthusiasm as to restore, in a great measure, the good humour of the audience, and after this, the fair vocalist filled the post of conductress till the end of the concert, in which she evinced a degree of musicianship and promptitude such as we scarcely know another vocalist to possess, and proved no less her obliging disposition than her talent. It would be difficult to particularise the features of so miscellaneous and irregular a performance; it must be enough to say, that, *malgré* the many disappointments of the evening, the entertainment appeared to give great amusement, if not an entire satisfaction, and the audience dispersed considerably after twelve o'clock (the concert having commenced at seven), with every token of good humour.

JENNY LIND.—The Stockholm journals announce an event in the musical world. Jenny Lind has broken through her resolution not to reappear upon the stage. She will perform a part in a new opera, written expressly for the *fêtes* given in celebration of the marriage of the crown prince with the daughter of Prince Frederick of the Netherlands.

LITERATURE, like politics, is not in France a steady pursuit, but an exciting adventure—the many are as despotic in letters as in legislation. Success in either depends on universal suffrage; and talent, to make money, must cater to the taste of the ruling power of the day. What that taste is, none seem to know better than that man of many volumes,—the Socialist candidate for the suffrage of the electors of Paris.

ACCIDENT TO MR. BUNN.—An accident occurred to Mr. Bunn, at Nottingham, last week. The talented manager was giving his entertainment at the Mechanics' Hall, when, at the conclusion of the first part, the platform gave way, and he fell with great force, which injured him so much as to compel him to apologise to the audience, and to omit a portion of his performance.

DAUNT-LANE THEATRICAL FUND.—On Monday evening the usual annual festival of this charity took place at the Freemasons' Tavern, and was remarkably well attended. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge was expected to preside, but at the last moment intimated to Mr. Harley, the treasurer, that he was unable to do so, as his presence was required in the House of Lords. In the absence of his Royal Highness, the chair was filled by Sir Wyndham Anstruther, who exerted himself in the most creditable manner to discharge the duties thus cast upon him. The amusements of the evening were well sustained by the gratuitous services of many of our most esteemed and favourite musicians and vocalists; to these were superadded the exertions of Mr. Bacon, the proprietor of the tavern, who provided the dinner on a scale of unusual splendour. Among the ladies and gentlemen who favoured the company with gratuitous performances, were Herr Ernst, Miss P. Horton, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Ransford, Miss Fanny Huddart, Miss M. Nelson, Mr. D. W. King, and M. Vivier. The proceedings in a business point of view were of the usual character.—Mr. Harley, in an amusing speech, reporting on the progress and prospects of the charity, and announcing subscriptions amounting altogether to about £600. It appears that at present there are fifteen annuitants on the fund, and that in a short time, six more are likely to be added to the number. Under these circumstances, unless the friends of the charity come to its support, it is anticipated that a reduction of the allowances to annuitants must take place, or the vested capital of the charity must be interfered with. The whole character of the festival may be described as very successful, if not for the permanent interests of the fund, at least for the amusement of those present, and the hall was graced with a large assemblage of ladies, who took a lively interest in the proceedings.

MISS CHANDLER gave an evening concert at the Music Hall, St. George Street, which was fully attended. The vocalists were the Misses Cole, Miss L. Pitt, Miss Leslie, Mr. Frank Bodda, Mr. Swift, and Mr. Reed. The instrumentalists were Mdlle. Verdavaine (pianoforte), Miss Kennedy (harp), M. Camris (flute), Herr Hagg (violin), and Mr. Sedgwick and Mr. E. Barton (concertinas). Miss Chandler, the *beneficent*, contributed to the pleasures of the evening by performing a duet in conjunction with Herr Hagg for piano and violin, and also sang various songs and duets, in all of which she well merited the applause bestowed upon her. Among the vocalists who obtained the approbation of the audience were Mr. Bodda, in Rossini's tarantella, "La Danza," Mr. Peck, in Kuckey's song, "Go bird, and to Bohemia fly," and Miss L. Pitt, in a ballad by Patourel. Miss Kennedy was much applauded for her fantasia on the harp, which she executed with great brilliancy, and in a style superior to any lady harpist we have heard for a long while.

NORFOLK.—On Thursday evening, Mr. Distin and his three sons, the celebrated performers on the Sax-horns, gave a concert in St. Andrew's-hall. The talents of the Messrs. Distin, evinced in the perfection to which they have carried the use of their "sax horns," are well appreciated by the inhabitants of Norwich, who had an opportunity of hearing them in some concerts a few years ago, and there was a numerous attendance on Thursday night. The programme comprised selections from *Belshazzar*, *La Sonnambula*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, &c., for the instrumentalists, and some ballads, quartets, and madrigals for the vocalists (Miss M. O'Connor and Messrs. H. W. and T. Distin). The encores were numerous, expressing, in an unqualified manner, the approbation of the audience. Of the instrumental pieces, the aria, "All is lost," played by Mr. H. Distin; the Echo duet, by Messrs. H. and W. Distin; and the selection from *La Figlia del Reggimento*, were most warmly and deservedly applauded. The beautiful madrigal, "Down in a flowery vale," by Miss O'Connor and Messrs. H. W. and T. Distin, was well sung; and Miss O'Connor carried off loud encore by the sweet manner in which she gave "The Emigrant's Lament." Mr. John Willy accompanied the vocalists on the piano-forte.—*Norfolk Chronicle*.

MADemoiselle COULON'S ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT was given at the Hanover Rooms on Monday. In the programme, among a good deal that was common-place—the necessary sacrificial offerings at the shrine of public taste—there were *morceaux* which testified largely to the musical feeling and judgment of the young pianiste. Foremost of these was Beethoven's grand quintet in E-flat, for piano, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn, played by Mlle. Coulon and the Messrs. Barlet, Lazarus, Baumann, and Jarret. This was an admirable performance, and was received with considerable applause. Mademoiselle Coulon coming in for her full share of the compliment. The *bénéficiaire* did not stint her labours in the evening's entertainment. In addition to her share in Beethoven's quintet, she played Thalberg's *Sonnambula fantasia*; a "Scizienné," by Rivina; and, with Benedict, Osborne's duet on themes from the *Huguenots*. Mademoiselle Coulon was extremely happy in her various efforts. Beethoven was not too classical nor too profound; neither was Thalberg too brilliant or too exacting. Rivina was not too stately; neither was Osborne too elegant or too fanciful. In all styles she succeeded, and was overwhelmed with plaudits as hearty as they were well merited. Mons. Sainjon played a fantasia on the violin with his usual masterly skill and perfect execution. Signor Briccialdi played a solo on the flute, M. Rousselot ditto on the violoncello, and Mr. Frederick Chatterton ditto on the harp. The singing was various and good, and appropriate to the Misses Birch, Mdlle. Graumann, Mlle. Nau, M. De Benier, Signor Burdini, and Herr Sigelli. Messrs. Benedict, Jules de Glimes, and Lindsay Sloper were the conductors.

HERR WILHELM KUBE, the well known pianist and conductor, gave his annual morning concert on Tuesday, at the Hanover Rooms. The programme was good—the vocal and instrumental portion being well balanced. Among the singers were Mademoiselle Charton, Mademoiselle Schloss, Mademoiselle Graumann, Mademoiselle de Huppin, Miss Bassano, and Madame Nettes, Mr. Sims Reeves, Herr Sigelli, Herr Mayerhofer, and Signor Ciabatti. Miss Catherine Hayes was engaged, but was prevented from attending by illness. Mademoiselle Charton sang "Voi che sapete," the grand air from the *Diamant de la Conscience*, and our English ballad, "Home, sweet home." Italian, French, and English! In each and all Mademoiselle Charton proved herself an admirable artist. Mozart's song was beautifully sung, with the sweetest expression and the most perfect taste, while Auber's sparkling aria served to show the brilliancy and facility of the vocalist. Nor was Mademoiselle Charton less successful in the English ballad. It was tendered with a charm and a simplicity but rarely found in artists of the Italian and French schools. Mademoiselle Charton's pronunciation of the English is excellent. Mademoiselle Schloss sang Mozart's "Parto," and a schizofied of Molière. This lady has a fine sonorous voice, and sings with great energy. Mozart's aria was finely given. Mr. Sims Reeves sang twice—on the first occasion an air from Verdi's *Lombardi*, and on the second Angelina's ballad, "Sweetest voice were never spoken." Herr Sigelli sang several times. He was encored in a German lied of his own composition. In the instrumental division, we had a solo by Piatti; the andante and finale from Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, for violin, violoncello, and piano—McCligne, Piatti, and Kube being the executants; two fantasias on the piano by Herr Kube; a fantasia on Hungarian melodies by Molière; a solo on the harp by Mr. A. Thomas; and a concertina *melange* by Signor Regondi. The conductors were Messrs. Laveny, Mr. Binley Richards, and Herr Kube.

AMATEUR CONCERT AT THE GROSVENOR STREET MECHANIC'S INSTITUTE.—On Saturday last, a party of amateurs gave an exceedingly interesting concert at the above institute. The band, led by Mr. Baetons, performed overtures, &c., in capital style. Mr. Baetons, whose performance in another sphere we have already had an opportunity of admiring, played in the course of the evening some brilliant variations on the violin; and we were much struck with the parity of his tone and the refinement of his style. He is evidently a perfect master of his instrument, and only requires to be heard to be appreciated. Mr. Jennings (first solo) at the Concert Hall and of M. Julien's Concerts) played a solo with great taste and expression, and with Mr. Sarge (first clarinet at the Concert Hall), performed a duet from *Robert le Diable*, arranged for clarinet and Cor Anglaise, which was received with

great applause. Messrs. Wand and Kohler also assisted. The execution on the flageolet, displayed by the latter, places him second to Colliette alone. Altogether, the concert did great credit to all engaged in it. It was got up, we understand, for the advantage of the professional gentlemen, in return for their having on a previous occasion given their services to raise funds for the promotion of the objects of the Institution.—*Manchester Guardian*.

THEATRE ROYAL.—MISS HELEN FAUCIT.—Last Tuesday, Miss Faucit left the loftier scenes of dramatic poetry, that the public might comprehend how the very simplest work may be made important in the hands of a true artist. The piece selected for performance was a *pétite comédie*, in one act, which we should have placed under the category of farce, had it been played by one of less refinement than Miss Faucit. "The Tragedy Queen" is the well-known actress, Mrs. Bracegirdle; and the plot of the piece is founded, if we remember correctly, on an incident in her life. She contrives to fascinate, to disgust, and afterwards win back, the admiration of a rather raw young gentleman who has seen her on the stage, and we are left at the conclusion somewhat doubtful of the final result—whether he is to become her husband, or to continue a mere romantic worshipper. She gains the good opinion of the old gentleman as well as that of the son, and the hero came to condemn, stays to admire. The scenes between Mr. Addison, as Elizabeth Standfast (the father), and Mrs. Bracegirdle, are decidedly the most effective. Miss Faucit, in the latter, showed her subtle perception of character, and the elegance and refinement of manner, which made the humor the more telling. Her laugh was catching, and the broad sketchy style of the scene where she would desire to disgust the country novice, was as true to nature as the finer touch of sentiment when she alludes to his kindness and daring on the occasion of a recent situation of peril in which she was placed. It is difficult for criticism to determine whether Miss Faucit excels more in tragedy or comedy; the same intellectual facility and feeling penetrate all she attempts—the same refinement, the same truthful earnestness. Mr. Addison played the old lawyer with much talent—broad enough in humour, yet not extravagant; and Mr. Vining showed improvement in the son, though there was throughout a little too much *gaucherie*; his great deficiency at all times is that swallowing of his words, thereby completely depriving the audience of one-half the text; he possesses certain qualities useful to an actor, and would take a much higher position in public opinion by allowing nature to have more of her own way. The affectation of rhetoric is a bad habit, upon which few actors build a reputation. Mrs. J. Wood played the part of Bridget (maid servant to Mrs. Bracegirdle) but indifferently; it wanted life and vigour. This actress is evidently a favourite with her audience, and there is considerable cleverness occasionally in what she does, but she has yet very much to learn; and first of all, expression of feature, one of the main points in all good acting; without which, indeed, acting is worthless. She repeats words rather than embodies thought, but her *naïveté* of manner supports her in what would otherwise be frequently very insipid. Presuming her to be young, there is, however, a fair chance, with study, that she may yet gain a respectable position in the arduous profession of which she is a member. To-night, Miss Faucit is announced for Beatrice, in which part she stands alone.—*Manchester Examiner*, June 5.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS BINCKES & MR. JOSEPH HAIGH.

TO announce that they will give an **EVENING CONCERT** at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday, June 14, 1850.

Vocal Performers, Miss Catherine Hayes, Mlle. De Vinc, and Miss Binckes. Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Ronconi, and Mr. Joseph Haigh, (his first appearance since his return from Italy).

Instrumental Performers.—Pianoforte, Miss Binckes; Harp, Mr. J. Balbir (batterton [Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen]); Violin, Mr. H. Binckes; Concertina, Mr. B. Binckes.

Conductors . . . MR. LINDSAY SLOPER, and Mr. W. C. MACFARREN.

Tickets, 7s. each; to admit four, £1 1s; and reserved seats, 10s. 6d. each; to be had at the principal music shops; of Miss Binckes, Cornbury Place, Old Kent Road; and of Mr. J. Haigh, 51, Bernard Street, Russell Square. Reserved seats to be had only of Miss Binckes and Mr. Haigh.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

LA TEMPESTA.

It is respectfully announced that a **GRAND EXTRA NIGHT** will take place on **THURSDAY NEXT, JUNE 13TH, 1850**, When will be presented, an entirely New Grand Opera, by HALEVY, the Poem by SCHIEN, founded on the *Tempest* of SHAKESPEARE, and composed expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre, entitled

LA TEMPESTA.

The Incidental Dances by M. PAUL TAGLIONI.
The Scenery by Mr. CHARLES MARSHALL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alfonso (King of Naples) - - -	Sig. LORENZO.
Prospero (Duke of Milan) - - -	Sig. COLETTI.
Antonio (his Brother, the Usurper) - - -	Sig. F. LABLACHE.
Ferdinand (Prince of Naples) - - -	Sig. BAUCARDE.
Trinculo - - - - -	Sig. FERRARI.
Stephano - - - - -	Mdlle. PARODI.
Secorax - - - - -	Mdlle. IDA BERTRAND.
Spirit of the Air - - - - -	Madame GIULIANI.
Ariel - - - - -	Mdlle. CARLOTTA GRISI.
Caliban - - - - -	Sig. LABLACHE.
and	
Miranda - - - - -	Madame SONTAG.

With a Variety of Entertainments in the

BALLET DEPARTMENT.

In which

Mdlle. AMALIA FERRARIS, Mdlle. MARIE TAGLIONI,	Mdlle. CARLOTTA GRISI,
M. CHARLES, and M. PAUL TAGLIONI,	

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

M. BENEDICT'S CONCERT.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MADAME BONTAG will sing, by general desire, and for the last time, the *virtuoso*, "Ah! vous dirai-je, monan," with flute obligato, by M. Remusat; a grand duet, with Madame Frezzolini; Mendelssohn's celebrated trio, from *Elijah*, with Mdlle Chautau, Mdlle I. Bertand; and a new English ballad, composed expressly for the occasion of M. BENEDICT'S GRAND ANNUAL CONCERT, which will be given on the Stage of HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, on FRIDAY MORNING, June 21. Boxes and stalls may be secured at the Box-office of the Theatre, and of M. Benedict, 2, Manchester Square.

MR. FREDERICK CHARTERTON

HAS the honour to announce his **MORNING CONCERT**, under the patronage of H. R. H. the Dukes of Gloucester, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday, June 14, to commence at 2 o'clock.
Vocal Performers.—Signora Bonagiovanni, Signora Westawlewska, Mdlle. Terese Wagner, Misses Mira Griebach, Rose, and Low, Herr Mergis, Signor Furtado, and Mr. Frank Bodde.
Pianoforte, Mdlle. Coulton; Flute, Signor Bricecladi; violin, Mons. Bezeth; and harp, Mr. Frederick Chatterton, who will perform his grand fantasia *Rimebrezza d'Italia*, as played by him before Her Majesty the Queen and his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

Conductors.—Mr. Knollmark and Mr. Maurice Levy.
Tickets, 7s. each, to be had of Mr. Frederick Chatterton, 8, Duchess-street, Portland Place, and at the principal music warehouses.

DISTINS' CONCERTS.

MESSRS. DISTIN will perform on the Sax Horns in the following towns:—Monday, June 19th, Dias; 11th, Eye; 12th, Halesworth; 13th, Framlingham.

Vocalist - - - - -	Miss O'CONNOR.
Pianist - - - - -	Mr. J. WILLY.

Messrs. Distin will return to London on Friday, the 14th. All letters to be addressed to Henry Distin's, Sax Horn Depot, 31, Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square.

MR. CRIVELLI

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that a **THIRD EDITION** of **THE ART OF SINGING**, enlarged and newly arranged in the form of a Grammatical System of Rules for the Cultivation of the Voice, may be had at his Residence, 71, UPPER NORTON STREET, and at all the principal Musicellers.

W. H. HOLMES'S

PIANOFORTE ANDANTE,

Price 2s. To be had of the principal Musicellers. Also, by the same Composer—BALLAD.

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Sung by Miss Dolby; 2s.; and New Song,

MILLY'S CONSOLATION,

Sung by Madame Macfarren; 2s. 6d.

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MENDELSSOHN, *Andante and Variations for the Piano-forte*, in E-flat Major, Op. 52, Fourth Series No. 10. Price 3s.

N.R.—Another Set of Variations now in the press.

J. J. EVER and Co., Newgate Street.

Just Published,

MADLLE, JENNY LIND'S

"MADELAINE AND THE BIRD."

A DOUBLE SONG, Translated from the German by DIAMOND REAS, Esq. Music by C. A. AXELSON. Sung by JENNY LIND in all her late Concerts on the Continent.—Price 1s.

SCHOIT and Co., Importers and Publishers.

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WANTED, by a Young Man, aged 25, of considerable experience, a SITUATION in a MUSIC ESTABLISHMENT.—He has a thorough knowledge of Tuning and the Mechanism of Pianofortes, acquired at Messrs. Broadwood's manufactory, and has had extensive practice both in London and the Country. Letters addressed J. F., care of Messrs. Hutton and Co., 27, Skinner Street, London, will meet with immediate attention.

MADAME VERDAVAINNE.

PROFESSOR of the Pianoforte and Guitar, has the honor to inform her Patrons, her Friends, and Pupils, that she also resides at No. 4, OLD CAVENTISH STREET, CAVENTISH SQUARE.

Tuition at home and abroad.

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AN Eligible Opportunity for a highly respectable and active Youth now offers as an APPRENTICE in a First-rate MUSICAL INSTRUMENT REPOSITORY, in a populous and flourishing Market Town in the Eastern Counties. He will be thoroughly instructed in Tuning and Repairing Pianofortes, and all the various Branches of the Trade, and treated in every respect as one of the Family.—A Premium required, and the highest references given.

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THE Gentlemen of the Huddersfield Glee Club hereby offer a Premium of TEN GUINEAS for the best original serious GLEE for Four voices. To be sent in addressed "To the Huddersfield Glee Club, George Hotel, Huddersfield," on or before the 31st of August next.

Each composition is to be distinguished by a motto, and accompanied by a sealed letter (containing the real name and address of the composer), indorsed with a corresponding motto.

The manuscripts will be retained by the Club, but the copyright will not be interfered with. The name of the successful candidate will be announced immediately after the decision.

JOHN FREEMAN, President.

C. W. BROOK, Vice-President.

Huddersfield, May 28th, 1850.

TO THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.

A YOUNG MAN, possessing a knowledge of the Pianoforte, Concertina, and Organ, in each of which he is capable of imparting instruction to a considerable extent, is desirous of obtaining a SITUATION where he could make further improvement, and obtain a moderate remuneration for his services. In Pianoforte Tuning and Quadrille Playing he would also be found useful. Good testimonials can be given of character and ability. Apply, by letter, to E. B. Mr. Allen's, 17, Percy-street, Bedford-square, London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

MRS. ANDERSON'S MORNING CONCERT.

On MONDAY, June 10th, Mrs. ANDERSON'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place, commencing at Half-past One precisely. For Particulars see Advertisement.

LES HUGUENOTS.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, June 11th, will be performed Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,

LES HUGUENOTS.

The Principal Characters by

Madme. GRISI,	Madme. CASTELLAN,
Madlle. COTTI,	Madlle. de MERIC,
Signor LAVIA,	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Mons. MASSOL,	Signor LUIGI MEI,
Signor POLONINI,	Signor ROMMI,
Signor SOLDI,	Signor TALAMO,
Herr FORMES, and	Signor MARIO.

EXTRA NIGHT.

LA GAZZA LADRA.—NORMA.

On THURSDAY NEXT, June 13th, a GRAND COMBINED ENTERTAINMENT will be given, commencing with the FIRST ACT of BELLINI'S Opera,

N O R M A.

Norma,	Madame GRISI.
Adalgisa,	Mademoiselle VERA.
Clotilde,	Mademoiselle COTTI,
Flavio,	Signor SOLDI,
Oroveso,	Herr FORMES,
	AND
Pollio,	Signor TAMBERLIK.

After which will be performed (for the First Time these Three Years) Rossini's favorite Opera,

LA GAZZA LADRA.

Ninetta	Madme. CASTELLAN,
(Her First Appearance in that Character.)	
Lucia	Madlle. COTTI.
Pippo	Madlle. de MERIC.
(Her First Appearance in that Character.)	
Fernando	Signor TAMBURINI,
Podesta	Signor RONCONI.
(His First Appearance in that Character.)	
Fabrizio	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Isacco	Signor LAVIA,
Georgio	Signor POLONINI,
	AND
Gianetto.	Signor MARIO.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven, and the Performances commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had (for the Night or Season) at the Box-office of the Theatre, corner of Hart Street and Bow Street, Covent Garden, which is open from 10 till 5 o'clock; and at the Principal Libraries.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

Under the Immediate Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty,
THE QUEEN.

MRS. ANDERSON,

Pianiste to Her Majesty the Queen, and Musical Instructor to her Royal Highness the Princess Royal,

Has the honour to announce to her Patrons and Friends, that her ANNUAL

GRAND MORNING CONCERT

Will take place at the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, on

MONDAY, JUNE 10th.

The Concert will be in Two Parts.

PART I.

The Whole of the MS. Music, composed by

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY,

To the Sophoclean Tragedy of

ŒDIPUS COLONEUS,

Which (for the First Time) will be publicly performed, with the English version of its Lyrics, and an elucidative MONOLOGUE, written for this occasion by Mr. BARTHOLDY, and which will be recited, with extracts from the MS. Tragedy, by

MR. BARTLEY,

who had the honour of reading the Tragedy by Command of HER MAJESTY.

This Work has been performed only at Buckingham Palace, and it is by THE KIND AND GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY that Mrs. Anderson is enabled to produce it on this occasion.

PART II. will consist of

A MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION.

Supported by

ALL THE PRINCIPAL ARTISTES,

and also

THE MAGNIFICENT BAND AND CHORUS

of that Establishment.

Conductor Mr. COSTA.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Boxes: Pit Tier, £3 2s.—Grand Tier, £4 4s.—First Tier, £3 3s.—Second Tier, £2 2s.—Third Tier, £1 1s. 6d.—Orchestra Stalls, 13s.—Amphitheatre Stalls, 5s.—Pit, 5s.—Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

The Doors will be opened at 1 o'clock precisely.

Tickets and Boxes to be had at the Box-office of the Theatre; at the principal music-sellers and libraries; and of Mrs. Anderson, 21, Manchester Street, Manchester Square.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, 20, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Perkins, Dean Street, Solo: Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Half-way Street, and at all Book-sellers.—Saturday, June 6th, 1856.

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1850.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE
STAMPED FOURPENCE.

THE GREGORIAN CHANTS.

We beg to call the special attention of our readers to the letters of "An Organist," in which the above subject is, we think, for the first time placed in a proper light. We shall be happy to receive further communications, *pro* and *contra*, from any of our usual correspondents, and shall be satisfied if the present controversy be the means of laying bare one of the grossest pieces of humbug—no other term is sufficiently expressive—that ever clogged the wings of science.

MR. JARRETT AND THE ATHENÆUM.

[THE following letter has been addressed to us by Mr. Jarrett :—]

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In a notice of Mr. Sterndale Bennett's concert, the *Athenæum* makes the following comment upon my performance of the horn part in Mozart's quintet for pianoforte and wind instruments :—

"What, by the way, has befallen the last-mentioned gentleman? He was a few years ago one of our most refined and promising instrumentalists. He is now as often incomplete as perfect :—at best playing with an indolence which must not pass without remonstrance. Let him recollect that good report is easy to lose, and hard to win back when lost."

I should be the last to complain of a just criticism, however severe, or to dispute the right of any reporter to give his conscientious opinion of such small ability as I may possess, be that opinion ever so unfavourable. But in the present instance, I think, I have some reason to doubt the fairness of the strictures indulged in at my expense, since, while I am charged with being "as often incomplete as perfect," it is a fact that I have not played more than twice in public during the last two years. Whether the reporter of the *Athenæum* has mistaken some other gentleman for myself, or some other instrument for that to which my humble talents are devoted, it is not for me to decide; but I can vouch for the truth of what I have stated. Apologising, Mr. Editor, for this intrusion in your valuable time, I have the honor to subscribe myself, your very obedient and obliged,

London, June 10, 1850.

HENRY JARRETT.

[There must be a mistake somewhere.]

OUR COTEMPORARIES.

"LA TEMPESTA."

THE new opera of *La Tempesta* has been apostrophised by our cotemporaries in lengthy diatribes, from which we shall attempt to gather their separate opinions. Although we begin by owning that, to get at the truth, amidst the cloud of words and phrases, is as difficult as it was for Hercules to uncover the floor of the Augean stables. The general opinion of the papers is decidedly favourable, but few of them have entered analytically into the merits of the music. The *Daily News*

has the shortest article, and consequently the most easily read. After announcing that the opera was "triumphantly successful," the writer thus takes up the cudgels for M. Scribe, in anticipation of any objections that might be offered against the changes and innovations that have been made in the original design of Shakspeare :—

"*La Tempesta* is to be regarded, not as a version of the English play, but as a modern opera, founded on the subject of that play. Changes in the story, or the introduction of new incidents, are not to be called liberties taken with Shakspeare's text; M. Scribe having been in no degree bound by it, but at liberty to use as much or as little of it as he thought proper, provided that what he has invented is in good keeping with what he has borrowed. Shakspeare has enabled M. Scribe to produce a more charming opera than his unaided talents (great as they are) could have conceived; but, in regard to its construction, it must be judged as if *The Tempest* had never existed."

This is, perhaps, the most plausible way of considering the matter since, with all its merits, the *libretto* of the celebrated French dramatist is, in many respects, opposed to the conception of Shakspeare. In treating the plot and music at once, the writer of the *Daily News* has avoided the difficult task of entering minutely into the characteristics of the latter, and has, perhaps, done wisely. He has, moreover, combined his criticism of the various performers in the same running commentary, dashed off *currente calamo*, in the strictest meaning of the expression. We shall do our utmost, however, by apt citations, to arrive at the bottom of his opinions. The orchestral prelude which ushers in the prologue he pronounces "of a solemn and melancholy cast;" the prayer for safety of Alonzo, Antonio, and their associates, is described as "one of the most solemn and pathetic pieces of religious music ever listened to;" the effect of the whole scene, "aided by Halévy's imaginative music," was, he says, "quite magical; and the enchantment was heightened by the airy form of Carlotta Grisi skimming through the confusion."

As we wish chiefly to come at the writer's notions of the music, we have italicised every word that is likely to bring them prominently forward. The chorus of invisible spirits, which opens the first act (after the prologue), is pithily described as "light and charming," while the ballad-music for Ariel's *pas d'entrée* is dismissed as "very pretty in its way." At this point, however, the critic offers a strong objection to M. Scribe's notion of making Ariel a dancing character, which, although we wholly disagree with it, we quote entire :—

"This was very pretty in its way, but, as well as Carlotta Grisi's subsequent performance, was quite a dramatic mistake. The scene became a mere commonplace diversissement. Ariel and his attendant sylphs disappeared, and we beheld nothing but the dancer and a squad of *figurantes*; she executing a multitude of pirouettes and concluding every feat with the conventional pose to receive the accustomed applause, while they went through a series of formal evolutions devised by the classical brain of M. Paul Taglion. All this completely disenchanted us, though we enjoyed

the light and graceful ballet music into which Arne's "Where the bee sucks" was introduced with singular felicity. Throughout the whole piece Mdle. Grisli kept constantly dancing—eternally twirling about and executing one sort of pas or another. We had supposed that she had been chosen for this part, not because she was a dancer, but because, like several other dancers, she was an accomplished mime; because,

'As those move onliest who have learnt to dance.'

she could represent the airy spirit with peculiar grace and lightness; and because she was a mistress of the art of expression by look and gesture. But we never dreamed that the performance of Ariel was to be an exhibition of French dancing. True, Mdle. Grisli was immensely applauded; but she is a favourite, and will be applauded for anything. We know that many, whose taste we respect, felt as we did.

Poor Carlotta Grisli did what was set down for her, and no more. For our own parts, we regard her personation of Ariel as thoroughly Shakspearean, and the same opinion was expressed by every one with whom we conversed during the evening. The audience, moreover, testified their approval by incessant and rapturous applause. The critic surely forgot what he had written at the beginning of his article,—"changes in the story, or the introduction of new incidents, are not to be called liberties taken with Shakspeare's text." This, by the way, however; our wish is to penetrate into the writer's ideas of M. Halévy and his music. We have not gleaned much as yet.

Having admonished Carlotta Grisli, the gentle Sontag is next brought before the critical tribunal.

"Madame Sontag then entered, sola, as Miranda. Here, again, another great public favourite disappointed us in the outset. Miranda appeared in the guise of a fashionable-looking lady, full-dressed for an evening party. Setting aside altogether the image of Miranda raised by the poetry of Shakspeare, could this be the secluded daughter of Prospero? Could Madame Sontag not imagine something more appropriate to the romantic character of the solitary maiden? In spite of much delicious singing, and many touches of feeling in her acting, Madame Sontag's very finely-like aspect annoyed us the whole evening. She omitted the introductory recitative, which rendered the opening of the air rather abrupt; but it is charmingly expressive of the maiden's feelings which were beginning to agitate Miranda's young heart, and she sang it most beautifully, with that extreme delicacy and finish for which she is unrivalled."

We continue to italicise the opinions of the music, as they are "short and far between," and might be overlooked by a careless reader. We agree with the writer about Madame Sontag's dress, but we can inform him, for his edification, that it was not of her own choice. Censure, when deserved, is wholesome; but it should be dealt in the right quarter. The rictures of the critic ought to have been addressed to Madame Copere, and not to Madame Sontag, who is thoroughly blameless in the matter.

The following apostrophe to Lablache's idea of Caliban is in what equivocal if intended as a compliment:—

"He gave the most poetical and picturesque idea of the savage that can be conceived; so hideous as to be scarce human, but with something of grandeur which made him an object to be feared."

If this be true, Lablache has made a mistake. Shakspeare's Caliban has nothing picturesque or grand; he is a stupid monster, with one predominant quality—selfishness. But some musical opinions follow, which we lay hold of eagerly:—

"The trio which followed was of immense dramatic effect; the stern reproaches of Prospero, Caliban's indomitable fierceness, and Miranda's terror, are blended with the most masterly skill. The subsequent scene between Prospero and Ariel, in which the enchanter receives his minister's report of his proceedings, and

gives him further instructions, would be very effective if Mdle. Grisli would put some restraint on her light, fantastic toe, and pay more attention to the truth and clearness of her pantomime. It contains some fine recitative, which was extremely well delivered by Coletti; but he committed the solecism of clapping Ariel by the hand, as if the spirit were a familiar friend of flesh and blood."

Mark the italics, reader. Poor Carlotta gets another tap. Does not the critic know that every movement of the dancer is indicated "in the book," and that if there be superfluity, it is the fault of those who have concocted it, not of her who has to execute it? But stop! here are some more musical opinions:—

"Ferdinand next appears, wandering alone, and following the unearthly music in the air. This variable chorus is delicious: it is the "sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not" which Shakspeare describes, and blends beautifully with the air in which the young prince laments his father, and gives vent to his bewildered feelings. Baucard sang with great sweetness, and was, altogether, a good representative of the part, which gives little scope for dramatic power. Then came the first meeting of the lovers, an exceedingly pleasing scene. Their mutual wonder and incipient love are expressed in impassioned recitative, and a highly wrought and lovely duet which terminates the first act."

Our readers may complain that this kind of criticism is rather vague, but it is not our fault.

A long description of the scene between Caliban and Syceorax, at the opening of the second act, demands no notice, since it does not say a word about M. Halévy's part in the matter. The only opinions are, that "Mdle. Ida Bertrand gave a startling effect by the hollow and unearthly sounds of her voice;" and that Madame Sontag's "expression of haughty surprise, indignation, and despair, when she found herself in the monster's power, was her most successful effort." In the description of the next scene there is a just tribute to the spirited performance of Mdle. Parodi, which we quote with pleasure:—

"The scene changed to a beautiful spot on the sea-shore, where we found Trinculo, Stephano, and the sailors saved from the shipwreck, singing a bold, joyous chorus. Stephano, a sailor lad, admirably personated by Mdle. Parodi, is called on by his comrades for a song, and gives a paraphrase of Shakspeare's ditty:

'The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I.'

The words are rendered with great spirit; Halévy's air is most felicitous, and Parodi sang it with a beauty and fire which threw the house into a very tumult of delight. It was encored with acclamations such as were bestowed on Alboni's famous anacreontic."

Reader, do not overlook the italics. Of the finale to the second act, of which Mdle. Parodi's canzone is a portion, the writer says nothing, but contents himself by describing "the inimitable and indescribable" acting and singing of Lablache, about which none will be disposed to differ from him. We should, nevertheless, have expected from the critic of the *Daily News*, some account and analysis of the most spirited and effective piece of music in the whole opera.

"The third act," says the critic, "contains comparatively little," and the critic is comparatively right. He finds fault with Scribe for the incident in which Miranda, urged by Syceorax, attempts to kill Ferdinand while sleeping, and says "he could hardly have believed it possible Scribe could have imagined anything so absurd." The following is all that is to be gathered about the musical merits of this act:—

"The music of this act is less striking than that of the two preceding. It contains, however, a fine duet between Ferdinand and Miranda; and the choral finale is rendered peculiarly interesting to English ears by another introduction of Arne's beautiful melody, admirably harmonized and instrumented."

A summary of the general impressions produced upon him by the music lets us more intimately into the critic's feeling on the matter, although it must rather be regarded as vague adulation than as praise tempered by judgment, or established by argument:—

"Our general impression of the music of this opera may be gathered from what has been said of particular parts of it. Like all music of a high class, it requires to be repeatedly heard before it can be fully judged. But we have no hesitation in thinking that *La Tempesta* will be regarded as the *chef d'œuvre* of its celebrated author. It is the work of a poet as well as a musician. Like all Halévy's music, it is profound in thought and mastery in construction, while it is bold, free, imaginative, and dramatic, with a great deal of graceful and expressive melody, set off by the most varied and elegant instrumentation. The beauties of melody are profusely scattered through the concerted pieces; the regular and formal airs, as in the best modern operas, being few in number. We think the airs in Miranda's part too florid and ornate for the simplicity of the character; but the composer doubtless had in view the peculiar style which the accomplished singer has carried to such unrivalled perfection."

We add the *resumé* of the merits of the performance, which is hardly more than just, although a few details would have been acceptable:—

"We have also said enough to convey our general impression of the performance. No praise can be too strong for the manner in which the opera has been prepared and brought upon the stage. The choruses were admirably sung, the concerted music went with the utmost precision and clearness, and the orchestra (which was conducted by Balfe), in respect to power in the descriptive music, and delicacy of accompaniment, left nothing to be desired. The beauty and splendour of the spectacle could not be surpassed."

Notwithstanding all we have quoted we fear that the most attentive reader will get up from the perusal of these extracts, without any very clear idea of M. Halévy's music, or the critic's real opinions.

The *Times* publishes an article of two columns and a half, from which we must content ourselves with a very few extracts. Suffice it that the general tone is highly favourable, while, at the same time, an attempt is made to analyse the music, which we have not observed in other papers. A column and a half of the notice is devoted to M. Halévy's *partition*, and the popular composer is criticised as well as praised, in both respects, we think, fairly. The writer's view of the unusual interest of the event may be gathered from the following introductory paragraph:—

"Saturday evening was one of those exciting occasions that only occur once or twice in two or three years. The engagement, not only of a foreign composer, but of a dramatist of such eminence as M. Scribe to write a *libretto*, was something altogether new. Then there was the popular nature of the subject, the curiosity to see how so national a poem as the *Tempest* would be treated by a French dramatist, and how such poetic imaginings as Ariel and Caliban would be realized by such artists as Carlotta Grisi and Lablache. In short, the combination of circumstances which drew together the vast audience that thronged Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday night was something altogether without precedent."

His opinion of M. Scribe, and the importance of that eminent writer's share in the transaction, is expressed with equal clearness:—

"We will begin by describing M. Scribe's portion of the work. In many Italian operas of the old school the *poeta* is a very insignificant personage, and the public cares no more about him than about the copyist. He is useful as a scaffolding, which may be taken down when the work is completed. But when we have the first living dramatist of Europe writing a *libretto*, and bear in mind that in operas of the French school the book is more than half the battle, the case becomes quite different. We might avail ourselves

here of the opportunity to expatiate a little on the honourable career of M. Scribe, but, in the first place, a short biography appeared in our columns a few days ago, and, in the second place, a monument setting forth his greatness more adequately than could be done by any dry history has been recently presented to such of the public as were able to appreciate him by the performance of his *florissant et Raton* and *Lis Camaraderie* at the St. James's Theatre."

After an elaborate description of the plot, design and conduct of the *libretto*, the writer concludes with the following luminous and philosophical *resumé*:—

"M. Scribe has shown the talent, frequently shown by him already, of seizing upon available points, and so presenting them that each scene has a character of its own. The first scene of Shakspeare's play rather precedes the action than forms part of it. In M. Scribe's hands this becomes a prologue in the modern sense of the word; and the manner in which the storm with its horrors is treated leaves an impression of solemnity and a lively curiosity as to how so imposing a commencement will be followed up. In the first act the more graceful side of superstition is brought forward. Here Ariel dances his *pas*, the geni who appear are of the benevolent kind, and their mission is to bring together two youthful lovers with the sanction of a parent. Miranda is the central figure, and an air of female gentleness is diffused over the whole. Caliban has appeared as an isolated dark spot in the picture, but the second act is devoted to his development, the more gloomy side of superstition is thrust forward, and hence arises an admirable contrast. The sorrows of this act consist of the groans of the pent-up witch and the discontent of her son, while the joy is a brutal state of intoxication powerfully set forth. The third act is less striking than the rest in its first incidents, but the appearance of the ship which is to take the *dramatis personæ* to their proper home gives it a distinctive importance. That M. Scribe will entertain the sanguine vision of every Shakspearian purist we will not venture to predict, but we think that those who are forward to censure his modifications of the story will speak only from some unpractical theory, and will show their ignorance of the essential difference between a spoken drama and a grand opera. The above remarks, it will be observed, have reference solely to M. Scribe's book, apart from the music of M. Halévy, to which we now proceed."

There is a smack of Lessing about this wind-up, which is by no means disagreeable, although it may be *caviare* to the multitude of readers.

We must protest, however, against a notion that is beginning to take root in certain quarters that the music of a grand opera can by any possibility be of secondary consequence, indeed that it be anything else than of the first consequence. This notion is encouraged by authors but should be strongly reprobated by musicians and those who advocate the interests and progress of music.

The analysis of the music is prefaced by some remarks, which we quote without curtailment:—

"It is well known that the *libretto* of *La Tempesta* was originally intended for the late Mendelssohn, who in the music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the *First Walpurgis Night* of Goethe, had already displayed a rich dramatic vein and the highest poetical felicity in the illustration of romantic and fairy subjects. What Mendelssohn would have made of *The Tempest* may be easily imagined; but it is needless now to regret the loss his early death has occasioned to the operatic stage, to which he had resolved upon devoting much of his future time; and we have introduced his name merely with a view to a fact which tells highly in favour of M. Halévy's originality. With the inspirations of Mendelssohn, in the full meridian of their popularity, before his eyes, and with the *Überon* of Carl Maria von Weber casting equal temptation in his way, it is but just to remark that M. Halévy has not once descended to imitation, and that the influence of those remarkable men is nowhere to be traced in his manner of treating a subject which would have been so congenial to both of them. Almost any modern German composer, to whom the hook of *The Tempest* might have been assigned, would have drawn wholesale

upon the stores of Mendelssohn and Weber, and the result would most probably have been a pale copy of a brilliant original; but M. Halévy is not a copyist; he has a style of his own, and this is as marked and as individual in *La Tempesta* as in any of his previous essays.

After all, the compliment to M. Halévy's originality, which we freely acknowledge, might have been put less equivocally, since it may be a matter of doubt to many whether an absolute non-transcendence to Mendelssohn and Weber, in the treatment of a fairy subject, and indeed of any subject whatever, should be the goal of ambition to an aspiring composer. Although perfectly original in manner, both Mendelssohn and Weber have availed themselves of these general principles of universal truth which constitute so much of the excellence of Mozart, Beethoven, and all the great composers, a departure from which (no insinuation against M. Halévy) is rather to be deprecated than glorified. The *Times* should be less mystic in its expressions of approval. The *estetic* writing has gone out of date; modern criticism has justly repudiated it, as equivocal and unsound.

In one or two instances the critic of the *Times* complains of a habit in which M. Halévy indulges of beginning a piece in one key and ending it in another. The trio of Miranda, Prospero, and Caliban, which begins in G minor and ends in B flat, though praised for its dramatic effectiveness, is commented upon for an indifference to the rules of "tonality" unprecedented in the works of the great masters. The objection is just, for although it may be urged that B flat is the relative major of G minor, it is also an independent key *per se*, and only establishes its relationship by a deference to the tonic as superior. No piece of music can with propriety begin in a minor key and end in the relative major, nor vice versa. If in the course of the composition a movement, or a phrase, in the relative, succeeds the delivery of the principal theme in the tonic, another movement, or a return to the first phrase, in the tonic, must follow, or the composition remains unfinished. This is the principle of the symphonic form, the only true one in music. The writer might have cited several other examples in *La Tempesta*, and among the rest Miranda's first *cavatina*, which opens in D and finishes in A—a plain violation of a law that should be absolute and irrefragable.

The critic winds up his notice of the music with the following remarks, which are on the whole exceedingly just:—

"In the above cursory sketch we have, of course, been able to give but a very imperfect idea of the merits and pretensions of M. Halévy's opera as a work of art, and, doubtless, many points have been passed over, which, in a longer and more elaborate review, might have challenged criticism, if not admiration. Our impression of the whole work, however, is so favourable, that were we justified in offering a decided opinion after one hearing we should feel inclined to rank *La Tempesta* higher than any previous effort of its composer. As in *Le Juive*, M. Halévy has essayed to individualise each of the *dramatis personæ* by certain peculiarities of rhythm and orchestral treatment. With Caliban, Miranda, and Ariel he has been remarkably successful; less so with Prospero, whose music, in our opinion, wants the weight and dignity that are naturally associated with the idea of the magician King; while Fernando, although always graceful and sometimes passionate, sings much the same kind of music that would be placed in the mouth of any young and romantic lover by a composer of talent and intelligence. The best developed character is certainly Caliban, and next to him, Ariel. Had the music given to Miranda been less ornate and less vocally elaborate, her character might have been associated with the two others; but in considering Miranda, M. Halévy evidently thought quite as much of Madame Sontag, whose extraordinary vocal facility he could not resist the temptation of bringing into prominence. The instrumentation of

the opera throughout is a masterly example of the modern French school, of which M. Halévy is one of the most celebrated disciples; while the choral writing, in a great measure, illustrates a prevailing fault of that school—want of continuity. The weak point in the opera is Sycorax, a character, of which, while it suggests great things, M. Halévy has made little or nothing. A palpable effect presents itself in the second act, where Caliban, having possessed himself of the magic flowers that ensure him the completion of three wishes, assails Miranda with protestations of attachment. Had the appeals of Sycorax to be released from her prison under the rock, where she has been confined by Prospero, been skilfully intermingled with the declarations of Caliban and the disdain of Miranda instead of a clever duet, we should probably have had a fine dramatic trio."

A warm tribute to the general performance and to Mr. Balfe's exertions especially, follows in due course:—

"The extension of the work was creditable to all concerned band and chorus no less than principals. Mr. Balfe, who presided in the orchestra, took as much pains as if the opera had been his own composition, and on no previous occasion has the band, which he directs so well and has brought to such a high state of discipline, been enabled to display its strength and general efficiency to such advantage."

We can only find room for a couple of extracts about the performers. Of Lablache, the critic writes thus:—

"The Caliban of Lablache is one of the finest creations ever seen on any stage. The dress and the disposition of the whippers, which give a remarkably animal expression to the countenance, are in themselves novel and artistic in the highest degree. There is a combination of dull earthiness and brute ferocity in his first appearance that almost denotes an union between the vegetable and the animal kingdom, and the occasional grunt which he gives to his recitative has about it something heartily sub-human. Under the influence of wine the mass warms up into new vitality. At first there was the prudent conference of intoxication—the unwillingness to believe in the overpowering sense of drunkenness. Then, as the fumes ascended, and there was a determination to obey the inspiration of the moment, the exultation of the savage, notwithstanding the heavy balance of his earthy nature, was most perfect. The vocal task of Lablache has been more arduous than he has had for many years. The music of Caliban is in several places extremely florid, and, both in the trio with Miranda and Prospero, and in the duet with Miranda, he has passages to sing which demand not only unusual flexibility, but also unusual compass. Moreover, the higher register of the voice is frequently taxed. Notwithstanding these unaccustomed calls upon his physical powers, this great singer has never appeared to more striking advantage, and, in spite of the arduous and trying character of the music, it suits him as if M. Halévy had previously taken measure of his resources. He sang with force and energy throughout. His 'Baccanale' was a masterpiece."

To Carlotta Grisi, whose Ariel has turned all heads and won all hearts, the following poetical apostrophe is appropriately addressed:—

"As a contrast to the heavy grandeur of Caliban comes the exquisite lightness and pantomimic persuasiveness of Carlotta Grisi. For those terpsichorean feats, which form the main attraction of ordinary ballet, this opera does not afford opportunity, but the ethereal Carlotta never had finer occasion for showing all the *mind* of her art, and she availed herself of it completely. She is the half-operative, half-instrumental creation of the poet's fancy, and there is a certain fairy-like swiftness in her expression—a representation of extreme sensitiveness that catches and utters an emotion instantaneously, which could not be surpassed."

Sontag, Baucarde, Coletti, all are praised, and the clever Parodi, with her spirited *canzone*, is honoured with a special mark of approbation.

(To be continued.)

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE first representation of *La Tempesta*, an opera in three acts, the *libretto* by Scribe, the music by Halévy, took place on Saturday night, in presence of one of the most crowded and brilliant audiences that ever assembled within the walls of Her Majesty's Theatre. The curiosity that awaited the production of this opera was almost unprecedented, and arose from a variety of causes. The European name of Scribe, which has been associated with so many brilliant triumphs in every branch of the dramatic art; the celebrity of Halévy, whose operas have of late years been the main support of the two great musical theatres of Paris; the subject, one of Shakspeare's most familiar dramas, which, moreover, had already been set to music by the great English composer, Purcell; and these and other reasons combined in raising public expectation about *La Tempesta* to the highest pitch. When we add that the success of the opera equalled every anticipation, we have said enough to render further preliminary needless, and may at once proceed to consider the merits of the work as a drama and as a musical composition.

So much has been said in the morning papers about the plot, which M. Scribe has constructed upon the materials furnished by Shakspeare's dramatic poem, that we shall not tire our readers with a prolix repetition of details, with which they must already be sufficiently familiar. That M. Scribe has preserved many of the chief incidents in the *Tempest*, most of the *dramatis personæ*, and, in a great degree, the general design, and that he has modified, changed, expanded, and omitted, as seemed to him most fit for dramatic and musical purposes, may be seen by the following abstract of the plot, which we borrow from the *Times*:—

The book of *La Tempesta* has been rendered into Italian from M. Scribe's French by Signor Giannone. The prologue corresponds to the first scene in Shakspeare's play. The stage represents the deck of the King of Naples' vessel, with himself, Ferdinand, and Antonio on board. The storm is directed by Ariel and other genii, who are seen hovering about. The King and Antonio are occupied with penitential thoughts on the wrongs to Prospero, and their consciences are further stirred by the menaces of the chorus. The sailors, after various exhibitions of terror, join in a prayer, at the end of which the vessel strikes.

The first act is laid in a picturesque part of the island, near Prospero's cave, and Miranda, who has been shocked by the sight of the tempest, implores her father to save the lives of the sufferers. Even when informed by him that the persons who caused their exile and solitary life are on board the vessel, her gentle nature is shown to be unsusceptible of malice. The entrance of Caliban, who is ordered to fetch wood from the forest, causes the characters of the three personages to be in some measure developed. The deformed slave is morose and insubordinate, Prospero firm and dignified, Miranda timid, but at the same time merciful, inasmuch as she implores her father not to punish the malignant. When Miranda and Caliban have left the stage, Prospero summons Ariel, and, informing him that his restoration to the dukedom depends on the union of Miranda and Ferdinand, exhorts him to use every exertion to promote it. The first meeting of the young pair takes place immediately afterwards, and they at once become unamoured of each other. The act terminates with a mutual avowal, which the delighted Prospero contemplates from the background. Up to this point Shakspeare's plot has been followed without any material alteration.

The second act is remarkable for bold deviation. Caliban, employed in chopping wood near the rock in which his mother, Sycorax, has been confined by Prospero, calls upon her to avenge his wrongs. Her voice informs him of three magic flowers, which grow in the vicinity, each of which will grant a wish to the bearer. His first duty is to release his mother, but he is not sooner obtained possession of the talisman than he uses one of the flowers to imprison

Ariel in a pine tree, that Miranda may be left unguarded. This imprisonment of Ariel is rather a transposition of one of Shakspeare's incidents than a new introduction, for it will be recollected that in the *Tempest* Prospero refers to the punishment of Ariel by Sycorax.

The resistance of Miranda to the rough courtship of Caliban, and her threat to kill herself rather than yield, cause the savage to use another of the three wishes, and lulled Miranda to sleep, he carries her off in his arms, in spite of the exhortations of Sycorax, whose voice still cries aloud for liberation. The scene changing to another part of the island, we find Trinculo, Stephano, and the rest of the sailors carousing, and the well-known song, "The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I," is imitated in a spirited *canzone*. Caliban bringing on Miranda, the sailors surround him, but promise to leave him unmolested on his assurance that he will be their guide through the island. They, moreover, give him wine, which intoxicates him at once, and Miranda, taking advantage of his situation, snatches the flowers from his hand, and when he and the sailors attempt to pursue her, renders them immovable, and escapes. The bacchanal scene in which Caliban's drunkenness is exhibited, and to which the sailors serve as chorus, is a remarkable instance of an ingenious conversion of a situation proper to spoken drama into one suitable for opera. M. Scribe has exactly seen the musical value of the drunken friendship of Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano, and by expanding the comic pair into a chorus, has made this phase in the monster's character strikingly operative. The incident of the three flowers is a daring innovation, but there is nothing in the relation between Caliban and Sycorax, which is not perfectly in keeping with the tone of Shakspeare.

The third act opens on the same spot as the first scene of the second. Prospero meets Alonso and Antonio, and reproaches them for their crimes. He soon discovers by the movement of the pinetree that it contains Ariel, whom he at once releases, and who tells him by gestures (Ariel, in M. Scribe's version, is a creature of mute signs, not of words) the peril of Miranda, for he has not witnessed her escape. The three, now reconciled, hasten to deliver her. In the meanwhile, Sycorax still entertains the hope of overthrowing Prospero, and on the appearance of Miranda, endeavors to persuade her that Ferdinand is an impostor, and that she is bound to kill him, to save her father's life. A scene ensues in the interior of the cave, where Ferdinand is asleep, and Caliban standing over him struggles between love and supposed duty. Ferdinand, who awakes and perceives Miranda's intention, gladly offers to die by her hand, but the approach of Caliban and the sailors, who are a-thirst for vengeance, unites both the lovers in mutual defence. The sight of Ferdinand, their lawful prince, at once brings the sailors to their knees, and Caliban, who has recovered his bunch of flowers, finds that the last 'wish' has been used by Miranda. The entrance of Prospero, Alonso, and Antonio, who join the hands of Ferdinand and Miranda, and the appearance of the vessel which is to take them all to Italy, save Caliban, who is left to enjoy a monarchy like that of Alexander Selkirk, terminates the opera."

We agree, for the most part, with the *Times* in the view above taken of the ingenuity and main effect of M. Scribe's *libretto*, and we agree altogether in the insinuation that the celebrated French dramatist was thoroughly justified in using his own discretion about the materials at his disposal. That Shakspeare's *Tempest* was never intended for an opera may be considered as certain, in the face of all the eloquence and ingenuity of Mr. Morris Barnett, who has laboured hard, in a pamphlet recently printed, to establish the contrary. But that M. Scribe had a perfect right to found a musical *libretto* upon Shakspeare's play is, we think, equally undeniable. There is nothing new in this sort of adaptation. Every imaginable theme has been employed during the last two centuries as a vehicle for operas and ballets, and there is scarcely a poet, romancer, or historian who, at one period or another, has not been made to pay toll. Shakspeare has not escaped, and if he had it would have shown little taste on the part of musical composers. *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Lea*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, &c., &c., have, each in its

turn, been submitted to the skill and fancy of the musician, and placed in an operatic form before the public with more or less success. We repeat that there is nothing new in such an approximation of the creations of our great poet. There is therefore no necessity to set up a defence for M. Scribe as Mr. Barnett has done, or by a brilliant succession of readable sophistries to endeavour to prove that Shakspeare intended what he never dreamed of. Had music been as far advanced in the reign of Elizabeth as it is now Shakspeare would in all probability have written the *Tempest* exactly in its present form. What he desired in a musical point of view was supplied by Purcell, with whose illustrations Shakspeare would most likely have been satisfied, however strongly he might have objected to the feeble alterations of Dryden—"immortal John." In our consideration of the *libretto* of *La Tempesta*, therefore, we must view it as a drama of M. Scribe, founded on the *Tempest* of Shakspeare, and judge of its merits as a medium for music without any reference to Shakspeare himself, between whose *Tempest* and Scribe's *La Tempesta* we may at once declare there is nothing in common. It is both unjust and illogical to make comparisons between things so utterly different. Who, for one instant, ever complained that the Otello of Rossini's opera was not even a shadow of the Otello of Shakspeare? As a *libretto* for music we hold with the *Times*, that M. Scribe has not descended from his ordinary level in the construction of the *Tempesta*, however we may regard the incident of Caliban's three wishes as fantastic, and the incident of Miranda attempting the life of Fernando, in the third act, as farfetched and improbable. The grand thing was to combine an interesting drama with striking musical situations, and in this M. Scribe has succeeded with his accustomed felicity. The Caliban, though not the Caliban of Shakspeare, is a graphic and amusing sketch; the Ariel, nearer allied to Shakspeare's creation, is exquisitely graceful; the Miranda and Fernando, though somewhat pale, might in other hands have been paler; and the Prospero is a highly respectable personage of his class—one ordinarily allotted to barytones and basses. Of the manner in which the book is written we are unable to judge, since M. Scribe's version has of course been submitted to the ordeal of an Italian translation, by which of course it has gained nothing. But M. Scribe has too well earned a reputation among the classic writers of his great country to stand in need of any foreign criticism on his style. We may add here that the English version of the *libretto*, which stands by the side of the Italian in the books of the opera, sold at the theatre, is without any exception the most easy, finished, intelligible, and essentially lyrical we ever saw, in support of which assertion we shall most likely adduce some passages in the course of the present or a future article.

About M. Halévy, the composer of the music, we spoke at length on a recent occasion.* The following particulars, however, from the columns of a morning contemporary, may serve as a refresher.

"We have recently had occasion to speak of the artistic career of M. Halévy, of the operas that have proceeded from his pen, of the steady growth of his popularity until it reached its acme in *La Juive*, and of the position he holds among modern dramatic composers of the French school. A very few observations will therefore suffice to preface our analysis, necessarily hasty and imperfect, of the opera produced on Saturday with such distinguished success. Two facts of importance essentially serve to consolidate the reputation which M. Halévy has gained by the

operatic writings. The first is his intimate connection with his great master, Cherubini, who was well known to entertain the highest esteem for his talents, and who frequently employed him as a substitute in the duties of his office as director of the Conservatoire. From this it is natural to infer that the theoretical acquirements of M. Halévy must be of a more solid order than is usually deemed essential to a musician who devotes his undivided attention to compositions for the stage. The other fact is involved in the influence which the operas of M. Halévy, in the course of the last fifteen years, have had on both the great lyrical theatres of Paris. Since Rossini ceased to write, and Auber confined himself exclusively to the Opera Comique, the Académie Royale du Musiquo may be said to have existed mainly upon the labours of two composers—Meyerbeer, whose three great works were spread over a space of nearly twenty years (*the Robert* was produced in 1831, the *Prophète* in 1849), and Halévy, whose *Juive*, *Reine de Chypre*, *Guido et Ginepro*, and *Charles VI.* have been the only signal successes, the operas of Meyerbeer excepted, which the first theatre in Paris can record during the major part of that period. Nor has the music of M. Halévy been less beneficial to the interests of the minor establishment—the Opera Comique. To say nothing of *L'Eclair*, one of his earliest and best productions, which still retains its favour with the public, three of his operas—*Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, *Le Val d'Andorre*, and *La Fée aux Roses*—have co-operated with some of Auber's most successful efforts in maintaining the prosperity of that theatre in the face of circumstances before which the most firmly rooted of popular amusements have vainly endeavoured to make head. When, besides the honour of having been thus indispensable to two of the most famous musical establishments in Europe, it is added that M. Halévy's operas have been played, and are continually played, in almost every town of France and Germany where a theatre and a lyrical troupe are to be found, it would be difficult for the stanchest adherent to certain schools of art (whose supremacy we do not question), for the hardiest opponents of sundry peculiarities of style, to dispute, with any degree of consistency, the claims of M. Halévy as a dramatic composer, or the justice of the place that has been assigned him among his contemporaries by the most reputed critics of the day."

There can be no doubt of the truth of all this, to which we have nothing to add but the expression of our full concurrence. Few musical composers have laboured harder or more conscientiously to acquire a name than M. Halévy, and few have taken firmer hold of the French public, which prides itself on being the first in the world where music is concerned. We may add that Halévy obtains an enormous price for the copyright of his works from the Parisian music-publishers. For *La Juive* and every subsequent opera he has received a sum very nearly if not quite equivalent to that paid to Rossini, Auber, and Meyerbeer for their most popular works. Nor, from all we can gather, have the spirited publishers (MM. Brandus and Co.) ever had reason to complain of their speculation in Halévy's works, the last three of which, at the Opera Comique,* have each long passed their centenary performance. These facts are unanswerable, or else there is no truth in the venerable saw—"the proof of the pudding is in the eating." All the puffing in this age of puffing has never been able to make Verdi's music either popular or saleable. Halévy's is both, without puffing at all—which proves that the public like it, and as Dr. Johnson says, "He who pleases many must have merit." Not that we adduce this maxim of the Doctor's as a proof of Halévy's merit, which we believe to be beyond a question.

The music of *La Tempesta* is not to be disposed of in one review, nor are we so presumptuous as to imagine that, with one or two or three hearings we can possibly arrive at the

* The successful production of *Le Val d'Andorre* at the St. James's Theatre.

* *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, *Le Val d'Andorre*, and *La Fée aux Roses*.

bottom of it. Halévy composes on a system which is purely his own. He invented it, and no one else has presumed to adopt it. He cannot, therefore, be criticised *ad captandum*. Nor is it for us to speculate on the style in which the late Mendelssohn might have treated the subject of *La Tempesta*, which, as every body knows, was first intended for him; or to argue, or trouble our readers with ruminations as to whether Mendelssohn would have done better, and how much better, than Halévy, or the converse. It is enough for us to accept the opera as we find it, and to be thankful that, in the lamented absence of Mendelssohn, the book has fallen into no less skilful hands than those of M. Halévy. Without further preliminary, we shall, therefore, at once proceed to give, to the best of our power, an analysis of the music of this very remarkable production.

The opera is divided into a prologue and three acts. In the prologue occurs some striking and characteristic music, which, as it forms one long connected piece, may be considered simply as the introduction to the work. There is no overture, which is hardly to be regretted, since M. Halévy has not been conspicuous among those who have greatly excelled in this class of writing. A symphony for the orchestra in C minor, mysterious and fragmentary, leads to a chorus of invisible spirits in the same key, "Al dolce e vivo," during the progress of which Ariel appears upon the stage making observations. Duke Alonzo, Antonio, Fernando, and their adherents, then give vent to their sense of danger in desultory recitative, while the invisible chorus assumes an angry strain of reproach. The increasing fury of the tempest is now described in the orchestra, the mariners and dependants expressing their terrors in chorus, until, with one consent, they all join in a hymn, or prayer, to Heaven, to save them from their imminent peril, with which the prologue terminates. The effect of this long and elaborate piece depends more upon its general fitness to the scene than on the beauty of isolated points; and, indeed, with the exception of the prayer, "O nume che irato," an impressive piece of choral writing in A flat, it would be difficult to detach any part from the whole. There are, however, some ingenious instrumental effects, and many combinations of orchestra, horns, and solo voices, which betoken as much musical experience as feeling for dramatic colouring. The instrumental movement which leads to the chorus of unseen spirits is plainly suggestive, and prepares the mind for what is to follow; the passages for the violins, muted, contrast effectively with the melancholy wailing of the violoncellos, and the solemn march of the wind instruments, and may be supposed to indicate the presence of the delicate Ariel amidst the warring of the elements and the terror of the shipwrecked mariners. The idea is poetically and successfully exemplified. In the chorus in F minor, where the invisible spirits reproach Alonzo with his crimes, "Assassin d'un fratello innocente," the burden of which is allotted to the *soprani*, a fine point is made by the responses of the rest of the voices, accompanied by full chords in the orchestra, *fortissimo*, at each section of the melody, on the monosyllable, "Ah"—intended, we presume, for the affirmative exclamation of other spirits, equally invisible, and equally disposed to torment the conscience of the Duke. The introduction offers many other points worthy of notice, but our limits prevent us from entering into further details.

The first act opens with a sparkling orchestral symphony, in which there are some pretty combinations of the harp and wood instruments. A chorus of good genii, in A, "Noi genii amici e vigili," is to be noted for its unaffected simplicity. The entry of Ariel is announced by some light and charac-

teristic music in the orchestra, and in a grand *pas* for Ariel and the attendant sprites M. Halévy has made skilful use of Dr. Arne's celebrated melody, "Where the bee sucks," originally introduced into Purcell's opera of the *Tempest*. The whole of the ballet music in this scene is happy, and instrumented with the utmost taste. The "ethereal Carlotta" would seem to have inspired music congenial to her peculiar graces of style. The first vocal solo in this act is the *caratina* of Miranda, "Parmi una voce il murmure," in which M. Halévy has at once shown in what light he views this exquisite creation of Shakspeare. Although written partly in the florid style of some of the Italian composers, there is a freshness and absence of effort about the melody appropriate to the character of Miranda. It is divided into two movements—an *andantino* in D, of a soave and flowing character, and an *allegretto*, which, while distinguished by a different kind of rhythm, preserves the primitive simplicity in consonance with the theme. A trio for Prospero, Caliban, and Miranda, "In quest'isola rapita," is one of the most effective pieces of writing in the opera. The subject is Caliban's sullen discontent, Prospero's reproaches and menaces, Miranda's fear and intercession for the monster. The opening is dramatic and vigorous, but the capital point of the trio is the *ensemble* in B flat, in which the surly moroseness and designing cunning of Caliban are suggested with graphic power; in the second part, *andantino*, a new subject dispersed among the flutes, oboes, clarionets, and horns, is introduced as a counter theme, which imparts a new colouring to the whole. It is in such points of artistic workmanship, addressed to the educated ear, that M. Halévy's association with Cherubini, one of the greatest of contrapuntists, may be traced. The other two pieces in the first act which demand consideration are a *caratina* with chorus for Fernando, "Cara soave aerea," and a duet for Fernando and Miranda, "Qual m'è diva." The first contains a charming melody in G, adorned by the peculiar characteristics of M. Halévy's method of orchestration, in which each instrument sustains, as it were, a separate and independent part. The duet, in C, is expressive and melodious; among other striking points we must especially note a charming phrase in E flat, on the words addressed by Fernando to Miranda, "S'odio e orror di me non hai," which is answered by an equally melodious countertheme for Miranda, and is subsequently more than once repeated with undiminished effect. M. Halévy evidently wrote this duet *con amore*; he has employed all his art to polish and refine it, and there can be little doubt of its being one of the most successful *morceaux* in the opera. Towards the conclusion, Prospero joins in the *coda*, which, although the subject is less original than what precedes it, it is highly animated, and brings down the curtain with *télat*.

The second act is superior to the first, inasmuch as the dramatist has afforded ampler scope for the musician's powers of expression. The grand figure in the whole picture is Caliban, with whose invocation to his mother, Sycorax, the act commences. M. Halévy's treatment of this character betrays a happy consistency. The invocation begins with a phrase for the basses, which in character recalls the trio in C minor, where Caliban's designs are first laid bare to Prospero, in the first act. The former laments his unhappy fate in declamatory recitative, which eventually, after a desultory conversation with Sycorax, leads to an *aria* in C, "Ah sento una fiamma incognita," of rude and violent character, in which Caliban reveals his passion for Miranda. A duet and scene for Caliban and Miranda, where the monster attempts to inflame his beautiful captive with a reciprocity of sentiment, is dramatically

conceived and well written, though rather too long for a situation which, in any other hands than those of Lablache and Sontag, might have proved dangerous, and in any hands is equivocal. A passage in Binior, "Ardo per te d'un fuoco," involving Caliban's declaration and Miranda's repugnance, is impressed with great intensity, while the contrast between the two *dramatis personæ* is well sustained. The *finale* begins with an animated scene in which Triculo and his companions unexpectedly frustrate the completion of Caliban's designs; this includes a lively chorus of sailors, in B flat, "Ci oppresse abbastanza," and some sparkling couplets for Stefano, "Nostr'omo, il mozzo," in G. The bacchanale with chorus for Caliban, which follows, is perhaps the most original, and certainly the most spirited *morceau d'ensemble* in the whole opera. Some reminiscences of the music of Caliban in the first act, assigned to the orchestra, give way to a *morceau d'ensemble* in A flat for Miranda and Caliban, accompanied at intervals by Stefano, Triculo, and the chorus; the subject is the despair of Miranda, the gradual intoxication of Caliban, and the jeers of Stefano and his associates, who have been plying him with liquor. As a specimen of vocal writing this concerted piece bears a resemblance to some of the best modern of the modern Italian school; the melody is expressive and ably developed, while the subsequent working up in the orchestra, by means of an exciting and well conducted *crescendo*, leads with immense spirit to the climax, "Se tutte girò," a bacchanalian air in E flat, of strongly marked rhythm, by means of which Caliban's drunkenness is depicted with striking forces. The melody partakes at once of the drinking song and the dance, and the chiming in of the chorus between the couplet adds to the vivacity of the effect. The climax is exceedingly animated, and when Caliban, inflamed to the uttermost by repeated draughts of wine, joins incoherently in the dance, the orchestral accompaniments gathering force as the song proceeds, the whole offers a combination of musical and dramatic effect which easily explains the *furore* and the triple reel for Lablache on Saturday night.

The third act, although in a musical point of view unequal to the others, contains several passages of merit. In the first scene there is a good point of accompanied recitative for Prospero, where the magician reproaches Antonio and Alonso with their crimes. The release of Ariel from the tree also gives occasion for some graceful pantomime music. The duet between Miranda and Fernando is powerfully written, and includes some beautiful passages, among which may be specified the reminiscence of Fernando's melody in the duet of the first act where the lovers first meet, and an expressive phrase in the key of D flat, in which Fernando declares his willingness to die by the hand of Miranda. The duet is, nevertheless—like the preceding trio for Prospero, Antonio, and Alonso—too long, and the *cabaletta* is of inferior interest to the rest. The last *morceau* of importance is a brilliant *rondo varié*, which, though more than ordinarily vocal (for the French school), is chiefly remarkable as a medium of displaying to advantage the finished and elegant execution of Madame Sontag. The change of scene which brings about the catastrophe is accompanied by an orchestral symphony on the burden of "Where the bee sneaks," the introduction of which fresh and time-honoured English melody is creditable to M. Halévy's taste.

On the getting up of the opera greater care and liberality could not have been bestowed. It is, without an exception, the completest thing that has been placed upon the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre ever since Mr. Linley took the reins of government. The cast is powerful and varied, the scenery

and costume on the most splendid scale, and all the subordinate items worthy the direction of a theatre of the first rank and magnitude. Success could not have been more richly deserved, since every possible pains were taken to secure it.

We have seldom had a more gratifying task than to speak of the performance, which was honourable to all concerned. To begin with the principals, taking each character in detail: Madame Sontag's Miranda is a most gentle, a most innocent, and a most winning impersonation, characterised, by the way, by a greater manifestation of dramatic power than we ever remember this always intelligent actress to have displayed. Her singing was perfection—no other term could possibly apply to such faultless accuracy and unflinching grace. We will not say that M. Halévy has done all that he might have done to show off the talent of this accomplished artist to advantage; but we will say that not a phrase that he has written but received its perfect interpretation from Madame Sontag, in the excellencies of whose performance we hope to be able next week to speak in better detail.

M. Scribe found in Lablache such a realization of his Caliban as is rarely accorded to an author; while M. Halévy, for his Caliban, found all that was necessary, and much more than was ever expected in that grand artist. Lablache's "make up" was enormously fine—a thing *per se*, certainly not the Caliban that crawled and cursed, but a noble beast, with gestures like a king's. We could imagine Pan grown stout, or Silenus' very self. Lablache's performance is not to be hit off in a paragraph. Leaving details until we have more space, we shall, therefore, merely say that, from his first entry to his final exit, he was inimitable, and transfixed the attention of the audience. The scene where he possesses himself of the person of Miranda, by aid of the magic flower, and proffers her his monstrous love, was a terrible dramatic painting. The drunken scene was a realisation of the best creations of Nicolas Poussin—more comic and humorous than Silenus, and more drunk. And, then, the dance! Few who beheld it will deny that in his style Lablache is as great a dancer as Carlotta herself.

And now what can be said for delicate dainty Ariel?—what but that it was the very incarnation of Shakespeare's most spiritual creation—Ariel's self before us, who henceforth must be accepted by the female sex, since Carlotta has established it so, and never was anything more ethereal or more Shaksperian than Carlotta's Ariel seen upon the boards of a theatre. Some have complained that dancing should have been constituted part of Ariel's performance; but we think this objection both absurd and untenable. Why not one art as well as another? Why not dancing as well as music? We do not compare the two, but both are well calculated to idealise the real; and once admit Ariel as a mute instead of a speaking character, who eloquence is expressed by dumb looks and gestures, and you may consistently allow all that belongs to the graceful in mimetic art to have a share in the illusion. But were the objection tenable, Carlotta's exquisite nature would have demolished it with a look or a gesture. Her presence on the stage was a continual light—a smiling river sparkling through the windings of a landscape—a little bit of sunshine that will get in your eyes—or anything else that is most pleasant, lovable, and grateful. It were as unnecessary to speak of her dancing as of Madame Sontag's singing—both are out of the reach of criticism; but more touching, winning, speaking, suggestive pantomime was never seen. Prospero was indeed to be envied the possession of such a servant, the natural enemy of Caliban and all that is hideous and egotistical.

As for Madlle. Parodi, who has one song to sing and one scene to play, we feel inclined to praise her more than we ever praised her before. Both her acting and singing were perfect, and her *canzone*, executed with genuine spirit and hearty abandon, won an enthusiastic encore, and was one of the most decided "hits" of the opera.

A word of praise, justly earned, to Coletti, who looked and acted nobly as Prospero; to Baccarelli, who never sang so well as in Fernando; and to F. Iabache, Lorenzo, Madame Giuliani, and Madlle. Ida Bertrand, who all gave importance to small parts by extreme care and intelligence, is all we can find room for in the present notice.

For Balfe, who presided in the orchestra, no praise can be deemed superfluous. Had the music of *La Tempesta* been his own, he could not have displayed more hearty and unremitting zeal. The band never sounded so well, although its improvement, under Balfe's guidance, is the theme of constant remark, while the chorus seemed to have been strengthened by fifty voices. The prayer in the first act was sung to perfection, and the instrumental accompaniments were correct and effective throughout. Balfe has never more triumphantly proved the value of his services as director of the music at Her Majesty's Theatre.

We cannot conclude without acknowledging the distinguished talent with which Mr. Marshall has given pictorial illustration to the various scenes imagined by Shakspeare in his gorgeous and magnificent poem. The mountain and water scene in the second act is one of the happiest emanations from his pencil.

The reception of the opera was enthusiastic throughout. At the end of each act Madame Sontag and all the principals were recalled; Lablache was compelled to appear three times after the bacchanal of the second act; Carlotta came forward on every occasion with the singers—a novel distinction for a *danseuse* (but, then, Carlotta, as Fiorentino said, dances with her eyes and sings with her feet); after each piece of importance the singers were compelled to reappear; and at the end Halévy and Balfe were successively demanded amidst hurrahs of applause, while the same honour being conferred on M. Scribe and Mr. Lumley, each bowed gracefully and repeatedly from his box, to the accompaniment of cheers and applause that rent the roof.

And thus much till our next of *La Tempesta*, which has been twice repeated since the first night, with augmenting success. The hit is decisive.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

SATURDAY, *Roberto il Diavolo*—Tuesday, the *Huguenots*—and Thursday, an extra night, the *Lucrezia Borgia* and the two middle acts of *Masaniello*—were the last three performances. The indisposition of Madame Castellani on Tuesday caused a good deal of the music in the first and second acts of the *Huguenots* to be omitted. The substitution of *Lucrezia Borgia* and two acts of *Masaniello* for the first act of *Norma* and the *Gazza Ladra*, Madame Castellani being unable to assume the part of Ninetta, for which she was announced, was a great disappointment.

The *Gazza Ladra*, when produced, will, we have every reason to believe, prove highly attractive, despite the anti-phlogistic qualities of the music as compared with the grand opera so much in vogue of late at Covent Garden. Ronconi's *Podesta* is acknowledged to be one of his best parts, and we

expect a good deal from Madame Castellani's Ninetta. But what a loss will the cast have to sustain for want of Alboni's Pippo! Who that heard it can ever forget the luscious beauty of Alboni's voice and her incomparable phrasing in the music of the peasant boy? We fear Alboni and Pippo are disunited for ever. The immense success achieved by the great artist in Ninetta will preclude her from undertaking the contralto part; so that, whether Alboni were at Covent Garden or not, we should have no chance whatever of hearing her in Pippo. We should like much to hear Alboni in Ninetta, and Angri in Pippo. In the absence of either, we must rest contented with Madame de Meric in the character, who will certainly play the part with energy and spirit.

Mario and Tamburini will, of course, sustain their favourite roles, Giannetto and Fernando, in which they have achieved so many triumphs.

The *Lucrezia Borgia*, on Thursday, created an immense sensation, chiefly owing to Mario's transcendent singing and acting. The incomparable tenor surpassed all his former efforts, and excited an absolute *furor*. It was universally expressed that Mario is this year greater than ever. The impression produced by his last scene on Thursday night it is impossible to describe.

Madame Viardot has arrived, or will arrive in the course of the day, and the *Prophète* will be given on Tuesday. There will be several alterations in the cast, and all for the better. Castellani will play Bertha in place of Miss Catherine Hayes; Maraldi will take Luigi Mei's place in the tenor Anabaptist; and Formes, we believe, that of Marini in the bass. All these changes will tend materially to a more perfect performance of Meyerbeer's *chef-d'œuvre*, which, in some instances, was not entirely satisfactory last year.

Fidelio, we understand, will be brought out before long, Pauline Garcia, Mario, and Formes sustaining the principal parts. *Guillaume Tell* is also talked of for Tambrlik, Castellani, Massol, and Zelger. Should time permit, Halévy's *Juive* will be given the latter end of the season.

MIRANDA'S ROMANCE.

(From the English version of "*La Tempesta*.")

A SWEET flow'r in a desert is growing;
The stream feeds it, the breeze with it plays,
The bright sun paints its leaves with his rays,
And the morn flings its gems in a shower;
And fair innocence, virtue, and love,
Have to guard it, united their pow'r:
Ev'ry angel and mortal alike
Must admire and must love that sweet flow'r.
Though the gale, with its leaves lightly sporting,
Its sweet perfume may waft through the air,
Yet, ye insects, to touch it forbear—
'Tis in vain that around it ye low'r;
For fair innocence, virtue, and love,
Have to guard it united their pow'r;
And that flow'r is a maiden, my child:
Thou, Miranda, thyself art that flow'r!

M. FIORENTINO, the celebrated *feuilletonist* of the *Constitutionnel*, has come to London on purpose to render an account in that journal of Scribe and Halévy's opera of *La Tempesta*.

MRS. ANDERSON'S CONCERT.

THE eminent pianist, Mrs. Anderson, gave her annual grand concert on Monday, at the Royal Italian Opera. Mrs. Anderson's concerts have been noted for many years, not only for the variety of attraction contained in the programmes, but for the preponderance of music of a high character which never fails to characterise them. On the present occasion the amateurs of the "classical" were largely conciliated, while those who delight in music of a lighter school were gratified to their hearts' content.

Mrs. Anderson's solid qualities as a pianist are too widely recognised to need insisting on here. Her judgment in the choice of music to perform is also a matter of notoriety; and she selected as the *piece de resistance* for the present occasion Beethoven's romantic and poetical *fantasia*, for pianoforte and chorus, in C major. The idea which stimulated Beethoven in the composition of this piece was that of a young lady pre-luding on the pianoforte, in the presence of a company of friends, who at length, enchanted by the beauty and skill of her improvisation, break out unanimously into an apostrophe to the irresistible charms of music. It is no small credit to Mrs. Anderson, that for some years she has been the only pianist to introduce this fanciful composition in public. She played it on Monday with her accustomed clearness, decision, and taste, and was admirably accompanied by the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Costa, the various *obligati* for flute, oboe, clarinet, and bassoon being cleverly rendered by Messrs. Ribas, Barret, Lazarus, and Baumann. Mrs. Anderson also performed Döbler's *Tarantella* for pianoforte and violin, in which she was assisted by M. Sainton. The execution was spirited and brilliant on both hands, and was received with the warmest applause. Besides the above, M. Sainton gave his well-known fantasia on the favourite airs in *La Figlia del Re* with the utmost neatness and precision.

The miscellaneous vocal programme was confided to the "stars" of the Royal Italian Opera Company. The most admired solo pieces were Madame Castellan's "Robert, toi que j'aime;" Herr Formes' "In diesen heiligen Hallen," from *Zauberflöte*; an air from Donizetti's *Gemma di Vergy*—an opera almost unknown in this country—by Ronconi; and the lovely aria from *Il Flauto Magico*, "Cara imagine," by Mario. The last was a perfect example of graceful and unaffected singing. By the way, the *Zauberflöte*, Mozart's own favourite opera, should long ago have been produced at the Royal Italian Opera. With the present company a cast of unprecedented strength might be insured. It has been continually promised, and now is the time to redeem the pledge; the two airs so finely sung by Mario and Formes have made everybody desirous of hearing the rest. The *Zauberflöte* is a mine of gems, which has never been thoroughly explored in this country.

Among the duets were the popular "Parlar Spigar," from *Zora*, sung with great animation by Tamberlik and Tamburini; "Tornami a dir," from *Don Pasquale*, in which Grisi and Mario were as delightful as ever; and "Quanto amore," from *L'Elisir d'Amore*. In the last, Ronconi's drollery, as Dulcamara, was highly relished by the audience; and Madame Castellan was much applauded for her finished style of vocalising in the florid passages of Adina. There was also the pretty quartet from *Le Comte Ory*, "Noble Châtelaine!" exceedingly well sung by MM. Maralti, Massol, Rommi, and Zelzer; the "Bridesmaids' Chorus," from Beethoven's music in *King Stephen*—a sparkling and melodious inspiration; and Purcell's madrigal, "In these delightful, pleasant groves," which received full justice at the hands of the chorus. The

comic duet, "Oh! guardato che figura," from Gneoce's opera, *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*, by Grisi and Tamburini, was also received with much favour. The mimicry of both artists was highly humorous.

The band played the overtures to Beethoven's "Leonora" and the "Jubilee" of Weber. The former *chef d'œuvre*, under the direction of Mr. Costa, who has greatly contributed to make it popular and generally appreciated in England, was a superb feat of orchestral execution.

We have purposely left what was intended to be the grand feature of the programme to the last, since, though a work of transcendent merit, it by no means received justice at the hands of the performers, and was consequently not understood by the audience. We allude to the music written by Mendelssohn for the *Edipus Coloneus* of Sophocles, one of the three tragedies which the celebrated composer illustrated, by command of the present King of Prussia, for the Court of Berlin. The *Antigone* and *Athalie* are already well known in this country, and by universal consent are included among the most ingenious and original productions of Mendelssohn. The *Edipus* was executed on Monday for the first time in public, Mrs. Anderson having obtained possession of the music through the kindness of Her Majesty the Queen, to whom Mendelssohn presented the score. Those who know it well are quite aware that the *Edipus Coloneus* is equal, if not superior, to either of its fellows; but those who heard it for the first time on Monday must have gone away with a very inadequate notion of its character and pretensions. The band played the instrumental music and accompaniments as well as could be desired; but the chorus, which consisted exclusively of male voices, persisted with such uncompromising obstinacy in singing flat and out of time, from first to last, that it was utterly impossible for uninitiated ears to form any idea of the music; while to those more learned the effect was proportionately disagreeable. The only voice that maintained steadiness of pitch during the entire performance was that of Mr. Bartley, who recited Mr. Bartholomew's translation of the German version—a task which he has had the honor of undertaking more than once at the Palace—with his usual emphasis and clearness. Under these circumstances we must content ourselves with assuring the public that the *Edipus Coloneus* of Mendelssohn has not yet been heard, and decline making any further observations on the work until a more favourable occasion presents itself. It was a spirited idea of Mrs. Anderson to produce this great and elaborate composition at her annual concert; but, while we admit this, we can hardly refrain from taxing the fair and talented concert-giver with some forgetfulness of the respect due to the memory of Mendelssohn in allowing it to be brought forward with such imperfect preparation. The reputation of the first composer of his time ought not to be trifled with on any consideration. Mendelssohn's music cannot be understood at first sight, even by the admirable hand over which Mr. Costa presides; and we feel assured that Mr. Costa himself must have been anything but satisfied with the manner in which the *Edipus Coloneus* was rendered on Monday morning.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

AN adaptation of the French drama of *Un Mari Anonyme* was brought out on Saturday, under the title of *None but the Brave deserve the Fair*, and obtained a decided success. The subject had already been made known by another version of

the same French piece, produced likewise with success at the Lyceum some two seasons ago.

The new drama may be looked upon as a very good specimen of that numerous class of works the scene of which is laid in the Peninsula, and in which the chief aim of the dramatist is to show his skill in conducting a complicated intrigue. The nobles of Spain or of Portugal seem to have been created expressly for the purpose of being heroes—half chivalric and half courtly—and the dramatist may play with them as with so many chessmen.

The scene of *None but the Brave deserve the Fair* is laid in Portugal during a civil war. Don Pacheco de Tremulo (Mr. Buckstone) has contracted a marriage between his sister Isabella (Miss Reynolds) and Don Rocco de Frias (Mr. Selby), with whom she is unacquainted. While the bridegroom is expected at Don Pacheco's castle, which is situated on the frontier, Don Flores (Mr. Webster), a detected conspirator against the King, suddenly rushes in for refuge, being pursued by the officers. Isabella, through a sympathy for the stranger, and Don Pacheco through his fears of the penalty incurred by harbouring a rebel, pass off the intruder as the intended bridegroom when the officers enter the castle. To keep up appearances, it is necessary actually to perform the nuptial ceremony between Flores and Isabella, and when poor Don Rocco arrives, he finds no one to welcome him, and is ultimately arrested as the traitor, Flores making his escape. A year elapses before the commencement of the second act. Don Flores has repented of his insubordination, and under a feigned name has acquired glory in the King's army. Coming to court he is delighted to find that Isabella, now the idol of the palace, is unwilling to annul her very peculiar marriage. At the same time he discovers that the King has intentions with respect to her, and a packet of love letters falls into his hand. He upbraids the King, much after the fashion of Don Cesar de Bazan, but is immediately arrested as a traitor. His generosity, however, in giving up a letter to the King himself, when he might have placed it in the Queen's hands, brings about a complimentary pardon, and the tale ends happily.

The three principal characters, on whom the piece depends, were excellently played. Mr. Webster was at home in the reckless, good-humoured soldier. Mr. Buckstone was amusing with his timidity and his nervous oscillation from one party to another, when the safety of his neck is concerned. Miss Reynolds displays in the character of Donna Isabella that elegance and ladylike deportment by which she is so much distinguished.

At the conclusion, when Mr. Webster had announced the piece for repetition amid loud applause, a call was raised for the author, when he informed the audience that he himself was the gentleman in question; which announcement was received with unanimous satisfaction.

STRAND

"THE retirement of that great actress, Mrs. Glover," says the *Morning Post*, "took place on Saturday night. She leaves the mimic scene, of which she was one of the chief ornaments, after the labours of more than half a century, with not even an aspirant who may hope to fill the void created by her absence. In every line of character Mrs. Glover was unapproachable—in comic passion and truthful pathos especially she was omnipotent. The colouring, though broad, was always natural, and the slightest sketch, by her artistic knowledge became a finished picture. Her voice, even to the last, had lost not one tone of its enchanting melody, her laugh

was joyous and ringing as when in the heyday of her youth, and her eye, as it filled with tears on the occasion of her leave-taking, was bright and lustrous as when we witnessed her first performance of Mrs. Oakley in the *Jealous Wife*, many, many years ago.

"Where may we now look for Juliet's nurse? The rich loquacity and deep grief are even now in our ears and in our hearts. Where look for another Mrs. Heidelberg, with her jovial frankness, heartfelt laugh, and old English honesty? Where discover the wily housekeeper—the Mrs. Subtle of *Paul Pry*—and innumerable other portraits with which her name and fame will be imperishably associated? In the early days of her dramatic career, Mrs. Glover sustained the loftiest characters in the tragic drama, combined with the leading parts in high comedy; hence her perfect knowledge of all the various exigencies of the stage, and that ripened excellence which had placed her at an eminence as justly merited as honourably achieved.

"The character selected for her last appearance was Mrs. Malaprop, in Sheridan's comedy of the *Rivals*, and never do we remember her more richly humorous or so irresistible in her command over the risible powers of her audience. Each word was anticipated with delight, and each sentence was welcomed with paroxysms of laughter. It was only in those portions of the comedy in which she did not appear that the mind reverted to the painful memory that this was the "last appearance" of her who for fifty-three years had held her sway over the sympathies of many-minded audiences; but who now, laden with years, was to bid a farewell to the scene around which her genius had cast so delightful a halo.

"Her entrance upon the stage in the second scene of the first act was the signal for one spontaneous burst of applause, mingled with cheers and every species of public manifestation of respect and welcome; and at the end of the comedy there arose one universal summons for Mrs. Glover. After a few pauses she was conducted before the curtain by Mr. William Farren, amid waving of handkerchiefs and showers of bouquets. When silence was restored, Mrs. Glover, who was evidently suffering from painful excitement, spoke tremblingly the following words:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I appear before you for the last time as an actress, after a service of fifty-three years before the public in London; and although it is possible I may on one more occasion address you in my profession, this is the termination of my actual theatrical career. I want words to express the feelings of gratitude which actuate my bosom for favours received through so long a period of professional service. To my excellent and kind friend Mr. Farren, I am indebted for the opportunity of meeting you in his charming little theatre to fulfil my last engagement, and to his admirable *troupe* for their able assistance on every occasion where their zeal and talent have been required. I beg leave to offer them and Mr. Farren my most grateful thanks and best wishes. Be pleased, ladies and gentlemen, to receive from me once more my most sincere acknowledgments for past favours, and to bid you a respectful farewell."

"A similar favour followed the delivery of this brief address, and the great actress, accompanied by Mr. Farren, left the stage.

"And now that the professional labours of fifty-three years in the service of the public are completed, will not that public evince its sympathies for the "favourite actresses" by administering to the peace and comfort of her remaining days? Is there one true lover of the dramatic art who will not seek to share in the noble effort to shelter those "remainder days" from "doubts" of the future? Of this, however, we entertain no apprehension; for, with the praiseworthy efforts of the committee which has been formed to arrange a final benefit, with the aid of all the native and foreign talent in London,

and the generosity—we may term it the gratitude—of the English public, a sum will assuredly be realised sufficient to ensure to this gifted woman an honourable and dignified competency."

We can add nothing to the above eloquent tribute to one of the greatest and most natural comedians the world has seen but a hearty "Amen" to every word of it.

The drama of *Power and Principle*, produced on Monday night, though professedly founded by its author, Mr. Morris Barnett, on Schiller's *Kabal und Liebe*, is so much altered from the original that it may be almost considered an independent piece. *Kabal und Liebe* was one of Schiller's early plays, belonging to the so-called "storm and pressure" period, and written with the then popular intention of identifying elevated rank with atrocious wickedness. President von Walter, Prime Minister at a German Court, wishes to marry his son Ferdinand to the English Lady Milford, the Prince's mistress, but the young man indignantly objects, partly from an honourable repugnance to an alliance so discreditable, and partly because he is in love with Louisa, daughter of Miller, an old teacher of music. Thus we have an ambitious and dishonourable father on one side, and an unconventional and honourable son on the other. The President has power to cause Louisa's parents to be arrested, but releases them on her writing a letter of assignment to Baron von Kalb, a ridiculous coxcomb, and taking an oath that she will not reveal the circumstances under which she has performed an act so hateful. The object of the letter, which the poor girl has only written on the supposition that it is the only means of saving her father's life, is to convince Ferdinand that she is unfaithful. The scheme proves too successful, for Ferdinand in his jealousy poisons Louisa and himself also.

Mr. Barnett has not only altered the story, which we have very briefly given, but has in a great measure modified even the tone of the work. Lady Milford, who in the original is made really in love with Ferdinand, and whose character is brought out with great force, is omitted altogether. The musician, Miller, who is a coarse humorist, is softened down into a pathetic father of the ordinary kind; and an old wife, who is the especial target of his obnoxiousness, is struck out, like Lady Milford. Ferdinand, who, aware of a crime that his father has committed, threatens his life in a fearful moment of desperation, is made the nephew, not the son, of the President, and a terrible collision of love and duty is thus avoided. The catastrophe is completely altered. Louisa, not being able to vindicate her fidelity, is about to take poison, when Ferdinand, who has forced the truth from the President's secretary, Wurm, rushes in, saves her life, and rewards her with his hand.

Those who go to the New Strand Theatre with any expectation of seeing the stormy and lengthy play of Schiller, bubbling up as it is with the rude strength of his Titanic youth, will not find their expectations realised; but, nevertheless, a very clever practical drama has been created. Mr. Barnett, while reducing the dimensions of the original, has shown considerable ingenuity in detecting the capability of his subject for striking situations, and he has brought every act to a sharp, effective conclusion. On the scene when Louisa is made to write the letter in spite of her repugnance, he has bestowed especial care, and the ability of Mrs. Stirling to represent the most intense grief and anxiety is employed to excellent effect in the character of Louisa. Generally, the piece is well acted. Mr. Leigh Murray is completely the ardent and devoted Ferdinand; Mr. Compton moves in a well-known track as the Baron; Mr. W. Farren exhibits

much pathos in the not very prominent Miller; Mr. Diddes aptly assumes the stern malignity of the President; and Mr. H. Farren, as the designing Wurm, gives something of a quiet Mephistophiles air to the part, which shows much artistic feeling. All the principal characters were acted at the conclusion, and then the appearance of Mr. Barnett was universally demanded. Mr. Leigh Murray stated that Mr. Barnett was not in the house, and then announced the piece for repetition amid loud applause.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

MONTPELLIER.—Since I last wrote to you, the *Sonnambula*, with a repetition of *Norma*, has been given at our theatre. Were it possible to add to the excitement of the play-going community since the arrival of Montenegro, her acting and singing in the *Sonnambula* would have done so, for I have not heard for some time more accomplished singing and more energetic acting. The artless girl, her despair and misery in supposing she should lose her lover, were each in turn admirably portrayed; and when she arrived at the *faute*, which, from not knowing the opera, the audience were unprepared for, they actually rose en masse, and again and again called the *cantatrice* before the curtain to be showered with wreaths and bouquets. Elvino is peculiarly suited to Santiago. He is most happy in any part where pathos is required, and he gave good effect to the great *scena*, in which he was warmly encouraged. Signor Ghislanzoni has one of the best baryton voices I have heard for some time; he sang "Vi ravviso" remarkably well, and shewed throughout talent of no inferior order. It appears this gentleman has sung at the "Scala," where he was a universal favourite, but, in consequence of some dispute with the management, he declined engaging a second season. The *seconda donna* being ill, Madame Santiago undertook the part of Liza, which in her hands became prominent. In consequence of many applications *Norma* was repeated last night. It is not here the custom to take places, so that people who expect a full house go to the theatre very early. The opera was not announced to begin until half-past eight, but at eight there were no more tickets, every place being occupied. It is needless to speak of Montenegro's acting and singing: I can only say it was not very far from the perfection of art. A singular and interesting circumstance took place after the opera. Madame Sabatieri, originally Mdlle. Uglier, the *prima donna* so popular at Vienna, Milan, Florence, and other principal towns in Italy, came from her country house on purpose to hear Montenegro, as she said, "once more in *Norma*." During the opera she entered into all the enthusiasm of the audience, and when it was over she walked across the stage from her box to the dressing-room of Montenegro, where the two popular *artistes*, who had not met for a long time, embraced each other with no common feelings of emotion. Madame Sabatieri took from her finger a brilliant ring, and begged her friend to keep it as a *gage d'amitie*, and said that she would come next Sunday to pass the day with her and witness her triumphs in *Luceria*. Perhaps there never were two *artistes* to whom the same *roles* belonged so completely as Madame Uglier and Madame Montenegro, excepting that the latter possesses much superiority as a *cantatrice* and an actress. This little incident has created additional interest on the part of Montenegro, as Madame Sabatieri is one of the leading members among the aristocracy of Montpellier.

T. E. B.

MISS CLARA LOVEDAY, the talented pianist, and favourite pupil of Liszt, has arrived in town from Paris for the season.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE INSTITUTION OF LADIES.

(From a Correspondent.)

AMONG the indications of improvement in musical taste as well as acquirement, of which it is every now and then our province to record; no point is either more interesting or of greater importance than the direction into a higher field of the musical studies of young ladies at school. Much has been said of the difficulty of introducing good classical compositions into such establishments; and although, on the one hand, the amount of drudgery gone through by our daughters to accomplish the purposes and satisfy the ambition of a musical "education" is proverbial, on the other, the result has been too often the mere forced acquirement of a certain degree of digital dexterity, which, if the pupil is clever, goes on at home in an endless exhibition of quadrilles, waltzes, and so forth; but if she be shy, and not musically gifted, ends where it began—in the unmeaning torture and labour of the practice itself, and in effectually debarring the recipient from any future love for or understanding of the works of the great masters.

But the difficulty our professors have complained of is fast succeeding before the judicious efforts making in some establishments of superior character towards introducing a love for and a proper appreciation of the best music.

What would be said by some of those who deny us any musical character or taste, had they witnessed a performance by young ladies at school of some of the finest and most difficult choral music ever written? Yet we had the gratification the other evening of being present at a private concert at Queen's College Institution for Young Ladies, Tufford Park, Camden Town, and of listening to a performance which, as being supported entirely by amateurs, reflects the greatest credit on all concerned.

The selection began with Mendelssohn's hymn, "Lauda Sion," as adapted to English words by Mr. Bartholomew, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Kilmorke, and was followed by the first "Walpurgis Night," a composition requiring the greatest precision and pains-taking vigilance, and is, in fact, very difficult from first to last. This was accompanied by Mr. George Osborne. Between these two long pieces, which constituted the principal features, the young ladies sang the trio, "Lift thine eyes," from *Esther*, and Rossini's *Corin*, and they were throughout responsible for every note of the music (solo as well as choral) against their voices; and this was not from a mere class of pupils selected for more than ordinary talent, but was supported, in her degree, by every pupil in the establishment, altogether mustering a chorus as numerous as that of the Royal Italian Opera; the male voice parts being supported by gentlemen of Mr. Hullah's upper school, on whose system these ladies have been instructed by his able assistant, Mr. Monk.

We need not say that we regard such instruction as most valuable, both for the sake of the excellent opportunity it affords of grounding the student in real musical knowledge, and especially for the influence it must have in forming a taste for the highest order of musical composition.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

MY DEAR SIR,—In my last letter I mentioned that the Gregorianisers had been endeavouring to prove that a great number of Anglican Chants were fairly traceable to Gregorian sources. It will, perhaps, prove far from uninteresting to some of your readers if I now give them an illustration of the kind of evidence on which this point has been attempted to be established. And, after doing this, I shall take leave to carry out the "tracing system" a little, to the full extent of its excessive absurdity may be more apparent to some than perhaps it may be at present.

The Gregorianising process, then, is thus explained in a book now lying before me, published by a society for the propagation of Gregorian crotchets. "It is not difficult," the book states, "in

looking over any collection of the earliest English chants, to trace their origin in the Gregorian tones, tracing certain fragments of the Gregorian melody, as those of Alecock and Dr. Wm. Hayes, which are little else than the 8th Irregular or Peregrine tone." In that case it will not be amiss to bring forward these quoted chants, in conjunction with the Peregrine tone, that your readers may have the opportunity of "tracing" the precise extent of the supposed similarity for themselves. Here, then, is the Peregrine:—



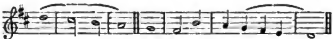
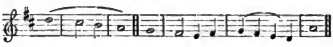
And here are the two Anglican chants in question:—



It will be at once perceived that the "longest likeness" that can be discovered to exist in these Anglican chants towards the Peregrine, consists of the descending GREEK TETRACHORD, over which, for the sake of perspicuity, I have drawn a curved line. I need not now pause to show that the resemblances above pointed out, are in reality only so to the eye; and that the different situation, accent, comparative length, &c., of the melody notes, and above all, their accompanying harmonies, tend to render them totally dissimilar in effect and character. I will, for the noose, waive all these legitimate and fatal objections to the pretences of the Gregorianisers, (including the Greek origin of the Tetrachord,) that I may be the better enabled to meet them on their own ground.

It is only necessary, we find it written, to "trace fragments of the Gregorianisers (or rather Greek) melody" in a piece of music, and its Gregorian origin is settled, and its solemn and devotional character proved.

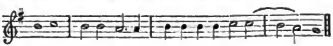
Here, then, is a chant with a "Gregorian fragment" occurring not simply once—as in the case of the chants cited by the Gregorianisers—but four times.



It is absolutely all "Peregrine," but is it the more solemn on that account? Here is the first line of a hymn tune, with the same piece of "Peregrine" repeated twice. Is it the more "Church-like" in consequence?



And here, again, is the concluding "fragment" of a popular air which also winds up with the same bit of one of the "unearthly, melodies," to the words "but I hate you, Rose."



"Is it 'devotional' music on that account?"

"To what result, now, it may be asked, do we find this 'tracing' theory of the Gregorianisers lead? They tell us that church music has degenerated; that some of our chants are profane; that a

reformation* of our church music was needed; that our church music ought to be invested with a character peculiarly its own; and a vast deal more in this strain; and then wind up by insisting that, as a necessary step towards purging church music of its secular and worldliness, we ought to "return" to that "heavenly" class of chants, "fragments of the melody" of which are to be found in the greatest abundance in the most "flimsy double chants," "ranting hymn tunes," "nigger melodies," &c. Now, what a sublime specimen of "Gregorian" reformation is this! What an overwhelming case of "Peregrine" pickle does it present! Talk of purging church music, indeed, of its levity by going back to the Gregorian chants!—as well might one talk of ridding the dwellings of the poorer classes of their dirtiness by a "return" to mud huts. Only witness the amusing accumulation of heterogeneous materials which the Gregorians have managed to secure as belonging to their sublime, devotional, heavenly school of church music, by their silly course of reasoning. This will give us an idea of what might be effected from such a course.

But we have now said sufficient, for the present at any rate, concerning these Greek, Gregorian, or Nigger chants. We must not dwell longer on the clumsy arguments by which their advocacy has been propped up, but look to the spirit in which the Gregorian clamour has been started and followed up by people who are still supposed to belong to the English church. The following, then, may be given as a brief history of the whole business.

A grand attempt is made to bring the Gregorian Chants into use in the English church. The attempt is resisted on the ground that the English church possesses what is better, namely, the Anglican chants, which some would nevertheless excommunicate. A reference is made to the writings of the self-elected reformers of English church music, under the natural supposition and with the reasonable expectation that there would be found a defence of all classes of church music; that there, in musical matters, and in matters of doctrine, the true distinctive principles and characteristics of what belongs to us would be found properly defined. But so far from this being the case, it is discovered that men have been found doing their worst to confuse the Anglican Chants with the Romish; to betray the trust to which they are self-appointed, and on the duties of which, therefore, they need never have entered, if their feelings were so inimical to their honest fulfilment. Thus we find not only the Gregorian Chants given in a *harmonised form* (for even their advocates are ashamed of them in their original naked shape), so as to make them bear some sort of resemblance to the younger and fairer species—a sufficiently dishonest trick, and one that calls to mind the vain old women that one sometimes meets with, who paint up to the eyes, with the idea of appearing youthful; but, besides this, our own chants subjected to an unnatural system of torturing and patching to force a resemblance from them to the stunted Gregorians. There, the utmost is found to be done to prove, if possible, that a long and honorable train of English church composers were little better than so many musical thieves and impostors, who hesitated not to put forth as new productions chants that were "little else than Gregorian Tones;" and which they tried to palm off as their own compositions. In a word, everything is found done that could be done to rob the English church musicians of their fair fame in this branch of their art. And all this subtle designing to degrade the Anglican church music and exalt the Romish, put into practice by those who pretend to have the interest of the English church music sincerely at heart. As a desperate and impudent attempt to force an obedience to the decree of the Archbishop of Mechlin, where the feeling does not naturally exist, it may be all very well, and is certainly very significant; but as a specimen of fair, honest handling of the subject, the less said the better, as Mr. Flowers justly observes.

And I am told that some of the chief instigators and abettors of this movement are "high church" clergymen of the Church of England" (?)—men, in that case, whose province it is, thrice a week, to direct the prayer of the people towards the throne of grace, to be delivered from all "hypocrisy, lying, and deceit." Now, is it easy to conceive a more pitiable state of things than this? At a

time, of all others, when it is necessary that "the party" should be showing itself to be above doubt and distrust, by the observance of a given and consistent course, it is found intimating a resolution to "die in defence of the truth," in regard to a doctrinal question which is at present being agitated in the Church, and yet showing an obstinate determination to "die in defence of a lie," in regard to a musical question that is being agitated in the Church. This is the unenviable situation into which the indiscreet, and certainly not over conscientious, Gregorianisers have managed to place their party by their miserable scribblings.

The first gleam of a better state of things has, however, at length shone forth. At a time when the Gregorianisers fondly hoped that their wily schemes were taking firm root, out comes Mr. Monk's book, which, in a single, short preface, completely demolishes all their claims, and exposes their one-sidedness and unfairness. Its publication is of importance in more senses than one. It speaks well for the college to which its editor is attached. It intimates that in one establishment at any rate, the distinction between pure Anglicanism and spurious Romanism is broadly defined; and that genuine Church of England principles, and genuine English church music, are there acknowledged to be such, and that, as such, they are fostered and encouraged, cultivated, and defended. Mr. Monk, however, must not expect to escape sect free in quarters where "honesty is held to be not the best policy." Whether his book will be passed over in convenient silence, and its author simply quietly hated; or whether he will come in for a tolerable share of spleen and abuse, as many others have done before him, time only can show. As at any rate he deserves the thanks of all those who have any sincere interest in the welfare of English Church music.

I remain, my dear Sir, yours very sincerely,
Monday, May 27, 1850. AN ORGANIST.

REVIEWS.

"*Le Diamant de la Société*," composed by CARLO MINASSI.
WESSEL AND CO.

UNDER the above title Mr. Carlo Minassi has composed a pleasing and brilliant waltz. Although the subject does not bear the stamp of any great originality, the manner in which it is worked out deserves praise. The passages are showy and effective, and lie well for the hands. We have no doubt *Le Diamant de la Société*—which is dedicated to Mr. W. H. Holmes—will become a drawing-room favorite. The publishers have brought it out in a very elegant style.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GARDONI.—This accomplished singer has arrived in London. Gardoni is in excellent health and spirits. He will, we understand, make his debut in *Le Comte Ory*, on/of the least known, though, at the same time, one of the most admirable operas of Rossini.

MADAME VIARDOT is expected in town to-day from Berlin.

M. DESCHAMPS, partner in the great musical establishment of

of Brandus and Co., has been in London for a few days, and has returned to Paris.

THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN'S CATCH CLUB held its usual weekly meeting, on Tuesday last, at the Thatched House, St. James's Street—Lord Wrottesley in the chair—supported by T. Fitzherbert, Esq., the Hon. Archibald McDonald, W. Dixon, Esq., and other distinguished members. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge had signified his intention of presiding, but was unavoidably prevented. Some fine glees were sung by Messrs. Francis, Land, Bailey, Bradbury, and Mr. Elliott, the secretary.

Mrs. ALLEN, of Gardiner's Row, Dublin, gave her annual concert to the parents and friends of her pupils on Friday and Saturday in last week. On both occasions a varied selection of music was performed by the young ladies under tuition at the establishment. The following were the most successful morceaux. *The adagio and rondo* from Mendelssohn's first concerto in G minor; Mozart's overture to *Zauberflöte*; Henselt's variations on "Jo son Kicco;" Ries' Grand Triumphant March; Stephen Heller's *Hommage à Schubert* (No. 14. "The postman's horn"); Winter's overture to *Zoira*; Schulhoff's *Caprice* on Bohemian airs, and his

* A great mistake. All that was wanted was a revision, in moderation and in good taste.

Victoria Waltz, together with others too numerous to mention. The academy is under the highest patronage that can be had in Dublin. The Countess of Clarendon, accompanied by her interesting children, the Ladies Villiers (pupils of Miss Allen), lately honoured Mrs. Allen's academy with a second visit, when the noble Countess expressed herself more than delighted with the musical entertainment provided for her on that as well as on a former occasion. The academy is rendered particularly attractive from the private manner in which it is conducted, being solely under the superintendence of Mrs. Allen and her daughters.

ITALIAN OPERA AT PLYMOUTH.—A partly Italian and French troupe have been playing operas at Plymouth. It appears the speculation has not been particularly productive to the liberal manager, Mewcombe, as the names of the artists, with the exception of that of Signor Montelli, are entirely unknown; and the public are a little difficult to please, and not without reason, considering they had Madame Montezemolo as *prima donna* last summer; and a report is current that she is about to revisit this favorite resort during the summer months.

JENNY LIND.—A letter from Stockholm, of 24th ult. says:—"The day before yesterday Mdlle. Jenny Lind arrived here from Lubeck, by the steamer the *Gauthio*. At the landing place, the celebrated cantatrice was received by a great number of young girls, all clothed in white, who offered flowers and wreaths to her. A carriage, drawn by four white horses, sent by the Philharmonic Society, conducted Mdlle. Lind to her hotel, where some apartments had been prepared for her. In the evening, the houses adjoining the hotel were illuminated by lights placed at all the windows; a chorus of professors and *dilettanti* executed a serenade under her windows, and hundreds of young men promenade the principal streets of the town in procession, carrying flambeaux. Mdlle. Lind will give six concerts at the Royal Theatre at Stockholm. According to the custom here when a noted artist arrives, the tickets for the places are put up to public sale; more than 15,000 persons disputed their possession, and they have been sold at exorbitant prices. Mdlle. Lind will quit Stockholm towards the middle of July for the waters at Ems. Her engagement in the United States commences on the 1st October; but she will not embark for that country before the month of September."

It is with great regret that we have heard that Mr. Samuel Rogers, the well-known poet, met with a very severe accident on Thursday night week, on his return home from dining with a friend. Mr. Rogers was knocked down by a cab in crossing the street, and has ever since continued in such danger as to cause very serious alarm to his numerous friends and admirers.

DEATH OF WYATT, THE SCULPTOR.—We regret to report the death, by apoplexy, at Rome, of Wyatt, the eminent sculptor, who for the last twenty years resided there, working out those graceful creations of the chisel which enrich so many European and British galleries.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A CONSTANT READER.—Signor Cardoni still belongs to the troupe of *Her Majesty's Theatre*, and will make his first appearance this season in *Rosini's Le Conte Ory*. He has been in Paris since he left St. Petersburg.

W. B.—We are compelled to decline, with thanks, our correspondent's poetical contribution. Two similar essays on the same theme have already appeared.

BULLY.—Yes.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE Gentlemen of the Huddersfield Glee Club hereby offer a Premium of TEN GUINEAS for the best original serious GLEE for four voices. To be sent in addressed "To the Huddersfield Glee Club, George Hotel, Huddersfield," on or before the 31st of August next.

Each composition is to be distinguished by a motto, and accompanied by a sealed letter (containing the real name and address of the composer), indorsed with a corresponding motto.

The manuscript will be retained by the Club, but the copyright will not be interfered with. The name of the successful candidate will be announced immediately after the decision.

JOHN FREEMAN, President.
C. W. BROOKS, Vice-President.

Huddersfield, May 26th, 1850.

TO THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.

A YOUNG MAN, possessing a knowledge of the Piano-forte, Concertina, and Organ, in each of which he is capable of imparting instruction to a considerable extent, is desirous of obtaining a SITUATION where he could make further improvement, and obtain a moderate remuneration for his services. In Piano-forte Tuning and Quadrille Playing he would also be found useful. Good testimonials can be given of character and ability. Apply, by letter, to E. R. M. Allen's, 17, Fetter-street, Bedford-square, London.

Just Published,

MADLIE JENNY LIND'S

"MADELAINE AND THE BIRD."

A DOUBLE SONG, Translated from the German by
DERMID RYAN, Esq. Music by C. A. ANZOLD. Sung by JENNY LIND in all her late Concerts on the Continent.—Price 1s.
SCOTT and Co. Importers and Publishers.

W. H. HOLMES'S

"PIANOFORTE ANDANTE."

Price 2s. To be had of the principal Musicians. Also, by the same
Composer—BALLAD.

SCENES OF CHILDHOOD,

Sung by Miss DOLBY; 2s.; and New Song,

MILLY'S CONSOLATION,

Sung by Madame Macfarren; 2s. 6d.

SACRED CANZONET.

"ONWARD ROLL OUR FLEETING DAYS."

Sung by Miss DOLBY. Composed by JOSEPH THOMAS COOPER.
Published by Messrs. CRAMER and Co., Regent Street. Price 2s. Sent free for Postage Stamps by Mr. Cooper, 16, St. Mary's Road, Canonbury.

MUSIC HALL, STORE STREET, BEDFORD SQUARE.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN ROE.

RESPECTFULLY announce their ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1850.

Vocalists—Miss Poole, Miss Mesient, Miss Woodford (Pupil of Mr. John Roe, her first appearance in public), Miss M. Wilson, Mrs. W. Wilson, and Mrs. John Roe; Mr. Sims Reeves (his first appearance at this Hall), Mr. Benson, Mr. Herbert, and Mr. W. H. Seguin.

Instrumental Performers—Piano-forte, Miss Roe; Violin, Mr. Willy; Harp, Mr. Frederick Chatterton; Flauto-forte and Organ, Mr. John Roe.

Conductors—Mr. W. Wilson and Mr. John Roe.
Tickets, 2s.; Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d.—Tickets may be had at the Hall; at the Principal Music Shops; and of Mr. John Roe, 52, Stanhope Street, Mornington Crescent.—Private Boxes only of Mr. John Roe, as above.
Doors open at Half-past Seven; Concert will commence at Eight o'clock.

MR. JOHN PARRY'S ENTERTAINMENT.

MUSIC HALL, STORE STREET.

MR. JOHN PARRY will have the honour of giving an entirely new Entertainment, entitled "NOTES VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL," for the first time, at the above Rooms, on MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 24, commencing at Half-past Eight.
Back Seats, 2s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 4s.; to be had of the principal Musicians.—Stalls, 5s.; Private Boxes, to hold Six, 24s.; to hold Eight, 32s.; to be had only of Messrs. Olivier, 41 and 42, New Bond Street; and at the Hall.

M. BENEDICT'S CONCERT.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MADAME BONTAG will sing, by general desire, and for the last time, the variations, "Ah! vous dirai-je, maman," with flute obligato, by M. Remusat; a grand duet, with Madame Frezzolini; Mendelssohn's celebrated trio, from *Elijah*, with Mdlle. Charton, Mdlle. I. Bertrand; and a new English ballad, composed expressly for the occasion of M. BENEDICT'S GRAND ANNUAL CONCERT, which will be given on the Stage of HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, on FRIDAY MORNING, June 21. Boxes and stalls may be secured at the Box-office of the Theatre, and of M. Benedict, 2, Manchester Square.

MR. CRIVELLI

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that a THIRD EDITION OF

THE ART OF SINGING,

enlarged and newly arranged in the form of a Grammatical System of Rules for the Cultivation of the Voice, may be had at his Residence, 71, UPPER NORTON STREET, and at all the principal Musicians.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

LA TEMPESTA.

It is respectfully announced that a GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will take place on
THURSDAY NEXT, JUNE 20TH, 1850,

When will be presented the highly successful New Grand Opera by HALEVY,
the Poem by SCRIBET, founded on the *Tempest* of SHAKESPEARE, and com-
posed expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre, entitled

LA TEMPESTA.

The Incidental Dances by M. PAUL TAGLIONI.

The Costumes executed under the superintendence of Madame COFERE.

DRAMATIS PERSONE.

Alfonso (King of Naples)	...	Sig. LORENZO.
Prospero (Duke of Milan)	...	Sig. COLETTI.
Antonio (his Brother, the Usurper)	...	Sig. F. LABLACHE.
Ferdinand (Prince of Naples)	...	Sig. BAUCARDE.
Trivulzio	...	Signor FERRARI.
Stephano	...	Mdlle. PARODI.
Sycorax	...	Mdlle. IDA BERTRAND.
Spirit of the Air	...	Madame GIULIANI.
Ariel	...	Mdlle. CARLOTTA GRISI.
Caliban	...	Sig. LABLACHE.
	and	
Miranda	...	Madame SONTAG.

Director of the Music and Conductor, Mr. BALFE.

With various Entertainments in the

BALLET DEPARTMENT,

In which will appear

Mdlle. CARLOTTA GRISI,	Mdlle. MARIE TAGLIONI,
Mdlle. AMALIA FERRARIS,	M. CHARLES, and M. PAUL TAGLIONI.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.

GRAND MORNING CONCERT, on Monday, June 17, to commence at half-past One o'clock precisely, under the immediate patronage of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, the Nepaulese Ambassador and suite, and other most distinguished personages.

The friends of the late MADAME DULCEN, and the members of the musical profession, desirous of testifying their respect and esteem for her memory, intend to give a GRAND MORNING CONCERT for the BENEFIT of her FAMILY, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, and, through the kind condescension of the direction of her Majesty's Theatre, made for this occasion exclusively, several of the leading Artists of that establishment will also appear. Full particulars may be obtained at the principal music warehouses and libraries; of any of the members of the committee; and of Charles Stovin, Esq., Hon. Sec., 31, Harley Street.

MUSICAL UNION.

SEVENTH and DIRECTOR'S MATINEE. Compositions by Spohr, Beethoven, Haydn, Heller, and Ernst, Mendelssohn, with Selections from *Jessonda*, for voices and band, and vocal solos, will be included in the programme for Tuesday next. To begin half-an-hour earlier than usual, viz., at 3 o'clock, at 5 Willis's Rooms.

Violinists: Ernst, Salomon, Dehniffe, Guffrie, and Watson.

Violas: Hill and Mellon.

Violoncellists: Fiori and Fillet.

Pianists: S. Heller and C. Hallé.

Extra Tickets for Visitors, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had of Cramer and Co.

Members can introduce their friends by payment at the door.

J. ELLA.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

FIRST NIGHT OF LA GAZZA LADRA.
ON TUESDAY NEXT, June 18th, will be performed (for the First Time these Three Years) Rossini's favorite Opera,
LA GAZZA LADRA.

Ninetta	...	Mdlle. CASTELLAN,
	(Her First Appearance in that Character.)	
Lucia	...	Mdlle. COTTI.
Pippo	...	Mdlle. de MERIC.
	(Her First Appearance in that Character.)	
Fernando	...	Signor TAMBURINI,
Podesta	...	Signor RONCONI.
	(His First Appearance in that Character.)	
Fabrizio	...	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Isacco	...	Signor LAVIA,
Georgio	...	Signor POLONINI,
	ARD	
Giannetto	...	Signor MARIO.

EXTRA NIGHT.

FIRST NIGHT OF MADAME VIARDOT.

FIRST NIGHT OF LE PROPHETE.

The Directors have the honor to announce that a GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will take place on THURSDAY NEXT, June 20th, on which Evening will be represented (for the First Time this season), Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,
LE PROPHETE.

In which Madame VIARDOT will make her First Appearance this season.

Fides, Madame VIARDOT.
(The Original Representative of the part at the Grand Opera in Paris.)
Bertha, Madame CASTELLAN.
(The Original Representative of the part at the Grand Opera in Paris, her First appearance in character in England.)

Jean de Leyden	(the Prophet)	Signor MARIO.
Count Oberthal	...	Signor TAGLIAFICO.
Sergeant	...	Signor LAVIA.
Pescante	...	Signor ROMAN and SOLDI.
Gien	...	Signor MARALTI.
	(His First Appearance in that Character.)	
Mathisen	...	Signor POLONINI.
Zaccaria	...	Herr FORMES.
	(His First Appearance in that Character.)	

The CHOIR in the Grand Coronation Scene of the third Act, will combine the powers of the FULL ORCHESTRA, the MILITARY BANDS, the CHORUS, and ORGANS.

The Incidental Ballet in the Skating Scene will be supported by
Mons. ALEXANDRE and Mdlle. LOUISE TAGLIONI,
(as Danced by them at the Grand Opera at Paris), and comprise the celebrated QUADRILLE DES FATINEURS.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.
The Scenery by Messrs. GRIVELY and TELBIN.
The Dresses by Mrs. BAILEY and Madame MARZIO.
The Properties and Appointments by Mr. BLAMIRE.

The extensive Stage Machinery by Mr. ALLEN.
And the Spectacle under the direction of Mr. A. HARRIS.
The Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven, and the Performances commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had (for the Night or Season) at the Box-office of the Theatre, corner of Hart Street and Bow Street, Covent Garden, which is open from 10 till 5 o'clock; and at the Principal Libraries.

GRAND MORNING CONCERT.

MONDAY JULY 1st.

On MONDAY, JULY 1st, the LAST CONCERT of the Season will take place, on which occasion, in addition to a Miscellaneous Selection, will be performed HAYDN'S ORATORIO,

THE CREATION,

Supported by the Principal Artists of the Establishment, the Full Band and Chorus.

PRICES BY ADMISSION.

Boxes, £1 11s. 6d.; ditto, £2 2s.; ditto, £3 12s. 6d.; ditto, £3 3s.—
Orchestra Stalls, 10s. 6d.—Pit, 5s.—Amphitheatre Stalls, 3s.; Front Row, 5s.—Amphitheatre, 2s.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the Parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in the County of Middlesex, where all communications to the Editor are to be delivered on. To be had of G. Perkins, Dean Street, Bobo; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Bookellers.—Saturday, June 18th, 1850.

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE,

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s. Stamped; 12s. Unstamped; to be forwarded by Money Order or Postage Stamp, to the Publisher, W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

No. 25.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1850.

PRICE THREEPENCE
STAMPED FOURPENCE.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Our notice of the performances at this theatre was inadvertently omitted the week before last. To preserve our record complete, we may, therefore, as well state here, that the *Barbieri di Siviglia* was played on Saturday, the 1st inst., with Madame Sontag, &c., and that on the Tuesday following, Miss Catherine Hayes being indisposed, Madame Frezzolini undertook the part of Lucia, in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, at a few hours' notice. On the subsequent Thursday, when *La Tempesta* was to have been given for the first time, the production of that opera being postponed until the Saturday, *Lucia* was repeated. On both occasions her reception was highly flattering. The ballet performances presented no new features.

Since our last, *La Tempesta* has been repeated thrice, to overflowing houses. On Thursday, Her Majesty the Queen attended the performance, and appeared highly pleased. Madame Sontag, Lablache, and Carlotta Grisi were in high favour with the royal party, Her Majesty and Prince Albert bestowing marked applause upon their exertions frequently during the evening. To-night *La Tempesta* will be represented for the seventh time. We find no reason, on a closer acquaintance, to modify the opinions we have already advanced upon the merits of this work. It has evidently gained the public ear, and there can be little doubt that it will be the means of filling the treasury. M. M. Scribe and Halévy have, therefore, left our shores with the pleasant conviction that their trip to England has alike been honorable to themselves, and profitable to the spirited lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre. Whatever else we have to advance about *La Tempesta* will be found in the article headed "Our Contemporaries."

We understand that M. Halévy's opera is likely to run yet many nights. Bellini's *I Montecchi e Capuletti* is, however, on rehearsal for Mlle. Parodi, and will, we believe, be succeeded by Rossini's *Tancrède*, for that young lady, in conjunction with Madame Frezzolini. Meanwhile we shall be glad to hear Gardoni in *Le Comte Ory*, and Madame Sontag in *Il Domino Nero*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Roberto il Diavolo was repeated on Saturday, Madlle. Vera sustaining the part of Isabella, in consequence of Madame Castellan's sudden indisposition; the *Gazza Ladra* was revived on Tuesday; and the *Prophète* was given for the first time this season with Madame Viardot on Thursday.

The performance on Tuesday was remarkable for the appearance of Tamburini and Ronconi in the same opera, it being the first time, we believe, they ever played together. Perhaps a better vehicle than Rossini's *Gazza Ladra* could not have been chosen by both artists to exhibit their qualities in the

most favourable light. Since the year 1833, when Tamburini first essayed the part, Fernando has been identified with his name, and has remained one of the most finished and powerful of his performances; while all Paris lately proclaimed that Ronconi had achieved one of his greatest triumphs in the *Podesta*. Although Castellan was announced for Ninetta, her name was withdrawn in consequence of indisposition, and Grisi was compelled to assume her original character; Mario was the young Soldier, Madlle. de Meric the Pippo, Tagliacoffe the Fabriccio, Lavia the Jew Pedlar, Madlle. Cotti the Lucia, and Polonini the Georgio. The opera was very strongly cast, and nothing was wanting but Alboni in Pippo to make it complete in every respect. Perhaps another rehearsal would have ensured more precision and certainty in the finale to the first act, and in the condemnation scene. We fear that French operas are absorbing all the attention of the directors of the Royal Italian Opera, to the detriment of Mozart and Rossini. Doubtless they are ruled by the prevailing, or fancied prevailing, public taste, and take their cue accordingly; but a little bird has whispered in our ears, that a little while and the old love for nature and simple beauty will return, and that good opera-going folks will relish music all the better for not having their feelings galvanised and their ears treated like drumheads.

The performance of *La Gazza Ladra* on Tuesday was a real triumph for the management. It was very nearly perfect. We were sorry, however, to find the prison scene so much cut. The opera is certainly long, but, as there is no after entertainment, these curtailments are questionable. Why should the *Podesta*'s scene with Ninetta be omitted, and why leave out one of the most delicious *morceaux* in the whole opera, the duet for soprano and tenor, "Forse non di cognoscere?" The maspie, too, should receive instructions in flying, thieving, and flapping his wings with something like decency.

No one who witnessed Grisi on Thursday night had cause to regret that she had taken Castellan's place. Her performance was splendid throughout, and all the old enthusiasm was awakened in the most striking parts of the opera. Her voice has lost none of its silver sweetness; the high notes have not deteriorated from their former brilliancy, while the power and volume and quality—the *Grisian* quality—still remain, and passion and intensity have grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength.

We have not heard Tamburini in such fine voice for years. He sang magnificently, and acted as powerfully and pathetically as in his most glorious days. There is one drawback to his great performance—the introduction of the scene from the *Maometto Secondo* in the second act. The opening movement is large and expressive, but the *cabaletta* only stops short of the ridiculous, and no singing could render it interesting or pleasing. With the exception of the singing of this *cabaletta*, Tamburini's performance was inimitable.

The feature of the evening was decidedly Ronconi, who was

* Postponed till our next.

received on his *entrée* with uproarious cheers. A single glance at his make-up showed the great artist. He looked the cunning, amorous Podesta to the life, while humor peered out from every line and corner of his face, and made the spectators scream before he uttered a word. The expression of Ronconi's face is truly marvellous. His features are as flexible as German gutta serena. He will laugh with one eye, and, as it were, weep with the other, while his mouth preserves an expression of the most perfect indifference; or he will reverse the expression of each feature; or he will represent as many passions in his countenance as there are opinions in a red republican club. In short his face is a perfect kaleidoscope, varying its meaning with every change, and ever presenting something striking. Ronconi's conception of the Podesta is entirely his own. It differs materially from that of Zucchelli and Lablache. He plays it as we fancy Frederiek Lemaître would play it. He invites the audience into a separate understanding with himself, and directs all his bye-play to them. This is after the fashion of the French comedians, and was the principle that governed some of our own greatest comic actors, witness Dicky Suett, and Power. It is this understanding with his spectators which sometimes leads Ronconi away from the business of the scene into extravagance, and endangers the performance. Having taken the audience into his confidence, his attention is mainly turned to them, and it is his business not to throw them over. He must amuse them at all hazards. His wink is an invitation to their sympathy, and a curl of his lip the sign labial of a contract entered into between him and them. He is the *Mephistopheles* of the fun, and the spectator the Faust, led away and spell-bound.

Ronconi's singing was admirable in the Podesta, although his voice wanted weight in the concerted music. We never heard the opening air, "*Il mio pianto il mio preparato*," rendered with so much effect. Every note had its point, and the close was hailed with a rapturous burst of applause. In the first finale, all the stage business was quite new. This scene could not have been better acted. Ronconi and Mario were exceedingly natural, and the dialogue was carried on with as much life and spirit as if a French comedy were being acted. The whole of the music was splendidly sung. Mario came out on two occasions with electrical effect. He was apparently labouring under a cold, but he sang with exceeding sweetness the aria *d'entrata*, "*Vieni fra questa braccia*," and his part of the beautiful quartet "*Mi sento opprimere*," with immense passion.

Mademoiselle de Meric looked and acted Pippo excellently, but her singing was exaggerated, and wanted finish. She was very forcible in the duet in the prison with Grisi, which, nevertheless, escaped the usual encore.

The cverture was enored with acclamations.

At the end of the first act all the principals were recalled; after the condemnation scene Grisi and Tamburini separately; and at the end of the opera all the principals a second time.

We trust the *Gazza Ladra* will be again repeated. After so great a success the directors should not allow it to be shelved.

The *Propheete*, and Madame Viardot, attracted an overflowing audience on Thursday night. The cast of Meyerbeer's great work differed in several respects from that of last season. In the first place Madame Castellan filled the part of Bertha, vacated by Miss Catherine Hayes. In the next place the two principal anabaptists, the tenor and bass, last year sustained by Luigi Mei, and Marini, were supported by Formes and Marali; these changes were all for the better, and the performance of Thursday was, in consequence, a great advance on the best performances of the bygone season.

There were some alterations in the music. If our ears did not deceive us, the opening chorus was shortened. Bertha's restored aria is an improvement, and Madame Castellan sang it to perfection.

The ballet in the lake scene suffers considerably from mutilation. We should strongly counsel the omission of the introductory chorus in this scene, and the restoration of the ballet music. The chorus is uninteresting as a composition, and is absurd in point of effect. The dagger and posture business is very crude Coubourg "business."

Madame Viardot's reception was enthusiastic. The cheering was prolonged several minutes, the whole house presenting the appearance of a "lawn" sea, from the waving of kerchiefs.

Madame Viardot's acting and singing in *Fides* is one of the grandest and most finished performances of modern times. The rusticity of the first scene is admirably assumed, and forms a fine contrast to the heart-full tenderness in the scene where the mother calls down the blessing of heaven on the son who unhesitatingly gives up love and happiness to save her life. The character of *Fides* is, perhaps, the most striking Scribe ever painted. It rises to sublimity in the scene of the coronation, and the artist, in the profundity of her conception and the intensity of her execution, reached the elevation aimed at by the author, and realised his finest creation, to the life. Madame Viardot was as great as ever in this tremendous scene, and produced an effect not to be described. Her most splendid vocal points were, perhaps, the "*Pieta, pieta, Abbi*," in the third act, when the wretched mother begs for money to buy a mass for her supposed departed son; and the grand cavatina, "*O verita*," in the prison. This last is a marvellous display of vocalisation, comprising an extent of voice of more than two octaves and a half, and embracing passages of the most perilous description. The exquisite pathos infused into the song to her son in the second scene, "*O figlio mio, eh dire*," is one of the most impressive points in Madame Viardot's performance; but, indeed, the whole was a triumph from beginning to end, and was acknowledged such by the audience, who gave vent to loud and reiterated bursts of applause in every scene. At the end of the coronation scene, when Madame Viardot and Mario were called before the curtain, bouquets were thrown from every part of the house—even from impossible places—showing the ultra-enthusiasm of the audience.

Mario's *Prophet* is certainly his greatest performance. The manifold beauties of his acting and singing overwhelmed every defect. His performance in the coronation scene is a masterpiece. Every look and attitude is instinct with meaning, and the manner in which he keeps his eyes averted from his mother, whom he fears to recognise, is a touch of the finest genius. Mario is a profound actor. He produces the greatest effect without the slightest exaggeration, and shows his power the most when he appears to make the least effort. His singing the beautiful aria, "*Un impero più soave*," was exquisitely tender and delicate, and the bacchanalian song in the last scene was a superb display of vocalisation. He was enored in the last with tumultuous applause.

Madame Castellan made a most charming Bertha. The fair artist was the original Bertha at the *Académie Royale*, and sustained the part with great *éclat*. The music is well suited to her brilliant and energetic style of vocalisation. The acting of Madame Castellan was no less happy than her singing. She threw an immense deal of feeling into the duet in the last act, when Bertha learns from *Fides* that Jean is dead. Indeed, no singer could do greater justice to the part.

Formes was a decided improvement on Marini. His grand voice told with powerful effect in the rugged hymn, "Ad nos, ad salutarem undam;" and in all the concerted music his importance was deeply felt. He made a fine and telling point in the scene where Zacharia discovers Oberthal, who enters the camp of the Anabaptists in disguise.

Maratti was also an advance on the personator of Giona last season.

The band and chorus were in immense force, and Mr. Costa appeared to feel the weight of the responsibility attached to the pledge of the Royal Italian Opera directors, that every work produced should be given with a perfect ensemble. If a perfect performance has not yet been attained in the *Prophete*, it must be attributed to the colossal magnitude of the work, and the difficulty attending the aggregation of new interpreters in its execution. After a few repetitions, we shall expect nothing short of a complete and perfect performance at the hands of the Royal Italian Opera Company.

The *Prophete* will be repeated to-night, Tuesday, and Thursday.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The eighth and last Concert for the Season, took place on Monday night. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in G Minor	Mozart.
Recit. "Divisi noi"—Duo, "Suppi che un rio dolore" (<i>Bianca e Faliero</i>), Miss Lucombe and Miss Dolby	Rossini.
Concertstück in C Minor (M.S.) Pianoforte, Mr. Benedict	Benedict.
Carolina, "Lieti Signori" (<i>Les Huguenots</i>) Miss Dolby	Meyerbeer.
Overture, "Der Berggeist"	Spahr.

PART II.

Sinfonia in A, No. 7	Beethoven.
Recit. "Chi per pietà"—Aria, "Deh! parlate" Miss Lucombe	Cimarosa.
Fantasia (<i>Ludovic</i>), Violin, Herr Ernst	Ernst.
Duet, "Now for him I lovd' so truly" (<i>Jessonda</i>), Miss Lucombe and Miss Dolby	Spahr.
Overture, "Jubilee"	C. M. von Weber.

Conductor, Mr. Costa.

It is not surprising that such a good selection should have attracted an unusually large audience. The rooms were so full that many persons were compelled to remain in the lobbies, while the inconvenience was heightened by the fact of the anti-chamber, ordinarily occupied by those who object to the heated atmosphere of a crowded area, being closed, or rather choked up in such a manner with canvass and other moveables, that it was impracticable for use. Considering that the members of the Philharmonic Society are such very old and valuable customers, we cannot but think this was a very ungracious and arbitrary proceeding on the part of the proprietors of the Hanover Square Rooms, more especially on the last night of the season. Some good, however, may possibly come of it. Every one is aware that the Hanover Square Rooms do not provide sufficient accommodation for the Philharmonic Concerts. There is not space enough on a full night, and with the new system of numbering the seats those who arrive at eight o'clock must be content to stand in a draught, near the door, or to sit in the lobby, out of hearing of the orchestra. The rooms, moreover, are not large enough for the proper effect of a band of eighty performers. The blasts of the wind instruments, in full pieces of the modern school, are quite overpowering. When choral pieces are performed the inconvenience is two-fold, since only a small chorus

can be placed, and that not without discommodating the members of the band. Hence the execution of such works as the ninth symphony of Beethoven, the *Lobgesang*, and the *Walpurgis Night* of Mendelssohn, have generally been partial failures. That such compositions come within the scheme of the Philharmonic Society cannot be doubted; but they require a chorus of at least 200, and this, at the Hanover Square Rooms, is out of the question. Already, as we hear, the question of finding a new locale for the Society's performances has been mooted. If the change be possible the sooner it is accomplished the better.

Little need be said about the two great symphonies which formed the strength of Monday night's programme, beyond the fact that they were executed in first-rate style, and that the *minuet* of Mozart and the *allegretto* of Beethoven were both encored. We must praise Mr. Costa for taking the *minuet* in *minut* time, a necessity too frequently overlooked by modern conductors. The *trio* in Beethoven's *scherzo* should have been given faster; the composer has marked it "un poco meno mosso" in the score, but being played nearly twice as slow as the *scherzo*, the contrast was greater than Beethoven intended. The *fugato* in the *allegretto* was admirably worked up, beginning with a *pianissimo* which left no room for criticism; and indeed the entire performance was in most respects such as we should like always to hear at the Philharmonic Concerts. Spahr's overture to *Der Berggeist*, one of his grandest orchestral compositions, was also very finely played; and Weber's dashing *Jubilee*, which ends with the English national anthem, was a spirited and appropriate climax to the concert and the season.

The engagement of Mr. Benedict to write a concerto and to perform it himself is a guarantee that the complaints of subscribers and the strictures of the press are beginning to have weight with the directors. Better late than never. Although Mr. Benedict, for upwards of fifteen years, has occupied a very distinguished position among our resident musicians and pianists, he has never before Monday night exhibited his talents at these concerts. His reception was so flattering, however, as to make up for this long attendance in the anti-chamber of Philharmonic patronage. Mr. Benedict's *Concertstück*, as he modestly terms it, is worthy of his reputation. The work of an able and conscientious musician, it abounds with ingenious orchestral effects, and passages for the pianoforte which could only have been written by a thorough master of its resources. The first movement, in C minor, *allegro maestoso*, opens impressively; the general style of this movement is passionate, but a happy relief is afforded by the second theme, a melodious and expressive *cantabile*, which first appears in the major key, accompanied by a beautiful *obbligato* for the violoncello, and is subsequently resumed in the minor, when the oboe adds a new and peculiar colouring to the instrumentation; the *bravura* passages that follow each delivery of this theme are vigorous and brilliant. The *allegro maestoso* does not come to a close, but glides into the next movement, a *pastorale*, to which the introduction of a kind of *scherzo* in the middle, as an episode, gives quite a novel form; though, on the whole, we found this movement too long, especially in the episode, the extremely clever management of the orchestra sustains the interest throughout, while there are some charming points of melody in the *pastorale*. The *finale* is joined to the preceding movement (Mr. Benedict has adopted Mendelssohn's plan of making the movements flow into each other, so that the concerto forms one uninterrupted piece of music) by an *agitato* passage for the orchestra, which leads by a *crescendo* to the theme in C major, one of great

is followed by a *bravura* passage developed with the utmost skill. A short *fugato*, something like that in the *finale* of Mendelssohn's first symphony, is subsequently introduced, and the movement is brought to a close with great spirit. The *concert-stück* is crowded with difficulties, and demands an unusual facility of execution; but although the fact of his appearing for the first time before one of the most severe audiences in Europe naturally made him nervous, Mr. Benedict played throughout with great fire and animation, giving equal effect to the passages of energy and to those in which a more graceful and subdued expression was demanded. His success was decided, and he retired amidst unanimous applause.

As it did not please the Directors to invite Herr Ernst to play a concerto at one of the concerts, notwithstanding that he has been in London all the season, we were not displeased to hear the great violinist in one of his own ingenious fantasias. The *Ludovic* is at once one of the most pleasing and brilliant pieces of its kind. The subject, a light and sparkling melody, in Herold's happiest manner, as Ernst has developed it—by the aid of the orchestra, of which he has so thorough a knowledge—becomes as acceptable to musicians as to amateurs. From the manner in which the theme was delivered it was evident that Ernst was going to play his best; his tone was exquisitely pure, and his phrasing large and expressive. His performance created the greatest enthusiasm; the *staccato* variation, one of the most original feats of its kind, executed with perfect neatness, and the *coda*, an elaborate passage of double-stopping, executed with astonishing rapidity, were received with loud applause, and Herr Ernst retired amidst the heartiest expressions of satisfaction from the whole room.

The vocal music was uniformly good, and the warm reception accorded to our excellent English singers, Misses Lucombe and Dolby, plainly showed how much more welcome they were to the audience than the foreign mediocrities to whom we have been compelled to listen at some of the recent concerts. Rossini's duet was sung to perfection, and that of Spohr was equally unexceptionable; but we must confess we should have preferred hearing something newer than the *scena* of Cimarosa and the page's song from the *Huguenots*, which the clever young ladies have been singing so very frequently of late.

On the whole, the present season has been a very successful one, and in spite of the drawbacks, of which from time to time it has been our duty to complain, not altogether undeservedly so. Mr. Costa's influence on the band has been unquestionably of the highest importance; in a short time, under his superintendence, if it continue to improve as of late, the Philharmonic Society will cease in any respect to be second to the Paris *Conservatoire* in this essential department. Already superior in force and energy, the Philharmonic band is in the right road to equal its celebrated rival in delicacy and light and shade. The faults we have to find with the management of the Philharmonic Society are, a want of spirit in presenting novelties to their subscribers, an occasional indifference to artists whose reputation may have undoubted claims on their attention, a habit of continually repeating the same programmes with but slight deviation from season to season, a general negligence in respect to the vocal music, and an obstinate blindness to the merits of our own composers. During the eight concerts of the season just expired, the symphonies performed have been as follows:—Mozart in C (*Jupiter*), in D No. 4, and in G minor; Beethoven, in D, in B flat, in F No. 8, in F (*Pastorale*), in C minor, and in A; Haydn, in G (Letter Q), and in B flat No. 9; Mendelssohn, in A No. 2, and in A minor; Potter, in D; Spohr, in C minor,

No. 3—fifteen in all. To none of these can any exception be made, unless to the *entr'acte* symphony of Haydn in B flat, which ought now to be confined to the student's shelf; but we maintain that some of them might for a time give way to newer compositions, or to others which are rarely or never performed; they would be heard with double zest after a silence of two or three years. The overtures, or at least many of them, stand in the same predicament. These have been Weber's *Euryanthe*, *Ruler of Spirits*, *Preciosa*, and *Johannee*; Bernhard Romberg's in D; Onslow's *Guise*; Cherubini's *Anacreon* and *Les Deux Journées*; Mendelssohn's *Ray Blas*; Spohr's *Berggeist*; Ries' *Don Carlos*; Beethoven's *Leonore*, and Mr. Griesbach's *Tempest*, MS. Those of Weber, *Preciosa* excepted, have been literally worn threadbare; the two of Cherubini, and Beethoven's *Leonore*, have shared the same fate; Onslow's *Guise*, and Ries' *Don Carlos*, ought not to have been played at all; and the only novelty, Mr. Griesbach's *Tempest*, would probably have never been proposed, had not the composer been one of the directors. Besides these, an *adagio* and *fugue* of Mozart was introduced at the fourth concert in place of an overture, but made very little sensation; while the *Walpurgis Night* of Mendelssohn, which took up an entire part of the fifth concert, though well executed, came too late in the evening, after a long and dreary selection of vocal and instrumental pieces, to be properly appreciated. The soloists have been Mr. Blagrove (violin—Mayesder's *Polonaise* in A), and Mr. C. Salaman (pianoforte—Beethoven's concerto in C minor) at the second concert; Mr. Cooper (violin—Mendelssohn's concerto), at the third; M. Sainon (violin—Beethoven's concerto), and Miss Kate Loder (pianoforte—Sternelade Bennett's caprice in E), at the fourth; Mr. Lindsay Sloper (pianoforte—Mozart's concerto in C minor), at the fifth; M. Thalberg (pianoforte—Mozart's concerto in D minor, and Thalberg's fantasia on L'Elisir d'Amore), at the sixth; M. Allard (violin—Allard's concerto in E), at the seventh; Mr. Benedict (pianoforte—Benedict's Concert Stück), and Herr Ernst (violin—Ernst's fantasia on Ludovic), at the eighth and last. We shall offer no remark on this list, nor upon any individual who makes a part of it, but considering the number of distinguished artists, well known to be in London during the season, we say, without hesitation, that it was not what the subscribers had a right to expect for their subscription of four guineas. Two quartets and a trio have been introduced this season, which by no means increased the attraction, although tediously prolonging the duration, of the concerts; at the first concert Mendelssohn's quartet in E flat No. 12, by Messrs. Sainon, Blagrove, Hill, and Lucas; at the fifth, Haydn's No. 81, by Messrs. Blagrove, Sainon, Hill, and Lucas; at the sixth, one of the most hacknied and dullest of Corelli's trios, written for violin, but played upon the violoncello, with another violoncello and a *contrabasso*, by Messrs. Lindley, Lucas, and Howell. Our objection to this renewal of a custom judiciously abandoned, and now doubly unwise, since it exposes the Philharmonic Society to unfavourable comparisons, has more than once been stated and explained. The vocalists during the season have been Miss Louisa Pyne, Madlle. Charton, the Misses A. and M. Williams, Miss Catherine Hayes, Mad. Madeleine Nottes, Mad. Otensia Maillard, Miss Lucombe and Miss Dolby; Messrs. Sims Reeves, H. Phillips, Benson, Whitworth, Frank Bodda, Machin, and Herr Formes. As the vocal music is always regarded as subordinate at the Philharmonic Concerts, it is scarcely worth while to complain of the list of singers, or of the music that some of them selected to sing; but we have a strong opinion on the subject nevertheless.

ROYAL SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE proprietors of this agreeable place of amusement have this season met with a success almost unprecedented. The weather has been unusually favorable for "out-door" amusements. The small charge of admission, one shilling, combined with the liberality of the arrangements, render these gardens one of the most desirable places of resort in the metropolis during the summer season. Such a brilliant and varied entertainment as is nightly given by the proprietors could not be made remunerative except in a *locale* covering a vast space of ground. The hours for commencing and terminating are also most convenient to families. The concert begins at half-past six, and the fireworks are over at ten o'clock. The public are too familiar with the rarity of the animals contained in the Surrey Garden collection to need any description from us; but should they require any special information, we advise them to go and obtain it themselves at the gardens; they are worth a visit. The magnificent painting representing "the passage of the Alps," by Danson, is attracting a more than usual share of public attention. All who have seen this painting and have visited the Alps, pronounce Mr. Danson's work to be, not only a masterly performance, but a strong resemblance. The distance is marvellous.

The musical arrangements appear to have received a particular attention on the part of the proprietors. M. Jullien is engaged as *chef d'orchestre*, and also many of the popular artists from the Drury-Lane concerts. M. Jullien is as indefatigable here in producing novelty as at his own concerts at Drury Lane. In addition to selections from the most celebrated operas, M. Jullien has lately produced a new galop and a new grand march. The galop is a description of a trip and the bustle on the "Derby day," with a *finale* descriptive of the "coming-in" at the winning-post and the triumph of the winner. All the resources of M. Jullien's method of orchestration are employed to give life and vigour to the description, and the applause at the Surrey Gardens is, we have little doubt, more unanimous than it was on the Epsom Downs on the Derby day.

On Monday evening, M. Jullien produced a new grand march, written in compliment to the illustrious General Jung Bahadoor Koonwur Ranajee, ambassador from Nepal, who, with his suite, honoured the gardens with his presence on that occasion. This is a style of composition in which M. Jullien is peculiarly happy, and this is one of his happiest efforts. The subject is a graphic imitation of the Indian style of melody, and is arranged with great tact. The trio is written in a style more in accordance with European notions. The instrumentation is highly elaborate, brilliant, striking, varied, and effective. The melody of the trio is both original and charming. On the whole, the "Nepalese March" is one of the most pompous and imposing we have heard, and is admirably adapted for concert orchestras and military bands.

The "lion" of the evening, the Indian ambassador, appeared to derive great satisfaction from such a distinguished mark of attention on the part of M. Jullien, and was evidently pleased with the composition, which, at his particular request, was repeated. General Jung Bahadoor Koonwur Ranajee also honoured M. Jullien by personally paying him his compliments, and held an animated conversation of several minutes' duration with the spirited and enterprising *chef d'orchestre*.

It would be an injustice to Mr. Godfrey to omit according him the praise rightly due for the state of excellency to which the orchestra has arrived. Under such a vigorous *baton* as

that of M. Jullien any orchestra would go with spirit; but not the less credit is due to the experience and exertions of Mr. Godfrey, who has brought it as it were perfect to M. Jullien's hands. Amongst the soloists we remarked Messrs. Koenig, Pratten, Sonnenberg, Collinet, Prospère, Jarrett, Sommers, and other well known artists. We believe that upwards of twenty thousand persons, of a most respectable class, paid the entrance money at the doors on Monday evening. The gardens have been crowded every evening during the week.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT.

MR. BENEDICT gave his annual grand concert of vocal and instrumental music yesterday in presence of a fashionable and brilliant audience that completely filled the theatre. The programme, divided into three parts, comprised about thirty *moreaux* in all, the execution of which occupied something less than five hours. The catalogue of performers included the names of Madame Sontag and the principal artists of Her Majesty's Theatre, Mdlle. Charton, from the St. James's, Herr Ernst, Herr Molique, M. Vivier, Signor Platti, M. Hallé, and other eminent instrumentalists. The programme, although leaning in a great measure to the popular style, was well varied and interesting. Mr. Benedict, with his accustomed modesty, was very chary in exhibiting his talents, and only appeared once as a pianist, in a composition of his own—the *concertante* for two pianofortes and orchestra, of which we spoke so favourably last year. M. Hallé joined Mr. Benedict in the execution of this spirited and effective piece, which was admirably played and received with great applause. The other compositions by Mr. Benedict were vocal. Mdlle. Charton, in a florid aria from a manuscript opera, evinced unexpected familiarity with the Italian school of vocalisation. The air, an elegant specimen of the *bravura* style, was rendered with equal animation and facility by the talented *prima donna* of Mr. Mitchell's theatre, who was honoured by the most flattering marks of approval. "The morning song," a short and sparkling *cavatina*, composed for Madame Sontag, and sung by that consummate vocalist with a grace and neatness quite her own, was equally successful, and obtained the distinction of an encore. Both these pieces were instrumented with Mr. Benedict's usual taste and knowledge of effect. "The 'Festival overture,' composed for the Norwich musical meeting in 1848, although announced in the programme, was omitted, for some unexplained reason, much to the regret of every one present.

The vocal programme included a large number of *moreaux* so familiar to the public that they demand no special notice. Among the most successful were the "Ah vous dirai-je Maman," with Adam's variations, by Madame Sontag, accompanied by M. Remusat on the flute (encored); the trio for basses from Ricci's *Chiara di Rosenberg*, by Coletti, Belletti, and Lablache; the trio for tenors from Rossini's *Armida*, by Gardoni, Calzolari, and Baueread, the unaccompanied trio for female voices, from Mendelssohn's *Elisabeth*, "Lift thine eyes," by Madame Sontag, Mdlle. Charton, and Mdlle. Ida Bertrand (sung much too slowly); the lively duet from Donizetti's *Maria Padilla*, "Ah figlia inenuta," by Madame Sontag and Madame Frezzolini; the "Un Segreto," from Cenerentola, by Lablache and F. Lablache; an air from *Maria di Rohan*, by Madame Giuliani, &c. Signor Gardoni made his first appearance in public since his return from St. Petersburg, and in the trio from *Armida* showed that his voice had lost none of its charming quality, while it seemed to have gained in strength. Miss Catherine Hayes was extremely

well received in Balfe's popular new ballad, "The joy of tears," which she sang with great feeling. The full vocal pieces were a scene from Gluck's *Armida*, and an "Ave Verum" of Mozart, in each of which the principal singers took part. The last is a beautiful composition, and was perfectly well executed. Mdlle. Parodi gave the lively *cantose* of Stephano, from *La Tempesta*, with great fire, and was warmly applauded.

The instrumental part of the programme was equally varied. The orchestra of the theatre, under the energetic conduct of Mr. Balfe, who directed the entire concert, performed Spohr's fine overture to *Der Berggeist*; M. Moliue played a very clever fantasia of his own, for violin and orchestra, on "English national airs," with his usual spirit and accuracy; Signor Piatti gave a solo for the violoncello on "favourite Russian airs," with that perfection of tone and style for which he is remarkable; Ernst and Hallé played the *andante*, with variations for violin and pianoforte, from Beethoven's grand sonata dedicated to Kreutzer, in first-rate style, and were warmly applauded; Mr. Ap Thomas executed a fantasia of Piaroli Alvars on the harp; and MM. Hallé, Lindsay Sloper, Benedict, and Osborne, united in the performance of a "quartetto" for four performers on two pianofortes, the composition of the last named gentleman.

M. Vivier, whose public appearances have been very rare of late, delighted the audience with one of his most masterly performances on the horn. The composition, an *andante* in E minor, with accompaniments for the orchestra, besides being well adapted to develop the capabilities of the solo instrument and the peculiar merits of M. Vivier's playing, contains many passages that attract notice from their intrinsic beauty alone, without reference to executive display. The principal theme, a phrase of genuine melody, which appears twice, in different keys, brought out the full rich tone of the performer in pleasing variety, while in the *cadenzas* he introduced with great felicity some of those novel and extraordinary effects of harmony which have perplexed both theorists and practitioners. M. Vivier's performance was listened to with the utmost attention, and loudly applauded at the conclusion.

On the whole, in spite of its extravagant length, the programme appeared to give general satisfaction, since the majority of the audience remained until the end. As Mr. Benedict is engaged to accompany Mdlle. Jenny Lind in her American trip immediately after the present season, this concert may be regarded as a farewell to his friends and the public until his return to England in 1852.

MOLIQUE'S NEW TRIO.

We quote with pleasure, from the columns of the *Morning Post*, the following intelligent critique of the last great instrumental composition of Moliue, published by Messrs. Wessel and Co. :-

"If all the foreign gentlemen who favour us with their company at this season of the year were as sterling musicians as the author of these compositions, we should have no cause to regret the excessive patronage lavished upon them by the British public. The residence of Herr Moliue in this country cannot fail to exercise a beneficial influence upon our rising artists, for he is a professor of the best school and the highest character, and as such we give him hearty welcome. The trio before us consists of an allegro, scherzo, adagio, and rondo. It is a work of considerable length and development, containing much that is new and admirable as regards melody, harmony, and construction. The first movement in the key of B flat, has a remarkably pretty eight-bar subject, which is first given to the violoncello, accompanied only by the violin. In the eighth bar, instead of completing the half cadence

on the dominant, the author employs its 6-4 chord, and modulates from that ingeniously into the key of E flat, which introduces the subject very happily and unexpectedly in the pianoforte part. Phrases derived from the leading theme are now charmingly dialogued between the violin and violoncello, accompanied by florid passages for the piano. Subsequently, at page 4, a novel figure is introduced, first in the piano part, then in the violoncello, and lastly in the violin, with excellent effect. We also admire very much, at pages 5 and 6, the working of a portion of this figure through various modulations (especially when the bass proceeds in contrary motion) up to the 6-4 chord on C natural; and the subsequent initiative "runs" in the violin and violoncello part, accompanied by a vigorous and strongly-accented passage in the pianoforte bass, which is also partially limited in the fourth above in the violin part. The whole of this, up to the double bar at page 7, is extremely animated and exciting. Here the return to the first subject in the first double bar is naturally contrived by a modulation from the second inversion of the diminished seventh chord on C sharp to the 6-4 chord of the tonic note (B flat), with which combination the subject commences. The first division of the movement is now repeated. In the second there are also many beauties; so many, indeed, that we must content ourselves on this occasion with noticing those which struck us most. We admire especially, at page 8, the manner in which the author has introduced the leading subject in an altered form in the key of B minor. It here acquires a warmer and more passionate character; and we admire no less the graceful triplet passages he has interwoven with it, and which produce an admirable contrast. At pages 9 and 10, we find some remarkably clever developments of the leading subject in close rhythmical imitations between the violoncello and piano bass, accompanied by florid passages in the piano treble and violin parts. In the last four bars of page 11, some ingenious and novel modulations will be found, worthy the attention of the student. At page 12, the *rentrée* of the leading theme F F, played by the violin, whilst the violoncello executes some clever counterpoint, and the piano a shower of florid passages, is excellent. The rest of the second portion of this movement consists principally of a repetition (with occasional variations of harmony) of that which was given in the first, according to the usage of the best masters. We must, however, notice a still further development of the leading theme, divided amongst the three instruments, and accompanied by highly ingenious pedal harmonies, which occurs at page 18. The concluding bars, too, are full of brilliancy and vigour.

"The scherzo is extremely light and fantastic. The *entrée* of the subject in the violin part on the chord of the seventh, with minor third and fifth, after a vague and mysterious introductory passage for the violoncello, has a very quaint and original effect. We also admire the first three bars of the last eighth, on page 13, where a playful descending passage for the violin is suddenly interrupted by some mournful notes played by the violoncello alone, and which form an admirable contrast with the joyous strain in F major (initiative of the theme first played by the violin) by which they are succeeded. To our taste, however, this strain is a little too light and frivolous for a work of high character. But for some delicate touches in the harmony and part writing, we should be inclined to attribute it to Strauss rather than to Moliue. Pages 20 and 21 contain some clever progressions and ingenious imitations. At page 22, the author has displayed much tact and taste in bringing about the *rentrée* of the subject. The trio is also light and pretty, but still, to our thinking, rather too Strauss-ish.

"After the repetition of the scherzo, the introductory violoncello passage, of which we have already spoken, is heard once more, and now leads us into the adagio in D major, 2-4 time. This movement commences very strikingly with the first inversion of the diminished 7th chord upon C sharp, struck abruptly and fortissimo by all the instruments. The cantabile subject, presently assigned to the violoncello, is flowing and elegant, and beautifully accompanied. We very much admire the manner in which the second subject, played by the violin, is accompanied. The syncopated passage in the right hand of the pianoforte part is excellently conceived and constructed. In this movement, Herr Moliue frequently verges upon the beautiful, and occasionally realises it.

"To the lively rondo we can also award great general praise

although want of space precludes the possibility of our entering into further details. On the whole, we consider that the author has reason to be proud of his work; and that artists may study it with advantage."

THE LATE MISS JANE PORTER.

As in the case of the recent death of Miss Edgeworth, it is singular that so little notice has yet been taken of the demise of Miss Jane Porter, one of the most distinguished novelists which this nation has produced. Miss Porter may be said to have been the first who introduced that beautiful kind of fiction, the historical romance, which has so prospered with us, and has added such amusement and interest to English literature. The author of *Thaddeus of Warsaw* and *The Scottish Chiefs*, has done much to deserve the lasting respect and gratitude of her country.

The family of this excellent woman and able writer is of Irish descent. Her father was an officer of Dragoons in the British service; he married a Miss Blenkinsopp, of the Northumbrian house of Blenkinsopp, which Camden styles "a right ancient and generous family." Miss Porter's father died in the prime of life, and left his widow with five almost infant children, in slender circumstances. The great talents of this orphan family raised them to affluence and distinction. Three of the children were sons: of these, the eldest perished in a dangerous climate abroad, at the commencement of a promising career; the second became a physician, and practised successfully—he is the present Dr. William Ogilvie Porter, of Bristol.

The third son was the late Sir Robert Ker Porter, K.C.H., distinguished as an author, a painter, and a soldier; some of our finest battle-pieces are the work of his pencil, and he himself followed to the field; he was with Sir John Moore when he fell victoriously at Corunna, and he earned a high reputation throughout the Peninsular war. He afterwards became a diplomatist, and was latterly consul at Venezuela. His *Tianlung Sketches in Russia and Egypt* procured him also an author's fame. Sir Robert Ker Porter died suddenly about seven years ago; he left by his wife, a Russian lady, an only daughter, who is married and resides in Russia. The two sisters of these brothers Porter were even more distinguished. The younger of them, Miss Anna Maria Porter, became an authoress at twelve years of age; she wrote many successful novels, of which the most popular were the *Hungarian Brothers*, the *Recluse of Norway*, and the *Village of Mariendort*. She died at her brother's residence at Bristol, on the 6th of June, 1832. The elder sister, Miss Jane Porter, the subject of this notice, was born at Durham, where her father's regiment was quartered at the time. She, with her sister Anna Maria, received her education under a famous Scotch tutor, Mr. Fulton at Edinburgh, where her widowed mother lived with her children in their early years. The family afterwards removed first to Ditton, and thence to Esher in Surrey, where Mrs. Porter, a most intelligent and agreeable lady, resided with her daughters for many years, until her death, in 1831. Mrs. Porter was buried in the churchyard at Esher; and on her tomb the passer-by may read this inscription, "Here lies Jane Porter, a Christian widow."

As a novelist Miss Jane Porter obtained the highest celebrity. Her three most renowned productions were her *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, written when she was about twenty years of age, her *Scottish Chiefs*, and her *Pastor's Fervents*. *Thaddeus of Warsaw* has immense popularity; it was translated into most of the Continental languages, and Poland was loud in its praise. Kosciuszko sent the author a ring containing his portrait. General Gardiner, the British minister at Warsaw, could not believe that any other than an eye-witness had written the story, so accurate were the descriptions, although Miss Porter had not then been in Poland. The *Scottish Chiefs* was equally successful. With regard to this romance, it is known that Sir Walter Scott admitted to George IV. one day, in the library at Carlton Palace, that the *Scottish Chiefs* was the parent in his mind of the *Waverley* Novels. In a letter written to her friend Mr. Litchfield, about three months ago, Miss Porter, speaking of these novels, said—"I own I feel myself a kind of yriol in these things; it being half fifty years ago since my *Scottish Chiefs*, and *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, came into the then unroaden field. And what a splendid race of the like chroniclers

of generous deeds have followed, brightening the track as they have advanced! The author of *Waverley*, and all his soul-stirring *Tales of my Landlord*, &c. Then comes Mr. James, with his historical romances on British and French subjects, so admirably mixing the exquisite fiction with the fact, that the whole seems equally verity. But my feeble hand" (Miss Porter was ailing when she wrote the letter) "will not obey my wish to add more to this host of worthies. I can only find power to say, with my trembling pen, that I cannot but esteem them as a respected link with my past days of lively interest in all that might promote the virtue and true honour of my contemporaries from youth to age." These eloquent words become the more touching, when we consider that within three months after they were written, this admirable lady quitted this life in the honoured maturity of her fame.

Miss Porter wrote, in conjunction with her sister, *Tales round a Winter's Hearth*. She was also an indefatigable contributor to the periodicals of the day. Her biographical sketch of Colonel Deum, the African traveller, in the *Naval and Military Journal*, was much admired as one of the most affecting tributes ever paid to departed merit. Miss Porter was a Choniosene of the Polish Order of St. Joachim, which honour was conferred upon her after the publication of *Thaddeus of Warsaw*. She is, in her portraits, generally represented in the habit of this order. Miss Porter died on the 14th ult., at the residence of her brother, Dr. Porter, in Portland-square, Bristol. That brother, so tenderly beloved by her, and so justly respected by all who know him, is now the last survivor of this brilliant company of brothers and sisters; and he, too, we are sorry to say, is in an enfeebled state from paralysis, aggravated by the recent shock of his gifted relative's demise. Except himself and his married niece in Russia, there remains no representative of a family which England has good cause to hold in honoured and grateful remembrance.—*Felix Farley's Journal*.

HAYDN.

(From *Saracen's Musical Times*.)

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN was born on the last day of March, 1732, at Rohrau, a small town, fifteen leagues distant from Vienna. His father was a cartwright; and his mother, before her marriage, had been cook in the family of Count Harrach, the lord of the village.

The father of Haydn united to his trade of a cartwright the office of parish sexton. He had a fine tenor voice, was fond of his organ and of music in general. On one of those journeys which the artisans of Germany often undertake, being at Frankfort-on-the-Mayne, he learned to play a little on the harp; and on holidays, after church, he used to take his instrument, and his wife sung. The birth of Joseph did not alter the habits of this peaceful family. The little domestic concert returned every week, and the child, standing before his parents, with two pieces of wood in his hands, one of which served him as a violin, and the other as a bow, constantly accompanied his mother's voice. Haydn, loaded with years and with glory, has often in my presence recalled the simple air which she sung—so deep an impression had these first melodies made on his soul, which was all music! A cousin of the cartwright, whose name was Frank, a schoolmaster at Laimburg, came to Rohrau one Sunday, and assisted at the trio. He remarked that the child, then scarcely six years old, beat the time with astonishing exactitude and precision. This Frank was well acquainted with music, and proposed to his relations to take little Joseph to his house, and to teach him. They accepted the offer with joy, hoping to succeed more easily in getting Joseph into holy orders if he should understand music.

He set out accordingly for Laimburg. He had been there only a few weeks, when he discovered in his cousin's house two tambourines. By dint of trials and perseverance, he suc-

ceeded in forming on this instrument, which has but two tones, a kind of air, which attracted the attention of all who came to the school-house.

It must be confessed that in France, amongst a class of people so poor as the family of Haydn, music is never thought of.

Nature had bestowed upon Haydn a sonorous and delicate voice. In Italy, at this period, such an advantage might have been fatal: perhaps Marchesi might have had a rival worthy of him, but Europe would have lost her symphonist. Frank, who gave his young cousin, to use Haydn's own expressions, more cuffs than gingerbread, soon rendered the young tambourist able not only to play on the violin and other instruments, but also to understand Latin, and to sing at the parish-desk, in a style which spread his reputation through the canton.

Chance brought to Frank's house, Reuter, *Maitre de Chapelle* of St. Stephen's, the cathedral church of Vienna. He was in search of pupils to recruit his children of the choir. The schoolmaster soon proposed his little relative to him; he came; Reuter gave him a canon to sing at sight.

The precision, the purity of tone, the spirit with which the child executed it, surprised him; but he was more especially charmed with the beauty of his voice. He only remarked that he did not *shake*, and asked him the reason, with a smile. The child smartly replied, "How should you expect me to shake, when my cousin does not know how himself?" "Come here," says Reuter, "I will teach you." He took him between his knees, showed him how he should rapidly bring together two notes, hold his breath, and agitate the palate. The child immediately made a good shake. Reuter, enchanted with the success of his scholar, took a plate of fine cherries, which Frank had caused to be brought for his illustrious brother professor, and emptied them all into the child's pocket. His delight may be readily conceived. Haydn has often mentioned this anecdote to me, and he added, laughing, that whenever he happened to shake, he still thought he saw these beautiful cherries.

It will be easily supposed that Reuter did not return alone to Vienna; he took the young *shaker* along with him, then about eight years old. In his low fortune, we find no unmerited advancement, nothing effected by the patronage of any rich man. It was because the people of Germany are fond of music, that the father of Haydn taught it to his son; that his cousin Frank instructed him still farther; and that, at length, he was chosen by the *maitre de Chapelle* of the first church in the empire. These were natural consequences of the habits of the country relative to the art which we admire.

Haydn used to say, that dating from this period, he did not recollect to have passed a single day without practising sixteen hours, and sometimes eighteen. It should be observed, that he was always his own master, and that at St. Stephen's, the children of the choir were only obliged to practice two hours. From his most tender age, music had given him unusual pleasure. At any time, he would rather listen to any instrument whatever, than run about with his little companions. When at play with them in the square, near St. Stephen's, as soon as he heard the organ, he quickly left them, and went into the church. Arrived at the age of composition, the habit of application was already acquired: besides the composer of music has advanced over other artists; his productions are finished as soon as imagined.

Haydn, who abounded in such beautiful ideas, incessantly enjoyed the pleasure of creation, which is, doubtless, one of the highest gratifications which man can possess. The poet

shares this advantage with the composer; but the musician can work faster. A beautiful ode, a beautiful symphony, need only to be imagined to cause in the mind of the author that secret admiration which is the life and soul of artists. But in the studies of the military man, of the architect, the sculptor, the painter, there is not invention enough for them to be fully satisfied with themselves; further labours are necessary. The best planned enterprise may fail in the execution; the best conceived picture may be ill painted; all this leaves in the mind of the inventor an obscurity, a feeling of uncertainty, which renders the pleasure of creation less complete. Haydn, on the contrary, in imagining a symphony was perfectly happy; there only remained the physical pleasure of hearing it performed, and the moral pleasure of seeing it applauded. I have often seen him, when he was beating the time to his own music, unable to refrain from smiling at the approach of a passage which he was pleased with. I have also seen, at the great concerts which are given at Vienna, at certain periods, some of those amateurs, who only want the faculty of feeling, dexterously place themselves in a situation where they could see Haydn, and regulate, by his smile, the extatic applause by which they testified to their neighbours the extent of their rapture. Ridiculous exhibitions! These people are so far from feeling what is fine in the arts, that they never even suspect that there is a modesty belonging to sensibility. This is a little piece of truth, which our sentimental ladies will doubtless feel obliged to me for having taught them.

THE IRISH GIRL

A Song, written on hearing Miss Catherine Hayes, as "Linda."

Oh! fair and bright
Is the Irish girl—
Here eyes are light,
And her teeth are pearl;
And Oh! in her bosom
A soul there glows,
Bright in its light—
The delicate rose
On her peachy cheek,
And her snowy brow;—
My heart feels bliss
As I sing them now.

She steps as softly
As breathing air;
Her brow is lofty,
Pure, mild, and fair;
Her look is love,
Her form is grace,
And sweet is the smile
On her lovely face;
And, Oh! the deep tones
That her rich voice sang,
Were like to bright chords
In the Heavens strung.

Oh! fair and bright
Is the Irish girl—
Her eyes are light,
And her teeth are pearl;
And, Oh! in her bosom
A soul there glows,
Bright in its light—
And the pearly rose
On her peachy cheek,
And her snowy brow;—
My heart feels bliss
As I sing them now.

ROBERT.

M. ZIMMERMAN, the distinguished professor of counterpoint at the Conservatoire, has been in London, and returned to Paris yesterday.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

As your time and space will doubtless be well occupied with matters of more grave import than our doings down here, I will dismiss what I have to say in a few words, only writing sufficient to keep such of your readers as take an interest in music, &c., in the provinces *au courant* as to what constitutes our amusement in this busy seat of commerce.

Imprimis, I am happy to say, that we have lately discovered here that *rare avis*, a good English tenor, who will, in time, if I mistake not, create a sensation in the "musical world." The name of this gentleman (who is of the Jewish persuasion), is Miranda; or—as he was once called while singing at the Liver Theatre during the Howard Glover short operatic campaign—Myers. But his name is of little import; he is young, and has been well taught by Mr. Shrivall, once a popular and clever tenor singer at our Theatre Royal. Mr. Miranda's voice is a full, rich, and mellow tenor, of great sweetness and compass, and reminds every listener of Sims Reeves, when that great vocalist first sang in Liverpool, where, perhaps, you *don't* know he resided several years.

Mr. Miranda, in addition to the gift of a first-rate voice, sings with great taste, and will, if he studies hard, and takes due pains to acquiring a good style, soon take his place amongst the best English vocalists of the day. Even now, his singing is universally admired and praised by all our local critics—and I think he would please even the metropolitan critics, including Mr. French Flowers—for he sings from the throat without in any way straining his voice for the sake of meretricious effect. I heard him the other night at Miss Whittall's Concert, at the Concert Hall, at which another new vocalist named Saqui, a basso, sang. This gentleman, though possessing a powerful voice, evinces great want of tuition—for though he sings carefully, his voice is harsh and ungrateful. The applause throughout the evening was uproarious—every vocalist being encored.

Miss Whittall sang Mendelssohn's "First Violet" with much sweetness, and was encored in a Scotch song, which she sang with much animation, the applause bestowed on her fellow-artists having put her on her mettle. Miss Jessie Hammond was encored, after singing Frank Romeo's pretty ballad, "The Sailor Boy's Return," with pathos; but she went quite out of her way in attempting "Lo, here the gentle Lark." Mr. Percival performed a capriccio of his own so well as to gain a loud encore, to which he responded by substituting a fantasia on the well-known air, "Come gentil."

The *Liverpool Mail*, in a brief account of Mr. S. Percival's last *soirée musicale*, says—

"Mr. S. Percival gave his last '*soirée musicale*' at the Royal Assembly Rooms, Great George Street, on Monday last, the audience being somewhat better than on previous occasions, though not sufficient, we think, to remunerate Mr. Percival for his praiseworthy attempts to provide for his patrons music of a better and more classical description than that usually heard at our concerts. At present such attempts are, like all innovations, a losing speculation to those who sacrifice pecuniary considerations to those of art, but we trust that in the end they will reap the reward so justly their due. The programme contained many choice morceaux, including a trio for pianoforte, flute, and violoncello, and a new fantasia, by Mr. Percival, both of which were exceedingly well executed. Miss Whittall and Mr. Miranda were the vocalists, each pleasing the audience more than usual. The former is finding out that it is worth her while to sing something better than namby-pamby ballads, while the latter, gaining courage by time, sings with confidence, and promises to become a fine tenor singer. His voice is very sweet and pure, and his style good."

Our Theatre Royal is elosed, but Mr. Copeland is very busy at the Amphitheatre; his company at present including Mr. Barry Sullivan, Mr. Calcraft, Master Edmund Boothby, a juvenile Roscius, Mr. Baker and daughter, and a "distinguished amateur," respecting whom a few words may interest your readers. The name of this gentleman, I believe, is Sir William Donne, Bart., late an officer in the army, and possessed of considerable property, who, like many other great men, has been stage struck. His

height is about six feet four inches. His resemblance to Buckstone is, in all respects but this, wonderful. He plays low comedy, and if it were not for his height and growth, few would see little difference between him and that celebrated comedian. I saw him the other night in *Poor Pillioddy*, and was quite astonished. He plays with all the care of a veteran stager, and imitated the voice and bye-play of Buckstone to admiration. The laughter throughout his performance was excessive, and at the conclusion of the farce he was most uproariously called for. With the exception of Dickens I never saw an amateur play comedy so well.

Pretty Miss Baker has become a great favorite at this theatre. She has much improved since she went to London, and now plays with great *novelté* and grace. Her performance of Liddy O'Larragan, in *Family Jars*, is the best representation of an Irishwoman I ever saw. Few actors (if any) now on the stage can speak the brogue so naturally and racy. Her other dramatic representations, such as Pauline and Gertrude, betray a talent of a high order.

At the Philharmonic nothing is heard—the last few concerts gave anything but satisfaction; and I believe the secretary of the society is now in London, making arrangements for the forthcoming season. Unless the artists engaged are of better note than those who have lately sang at the Philharmonic, the society will soon decrease in numbers.

Miss Emma Stanley gives her musical *mélange* at the Royal Assembly Rooms next week.
J. H. N.
Liverpool, June 20.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—In the last No. of the Musical World, you did me the honour to direct the special attention of your numerous readers to the letters I have had the pleasure of forwarding to you, from time to time, concerning the Gregorian Chants, accompanied by an invitation to your correspondents to forward further communications, *pro et contra*, on the same subject. Allow me, Sir, as far as I myself am concerned, to thank you for the opportunity thus afforded, of having this affair *openly and fairly* discussed, an opportunity, I must add, that now occurs for the first time, and which I hope your correspondents will not neglect to avail themselves of. I will promise to do my share in the business as far as health and opportunity will permit.

It is of the greatest consequence to the fair appreciation of the merits of the cause of English Church music, that others and myself are advocating, that the true relative positions of the Anglican and Gregorian parties should be distinctly understood; for the movements of either party can scarcely be clearly discerned, if their starting points are overlooked. To place this matter in a proper light, then, will be the object of the present letter. I have already stated that some eight or ten years ago, when the Gregorianists first commenced their crusade, the Anglican chants were the only ones in general use; a comprehensive class of chants including the solemn and devotional, the jubilant and penitential, the light and frivolous, in character among their number. This was the state of things when the musical inquisitionists imagined that their interference was needed, and when was commenced the Gregorian puffing system that has chimed in so harmoniously with continental dictum. Nor should I complain, sir, of a few men extolling to an unreasonable excess, a class of chants to which they had become inordinately attached, or affected to have become so. This I can understand, and make every allowance for. It is scarcely possible, indeed, for a zealot to do other than color and exaggerate; his very enthusiasm blinds his judgment. I could even excuse and pass over the oft particularly honest Gregorian dodge of imitating one of the chief elements of that very class of chants for which the Gregorianists, nevertheless, pretend to entertain the most thorough contempt,* namely, harmony. All this I could overlook were it

* It should be remembered that harmony forms no original part of the Gregorian chants; and that the question whether this man's or that man's harmony hides the natural meanness of those chants the best, bringing them the nearest in character to some of our more sober single chants, has nothing whatever to do with the discussion of the supposed merits of the Gregorian chants themselves, although some would gladly encourage this confusion. More on this subject in a future letter.

not for the insufferable arrogance and conceit that has accompanied these discreditable doings, and the attacks that have been made on a class of compositions to which their detractors, nevertheless, stand so much indebted. But they seem to have forgotten that *had it not been for the MODERN ADDED HARMONIES, the Gregorian chants would never have stood any chance against the Anglican, and would not have been tolerated in the English Church.*

The Gregorianisers did not remain content with praising their adopted chants up to the skies, and announcing the miraculous reformation that a return to them was to effect; but proceeded to undertake the chants then in use, and with a bitterness of feeling that was none the less offensive because of its utter untruth. How this was attempted, much still remains to be shown. I have not time, this week, to say more than that it is these musical democrats, who, having obtained all they can get out of a higher description of music than their own, would now lower its condition to a level with their own—or worse, would trample it under their feet as a specimen of their gratitude; it is *they* who are the aggressors, and the Anglicans are the assailed party in this matter. This should always be recollected.

I beg to remain, my dear sir, yours very truly,

AN ORGANIST.

P.S. Allow me to correct a few typographical errors that appear in my last letter. The first quotation should read thus:—"It is not difficult," the book states, "in looking over any collection of the earliest English chants, to trace their origin in the Gregorian tones. Many contain fragments of the Gregorian melody, as those by Alecock and Dr. Wm. Hayes, which are little else than the 8th irregular or Peregrino tone, which also serves as a model for many others." Again, on page 378, the short sentence at the end of the first paragraph should be, "This will give us an idea of what might be expected (not effected) from such a course." An *s* has also found its way in here and there.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Permit me to suggest to "The Organist," with all deference, that, be he right or wrong in his views on the subject of Gregorian Chants, it would be well he should plead his cause with more moderation and respect towards so sacred a body as the clergy, a body to which all we laymen owe the deepest veneration. And surely a difference in tastes is not so important a matter that it should call forth such unadvisedness, or such a temper, as is exhibited in the last letter from "Organist." I have the pleasure of knowing Mr. Monk, and I can hardly conceive that if he were to see "Organist's" letter he would thank his advocate for the manner in which he has sustained Mr. Monk's own views. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

V.

P.S.—Since writing the above, another letter from "An Organist" has appeared in the *Musical World*, the writer of which will perhaps allow me to suggest a fourth title for the "unearthly melodies," and that they should be described as "Greek, Gregorian, Nigger, or Street Chants."

As these Gregorianisers have been so good as to lay down a rule for "fairly tracing Gregorian fragments," it would afford much pleasure if your correspondents were benevolently to carry out the rule as "An Organist" has kindly begun, and so assist them to the recovery of some more of their inestimable treasures.

Horseth, June 18th.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—I am very glad to find that the claims put forth by the Gregorianisers are at length likely to meet with a *quietus*, by the publication in your excellent columns of letters and observations from some of your various and valued correspondents. After the subtly-connected falsehoods that one has been accustomed to read in other periodicals for years past, it is quite refreshing to meet with anything on the subject that is honest and straightforward.

I have one or two facts to advance in regard to these "Gregorian pretences," which will show that the Gregorian Chants are not so free from "secularity" as their supporters would seem to have us believe.

Early one sunny morning last summer, while taking a walk in the Dean's Yard, Westminster, to get a view of the glorious abbey church, my attention was suddenly arrested by the following strain that came floating on the morning breeze:—



Surely, thought I, that must be some one of the so-called "essentially churchly" strains; there is the same note of recitation in both halves of the "tone," with the notes of inflection, and divers other notes, the gibberish of which I do not at this moment remember. My curiosity was excited, and I straightway set to work to trace from whence the sounds emanated. After some ineffectual attempts, I at length encountered a man in a side street, who was inquiring of the inhabitants of the vicinity (in the above "tone") whether they would



Buy any young wa-ter cross-er.

On a subsequent occasion, I heard another "fragment of sublime melody," when walking near Buckingham Palace, accompanying the utterance of the following interrogation—



Want any new milk? Buy any new milk?

Now, sir, how exceedingly stupid it is in people to insist that the Gregorian Chants are so distinct in character from *any* and all kinds of secular music, with such evidence as the above to the contrary. In insisting upon such utter folly as this, they are surely deceiving no one so completely as themselves, and those who put their trust in them. They may write and talk as much as they please about the supposed "individuality" of the Gregorian Chants; but they cannot get over the inconvenient fact, that the use of simple Gregorian-like tunes, in their primitive unharmonised form, is shared at the present day between the costermongers and the clergy. I give the Gregorianisers all possible credit for their clever attempt to gloss over this disagreeable similarity:—to the eye, by printing the chants in the old square note; and to the ear, by adopting harmony; but these devices will not deceive the initiated.

Tendering you my best thanks for printing the capital letters you have done on this subject, I remain, Mr. Editor, yours very truly,

X.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—On applying, on Wednesday last, at the box-office of Her Majesty's Theatre, I was informed that the price of pit stalls for the next evening's performance was 30s., and of gallery stalls 9s. 6d. The person in attendance did not deny that the regular prices are 15s. and 5s. respectively, but added that they varied according to circumstances. Such a practice is never attempted at the Royal Italian Opera, where, without reference to the number of applications, tickets are always obtainable at the regular printed prices, as long as there are any for sale. If Mr. Lumley is not aware of what is done by his officials, it is only proper that he should be made acquainted with it; but if he is aware of it, then an explanation is due to the public as to the principle, if any, on which the regular scale of prices is so frequently departed from.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

London, June 17, 1850.

THE BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—Allow me to express my regret that this highly classical entertainment is neglected by the leading journals, whilst the *Musical Union* is much noticed and lauded by them. The same

artists are selected to do justice to the great masters; and I will say, I never heard Mendelssohn's quartet, No. 5, in E flat major, played with so much nature and more art than it was at the concert, June 12th, by Ernst, Cooper, Hill, and Rousselet. No one can more admire the zeal and excellent directorship of Mr. Ella than myself; but, sir, are there not two Richmonds in the field?

FARNCH FLOWERS.

DUTCH PINKS DEFEND FARNCH FLOWERS.
(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir.—I have no wish to follow the bad example of F. F., and occupy any space in your valuable work every week, for I consider that all communications that do not contain matter of general interest to your readers so many impertinences. I shall, therefore, not trouble you further than by stating that it appears to me that F. F. has hit upon an economical plan of advertising himself; for I observe that, in every letter which he writes to you, he "contrives" to introduce several subjects, trusting to at least one of them producing an answer, to which, of course, he eagerly replies, inserting in that reply two or three more difficult subjects, calling for more replies, and so he "contrives" to go on week after week, boring your readers with his egotism.

The puff direct is so evident, that I think his letters call for the interference of the Stamp Office. I would, however, have him recollect, that it is possible to puff some things until you puff them out—this is particularly the case with rascals.

The veridical simplicity of F. F. in putting his name in the same sentence with that of Dr. Spohr, is very amusing, and in assuming that any remark you, Sir, may have made relative to that composer, —not "contriver,"—could have anything in common with the "contrivances" of F. F., is truly laughable, excepting, always, the last part, viz., "that such compositions had better be omitted altogether."

It is to be regretted that F. F. does not carry out his determination to "be useful" with his musical "contrivances," for he says, in that which I consider to be his last advertisement, that no living vocalist can sing them. He writes, then, for posterity, or, perhaps, is waiting until the steam whistle shall have had its compass expanded and its powers, otherwise, to be perfected, as to render it capable of performing melodies—at present impossible.

As F. F. appears to admire my questions, I would ask him—utilitarian as he professes to be—No! I beg your pardon, Mr. Editor—allow me to correct myself: if I ask a question I shall fall into the trap. I will, therefore, assert, that music is of no use that cannot be performed; that great masters are known by the great effect which they produce by simple means; and that music, which cannot be performed on account of its complication, is a mere puzzle contrivance, and a cloak to conceal the want of genius.

It will be the fault of F. F. if I am forced to trouble you again; but should that be the case, I take the liberty of saying, emphatically, to him, "*cave canem*."—Yours truly,

DUTCH PINKS.

ITALIAN SINGING MASTERS AND BRITISH VOCALISTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—With your permission, I is my present intention to enter logically into the causes that prevent our singers from appearing on the Italian boards and becoming first-rate vocalists. As I seek only to arrive at the truth of this important question, I do hope that, should an answer be made to this letter, it will be written in an argumentative, manly spirit; any other description of writing would but throw odium on the writer, and strengthen my opinions.

Admitting, for the sake of argument, that our uncertain climate is an unfavourable one for vocalists, and that the Italians have generally more noble voices than our countrymen; does this argue an excuse for our vocalists being ignorant of the Grisi and Mario school of vocalization, or, to speak more generally, of the grand method which alone can make a great singer? Cannot a common voice be taught the proper way of pouring forth sounds, which, when issuing from the feeblest voice, must produce an irresistible charm? cannot every singer be taught to produce even full-bodied and vibrato sounds, rapid and easy execution, shakes, and other musical graces? I boldly answer, that all this can be acquired in

one year. Again, admitting, for the sake of argument, that British singing masters could not accomplish this task, may I ask how it comes to pass, that the Italian singing masters, who boast of their superior methods (and who are assisted in their vanity by the intelligent and observing music publishers) have, up to this time of the world, withheld from our vocalists the secret of the Italian school. This is a serious question, Mr. Editor, and demands more thought and discriminative judgment than will be met with in London music shops. An Italian, accustomed to be amongst the first singers of his country, very easily said to me one day, "Oh! it is no use writing down the singing masters; there are not but a school of vocalization in England." To which I replied, "Have we not first-rate Italian singing masters, well paid, to give us a school?" He shook his knowing head; and well he might! for he knew that many voices were ruined, and the character of voices mistaken, by his countrymen who teach in London. I will, at present, single out no one instance, but allow me, sir, to state, that I can supply your readers with many names; and I ask, as a particular favour, that your readers will supply me with many more, so that I may have more materials to assist me in the work I have begun. Ought I not to be assisted, when so many vocal students have suffered from ulcerated sore throats, enlarged tonsils and uvula, contiguous hoarseness of the voice, a difficulty of breathing, and lastly, that deadly malady, *consumption*, ending their earthly career. All these evils have come within my own observation, and yet the public and the music publishers have no conception of all this; the press, too, are so merciful, or slow of discernment, as to praise the very men who deal so unscrupulously and ignorantly with these unoffending victims. Sir, my blood is up when recounting these evils, and no man can put it down by a sneer. When, at the concert I frequent, I see singing masters (who once smiled on me) scowl on me now, I feel proud at the change; it is an evidence of their fears and a proof of the justness of my conduct towards British vocalists. It is a deliberate iniquity to support men who can commit these mischievous mistakes, and he who commits them is either a charlatan, a simpleton, or worse. England has always been famed for dramatic actors; then how is it that we do not shine as dramatic vocalists? The reason is clear—because our singers have not a right control of their voices, and this unfits them for stage efforts, and makes them timid to give out the impulses within them. If there be no sustained vibration and equal body of sound on each note, whether quickly or slowly delivered, all the bluster of arms, legs, comic gestures, or tender looks, &c., would not supply this defect. As three months (not three years,) is sufficient to make a student understand *how* to produce sound, how to run, and how to shake alter the Italian method, no master can justly complain of want of time, however often this may be urged as a loop-hole for defence. It has been told me that the English will not patronize British artists; this is a libel—ask Mr. Sims Reeves and Miss C. Hayes if, in this respect, they have reason to complain. If our singers could charm the public as well as the Italians, they need not assume foreign names to add to their reputation, but so long as they continue in ignorance of the secret of the Italian school, so long must they rest satisfied with their present position. Lastly, if the singing masters suppose I have a personal spite against them, they have no argument to support their charge. They will find me their friend when they bring out a voice well cultivated; but till they do this, I will not believe that they understand their work. Their method now is to play tricks with the voice.—I am, Sir, yours obliged,

FARNCH FLOWERS.

BOBINI AND THE "MORNING POST."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—I would wish to call your attention to the criticism in the *Morning Post* on the performance of the *Gazza Ladra*, at the Royal Italian Opera, on Tuesday last. In the first place, the critic remarks—"The noisy overture was superbly played. The *Gazza Ladra* is a flashy, tawdry, bolsterous kind of opera, containing a few pretty pieces. It smells not of the lamp, but of the lamps, for, like most of the author's productions, it has evidently been got up with a view to theatrical effect. Beethoven, when asked his opinion of Rossini, answered that he was a scene-painter, and he was right; the 'Swan' could not have been better described."

Now, sir, I know not what the waiter of the above extract may call "a few pretty pieces," when the whole opera is, in my humble estimation, and I believe I may add, in the estimation of every thinking man, a succession of pieces, prodigal of melody, and developed with exceeding skill; but when he goes on to say that "with such performers, even Verdi would go down," I would call his attention to the fact, that *Anato* did not prove an attraction, though Ronconi's splendid performance would have undoubtedly made it so, had the music been even tolerable. The coupling of such men as Rossini and Verdi is perfectly unaccountable. I trust, sir, you will not allow the slight offered by the *Morning Post*, to be far the greatest of living dramatic composers, to pass unnoticed in your valuable journal; and I beg to remain your obedient servant,

P.S. Your remarks last week on the propriety of bringing out the *Flauto Magico* at Covent Garden were most welcome to all lovers of Mozart's music. There can be no doubt that such an announcement would, in every point of view, be an immense advantage to the directors of that theatre.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS.—A more numerous and aristocratic audience was never assembled within the walls of a theatre than that which appeared on Wednesday last, to patronise the benefit of Mr. Mitchell, the spirited and enterprising lessee. The performance was under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, who was accompanied by the Prince Consort. The house was crowded in every part by the noble supporters of the French drama in London, and the Neapalese Princes were conspicuous on the grand tier of boxes, attired with Oriental splendour, blazing with diamonds of the purest water, and attired with Cashmere shawls equal in price to the value of a king's ransom.

We have repeatedly stated, and we again repeat, that the honours conferred on Mr. Mitchell by the first persons of the kingdom are justly and deservedly bestowed. To a consummate knowledge of the exigencies of the position which he has assumed, Mr. Mitchell joins the most perfect disinterestedness and the most unbounded liberality in all his dealings, added to which he exhibits an unusual spirit of conciliation and gentlemanly bearing in all his transactions, which have gained him the esteem of his subscribers and the confidence of the actors. Mr. Mitchell has elevated the character of the French theatre in London from the abasement into which it had fallen prior to his assumption of the reins of management, and in his hands it has become an elegant drawing-room, where the company and the style of amusement are equally select. Opera, tragedy, and comedy are by turns represented, and no expense is spared to ensure perfection.

The choice of the entertainment was sufficient of itself to attract a crowded house. It consisted of *Les Extrêmes se touchent*; *Catherine, ou La Croix d'Or*; *Un Caprice*; *Roger Dontemps*; a scene from *Domino Noir*; and a scene from the ballet of *Esmeralda*, "La Trianaise" by Carlotta Grisi. Of the three first pieces we have already had occasion to speak; it will therefore be sufficient to remark that the charming little drawing-room scene by M. Alfred de Musset, *Un Caprice*, was most elegantly and aptly impersonated by Mesdames Nathalie and Brasseur, and that M. Lafont gave us to the life the veteran Austerlitz. *Roger Dontemps*, the new piece, is written to typify a character comparatively unknown in English manners—a careless, extravagant, harmless bon vivant, who, like the grasshopper, sings all the summer and starves during the winter. The allusions were not understood,

and consequently were coldly received, and we doubt that it will prove attractive in spite of the excellent acting of M. Lafont. We have left for the *bonne bouche* the scene from the *Domino Noir*, "Je suis saurée enfin," and the cavatina, "Amour, a toi," both of which were admirably rendered by Madlle. Charton, who was welcomed with enthusiastic applause on her appearance and a shower of bouquets when the curtain went down, and she was recalled, only escaping an encore out of consideration for the fatigue which she had already undergone. Another of the principal features was the "Truandaise" of Madlle. Carlotta Grisi, who danced with her accustomed finish and grace, and went through the accompanying pantomimic scene with M. Charles with admirable coquetry. A unanimous recall was the result; in vain Carlotta bowed and smiled her sweetest smile, the audience would not be denied, and the whole scene was repeated. J. DE C—.

SHAKSPEARE COOKERY, BY M. SCRIBE.

(From Punch.)

M. SCRIBE threatens to oust M. Soyer, and to surmount the laurels of the original dramatist with the paper-cap of the cook. M. Scribe's first dish to an English audience having been rishished with such delight, prescribes—their ink-bottles foaming with champagne—having declared the *fricassée* of wondrous spiciness and flavor, and fast men having smack'd their mouths, and yelled their applauses of the treat, the new French opera cook, in the depths of his gratitude, is about to publish the recipe by which he has been enabled to lay before a thoughtful, Shakspeare-loving audience, the savoury mess. Punch has been favoured with an early copy of the document:

How to COOK A SWAN (or AVON.)

Cut the swan into pieces, throwing away the heart and brains. Put the fragments of the swan in a brazen kettle.

Place over a quick fire, while fan with the poems of *Venus and Adonis*.

Stir with the toe of Carlotti Grisi, now fast, now gently, now stir not at all.

Use Lablache as a bellows when wanted to boil.

Take a song of Sontag's, as cold champagne, occasionally to cool.

Boil again with an air by Coletti.

Cool and boil, and boil and cool, until the fragments of the swan shall be thoroughly dissolved.

Strain through canvas, painted by Marshall.

Serve hot to an enlightened public, who will be frantic with delight that a French cook should have made so admirable a *fricassée* of their adored Swan of Avon.

N.B. It would doubtless give the dish a fine flavour if the fire could be made of the rafters of Shakspeare's birth-place.

Further, Mr. PUNCH may be allowed to advise M. SCRIBE, who can hatch such French geese of his own, not to meddle with the Swan of Stratford.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BLACK MALIBRAN.—Madame Marie Martinez is the name of the black Malibran, who is at present in Paris. She was born in Havana, and is first chamber singer to her Majesty the Queen of Spain. She has a magnificent soprano voice, whose notes, vibrating and perky when high, soft and velvety in the medium, have in the low tones the masculine ring of the contralto. There is something strange and unearthly in these extreme sounds, which have never been heard from our European throats. Madame Martinez accompanies herself on the guitar, which, in her skilful hands, is completely transformed; the instrument is no longer grinding or monotonous; sometimes it is sweet and delicious as a harmony of flutes or hautboys; then, it lets fall a torrent of pa-

by Molique, "Come all ye glad and free." The latter received an encore—a fine and bold Hungarian melody Herr Stigelli had arranged for this occasion, in which he undertook the solo part, assisted in the chorus by the Hungarian Singers. Finally, there was his own song, "Die schönsten Augen," into which Herr Stigelli knows so well how to throw all his passionate enunciation, and the clear upper B flat from the chest always comes in so effectively. The Hungarian Singers acquitted themselves in two choruses, with their usual perfection. Madame Nottes selected for her solo, Balfe's lullaby "I'm a sorry Zingara," which was sung with great animation. This lady is gradually working her way into public favour, and deservedly so. We were pleased to greet the celebrated *contralto*, Madlle. Angri, who is the only possible substitute for Madlle. Albion. The "No, no, no," from the *Hugenots*, was as a matter of course encored; nothing could be more brilliant than Madlle. Angri's singing. A *cavatina* by Doozetti, from *Maria de Rohan*, came rather tame after her first effort. Signor Marchesi reaped considerable applause, not only in the *aria* by Ricci, but also in the duet, "Dunque io son," from *Il Barbiero*, with Madlle. Angri. It was encored. The first part concluded with the celebrated quintet from *Così fan tutte*, and had also to be repeated. We have to mention the instrumental performers. The first was the "Chacone" by S. Bach, performed on the violin, with his customary perfect skill and classical style, by Herr Molique, accompanied by his charming and clever daughter, Madlle. Majoque. The *Melodist* of his own composition address themselves more to the general understanding, and he received his well-merited applause. Madlle. Molique's accompanying is always musicianlike. Herr Dreysebeck played his *Capriccio* with extraordinary vigour and brilliancy, which produced a call for an encore. In return for this compliment he gave a *Tarentella*, a composition of a more popular standard than the former. A principal feature in the programme was the name of Herr Oberthür, a harpist of the first order, and whose "Lieder ohne Worte" have so often afforded us great pleasure by the transcriptions of M. J. Rummel for the pianoforte. Herr Oberthür possesses an extraordinary command over his instrument, which he displayed to great advantage in a brilliant *fantasia* of his own composition, entitled *Souvenirs des Londres*. He earned considerable applause. We congratulate Herr Stigelli on the general success of his concert, and the gratification he has thus been enabled to furnish to his admirers. We had almost omitted to mention the most prominent feature in the programme, namely, the matchless song from *Die Zauberflöte*, "Dies Bildnis," which Herr Stigelli rendered with thrilling effect, so as to produce an unanimous call for an encore. If Herr Stigelli had sung nothing else, it could not fail to establish him in the good opinion of the musical public.

MADLE. SOPHIE BOHRER.—We have much pleasure in quoting the following article, copied from an Odessa paper, on this young pianist. "Since we have heard Madlle. Bohrer, we doubt nothing. So young, and yet so accomplished—with hands of a frail and delicate child and the power of a giant. Never did any artist excite so much enthusiasm in Odessa. One must hear her perform before we can believe how easily she overcomes the difficulties of Liszt—reputed impossibilities. What power, what clearness in the detail, what nerve, what inspiration! Now she changes the composition; she is about to give us the sombre and mysterious poem of Beethoven, entitled 'Sonata quasi una Fantasia!' The melody grand and sublime of the *adagio*, the charming coquetry of the *scherzo*, the terrible despair of the *finale*, were all truthfully and wonderfully rendered. At the end, the amiable artist offered us a bouquet of the charming and quaint mazurkas by F. Chopin—a bouquet of the freshest hues, presented with infinite gracefulness. All this Madlle. Bohrer attempts, she accomplishes; her play, her action, her expression, her shakes, her staccato, astonished us, and her octave playing almost disputes the palm with M. Dreysebeck. A few years ago, Madlle. Bohrer published a *repertoire* of a hundred pianoforte pieces for one of her concerts in Paris, by masters of every school, both classical and modern."

IGNORANCE OF SHAKESPEARE.—At the dinner given on the 23rd ult., at Stratford-upon-Avon, in celebration of the nativity of Shakespeare's birth, Mr. Russell said the other day he was reading "Lear," and "As You Like It," in Derbyshire; one man of the town said

to another, "Shakespeare's coming to-day," another said, "Hast thou seen him, you—what is he like?" "Why," replied the other, "A man in a blue coat, with a book under his arm." "Thirty years ago, a lady, who kept a lady's school in Stratford, told him seriously," that Shakespeare was very little thought of till Leamington became a watering place." (Considerable laughter.) Some short time since he was in Scotland, and called upon Sir Adam Ferguson, who was a very intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott's, and upon Mr. Russell mentioning that he was giving public readings from Shakespeare, Sir Adam said—"Oh, Shakespeare—I can tell you something about that. A lady of my acquaintance wanted some prints which I had, and very good ones they were, too; upon their being handed over to her, and put in proper order, she came to a likeness of Shakespeare. The old woman said—"Weel, and what is that?" "Oh," replied Sir Adam, "that is Shakespeare before Sir Thomas Lucy." "Weel," added the old dame, "but what's he doing?" "Deing," said her friend; "he's taken up for deer-stealing." "Tak' him awa', tak' him awa',"—exclaimed the old lady, "I'll ha' no sic a fellow in my house!"

MUSICAL PETE AT CAPESTHORNE PARK, MANCHESTER.—The liberal proprietress of Capesthorpe, Lady Davenport, appears to be devoting herself to the gracious task of sharing the happy privileges of her position with the least fortunate of the world around her. We have again to record the opening of the park to a crowd of visitors on Saturday last, principally consisting of the pupils of Mr. Weston's singing school, under whose direction they were marshalled. With these were joined several members of the Mechanics' Institute and Athenæum. Among the directors were Messrs. Hewitt, J. P. Spencer, J. Jerom, S. Dean, Dr. Cassells, and J. Fox Turner. From six to seven hundred pupils were congregated, and the green woods rang with the quaint old madrigal, and the cheerful and the plaintive chorus. Among the former were Morley's "Now is the month of Maying," and Forde's "Since first I saw your face," among the latter, Weber's "Hail! hail! hail! thou merry month of May!" "See our ears with feathered spray," by Sir John Stevenson; a pleasant chorus by our townsman, Mr. B. Hime. "I see them on their winding way," and the late Miss Plowden. "Now pray we for our country." To these were added, at the particular request of Mrs. Davenport, Korner's "Prayer during the battle," and, as a graceful tribute to the kind hostess, Bishop's serenade, "Sleep, gentle lady," was given after the departure of the company. Through the kindness of Lieut.-Col. Slade, the splendid band of her Majesty's 90th Infantry took part in the musical arrangements, playing in fine style the overtures to *The Crown Diamonds* and *Der Freischütz*, along with several polkas and waltzes. Among the party invited to the hall were the following:—Lady Elizabeth Tollemache, Major Smythe, Mrs. Leicester, J. Dixon, Esq., Mr. and the Misses Hilbert, Miss Cholmondeley, Mr. and Miss Egerton Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. Thornycroft, and the Misses Armistead, Mr. Massey, Mr. and Mrs. Granville, Mrs. and Miss Brocklehurst, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brocklehurst, Mr. and Mrs. Crutenden, Mr. and Mrs. Roe, Miss Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Weigall.—*Manchester Examiner*.

MANCHESTER.—The first part of *King Henry the Fourth* was attempted at the Theatre Royal on Monday evening, for the purpose of introducing the Falstaff of Mr. Phelps, about the cleverness of which much has been said. It is a talented performance, but far from the ideal of Shakespeare's witty knight. The reading was judicious—often original; the keen wit and satire appreciated with the good sense of a man who had put his mind to the work, and thoroughly understood the greatness of the task he had to accomplish; but the execution was far inferior to the conception; the rich unctious, the oily humour of the part, became hard and withered, and the refinement of the character lost in the growling and grunting loud of flesh. That our idea of the part of the player was not in accordance with the general feeling of the audience, might be observed from the loud laughter and applause; upon which hint the play has been announced for repetition. It is painful to speak of the rest of the acting on Monday evening. The company is so reduced, that doubling was resorted to in a way not usual, we should presume, even in a provincial establishment; if we mistake not, a knight, in coat and plume of the first scene, became transformed, most suddenly, into Bardolph, with a face and costume that would have been more in

character with a Christmas pantomime; and there were other specimens of versatility which it would have been as well to avoid, even at the very end of a season. To add to the inefficiency of the business, a Mr. Charles Mayne appeared as the representative of the story Hotspur, exhibiting such total incapacity for the task as to be beneath criticism, except that which met him in the unpleasant, but usual expression of displeasure on the part of the audience—one rarely resorted to by the good-natured people of Manchester.

JENNY LIND.—A letter from Stockholm of the 24th ult., says:—"The day before yesterday Madlle. Jenny Lind arrived here from Lubeck, by the steamer *Gauthio*. At the landing place the celebrated cantatrice was received by a great number of young girls, all clothed in white, who offered flowers and wreaths to her. A carriage, drawn by four white horses, sent by the Philharmonic Society, conducted Madlle. Lind to her hotel, where some apartments had been prepared for her. In the evening the houses adjoining the hotel were illuminated by lights placed at all the windows; a chorus of professors and *dilettanti* executed a serenade under her windows, and hundreds of young men promaded the principal streets of the town in procession; carrying flambeaux. Madlle. Lind will give six concerts at the Royal Theatre at Stockholm. According to the custom here, when a noted artist arrives, the tickets for the places are put up at public sale; more than 10,000 persons disputed their possession, and they have been sold at exorbitant prices. Madlle. Lind will quit Stockholm towards the middle of July for the waters at Ems. Her engagement in the United States commences on the 1st of October; but she will not embark for that country before the month of September."

MUSIC.—In attempting to define the sister arts of Music and Painting, we should say, broadly, that the one is supplied from inward sentiments, the other from outward observation; therefore, that in presenting them to the comprehension and enjoyment of a race of beings compounded of body and spirit, the art consists in giving to music a form, and to painting a soul; that it is an argument both of our earthly and heavenly natures, that music must be materialized and painting spiritualized to fit them for our service, since only a higher order of beings can be supposed to partake of their ineffable beauties in their abstract essence, and converse with art as they do with truth, face to face. We mean no comparison of the relative value and beauty of these two arts, feeling sure that, however distinct their lines of light may appear to us here, they unite in one radiant point beyond our sight, though visible to true artist faith. Nor are we less assured that each art is equally favourable to that purity of life and high spiritual attainment to which all great poetic gifts intended to contribute as a subordinate but still divine revelation; but inasmuch as the process of music is necessarily from within to without, as the very depth of its source requires it to pass through so much of this earth before it reaches the surface of our perceptions, music is, of all others, that art which is more especially placed at the mercy of mankind. The painter, when he has completed his picture, rests from his labour—it requires nothing further at his hands. It stands there in silent independence, needing nothing but the light of heaven to convey it to the organ by which it is admitted to the mind. But the offspring of the musician is born dumb—it reaches no ear but his own, and that a mental one—it has to appeal to others to give it voice and being. Men and women, subject to all the caprices and corruptions of their kind—and those of the mere material musician are among the meanest in the world—wood and wire, and brass and cutgut, liable to every variation of the atmosphere, are indispensable to its very existence; and thus the composer and his composition are separated by a medium which too often reflects dishonour, though falsely so, on the art itself. As Guido, in the prologue to his *Antiphonarium*, bitterly says of those who for centuries were the only instruments of music, namely, singers,—

Musicoorum et Cantorum
Magna est distantia:
Isti dicunt—Illi sciunt,
Que componit Musica:
Nam qui facit quod non sapit,
Definitur Bestia.—*Quarterly Rev.* v.

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F. W. E.—Apply to Messrs. Beale, Cramer, and Co., Regent Street.

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THE MATINEE will take place at Miss RESSANT'S RESIDENCE, 8, Stutton Street, Piccadilly, on WEDNESDAY NEXT, June 26th, at half-past One o'clock.

Vocalists—Madlle. NAU, Misses Messant and Bassano, Signori GARDONI, Clabotta, S. Tamburini, and Herr Prandi, Instrumentalists—Grand Piano-forte, Miss Clara Lorrday, Madlle. Sophie Dutchen, and M. EDUARD BOULANGER, from Paris (his First Appearance); Violoncello, M. Roussier; Violin, M. de Koutski, &c. Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 10s. Guineas; as well as programmes, to be obtained at the principal Music-sellers, and at M. De Koutski's residence, 30, Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.

MR. CRIVELLI

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that a THIRD EDITION of THE ART OF SINGING, enlarged and newly arranged in the form of a Grammatical System of Rules for the Cultivation of the Voice, may be had at his Residence, 71, UPPER NORTON STREET, and at all the principal Music-sellers.

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CHARLES SMITH, Hon. Secretary.

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GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

LA TEMPESTA.

It is respectfully announced that a GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will take place on

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When will be presented the highly successful New Grand Opera by HALEVY, the Poem by SCHRA, founded on the *Tempest* of SHAKESPEARE, and composed expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre, entitled

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Vocalists:—Messdames A. Newton, Zimmermann, Leslie, Hanford, Macfarren, M. Williams, and Poole. Messrs. Bridge, Frodsham, Mengin, Drayton, Boddie, and Whitworth.

Instrumentalists:—Miss K. Ward. Messrs. De Kontak, Richardson, Stepping, Hekking, and Giulia Rigondi.

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MR. JOHN PARRY'S ENTERTAINMENT.

MUSIC HALL, STORE STREET.

MR. JOHN PARRY will have the honour of giving an entirely new Entertainment at the above Rooms, on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, JUNE 24, entitled "NOTES VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL," commencing at Half-past Eight.

Tickets to be had of the principal Music-sellers—Stalls and Private Boxes to be had only of Messrs. Olivier, 41 and 42, New Bond Street; and at the Hall.

MADAME GRIMALDI

(OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.)

BESES to inform the Nobility, Gentry, &c., that she has been prevailed upon, at the request of several of her friends, to settle in LONDON, and that she will give LESSONS in SINGING and the PIANO-FORTE either at her own residence, No. 80, St. Martin's Lane, Trafalgar Square, or that of her Pupils, on very moderate terms.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

THIRD NIGHT OF LE PROPHETE.

THIRD APPEARANCE OF MADAME VIARDOT.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, JUNE 25th, will be performed MEYERBEER'S Grand Opera,

LE PROPHETE,

Fides	• • •	Madame VIARDOT.
Bertha	• • •	Madame CASTELLAN.
Jean of Leyden	(the Prophet)	Signor MARIO.
Comte Oberthal	• • •	Signor TAGLIAFICO.
Sergeant	• • •	Signor LAVIA.
Peasant	• • •	Signor ROMMI and SOLDI.
Gions	• • •	Signor MARZIO.
Mathisen	• • •	Signor POLONINI.
Zaccaria	• • •	Ille FORMES.

The CHOR in the Grand Coronation Scene of the third Act, will combine the powers of the FULL ORCHESTRA, the MILITARY BANDS, the CHORUS, and ORGAN.

The Incidental Ballet in the Skating Scene will be supported by Mmes. ALEXANDRE and Madlle. LOUISE TAGLIONI, (as Danced by them at the Grand Opera at Paris), and comprise the celebrated QUADRILLE DES FATEURS.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

The Scenery by Messrs. GRIEVE and TELBIN.

The Dresses by Mrs. BAILEY and Madame MARZIO.

The Properties and Appointments by Mr. BLAMIRE.

The extensive Stage Machinery by Mr. ALLEN.

The Dances arranged by Mmes. ALEXANDRE.

And the Spectacles under the direction of Mr. A. HARRIS.

EXTRA NIGHT.

On THURSDAY NEXT, June 27th, a GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will be given, when the Fourth Representation of

LE PROPHETE

Will take place.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven, and the Performances commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had (for the Night or Season) at the Box-office of the Theatre, corner of Hart Street and Bow Street, Covent Garden, which is open, from 10 till 5 o'clock; and at the Principal Libraries.

MORNING CONCERT.

THE LAST OF THE SEASON.

On MONDAY, JULY 8th, the LAST CONCERT of the Season will take place, on which occasion, in addition to a Miscellaneous Selection, will be performed HAYDN'S ORATORIO,

THE CREATION,

Supported by the Principal Artists of the Establishment, the Full Band and Chorus.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Boxes, £1 11s. 6d.; ditto, £2 2s.; ditto, £3 12s. 6d.; ditto, £3 3s.—Orchestra Stalls, 10s. 6d.—Pit, 5s.—Amphitheatre Stalls, 3s.; Front Row, 5s.—Amphitheatre, 2s.

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The Musical World.

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No. 26.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1850.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE
STAMPED FOURPENCE.

BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

THE performances of the Beethoven Quartet Society came to a termination on Wednesday night, with the sixth and last meeting of the series. As we have been unable to follow the concerts in detail, a general review of the present season may not be unacceptable. The first meeting, which was noticed at great length, took place on Wednesday, April 17, when the programme was as follows:—

Quartet, No. 1, F major.
Quartet, No. 9, C major (*Razoumoffsky*).
Trio, No. 6, D major.
Quartet, No. 13, B flat major (*posthumous*).

Executants in the quartets—Ernst, H. C. Cooper, Dando, Rousselot; in the trio—Stephen Heller, Ernst, Rousselot.

It will be remembered that this was the first appearance before a London public of M. Stephen Heller, a pianist and composer of great eminence, who made an impression which at once stamped him in the estimation of his hearers as an executant of the highest refinement and skill.

At the second meeting, on Wednesday, May 1, the following pieces were given:—

Quartet, No. 3, D major.
Quartet, No. 8, F minor (*Razoumoffsky*).
Sonata, pianoforte and violoncello, G minor.
Quartet, No. 12, E flat (*posthumous*).

Executants in the quartets—Ernst, Cooper, Hill, Rousselot; in the sonata—Sterndale Bennett and Rousselot.

The third meeting came off on Wednesday, May 15. The programme is subjoined:—

Quartet, No. 5, A major.
Quartet, No. 10, E flat major.
Trio, B flat major.
Quartet, No. 15, C sharp minor (*posthumous*).

Executants in the quartets—Ernst, H. C. Cooper, Hill, Rousselot; in the trio—Stephen Heller, Ernst, Rousselot.

At the fourth meeting, on Wednesday, May 29, the original principles that have always been supposed to govern the society, which had already been partially departed from by the introduction of pianoforte pieces, were completely set aside, as will be seen by the following selection:—

Quartet, No. 79, D major Haydn.
Quartet, No. 4, E minor Mendelssohn.
Sonata, pianoforte, C sharp minor Beethoven.
Quartet, No. 7, F major (*posthumous*) Beethoven.

Executants in the quartet—Ernst, Cooper, Hill, Rousselot; sonata, Mr. Lindsay Sloper.

According to the rule laid down by the founder of the society, the late Mr. Alsager, the whole of the seventeen quartets should be presented in the course of the first five meetings; and this rule, until the present season, has been strictly enforced by M. Rousselot, his successor. Whether its infringement does not disqualify the society from retaining its exclusive title of *Beethoven Quartet Society*, by depriving it of all essential difference from other societies devoted to the

performance of chamber music, is worth consideration. For our own parts, we are decidedly of that opinion, and we advise M. Rousselot, if he be desirous of maintaining his prerogative, to give the subject his serious attention, before making his arrangements for another season.

At the fifth meeting, on Wednesday, June 12, there was another miscellaneous programme:—

Quartet, No. 6, C major Mozart.
Quartet, No. 16, A minor (*posthumous*) BEETHOVEN.
Sonata, pianoforte, D minor BEETHOVEN.
Quartet, No. 5, E flat Mendelssohn.
Executants in the quartet—Ernst, Cooper, Hill, Rousselot; sonata—Mdlle. Eugénie Colon.

The sixth and last meeting, on Wednesday, June 26, introduced the third selection of works by various masters:—

Quartet, No. 78, B flat major Haydn.
Quartet, No. 11, F minor BEETHOVEN.
Sonata, pianoforte, A flat major, Op. 26 BEETHOVEN.
Quartet, No. 3, D major Mendelssohn.
Executants in the quartets—Ernst, Cooper, Hill, Rousselot; sonata—M. Alexander Büllet.

The quartets Nos. 2, 4, 6, 14, 17, have thus been omitted from the series. Now, either M. Rousselot should have given a larger number of meetings, or he should have refrained from introducing the sonatas, trios, and the quartets of other masters. The object of the Beethoven Quartet Society was to make the musical public familiar with all the quartets of Beethoven, not to attract a paying audience by a varied selection; and in assuming the direction of affairs, at the death of Mr. Alsager, M. Rousselot, we are sure, had that object deeply at heart. Whether he has been induced to swerve from it by the secession of amateurs, who, during his life-time of the founder, zealously supported the society, or from want of enthusiasm in the cause, we, of course, cannot take upon us to say; but we may record our firm opinion, that the former is far more likely. M. Rousselot, as every one knows, is himself an admirable musician, and it must not for one instant be presumed that he is not alive to the immense signification of the seventeen quartets, as one great branch in the tree of Beethoven's genius.

With regard to the execution of the quartets that have been introduced, M. Rousselot has entitled himself to unreserved approval. In engaging Ernst to lead, he secured the services of the most intellectual player now living; while the great violinist could hardly have been more powerfully supported than by Cooper as second violin, Hill as tenor, and M. Rousselot, himself, as violoncello.

The last meeting was in all respects a most exciting one. We never heard the F minor—that most Beethovenish of Beethoven's chamber works—more magnificently played. Ernst was inspired, and his associates, *non solum volens*, shared heart and soul in his enthusiasm. The fine quartet of Mendelssohn also went superbly, especially the romance in B

minor; while the *daquet* from the last century, of Papa Haydn, which still preserves its freshness of odour and hue, was interpreted with a combination of quiet simplicity and vigorous animation that could not have better expressed the full meaning of the work. M. Alexander Billet, who has already been so justly praised for his intimate knowledge of the classical masters, added a new laurel to his brow by the chaste and unaffected manner in which he played the beautiful early sonata in A flat. The performance created the greatest enthusiasm throughout, and the crowded audience left the New Beethoven Rooms with regret that some nine months must pass away before the doors would be again re-opened to the lovers of the music of the immortal *Poet of Sound*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE *Tempesta* continues to blow rich argosies into the port of Mr. Lumley's theatre. The audiences have scarcely fallen off from the immense crowd at the first performance, and the enthusiasm increases nightly.

There is little doubt but that the indefatigable manager, had he so pleased, could have ran *La Tempesta* to the end of the season, without qualifying the receipts of the treasury; but he values the appetites of his subscribers, who are ever on the look-out for novelty, and, in the teeth of the eminent success of his new opera, has announced Bellini's *Capuletti e Montecchi* for to-night. Mr. Lumley had, no doubt, an extreme desire to introduce Signor Gardoni to the public this season, and give that admirable and accomplished tenor an opportunity of appealing to their feelings whether or not he should have been discomfited from the part of Fernando, for which he was at first intended. We entertain a high opinion of Signor Baucaud, but entertaining a higher of Signor Gardoni, we fancy the cast of the *Tempesta* would have been strengthened had he played the hero, or, rather, the lover. But about this it is useless to speculate. Signor Gardoni makes his first appearance, this season, in the part of Tebaldo, in the *Capuletti e Montecchi*. The part, by the way, is so utterly unsuited to his style and powers, that we are at a loss to make out who could have formed the idea of casting him for it, or how he could have been so mad as to have accepted of it. Gardoni, notwithstanding, will be welcomed, independent of the character, and with his beautiful voice and pure style, will be sure to win his way to a thousand hearts.

The charming Parodi plays Romeo, and Madame Frezzolini sustains Julietta.

On Thursday evening, a loyal demonstration took place for Her Majesty's escape from the ruffianly assault committed upon her. After the second act of *La Tempesta*, the curtain rose, and the whole company came forward and sang "God save the Queen," amid such a perfect hurricane of applause, so uproarious, continuous, and interrupting, that not one word of the anthem was heard. The singing each verse, however, was taken for granted, and at the close, half the house at least joined in the "God save the Queen." The scene was exciting in the extreme.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE performances of the three past nights were confined to the *Prophète*, being its second, third, and fourth representations. The theatre was crowded on each occasion with a most brilliant and fashionable assembly. The *Prophète* has certainly turned out the greatest attraction of the season; and from the manner in which it is now given, we are not at all surprised at the

result. The improvement from last year is very great. The singing of the three Anabaptists, upon whom devolves the most difficult music in the entire work, is now extremely satisfactory, instead of being quite the contrary. Signor Maralti's voice is well fitted, in its hardness and ruggedness, to the music of the first Anabaptist: and Formes's tremendous power and glorious organ were never more advantageously exhibited than in the part of Zaccaria. Polonini, also, is well suited in Mathisen.

We have little to add to the remarks we made in our last number. What we have to notice is all favourable to the performance. The chorus now goes smoother, and is more decided, as was abundantly exemplified on Saturday, Tuesday, and Thursday, in the chorus, "O libertade, è tua vittoria," and in the coronation scene. The grand trio in the second act, "Di vostra bandiere," for Jonas, Zaccaria, and Oberthal, is infinitely better sung than it was the first night.

The enthusiasm bestowed on Madame Viardot and Mario on Saturday has not abated in the least. Nothing can be finer than the acting and singing of the two great artists throughout the entire opera, and we much doubt if anything ever witnessed on the lyric stage has surpassed the scene of the coronation.

Madame Castellan, who exhibited some slight remains of her recent indisposition on the opening night, has, we are gratified to say, entirely recovered, and is now singing in Bertha with admirable effect, while her acting displays an unusual abundance of energy and feeling.

On Tuesday the Queen and Prince Albert, with a large suite in attendance, honoured the third representation of the *Prophète* with their presence. Her Majesty expressed herself so well pleased with the performance, that she notified her intention of being present again on Thursday. The brutal and unaccountable attack made on the sacred person of her Majesty, which is now deplored by universal England, did not, however, prevent her fulfilling her intention. Not being present on Thursday, we take the liberty of extracting from the *Times* an account of the reception accorded to her Majesty by the visitors of the Royal Italian Opera, a reception, as we are assured, perfectly without a parallel in the history of operatic excitement, and which, in its enthusiasm and continuance, far surpassed the feeling so warmly demonstrated on a former occasion, when, during the performance, it was announced that her Majesty had escaped from the hands of an assassin.

"There was an immense audience last night to the fourth representation of Meyerbeer's *Prophète*. The first act was over, and the skating *divertissement*, which occupies a considerable portion of the second, was proceeding, when the performance was suddenly interrupted by a loud cry from two or three voices in the pit of 'The Queen, the Queen—God save the Queen!' All eyes were instantaneously turned to the Queen's box, at the front of which Her Majesty appeared, alone, standing. An impulse that was unanimous seemed at once to influence every person in the theatre. The whole audience, Mr. Costa, and all the members of the band, rose simultaneously, as though in obedience to military rule, and one universal shout demanded the national anthem. The performance of the opera was stopped, and in the space of two or three seconds the entire company of the establishment appeared, as if by magic, on the stage. The hand struck up the welcome strain; the first and second verses were sung by Madame Castellan and Madame Viardot (who were both engaged in the opera) with tremendous applause, during which Grisi, who happened to be in the house, made her appearance

just in time to sing the third, amidst reiterated cheering. We have witnessed many exhibitions of loyalty, but never were present at one more spontaneous and genuine than this. At first the great majority of the audience were in the dark about this unexpected and unusual manifestation; but the news flew like lightning about the house, and at the end of the anthem those who had merely joined in the acknowledgment of Her Majesty's sudden appearance out of deference to what appeared an irrepressible feeling on the part of a number of individuals in the pit, entered heart and soul in the demonstration, which lasted until Her Majesty, who had remained all the time standing, must have been fairly tired of saluting the audience. It was, indeed, a sight that must have moved every breast capable of a manly sentiment. A young and defenceless woman, a Royal lady, whose virtues even more than her illustrious rank, entitle her to the love and veneration of every creature in this realm, had been attacked in the streets by a scoundrel or a madman—it matters not which; she had just performed a duty of kindness to a sick relation, and it was while on the point of regaining her carriage that her person was placed in imminent danger. Yet in spite of this, scarcely three hours later, having previously notified her intention of attending the performance of last night, true to her appointment she came, as though nothing had happened, the mark of the ruffian's violence plainly visible on her forehead. Whether Her Majesty's appearance alone—for Prince Albert, the Prince of Prussia, and the ladies in attendance, came forward some minutes later—was accidental or intended, the effect was equally touching and graceful. It spoke a world of confidence; it clearly conveyed that whatever inexplicable madness might exist in the bosom of one unhappy wretch, Her Majesty felt sure of the loyalty and affection of her subjects.

Her Majesty remained till the end of the third net of the opera, and more than once applauded the performances of Viadot, Castellani, and Mario.

To night the *Flagellanti* will be given by special desire of her Majesty. The Royal Italian Opera will have something unusual to boast of, in being honoured with the presence of Majesty three times in one week.

Rossini's *Otello* is in active rehearsal, and takes the place of *Fidelio*, which is laid aside for the present. We are sorry to hear this. *Otello* is one of Rossini's very weakest operas, and *Fidelio* is a *chef-d'œuvre*. The cast, however, in the public estimation, will make some amends for the general deficiency of the music. The names of Viadot, Marie, Tambrilck, Ronconi, and Tamburini in the same bill would attract an audience even to one of Verdi's lyric growls. Besides, it must be allowed, that the *Otello*, despite its lack of grandeur and sustained power, has some delicious music, and that the part of Desdemona is extremely interesting. There is something to be said for and against the *Otello*. Whatever may be the issue, we are sorry the *Fidelio* is withdrawn.

Halévy's *Juive*, it is now decided, will be produced this season.

LA TEMPESTA.—It is understood that the director of the Grand Opera has entered into a negotiation with M. Halévy for the copyright in France of the music of this composer's last grand work, now performing with so much *clat* at Her Majesty's Theatre, at London. It is to be brought out with the greatest splendour, in which all the resources of this great establishment in scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations will be applied. It is likely to be the first grand novelty of the ensuing winter season.—*Paris Paper.*

RACHIN.—The "Queen of Tragedy" makes her first appearance this season in Racine's *Phedre*, on Monday.

OUR COTEMPORARIES.

"LA TEMPESTA."

(Continued.)

THE *Morning Post* begins an article of three columns and a half with some very poetical writing, which we cite without curtailment:—

"So much has been already written upon the subject of this production, that we enter upon our critical duties with some degree of anxiety, lest we should unwittingly repeat some other writer's ideas, or that our own should suffer by comparison with theirs. But, as every object may be placed in various lights, may present itself to the eye under as many aspects as there are points of view from which to regard it, and as the prism of fancy may lend a thousand colours to one ray of truth, there may, perhaps, be still some things in the *Tempest* which the mental vision of previous commentators may have overlooked. That with which we have principally in the present instance to deal is its lyrical capability, and this we believe to be untrodden ground, except to our contemporaries. That it is highly suggestive of music there can be no doubt. The idea of the Enchanted Island is alone sufficient to inspire a composer with a thousand bright and glowing fantasies—the island, 'full of noises, sounds, and sweet airs,' the music which 'creeps upon the waters.' Let him but imagine the 'sanguine sunrise with his meteor eyes' growing upon this lovely spot until it becomes emblazoned by all the burning splendour of a summer noon! Trees of sight-refreshing green, myriad-tinted flowers of brightest hue, small vermillion lights, golden flames and purple cloudlets, glassed in a sea of crystal light; whisperings of amorous winds with the tender branches of young trees, when the universal expression of nature's joy seems to be blended into one wondrous tone which comprehends all music; when the air seems alive with the spirit of love, and all nature gives forth one long sigh of happiness. Let him imagine Miranda, an Imago of purity and innocence, issuing from her father's magic cell to meet the morning, or laying her glowing limbs in rippling streams, whose course lies over brightest beds of coral flowers. Let him conceive her listening to 'that strange lyre whose strings the genii of the breezes sweep'; happy, but still tormented by the one 'sweet want,' vague and indefinite as it is to her unpractised sense, which now seems to take the colour from the skies, and the perfume from the flowers, and now bids them glew with beauties not their own, for, as Metastaseis observes,—

'Seconda in guerra, o In pace,
Trovano il nostro cor,
Cambiano di color,
Tutti gli oggetti.'

"To these elements of beauty, a fine contrast is afforded in the person of Caliban—a conception also highly suggestive to the composer. Such semi-human personages have ever been found highly available for lyrical purposes—witness Handel's monster, Polyphemus; Weber's demon-worshipping Caspar; or Meyerbeer's Bertram. The reason is, that music, being essentially vague in its nature, conveys, more readily than any of the sister arts, ideas of mysterious error or indefinite dread. Music is an unearthly language, and therefore better adapted than any other to the expression of unearthly thoughts.

"What a subject for an overture does this work offer! The calm, bright repose of the Enchanted Island, with its talking birds, babbling streams, and heavenly music, interrupted only by the dissonant murmurs of Caliban; the subsequent storm, the 'terror of tempest,'

'When the rage of the sail
Are flickering in ribbons within the fierce gale.'

and

'The surf, like a chaos of stars, like a rout
Of death flames, like whirlpools of fire-flouring iron,
With splendour and terror the black ship enters';

and then the loves of Miranda and Ferdinand, the wild bacchanalian mirth of the stranded and spell-bound sailors, the savage rejoicing of the brutal Caliban, the 'gentle spiriting' of Ariel, and the final triumph of Prospero—here are truly materials for a descriptive instrumental work of the very highest order. The overture is

Shakspeare's *Tempest* ought to be something marvellously fine, and we have to regret that M. Halévy has given us nothing more than an illustrative introduction."

All this is excellent; but why, good *Post*, do you quote Shelley, the great poet of our time, without acknowledging him? Surely his name is pleasanter to write than that of the Italian poetaster, Metastasio. We agree with all that is here said of what an overture to the *Tempest* might have been, except in the critic's regret that M. Halévy did not compose one. Depend upon it, M. Halévy knew what he was about. Besides, ill-natured critics might have drawn comparisons, and the *Midsommer Night's Dream* would have been an awkward customer. But the *Post* has a word to say about Mendelssohn, which may come in *apropos* :—

"In contemplating the *Tempest* as an opera, we turn from those it brings to those it cannot bring, and with a sigh for poor Mendelssohn, and a lament that the 'shadow which tracked his flight of fire' should so soon have obscured its glories, we address ourselves at once to the examination of the work before us. Fate having prevented the immortal German from accomplishing the purpose to which Mr. Lumley had directed his attention, the *libretto* having been written by M. Scribe, and the opera already promised to the British public, the manager, laudably anxious to keep his word, began to look about immediately for some other composer worthy of embodying in his music Shaksperian conceptions. Could such a one be found, success appeared inevitable; for, with a Shaksperian play adapted to lyrical purposes by M. Scribe, the hero of a thousand dramatic triumphs, and wedded to music by a composer of corresponding ability, a result approaching perfection was to be expected."

"Could such a one be found"—could such a one be found indeed! The *Post* appears half inclined to believe so, if we may draw conclusions from the following :—

"Amongst the most popular operatic composers of the Continent, a series of brilliant successes and a widely circulated fame had recently shed considerable lustre upon the name of M. Halévy, and circumstances agreeing to assist the cause, the *libretto* was placed in his hands, and the result of his labours now claims our critical attention. We can well imagine the difficulties with which Mr. Lumley has had to contend, and the disadvantage which the previous association of the name of Mendelssohn with this work must bring to M. Halévy. People will be rather inclined to judge his music by the high standard of Mendelssohn's compositions than to compare him with other operatic composers of his own style and school. We shall do neither, but endeavour to judge the composition upon its own merits, and with reference only to the manner in which M. Halévy has handled his subject."

The *Post* is judicious in doing "neither." After an elaborate description of the argument of the prologue, the following just tribute to the manner in which it has been carried out may be divided among M. Scribe, Mr. Marshall, the machinists, and the actors :—

"We must here again pay a tribute to the talent of the artists who contrived this scenic effect. The sinking of the vessel is indeed excellently managed; the raging waters rising up through the stage, whilst the ship sinks gradually into it, produce a most admirable illusion. Nor is the grouping of the terror-stricken crew—their confused hurrying to and fro—some throwing overboard—bales of goods, &c., whilst others cling frantically to ropes and shattered masts, less worthy of commendation. The whole thing is most graphically represented. Every movement of the performers is instinct with intelligence of purpose. The inventive and constructive genius of M. Scribe will at once be recognised in the arrangement of this scene: nothing could be more poetical or characteristic. It is now time for us to speak of M. Halévy's musical illustration of it."

"It is now time," the writer continues, "to speak of M. Halévy's musical illustration of it"—a declaration which

affords us much pleasure, since we are more anxious to obtain the musical opinion of our cotemporary than anything else. The first sentence, nevertheless, rather staggers us :—"The instrumental prologue, which is in the key of C minor, begins with the tonic note." The perusal of this makes us inconveniently jump. "Is our cotemporary going to analyse the opera, note by note?" A glance down the column convinces us that our fears are illusory. The remarks on the musical part of the prologue are somewhat lengthy, but we quote them entire in deference to the critic, and in justice to M. Halévy, the more especially as we cannot agree with the impression they seem to convey.

"The instrumental prologue, which is in the key of C minor, begins with the tonic note, played by the violoncelli and double basses only. The swelling and diminishing of this sustained sound produces a good effect, and was well accomplished by the performers. Then follows a passage for horns and bassoons, ingeniously blended. Subsequently, after a drum passage leading to a pause on the dominant, a charming figure for the violoncelli, suggestive of Miranda, and a florid violin passage *con sordini*, occasionally accompanied by short chords on the wind instruments, which seem to foreshadow the approaching storm, are worthy of great praise."

A repetition of the violoncello figure follows, now ingeniously accompanied by wind instruments throughout. Then a descriptive passage in the first violins, which illustrates, now the raging tempest, now the gentle spiriting of Ariel, as she sports upon the bosom of the stream. The violoncelli subject is then played by the first violins, accompanied by a succession of clever dominant pedal harmonies and modulations. A blending here of the stormy elements, described in agitated florid passages, with the charming *Mirandese* violoncello subject, whose plaintive tones seem to illustrate the girl's entreaties to her father to allay the storm, produces a very charming and poetical effect. At length the fury of the elements abates, and the raging sea sinks to rest, lulled as it were by the sweet tones of the island maiden, whose voice appears to be as "oil to the water." The calm is expressed by a fragment of the *Mirandese* strain, which is repeated with constantly decreasing power by various instruments."

All this, mind, reader, is for the few bars of instrumental music which preface the rising of the curtain. The *risible* part of the prologue is then discussed. In both extracts we have purposely italicised the eulogies, which are much more numerous and hearty than those of the critic of the *Daily News*.

"The curtain now rises. The first chorus, 'Al dolce visio splendore,' and, indeed, the whole of the opening music, is appropriate and replete with interesting vocal and instrumental effects. The most remarkable feature in the prologue, however, is the 'preghiera,' a very admirable piece of vocal music, excellently harmonised and voiced; on the words 'Al Padre, Alle Madri,' occur some very striking and original modulations. We have but one fault to find with it, which is, that the composer has neglected to work in with it the stormy element. Certainly a comparative full might be supposed to take place; but making the tempest cease altogether, in order that the singers may have an opportunity of making themselves heard, is to sacrifice too much the nature of the scene. We should have preferred a simple chorus for the voices, with an agitated accompaniment in the orchestra, illustrative of the continuation of the elemental strife, and this M. Halévy might have accomplished, for it is the triumph of music to be able to express simultaneously various ideas and feelings. On the whole, the music of this prologue is creditable to M. Halévy's imagination and musicianship."

To all the latter part of his paragraph, which relates to the *melle* of the prayer and the "stormy element," we consent. Still the *Post* will own that the task he has suggested to M. Halévy is by no means easy of accomplishment. We add a few words about the performers, which are nothing more than deserved :—

"The performance of it was in every respect admirable. Signori Lorenzo and F. Lablache executed the little they had to do with artistic feeling and judgment; at the chorus sung and acted also with great spirit and intelligence; and Carlotta Grisi appeared to be the informing spirit of the whole. Tumultuous was the applause which followed the fall of the curtain, and decided success attended the first division of the new work."

What follows contains the most comprehensive and acutest, we need hardly add the justest, apostrophe we have read in any of the accounts of *La Tempesta* to Carlotta Grisi's exquisite impersonation of Ariel. We recommend it to the attention of our goodnatured and intelligent contemporary in the *Daily News* :—

"The first act opens with a beautiful scene, representing the grotto of Prospero on the Enchanted Island. Sylphs are discovered reposing in picturesque groups upon flower banks, listening to a chorus of invisible spirits. This chorus, "Nel gentil anel," as well as the introductory ballet music, is extremely light and prettily scored. The well-known English air, "Where the bee sucks," with novel and quaint harmonies and instrumentation, now heralds the approach of Ariel, who presently appears through an opening in the rocks. It would be as difficult to describe the appearance of the divino Carlotta in this part as to convey an adequate idea of her acting. As she moved upon the stage, a thing of light and beauty, we were reminded of the lines of Tasso, whose thoughts will render the surpassing beauty of her appearance more ample justice :—

"Fa nuove crespe l'aure al crin disciolto,
Che natura per se ristretta in onde

• • • • •

Dolce color di rose in quel bel volto

Fra l'avorio si sparge, e si confonde

Ma nella bocca ond' esce aura smorza

Sola roseggia e semplice si rosa.

"There was but one thing in Carlotta Grisi's conception of Ariel which did not quite please us. We allude to her somewhat *spiritual familiarity* with Prospero. We did not like her taking him by the arm or shaking him by the hand. It was "of the earth earthy," and uncharacteristic of the "airy nothing" to which Shakespeare has given a name, and which looks up to and fears Prospero as the being who can at once of its destiny. With this one exception, we are of opinion that Mlle. Carlotta, in Ariel, has carried pantomime art to its highest perfection; and, this admitted, can we say too much in honor of the consummate artist? Is she not a living embodiment of the most exquisite beauties of form which the mind can conceive? Is not hers the spirit which must animate a Pallas or a Raphael? To their conceptions they can give an enduring form, whilst hers are transient? But is she for this reason to be less prized, or the claims of her art to a high poetical influence to be denied? Observe the wonderful intelligence of her gestures, the purpose and meaning of her every movement, the eloquent limbs, the speaking eye! Her whole body talks to you! She is all truth, all nature, but truth expressed in such exquisite forms as only ideal loveliness could suggest. We have spoken of Pallas and Raphael, but we doubt that even such artists as there could produce in a whole life as many and as various forms of beauty as the fair Carlotta gives to the world in one hour. After what we have already said, it will be needless to dwell upon the perfect delicacy and womanhood of her performance, even in the wildest moments of her enthusiasm. These qualities will be understood; for the slightest approach to coarseness would break the charm, degrade a great and poetical artist to a mere vulgar jester, and falsify the praise we have bestowed."

The lines we have italicised, following the happy citation from Tasso, we have italicised, because we do not agree with them. We also object to the term "womanhood," below. We have not time to discuss the question now, but whenever the *Pest* has an evening, a box of cigars (real Havannahs), and some excellent coffee to offer us, we will undertake to explain to him that Shakespeare would not have made the same

objection to Carlotta's conception—or rather to Scribe's, for Carlotta, as we have already hinted to our friend of the *Daily News*, does merely what is set down for her; that she does it in her own enchanting way, we grant; but she has nothing more than the manner of doing to answer for.

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN DOUBLE GRAND PIANO.

We are requested to insert the following description of a new Yankee invention. The prefatory remarks are from a Manchester journal :—

"We have had occasion to notice more than once, lately, the progress of pianoforte making in the United States, and we now present our readers with an extract from the *New York Albion*, not only in reference to this subject, but also on account of the eulogiums bestowed upon Richard Hoffman, son of Mr. Richard Andrews, professor of music in Manchester. We further learn that Young Andrews has had an offer from Mr. Barnum, of New York, to join the party of Mlle. Jenny Lind, for the purpose of playing double concertos with Mr. Benedict, and otherwise assisting that gentleman. This talented young professor has also had very advantageous offers from South America. "In the manufacture of this double piano," says the *Albion*, "Mr. Pinson has been triumphantly successful. Its construction has puzzled many heads during the past few weeks, and but few, if any, of even the experienced makers, guessed the secret correctly. The very simplicity of the plan threw every one off his guard, and a thousand vague conjectures were formed, and extraordinary notions conceived, all of which were speedily scuttled by a view of the 'real thing,' so simple in the fact, and so comprehensive in the detail."

The Double Grand Pianoforte, expresses exactly what it is—two grand pianos in one. The advantages of this instrument must be self-evident; it is not as large as two grands, but it has all their capacity, and all their power, with an additional volume of tone, afforded by the one enormous sounding-board, which extends all over its vast dimensions. Although it is, of course, very large, its appearance is by no means cumbersome or unwieldy; on the contrary, it is a shapely, well-proportioned, and elegant looking instrument, and would prove a magnificent ornament in the drawing-rooms of any of the large mansions of the upper ten. The quality of tone is rich, sonorous, clear, and brilliant; the scale is finely graduated, and offers, as far as we could distinguish, no one weak point—the power being justly distributed throughout the extent of the scale. The bass is grand; the tones roll out with a power more resembling the diapason of an organ, than the vibrations of piano strings. Richard Hoffman played his great show piece, themes from *Lucia de Lammermoor*, by Liszt, with a force and brilliancy that he has never, in our hearing, equalled. We were fully prepared for any improvements in Mr. Hoffman, for he has the divine gift of genius, and there is nothing in his art that he may not attain; but he takes strides in excellence that we find it difficult to follow. The public are familiarised with his name, and have learned to look upon him as a young player; but could he add a few years to his life, remaining stationary in his present extraordinary powers, and come here with sundry well-organised puffs, the press would find him a wonder, and the public a prodigy. But praise cannot make him greater than he is, nor add a tittle to his artistic impulses. The exquisite grace of his style, the deep pathos of his expressions, and the wonderful power, rapidity, brilliancy, delicacy, certainty, and force of his execution, drew down a perfect tumult of applause, and the piece was unanimously called for repetition. Mr. Hoffman, in compliance with the demand, performed De Meyer's *Semiramide*, and to describe the performance, would require the same terms of eulogy used above; we shall therefore content ourselves by saying that the applause was as enthusiastic as after the first piece. He brought out the piano in fine style, and convinced every one of its great powers and sterling excellence. The eight-hand piece which followed showed the full capacity of the instrument, and we heard many compare its effects to that of an orchestra. It was in truth grand

in every sense of the word, and completely settled all doubts as to all that was claimed for it by the maker."

The *New York Albion* could say no more of Liszt himself than he has said of younger Hoffman, who, though a clever youth, is in imminent danger of being spoiled by the preposterous puffing of our transatlantic friends. As for the "Double Grand Piano," we must confess we would rather not hear it.

THE POLKA.

—Nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus. HORACE.

THE prevalent question among the dancing members of the Clubs about six years ago was, "Is the Polka to be laughed down—or learnt?" The former alternative was adopted, by an immense majority, on the first appearance of the dance in the private ball-rooms; and a powerful opposition was forthwith organised. Young England led the attack; confident in its powers of sarcastic predication—fond of running a tilt (for practice) at any wind-mill—and clinging consistently, in this instance, to the choreographic traditions of the May-pole. All the renowned waltzers, to a man, followed on the same side; feeling it rather hard to be cast down from their high estate, after years of meritorious exertion; unbelted champions, starting fresh, amidst a crowd of nameless rivals, for a new reputation. They represented the "finality" party among dancers; maintaining the *status quo* of the ball-room, as Lord John, after the Reform Bill, did that of the House; and for the same reason. Like him, they were satisfied with the "movement" in which their own laurels were earned; and saw, in a progress which threatened to supersede their sway, a reprehensible spirit of insubordination to the existing order of things. Accordingly, when the first Polka-Ball was given (not a hundred miles from the Grosvenor Gate, Hyde Park), they went about industriously filling parental ears with vague reports as to the freedom and *abandon* of the new dance; and predicting the speedy relaxation of all wholesome discipline, and social *covenance*, unless this "Park-Lane Conspiracy" (as they called it) should be promptly nipped in the bud. Next may be mentioned a numerous clique of aristocratic blades and *fiduciers*; and especially the drawing-room loungers of the Traveller's and Crookford's, who declared it the correct thing to vote the new dance a "hore." Their indolent example had more influence in the Club world than all Young England's polished shafts, and the prophecies of the peevish, put together.

But none of these drawing-room Sets could compare, for the vigour and pertinacity of their resistance, with the elderly besux down stairs in the dining-rooms. With them it was, so to speak, a question of life or death. They gnashed their mineral teeth, and stirred up their purple-black curls, as they sat over their claret, revolving their approaching discomfiture. Small chance now for their creaky joints against the supple elasticity of twenty-five! No more walking through the diagrams of *l'idée* and *la poulie*, with an easy stiffness, as though they could do steps if they liked—and rather wished it were the fashion. The very girls of eighteen, hitherto their great trust and stay, would now find them out as readily as the women of forty-five—experienced in skin-partings, and pivoted incisors. They damned the thing roundly, as "a clumsy peasant-dance; a senseless, boisterous romp; a vulgar, village trot; which they, for their parts, would never countenance."

A true conclusion, at any rate, unless there be a mesmeric art to infuse life and contractility into cotton gastrocnemii.*

But besides these, strange to say, there were scores of well-built, active young fellows, whose interest, had they had the nous to see it, was to have joyfully seized on the Polka as the ladder of their advancement in the estimation of the fair; but who were, on the contrary, to be heard growling and grumbling at its introduction, with an unaccountable blindness; which Elderly Adolescence wondered at, but cunningly promoted; reflecting, with something between a chuckle and a sigh—"Si la jeunesse savait!—si la vieillesse pouvait!" And then, in the distance, the environs of London, with pions Clapham at their head, lifted up their voice, and cried aloud as one man against the licentious innovation; a new infraction of their pet commandment—the gem of the suburban decalogue—the palladium of suburban purity—"Thou shalt not touch thy partner's waist." The which pharisaic clamour, to say truth, was not wholly without an echo in Carlton Gardens and the Squares; where a sort of hybrid sanctity, that goes to Little Bethel and the Opera by turns, is occasionally to be met with; scarcely out-done by the sectarianism of the *banlieue*, in transcendental fine feeling, and vulgar fastidiousness. It is observable, however, with respect to this metropolitan methodism (and herein it differs from the unction of the outskirts), that it seldom springs from a gratuitous animosity to fun; but usually has its origin (we do not say its excuse) in some such lame reason as inspired Byron's querulous tirade against waltzing (to which the public common sense has long ago done justice). When, for example, at a Park-Lane Polka-Ball, you see, in some corner, a pair of upturned eyeballs, giving a sort of telegraphic publicity to their owner's horror at the corruption of the Age; then, dear reader, look down at Indignant Virtue's feet—and nine times in ten you shall find them gnarled and knotted with bunions. Now, knowing bunions to be painful, and the sight of unattainable pleasure tantalising, one can make allowance in such a case for a little virtuous dyspepsia. Whereas one shrinks with unmitigated disgust from a pious Peckhamite—reveling in Cant for its own unctuous sake; and propagating its effete jargon, for the mere pleasure of snuffling through his nose. Happily, the opposition of these fanatics, whether thinly scattered in the west-end districts, or teeming in the region of back-gardens and brickfields, was more feverish than effective. Little Bethel has been losing ground ever since Box gave Stiggings that ducking under the pump. "Tea-and-Bible" is found out for a dilute sort of religion after all; and keen noses have smelt something very like gin in all that petty-and-water. So much for the Opposition; which, notwithstanding its weak points, comprised some powerful interests, and presented on the whole a very formidable aspect.

And now for the partizans of the Polka,—who were they? Who took the field against this bristling array? Who ran the gauntlet of Club wit—and bore down the *vis inertiae* of Social indifference—and unhorsed Young England—and swept the faustics clean out of the field;—and at last, by dint of sheer energy, carried their point, and compelled folks to recognise the Polka as one of the undeniable "Issues of Time."

* Vulgarily called the *enters*; being the use the language of an anatomical professor to whom we referred the point: "The great muscular masses which act on the heels, so as to straighten out the feet, and raise the body on the toes, as in dancing." [The professor gives us some curious particulars about these muscles; how they are largely developed in the Persian ladies, who have to pick their way on tip-toe over the round stone paving of their muddy streets; and how, on the contrary, they are comparatively diminutive in the otherwise strongly formed London drayman, by reason of his habitually walking, flat-footed, in heavy, wooden-soled high-tops; with other entertaining observations, new to us, and for which we wish we had space.]—Ed.

—another "Great Fact," like the League? The glory of this achievement belongs exclusively to the YOUNG LADIES of LONDON. Yes, the Polka is a conquest of Feminine Genius; established on British soil, and imposed as a yoke on the recalcitrant London Clubs, by the tact, courage, and perseverance of our high-mettled English girls. And truly it was no light undertaking. Their work was cut out for them, as the saying is. They had a twofold contest to engage. Parental scruples were first to be assuaged; and the Clubs to be reduced to obedience afterwards. The former was a matter of diplomatic negotiation; the latter of pitched battles. Of the negotiations we know nothing but the result. They were carried on by Committees with closed doors, in the boudoirs—now turned into diplomatic bureaux. The battles came off, of a night, in the ball-rooms.

The ball-room is a woman's chosen battle-ground. There she comes forth in her war-paint, fully equipped. Her accoutred foot treads, firmer than Man's, on the glossy brown-holland. She measures the enemy with wary eye; undazzled by wax-light. Does she appear absorbed in Lanner's airy music? She is elaborating the theory of her campaign. Seems she lost in the soft flattery of her assiduous partner? She is scheming the details of his defeat. In arts even greater than in arms, she inclines to a Fabian policy; and leisurely matures her plots. She knows when to cool her adversary with ice; when to mix his blood with petulant champagne. Sometimes she tempts him to a summary issue, and a sudden fall. Sometimes she leads him on to tipsy-cake; and conquers—after supper.

The tactics of the Polka struggle were simple but dexterous; insidious manoeuvres at first, suddenly exchanged at the right moment for a series of dashing charges.

During the first few days the young ladies were satisfied with luring over a few deserters from the enemy's camp.

These they made muck of—complimented—caressed. They served (unconsciously) as decoys; exciting the jealousy of their companions and rivals, by the unusual favours they enjoyed.

Every night witnessed larger defections from the Opposition; whose losses, thus continued in an accelerating ratio, soon began to tell seriously upon their strength. Their position became alarming.

Suddenly the young ladies closed their ranks and joined battle.

No more coaxing now! They came flashing out with their ready weapons, cut-and-thrust; boma questions—subtle taunts—keen sneers—cruel allusions. They had brought the edge of their contempt to a perfect razor, and gave no quarter; but "cut mercy, with a sharp knife, to the bone."

The Opposition was seized with a panic. Each successive ball told with more signal effect upon their gaping ranks. Their very leaders went privily and learned the dance; to be prepared for all hazards.

Their nimble-witted antagonists, seeing the day to be theirs, adopted a "short and easy method" with the shattered remnant of the foe. They no longer vouchsafed to be sarcastic; but slew with a cool disdain. The contemptuous intonation of their simple "Do you dance the Polka?" cut short all irrelevant discussion. Until you *did*, your conversation was limited to a bare moiety of that frugal allowance—"yea yea, and nay nay." They had no esrs for more. You vainly sought to fortify your negative with some faint witticism. You were beneath a rejoinder; not worth pulverising. You might think yourself lucky to be asked by some scornful beauty, as she turned off on her heel, whether you had "ever

heard of Coulon?" or to have the Polka-column of the *Times'* advertisements commended "to your private meditations."

The result of the conflict is now matter of history.

Young England, with a transitional adroitness that might awaken ministerial envy, has slipped in, rudder-like, at the tail of the movement which it lately opposed.

The detected Elders, with characteristic *savoir-vivre*, have quietly retreated to the *ren-de-chaussée* realities of life. Their soul delights no longer in the tumultuous dance. Veiled is the vitreous lustre of their white smiles; they turn their incorrodible incisors on the fowl instead of the fair; and do execution with the edge, instead of the flat, of their weapons.

Indignant Virtue (with the upturned eyeballs) was stricken down in the first battle by a shrewd lunge from Miss B—; who enquired, with curving lip, "Do you think, because you have corns, there shall be no more pipe and tabor?" Poor *Virtus indignans*, touched in so tender a point, limped off to its proper sphere in the back drawing-room; where it finds rest for its sore feet beneath the Card-table; and forgets the naughtiness of Jullien; and takes refuge from vanity—in tricks.

Meanwhile the more fantastic (and less distorted) toes are vigorously beating triple time to the new measure. Intense emulation prevails among the dancers. Fresh chances of distinction invite the hitherto unknown; and the old celebrities of the waltz struggle hard to keep the lead in their new orbit. In the re-distribution of honours the ancient reputations are not all lost; nor every one maintained. Some vicissitudes are inevitable; some falling stars; some crescent satellites. More than one late opponent of the dance has reason to be glad of his defeat; last season a cipher—now, a Name.

And these graceful forms that whirl with them, lightly encircled;—be these the victorious fair, late so merciless in combat? Strange! that those soft-beaming eyes could smite down an enemy with a single taunting flash! that those lips, now rosy-smiling, could curl with such peremptory disdain; and write a sneer, in one stroke, on the very soul! They are all softness now, the little darlings! all considerate generosity to the conquered; and each, as she stops panting for breath, prettily declares herself "vanquished at last!"

This brief account of the Polka Movement may be received with some doubt in the provinces; so signal a victory against such heavy odds will there, perhaps, be thought improbable; but the facts are fresh in all London recollections, west of Regent-street.

If, indeed, the Opposition had had a settled plan; if the Parental authorities had not balked between two opinions, things might have taken a different turn. But, fortunately, they were undecided; and while they wavered, the young ladies acted. Action against hesitation any day; courage against numbers all the world over; and so the Polka became a *fait accompli*.

And now that the movement party is fairly dominant—and the Ball-room Revolution of '44, like its political prototypes, consecrated by success; let us estimate the result of the struggle, and see whether the young ladies have brought about a real progress in social enjoyment, or a mere capricious oscillation of fashion.

But is it a question worth discussion? Is the Polka, after all, a matter of any importance?

Certainly, calling to mind the established rule of this "great commercial country," that the true worth of anything is what it will fetch in the market; considering that the Polka cannot be "bought cheap and sold dear"—like silk, cotton,

and other important commodities; that it cannot be monopolised, nor speculated in, so as to become a source of rapid fortune to some, and sudden bankruptcy to others; that it cannot be adulterated and exported for sale in foreign parts, so as to enrich our beloved country; nor, in a word, promote any of the workings of our beautiful commercial system; considering all these things, we can hardly attribute much importance to the Polka. We see that it has nothing to do with *Business*; that it is beside the main chance; and touches not the significant concerns of life. We feel that a mere dance, serving only to set a few hundred thousand young hearts beating with fun and pleasure, which are notoriously frivolous, must be itself of trivial moment.

And yet, on second thoughts, what were this Important Business but for this Frivolous Pleasure? If the silk, above-mentioned, were not *pleasing* to the eye, and the cotton *pleasant* to the touch; if sarsenet for ornament, and calico for use, were not, each in its way, *pleasurable* to man, what would become of the "important business" transacted in these articles? What is the merchant meditating his ventures, or the dealer retailing his wares, but a servant of Pleasure? What is all this "buying cheap and selling dear" but a subordinate drudgery, ministering, afar off, more or less indirectly, to that very Pleasure which, in its direct manifestations, the drugges condemn as frivolous? Evidently, that which ministers to the frivolous, must be frivolous itself; nor can business have any importance but that which it draws at second-hand from pleasure. Lest of all should the ear-worn trader despise these bubbles of pleasure, which the very breath of his life is consumed in blowing. He whose joints have stiffened under the irksome desk, and whose hair has grown grey in the narrow counting-house, to furnish the mere accessories of the dance, should least of all men despise dancing, or call our Polka trivial. If the kernel be insignificant—what is the husk? If it be waste to pass an hour in discussing the dish—what is it to spend a lifetime in supplying the garnish? Answer us, ye merchants of silk and cotton, grave vendors of a filament—a gloss: if we who dance the Polka are simpletons, what are you who fetch and carry our trappings?

In good truth, this Polka Movement, so far from being insignificant, is a fact considerably more real and less delusive than several revolutions of greater celebrity and higher historical pretensions. It is considerably less delusive, for example, than the French Revolution.

"Pooh-pooh!" cries a boss voice.

Don't be alarmed, dear young ladies, for the safety of your cause; the assertion is a bold one, but we will make it good, notwithstanding Political Philosophy's "Pooh-pooh!"

Yes; we affirm that this foolish village-dance, which has set hundreds of thousands of young hearts palpitating with novel pleasure, is less unreal and less delusive in its influence on the sum of human happiness than the French Revolution; which has left the starving populace as hungry and destitute as it found them; the oppressors changed, the oppression the same; an aristocracy demolished, a plutocracy dominant; a financial substituted for a hereditary feudalism; barons of the counting-house for barons of the castle; capital gaining what birth has lost; and, coined from broken coronets, the same Gold master still!

Ever, dear young ladies, eschew the glittering surface, and run your needle into the heart of things; so shall you often find one steadfast fact lurking under diversified fluctuations of form, and many a gigantic shadow of historic change shall prove less real than the tiny substance of one added pastime—a newly-measured ombre—a rustic dance.

(To be continued.)

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THEATRE ROYAL—ENGLISH OPERA.—Mr. Knowles has made another unsuccessful experiment with an operatic company, comprising, as principals, Mr. and Mrs. Donald King, Miss Lanza, Mr. Laiter, and Mr. Borani, with the usual Manchester chorus, under the clever drilling (but at too short a notice) of Mr. Chas. F. Anthony; the band, considerably augmented, being led by Mr. Jackson, and conducted by Mr. M. C. A. Seymour. The *Bohemian Girl* was the opera given on the first night (Monday last), when there was, from all accounts, a fair house, and a very fair performance. On Tuesday no were present to hear, for the first time, Balfo's opera of the *Bondman*, when the house was wretchedly thin, and the opera by no means well done—insufficient rehearsals, we should say, were the chief cause. In fact, we think that it reflects no little credit on Mr. Anthony and Mr. Seymour that they were enabled to do what they did with their respective forces in so short a time. Our general impression on a first hearing of the *Bondman*, and an imperfect performance, is, that Mr. Balfo rises in our estimate of him as a composer, in having produced so good and dramatic an opera to such a sorry and indifferent libretto. The overture is short and nothing remarkable. Writing overtures is not Mr. Balfo's forte. The opening chorus is in a more happy vein, and there are some highly dramatic concerted pieces and *morceaux d'ensemble* all through the opera. There are several beautiful and original melodies too. We may instance—"Child of the Sun," "It is not form," "Love in language," &c., the recitatives are quite of the Italian model, yet cleverly written; and the instrumental accompaniments of a high order. Mrs. King, of course, took the character of the Creole widow; her husband being the tawny lover; Borani, the Marquis; Laiter, the Count Floreville; and Miss Lanza had the very insignificant part of the Hostess of the Inn. Mrs. King has but a weak, thin voice, but she sings carefully, and well in tune; her personal appearance is prepossessing too, so that, on the whole, she created a favourable impression, although no *furor*; her "Love in language" was deservedly encored; and the duet, "There is an instinct," was remarkably well sung by her and her husband. Mr. King, indeed, acquitted himself well throughout an arduous and somewhat ungracious part; in the scene where he recites his newly discovered father's unfeeling conduct, he threw great energy both into his acting and singing. We liked him much in the duet already alluded to; also in the song, "Child of the sun." Mr. Borani was correct and respectable in all he had to do; his voice was a little flat occasionally, and his delivery is something too monotonous and moulting; his best scena was the one in which he declares to Ardenford his parentage; Mr. Laiter was very imperfect and unsteady in his performance, and seemed to have a tenor part to sing with a baritone voice; he did but sing really with effect in one piece, that was the unaccompanied trio or quartet in the last act. "There is a destiny," with Borani and King (and, if a fourth, some one not seen). There was no recall, and no enthusiasm. Since Tuesday, the *Bohemian Girl* and the *Bondman* have been repeated, and last night the *Sonambula* was given (we fear but to indifferent houses). We understand Mr. Knowles has been in treaty for a portion of the Royal Italian Opera company, Grisi, Mario, Ronconi, &c., for six nights after the season is over at Covent Garden; but the terms demanded were so exorbitant, that, with the recollection of his losses last year by the Sontag-Labianche operas, and the succeeding ones with Alboni, Corbani, Tagliabue &c., our indefatigable manager did not feel himself warranted in venturing to give them. We are the more sorry as we are not subscribers to the concert hall, and had longed to have an annual treat at the Theatre Royal from one or both the Italian Operas. The only fair plan would be for Mr. Lumley or Mr. Beale to share with Mr. Knowles the expense and receipts.

MUSIC AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

A MIXTURE of Italian, French, and English artists have been giving Italian operas here during the last fortnight. On Monday,

Lucia di Lammermoor was presented to the Plymouth public, but in so tattered and unfinished a state, that Doolizetti would have had some difficulty in recognising his own composition. An English lady, called in the bills Signora Normani, was the Lucia. She has a pleasing countenance, not without expression, but, alas, her voice is of not sufficient tone or strength to enter with dramatic force into the difficult character of Lucia. With intense study and application Signora Normani may yet arrive at being a useful *seconda donna*; but I doubt much if she will ever, even in the provinces, get beyond that. The Edgardo of Signor Onorate Leonardi was a sad failure. This gentleman, if I mistake not, was equally unsuccessful in Dublin last year, when singing under the name of Puglieri. The disagreeable part of my criticism being over, I must now make favourable mention of Signor Montelli, who was a star indeed amongst the others I have named. The impression he left last year, when singing in the *troupe* of Madame Montenegro, and Sizzor Santiago, was very favourable; but from coming into contact with others of such considerable talent, his good qualities as a singer were not so remarkable; at present he was the only one who could be justly entitled to the name of artist, and the good taste and qualities of his voice were duly acknowledged by frequent plaudits. The *secondo basso*, Signor Ballini, sung with care and precision, but altogether the opera was given in a most mutilated form, and from the beginning to the end went very badly. On Friday evening *Lucrezia Borgia* was presented, Signora Normani filling the part of the heroine. This perhaps is one of the most difficult, if not quite so, of any character in the repertoire of grand lyric opera, and not only requires a singer but a tragic actress of the first order. Neither of these applying to Signora Normani, it was anything but a satisfactory performance to those who had only eight months since seen in the same theatre Madame Montenegro. If Signora Normani would content herself with singing in such operas as the *Barbiere*, *Don Pasquale*, &c., &c., she might become a very useful member of the musical profession; but the lack of quality and uncertainty in her intonation will be an insuperable barrier to her becoming a *prima donna*. I smiled when they told me Madlle. Lebrun du Montreal had a voice like Alboni's, and listened attentively to find that out, but as you may readily imagine, it was in vain. This lady's style of singing is of the French school. She will, I dare say, be very useful as a concert singer, but is totally unfit for the stage. There is a harshness in her voice, without any warmth, which is at times very grating to the ear. I must pass Signor Leonardi's Gennaro in silence. Montelli, as the Duke, both sang and acted well, and, as usual, was magnificently dressed. This *troupe* labours under peculiar disadvantages at Plymouth, from the circumstance of the public having been last year familiarised with a *prima donna* of undoubted talent, assisted by a contralto, tenor, and barytone of great merit; the latter alone remaining leaves a miserable deficiency indeed. I fear our excellent and liberal manager, Mr. Newcombe, who has been at great expense in getting a chorus from London, and considerably augmenting his orchestra, will be a great loser by having unwittingly engaged a *troupe* of such doubtful merit.

CHARLES DE M—.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

(From a Correspondent.)

BERLIN.—Robert Schumann has accepted the situation of chapelmaster in Düsseldorf, and he will shortly remove thither from Leipzig.—The popular polka and galop composer, Anton Wallerstein, from Hanover, has obtained great success, on introducing some of his works to the musical public in Hamburg, particularly "La Coquette," "Le Congé," "Un dernier amour," &c.—The Tenor, Herr Ander, from Vienna, is giving concerts in Dresden. The *Signale* says, "We found in him a perfect *rara avis*, viz., a well educated German Singer of the first class.—Madame Pleyel intends visiting Germany, in particular Leipzig, Berlin, and Vienna.—The new Frederick Wilhelm's Theatre was opened on the 8th of May. The building is commodiously and elegantly constructed, and has

two tiers of boxes, besides the gallery. For the opening, M. Lortzing has composed an overture.—Mdlle. Helessi, "the Hungarian Nightingale," intends to give a series of performances in the Theatre "Karntnerthor," in Vienna.—Emilie Mayer, a pupil of Chapelmaster Charles Loewe, in Stettin, gave a *Matinée* in Berlin, and invited her friends and the public to a performance of her own compositions. A symphony of the fair composer is highly spoken of.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ASPULL P. FLOWERS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Be wondrous wary of your first comportments. Got a good name, and be very tender of it afterwards; for 'his like a Venice glass, quickly cracked, never to be mended, though patched it may be. To this purpose, take along with you this fable. It happened that Fire, Water, and Fame went to travel together, as you are going now. They consulted that, if they lost each other, how they might be retrieved, and meet again. Fire said, "Wherever you see smoke, there shall you find me." Water said, "Where you see marsh and moorish low ground, there you shall find me." But Fame said, "Take heed how you lose me; for if you do, you will run a great hazard never to meet again: there's no retrieving of me."

Thus wrote Howell, who, in his "Familiar Letters," published in 1684, sent this and many more important truths to that busy and all-stirring period. There is a class of people, who—with a depravity of appetite not excelled by that of the celebrated Anna Maria Schuman, who rejoiced in eating spiders—thirst after fame. There is not one among all who have appeared in the pages of the *Musical World* to whom this, as well as the quaint and expressive words of old Howell, so oppositely, nay, so forcibly apply, as to Mr. French Flowers. I have entreated, warned, admonished, and denounced, with all the *tenderness* of a loving parent, the *fraternity* of an affectionate brother, and with the *friendship* of a Damon, that would peril his very life—nay, set it at naught, so that it would serve that Pythias who should serve it. 'Tis in vain, yet will I again essay, and

"Waste my sweetness on the desert air!"

Is it quite impossible for us to have from thy pen—O French Flowers!—in that in which thy great contrapuntal self does not overwhelm the subject thou writest on? Do try. There will be novelty, a curiosity in it, far more curious than ever was philosopher's stone to alchemist (i. e., if he had found it). How kind—how interesting—we readers of the *Musical World* to be told that Bach preceded Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn; and that their best specimens of art-contrapuntal sprung from the immortal Bach. Surely we needed no ghost to tell us this. Alas! poor ghost, but French Flowers will tell us of this important fact; may more, he threatens the unlucky wight who should dare to merely differ from him with the imputation of his value—a value not more worthy than "that of an old woman's"—be he who he may! This is indeed awful; and yet why should it not be so, when we—poor slaves and ceters of dirt as we are!—reflect that he comes with a Bach-an-alien force utterly irresistible? To back this, has he not written a fugue so like the great Bach's, that (to use his own words) the late Atwood, the pupil of the great Mozart, the very Raffaele of music, absolutely believed it to be the composition of the great, the glorious, the immortal Bach?

"Oh! ye gods and little fishes!"

A very misnomer thou, French Flowers, to that Leviathan, that monster of the deep!

And yet, "my" Flowers, hast thou been fied, concertised, and chronicled in the archives of the Cecilia Verein at Frankfurt for all ages to come; nay, the director Schellö gave thee a farewell Bach-an-alien concert, having seen one of thy (365) fugues, "which was (he said) written in Bach's school of counterpoint," and, so like was our Dromio to the other, that no doubt existed of its being the very counterpart (query, counterpoint?) of the great

Bach. After this, who can doubt thy surprise at being "black-balled" by the Society of British Musicians," "abused by the press," "sneered at by professors" (who sneer as they smile, the former from profound contempt, the latter from pure charity), and "neglected by the society which of all others thou ought to belong to?" But stop. Let us inquire why so great, so self-renowned an artist should thus meet with the contumely and contempt he so pathetically deprecates. To return to the fable. "Wherever you see smoke, there is fire." Granted. But a very great smoke may come from a very small fire, particularly when the fuel is chaff or straw. If the fire of French Flowers, or any portion of it, be vested in the composition of a certain trio, which, from its extreme ugliness, arising from total absence of form, phrase, or combination symmetrical, had the effect of driving away, from the concert of a talented and justly-celebrated harpist, half the audience, though at the commencement of the second part of the programme I then, indeed, may Water come in for a whale's share, and say, "Where you see marsh and moorish low ground, there you shall find me," and, lo! as a natural consequence, starts up Fame, who says, "Take heed how you lose me, for if you do, you will run a great hazard never to meet again—there's no retrieving of me." The *morale*, the inference of all this is plain enough, so that he who runs may read.

Now for the Bach Society. Whatever its merits may be, its estimation is complete. The sin of not conferring upon "my" Flowers the degree of honorary member is great indeed: but, with a complacency most ineffable, he, as ungenerously as ungentlemanly, doubts their "competency to render justice to Bach's compositions;" and gives this as a reason for their neglect of the great Bach-an-allien—himself to wit. Such are the high grounds he takes, and for which *high grounds* he prays for excuse! The winding-up and the postscripts attached to this precious letter are in their way admirable. His generosity in *giving* to the Harmonic Sacred Society Bach's Mass is amply amplified; *their despair* in not being able to do it, and consequently compelled to return it to the illustrious donor—the affected patronage of Messrs. Costa and Sterndale Bennett, are beautifully illustrated; and, were it not for the ugly knocks he gives to his friends, British arts, and his ungrateful country, one would believe "my" Flowers to be the very daisy, the daffodil—nay, the very pink of society.

I would fain glance at the postscript; a bit, as there are only two, and the *animus* lying where it ought to lie, I will save your readers and myself much trouble; yet was I grieved to find, in one of his letters, a most grave and miscalculated attack upon a singing-master at the Academy, who has done more to form the voice, in producing a good tone and style, and imparting that school of expression, which has maintained him at the summit of his profession for the last thirty years. He has also written an able treatise on the art of singing, and done more for vocalisation than will my learned Flowers do even though his future life rivals those of the patriarchs.

A word or two on expression. Expression and simplicity are the two great objects to which the fine arts in Italy are at present, as they have been for ages past, directed. It is in this that the distinctiveness of character appertaining to the Italian and German schools so widely differ. Expression is the first point necessary; and if simplicity is violated, expression becomes either difficult or unattainable. "Intaverire il cuore" is the motto of the Italian artist, whether he be poet, sculptor, painter, or musician. It is this which makes him prefer the single expression of one absorbing passion to the complicated action of a variety of passions. He prefers the dying gladiator to a crowded revel—the pure, touching melodies of Bellini to the elaborated magnificence of German harmony; and it is this taste, and this only, which has prevented the *libretti* from being formed on any other model than that they rate. However strong the sympathy, its fixeness must not be disturbed by the introduction of any unnecessary episodes; hence the want of the style dramatic. Doubtless, this love for one vast and complete unity of interest—this passion for the exhibition of concentrated expression—must produce a comparative neglect of subject, in which even the finest music should go hand in hand. Of all European countries, it may be truly said that Germany, musical as she is, has profited least by the introduction and example of the Italian singers. There is not a voice extant, travel where

you will, from the nearest to the farthest confines of Germany, which is formed on such principles as to produce that fulness—that voluptuous sweetness of melody—so distinguishable in the Italian singer. How is this? may be most pertinently asked. Fine voice and method go rarely together; quite as rare as fine form and beauty of countenance. How is this? is an every-day question.

Oh! shades of Porpora, Salleri, and Righini, point ye to the Bach-an-allien school for this great—nay, chiefest tribute of the art divine? This even so. Bach's school of singing is to be the regenerator, with "my" Flowers at its head as the "coming man," who, knowing "that the school of vocalisation now taught is inadequate to display its character," generously comes forward to enlighten this dark age, armed, no doubt, with a treatise quite as profound, learned, and original as his "Essay on Fugues," which is published, and the "Essay on Cadence," which is not, and never will be published. Thus, thrice armed, will he expound the art of singing, by explaining the harmonies of Bach with all his ingenious and contrapuntal devices. Oh! rare Flowers! oh! rare French Flowers! verily, verily, art thou chief of that race which mends not its pace by beating. Thou art right. In any other country but this, musicians would have invited thee to a Bach-an-allien Society with a vengeance! Poor Atwood! poorer Seebell! though living. Bah! Could humbug farther go?—In haste, and obliged, believe me truly yours, WILLIAM ASFOUL.

4, Newman Street, Oxford Street.

OBSCURE CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

MY DEAR SIR,—A correspondent, who signs himself V., and whose letter appears in the last No. of the *Musical World*, charges me with writing disrespectfully of the clergy. In bringing forward this accusation, "V" has scarcely done me justice. If he will peruse my letter in No. 24 with more attention, he will find that the sentence to which he objects is distinctly given as a report which might or might not be correct,—"I am told," &c. In a former communication (see No. 20, page 308) I had already expressed a deliberate opinion of the clergy in the following words:

"The writer desires to draw the distinction between the high church party, which he has the happiness to know *abounds* with earnest, good, and faithful men," &c., &c. Now, why has V. cited my "last letter in particular, and paid no heed to another from which the above is an extract? Because in doing so he considers he is acting fairly? I think he must admit not. But after all, he may not have seen my former letter, and I will freely award him the benefit of the doubt. At the same time, I must inform him that he is completely mistaken in supposing I am wanting in a feeling of veneration towards the clergy. The imputation I deny in the strongest manner and to the fullest extent. Had such have been the case, I should not have devoted so much professional time, (which is my fortune,) to an exposition of certain statements that have been put forth concerning church music, (some of which are positively false), and which I had reason to know no class of gentlemen were so likely to accept, and to *suffer* from so doing as the clergy. Had I been actuated by the feeling V. has suggested, I should not have cared to put the clergy, among others, in a position to judge for themselves how dangerous some of the prevailing opinions are, but should have remained content to let them be misled by the deception practised towards them. My desire has been, and is, that the veneration for the clergy should be *increased* by the evident encouragement they give to the study and cultivation of church music; but as that result can only be expected to follow their adopting sound views supported by sound arguments, and these have been shown not to have always been put in the clergy's way; I, for one, have undertaken to do my part towards, at any rate, giving them the opportunity of avoiding the grosser errors that they might otherwise become the promoters of, however incorrectly. And if I should be permitted to be one of the instruments for doing so—to however small an extent—I shall consider my trouble amply repaid, in spite of V.'s misrepresentation.

V. also complains of a want of "moderation" and "temper" in my letters. This I am delighted to hear. The tone of my communications has been copied from that of some of the *high church papers*, when discussing the same subject, though on the opposite

side, and attacking organs and organists; with this only difference, that I have avoided their bitterness and acrimony. If the tone is so distressingly unbecoming even for a secular publication to adopt, how disgraceful it must be to high church periodicals. V. is in the secret as to where that tone originated; and if he is sincere—as I have no reason to doubt—he can remedy the evil by writing to the editors of the said high church periodicals in the same frank, complaining style that he has addressed the editor of the *Musical World*, and I will promise him that a change of tone in the one quarter shall be followed by an alteration in the other.

With regard to the remaining point in V.'s letter, that the question concerning the Gregorian chants is merely one of a difference of taste, he must allow me to ask, *have the Gregorianists discussed it as such?* Have they permitted others to discuss it as such? Have they not rather endeavoured to stifle everything like fair discussion on the subject, and successfully, for years? And by attacking and abusing those who have confessed a taste for the superior chants,—the Anglican, have they not assailed those who have entered a plea for the Anglican chants, in a manner that V. confesses indirectly to be “immoderate” and “ill-tempered”? In one book that is now lying before me I find it stated that “the Gregorian song possesses a charm at once admirable and inimitable, a fineness of expression that words cannot describe, a power over the feelings, an easy and natural flow, ever fresh, ever new, ever youthful and full of beauty, that neither grows old nor falls on the taste; while, beginning from about the middle of the 13th century, may be said to date the commencement of the stupid, insignificant, disgusting, harsh, and tasteless modern melodies, which have continued ever since to be heard up to the present time.” Is the latter part of the above quotation, which first appeared in a monthly Gregorian publication, a specimen of “moderation”? Is the following notice from the last number of the *Ecclesiologist*—all that was vouchsafed on the subject to—“Mr. Monk's ‘Anglican Chant Book’ is abominably worthless, and has seemed to us scarcely to deserve a formal castigation.”—is this, I beg to ask V. a specimen of “good temper”? Is it just, true, honest? I think his candour and better feeling will urge him to reply in the negative.

But the complaint against the Gregorianists is not met by V.'s suggestion that the discussion is one merely of a difference of taste. The complaint is, that the Gregorianists have tried to carry their point by recourse to ways of disingenuousness. And a serious complaint it is; of the truth of which more than one proof has already been advanced, and which have, as yet, neither been called into question by V. nor any one else. For instance, what can be more mystifying and destitute of distinctness of purpose than the endeavour to persuade the laity that a return to the Gregorian tones was a necessary step to be taken towards the reformation of church music; and then presenting those chants, not in their authentic form, and as Pope Gregory unquestionably intended them to be sung; but in a harmonised form, in imitation of the Anglican chants of the last three centuries? If the Anglican chants are “abominably worthless,” don't copy them, still less so ably conducted as yours; but simply to express a regret that a work so decidedly successful as the quintett by Mr. Macfarren should have been dismissed so very briefly in the review of Mr. Richard's concert. I consider that composition as one of the most masterly works which we have yet received from the pen of an English composer. It abounds with the essentials of a great composition. Independent of its effect as a whole, one cannot but feel, while listening to the instrumentation, how sincerely Mr. Macfarren possesses the love that every genuine musician must entertain for perhaps the most exquisite of all the arts. 1. In common with many others, feel greatly indebted to Mr. Brinley Richards in having afforded us an opportunity of hearing this work. The selection of such a composition, however, is only what one could be justified in anticipating from an artist in Mr. Richard's position. The admirable manner in which the quintett was interpreted by Messrs. Cooper, Hill, Mount, and Piatti requires no eulogium from me. I cannot help, however, expressing my gratification at the very creditable performance of Mr. Mount on the double-bass, and Mr. Mount should consider himself very fortunate in being selected to perform in a work so admirably arranged for the display of the resources of that instrument as the quintett by Macfarren. I should have addressed you before this, but that I had hoped that some

thing, in the tone of the church periodicals, and I am accused of a want of veneration for the clergy accordingly.

I am, my dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

AN ORGANIST

HALÉVY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—The sentiments expressed by “A Constant Reader” in your journal for March 23rd, must, I think, be shared by most frequenters of the Royal Italian Opera, and every lover of music. I find it difficult to account for the sudden popularity of Halévy in England. Has any one of his productions created a decided sensation here? Is he pre-eminently distinguished for the originality of his conceptions, for the grandeur of his effect, or for the beauty of his melody? In a word, are his compositions better adapted for the Italian Opera House than the Opera Comique? If they are, let him at once take up the position his ability has won; but if not, and that, I presume, few will doubt, why, in the name of all that is musical, are we debarred the enjoyment of the operas of those great masters who, by their genius, have secured the highest fame, and who, by their immortal works, have gained for their worship a shrine in the heart of every man to whom their divine art is dear.

Let it not be supposed that I wish to detract from the merits of M. Halévy, or that I would deprive him of that meed of praise which is his due; on the contrary, I consider him one of the best modern composers of the Opera Comique we have; but his music, most assuredly, is not of the style or character we expect to hear at the Italian Opera House. Let the director of that house but bring forward such works as those mentioned in your correspondent's letter; let them turn their energies towards the production of those operas by Mozart, Rossini, and other composers of that calibre, which have not yet been performed in England, and there cannot be a doubt that such a proceeding would not only gratify the frequenters of their theatre, and confer a benefit upon the musical public, but it would also redound greatly to the credit of the directors, and retain and procure still more the universal patronage to which their spirited efforts have entitled them.

W. C. C.

[Let “W. C. C.” purchase a stall at Her Majesty's Theatre during the run of *Le Triumphant*. After one hearing of that work, we are much mistaken if he do not modify, retain, or altogether change his opinion about the celebrated composer.—D. R.]

MR. BRINLEY RICHARD'S CONCERT.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—Having had the pleasure of being an auditor at the excellent concert recently given at the Hanover Rooms by Mr. Brinley Richards, I cannot conceal the disappointment I felt when afterwards perusing the account of that concert as it appeared in your journal. I do not in any way mean to throw censure upon a paper so ably conducted as yours; but simply to express a regret that a work so decidedly successful as the quintett by Mr. Macfarren should have been dismissed so very briefly in the review of Mr. Richard's concert. I consider that composition as one of the most masterly works which we have yet received from the pen of an English composer. It abounds with the essentials of a great composition. Independent of its effect as a whole, one cannot but feel, while listening to the instrumentation, how sincerely Mr. Macfarren possesses the love that every genuine musician must entertain for perhaps the most exquisite of all the arts. 1. In common with many others, feel greatly indebted to Mr. Brinley Richards in having afforded us an opportunity of hearing this work. The selection of such a composition, however, is only what one could be justified in anticipating from an artist in Mr. Richard's position. The admirable manner in which the quintett was interpreted by Messrs. Cooper, Hill, Mount, and Piatti requires no eulogium from me. I cannot help, however, expressing my gratification at the very creditable performance of Mr. Mount on the double-bass, and Mr. Mount should consider himself very fortunate in being selected to perform in a work so admirably arranged for the display of the resources of that instrument as the quintett by Macfarren. I should have addressed you before this, but that I had hoped that some

Much of the music of the present day is very noisily scored. Now, imagine a number of gentlemen announcing themselves reformers of orchestration, and proclaiming, that as a necessary step towards effecting the required reformation, a return must be made to *Handel's* method of instrumentation; and then, by way of preventing the possibility of our misunderstanding what they meant, were to refer us to the score of the Messiah, with *Mozart's* accompaniments! Any person who had any regard for the originators of such a movement, and the knowledge to detect the mistake, would warn them that at the same time they are advising a return to the *Handelian* score, they were urging the acceptance of such a score as *Handel* never wrote, never saw, and never dreamt of. The Gregorianists have put forth their adopted chants “with additional accompaniments,” the like of which *Pope Gregory* never wrote, never saw, and never dreamt of. Mr. Monk has warned churchmen of their danger, and has been abused for it. I have, (though in only one branch of the subject as yet,) proved the same

more able writer would have alluded to what I cannot but consider as a most singular omission in such a paper as the *Musical World*. When one peruses the programmes of concerts in general, it is really refreshing to find such a selection as Mr. Richards gave us. Independent of the quintet, I cannot but mention the glorious selection from Bach and from Handel. The fugue is perhaps one of the most melodious ever written, though it abounds with difficulties demanding no ordinary mastery of the instrument. There are many other things to which I could have alluded, but that the fear of trespassing upon your space deters me. In conclusion, I only hope that Mr. Richards will again afford us an opportunity of becoming still further acquainted with such a work as Mr. Macfarren's quintet. I remain truly yours,

A PROFESSIONAL SUBSCRIBER.

"THE LITERARY GAZETTE."

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR,—Your readers are aware that some time ago I wrote articles in the above periodical. The portion allotted to them was called *The Contemporary and Musical Review*—in no other portion I ever wrote a line. Having, therefore, an interest in the *Literary Gazette*, I cannot but regret when I find musical opinions propagated at variance with truth and sound judgment. The opinions and manner of criticising Mr. W. S. Bennett's last concert affords a striking instance of the kind, and, as Lord Byron said of Southey's lines, "For G—'s sake, reader, take them not for mine!" The critic observes, "There is evidently a great disposition to be enraptured with fugues, preludes, and such compositions as the duet of Mozart's played on this occasion (composed in 1790 for a musical clock); the learned wish to establish a sort of freemasonry of music, intelligible and enjoyable only amongst themselves. If this is to be the classical music, we"—(oh! that conceited We!)—"appeal against it, as leading away from true music, and tending to repress the 'flow of soul' which inspires the most beautiful and immortal compositions."

Literary men who rail against fugues, ought first to be acquainted with the means which create the beautiful and immortal compositions of Handel, &c., before condemning them. I frequently see such men wagging their sapient heads in frantic enthusiasm over a common fugal passage which has been used over and over again by the earliest contrapuntists; this exhibits the sort of "flow of soul" felt by these erudite critics. It would be well if they would study a little, then they would better discover what is old and what is new, what is great and what is small in a beautiful composition. But to assume that Mozart's composition for a musical clock is one leading away from true music, and tending to repress the "flow of soul," indicates such a bewildered soul, that I think such a writer ought to be the reviewer of the strains of Beilam; especially so, when he sums up his article as follows: "Mr. Bennett stands at the head of our school of pianists, (what then is our school?) and his influence is great." Might we (this big squeaking we) suggest that it is desirable to cultivate refinement and intensity of expression in preference to calculated mechanical difficulties and velocity of execution. The critic, no doubt, intended to rap at the Thalberg imitators, if so his homily is excellent; but should he have mistaken that school for the Bennett school, then the world is not likely to be very well informed as to what constitutes the one and the other school. It would not be just were I not to add that the general opinions of the musical reviewer of *The Literary Gazette* are of a very different description to the one I have noticed, and my having done so is from a sincere regard for that impartial, old standing, and kind-dealing periodical.—I am, Sir, yours obliged,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

P.S.—May I venture to thank your *very logical* correspondent, "D. P.," who filled half a column of your valuable space, simply about me—nothing else—for his excellent and well-meant advertisement. Nothing, too, could be more flattering than his repeated declarations that I always write something worthy of being answered; but as his letter contained no matter of interest (being all about me!) it would be egotistical and vain were I to do more

than acknowledge his kindness. In so doing, allow me in return to ask him a question, the answering of which would make his writings of some interest, which will, I trust, repay him for the trouble he takes about me. *How many triads and modulations could occur by any dissonant ascending a chromatic second—thus: from F to F sharp? Poor Dutch Pinks!*

TO ONE DEPARTED.

[The following beautiful lines, from *Serena's Musical Times* (New York), will, we have no doubt, be duly appreciated by our readers.—Ed.]

Art thou not near me, with thine earnest eye,
That weep forth sympathy? thy holy brow,
Whereon such sweet imaginings do rise?
Art thou not near me, when I call thee now,
Maid of my childhood's woe!

Even like an angel, smiling mid the storm,
Wert thou amid the darkness of my woes—
Thy pure thoughts clustering round thy form,
Like seraph garments, whiter than the snows,
Which the wild sea upthrows.

Now I behold thee, with thy sorrowing smile,
And thy deep soul uploosing from thy face,
While sweetly crossed upon thy breast the while,
Thy white hands do thy holy heart embrace,
In its calm dwelling-place.

MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

Plagiarism the fifty-second.

No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wace;
But some blossoms were gather'd while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer when summer was gone.
Thus memory draws from de light ere it dies
An essence that breathes of it many a year.

This is what we call in Ireland "very fine oysters." We read these lines in

SHAKESPEARE.—*34th Sonnet.*

They live unwooded, and unexpected fade,
Dye to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.
And so of you, bounteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

And in

SHERIDAN.—*The Judgment of Hercules.*

If o'er their lives a reluctant glance they cast,
Theirs is the present who can praise the past:
Life has its bliss for those whose past is bloom,
As withered roses yield a late perfume.

And in—

COWLEY.

I'll the well-gotten pleasure,
Safe in my memory treasure,
What though the flower itself does waste,
The essence from it drawn does long and sweetly last.

And again in—

SHAKESPEARE.—*Sonnet.*

Then were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner, pent in walls of brass;
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was;
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Lost but their show, their substance still lives sweet.

I once showed these originals to Tom Moore himself, but he assured me that he had never before seen them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MADAME MONTENEGRO has been engaged by the director of the Marseilles Theatre to give a limited number of representations during the ensuing month.

Mr. SARNTON, Mr. J. Balseir Chatterton, and Mr. Williams had the honor of playing solos on the violin, harp, and clarinet, at Her Majesty's concert, after the Royal christening, on Saturday evening.

Ms. ALBERT SMITH'S entertainment of the Overland Mail continues to attract crowded and fashionable audiences. By importing some new songs and characteristic sketches, he has given to it additional piquancy and interest. The entertainment has been so successful as to induce Mr. Smith to continue it upon every Monday.

M. LAFORT.—This eminent actor, who has recently been performing at Mr. Mitchell's theatre, has left London for Paris, to resume his duties at the *Theatre des Variétés*.

LEGS COME TO HONOUR.—Therese Ellier, the sister of Fanny, has just married the cousin of the King of Prussia, the Prince Adalbert. Though inferior to Fanny as a dancer, Theresa was superior as a woman, and it was only after a long and fruitless pursuit for love without benefit of clergy, that the enamoured Prince decided on her possession at any price, and has now introduced into the Royal Family the legs which the public have had the privilege of admiring.—*New York Paper*.

M. ALEXANDRE GULLER has announced a morning performance of classical pianoforte music, for Wednesday, July 3rd, at the New Beethoven Rooms, Queen Anne Street, in which he will introduce several of those pieces which were received with so much favour at his recent series of concerts in illustration of the great pianoforte composers. In the first part, M. Billet will play Beethoven's sonata in B flat, op. 106; a selection of studies, including specimens of Mendelssohn, Henselt, Chopin, Moscheles, and Sterndale Bennett; and Mendelssohn's sonata in F sharp minor. In part second, he will introduce Dussek's sonata in E flat, the "Farewell" prelude and fugue of Bach, Scarlatti, Handel, and Mendelssohn. The entertainment, no doubt, will prove highly attractive. The performance will be varied, as before, with vocal *morceaux*.

THE DOLPHINATE.—La Dauphine—a province of France. Udo Guignes, the Dolphin, conquered it in 879. From him the first-born son of his successors was called the Dolphin (le Dauphin)—which title was given to the eldest sons of French kings when they had taken possession of the Dolphin.

MADMOISELLE VANDERMORSCH.—A young lady, who bears this name, has succeeded in training birds to such a high degree of docility, as to attract great attention among the higher circles. A long case, containing some 200 cards, variously inscribed, and with the edges upwards, is placed before an elegant cage in which there are four birds, who, successively hopping out of their abode, answer by means of the cards almost any question that may be proposed. Thus, if a word be named by one of the spectators the birds will take out the letters which compose it. If a watch be held in front of the cage they will take out cards indicating the hour. Still more curious is a feat with a hat, into which any one of the company throws a die without revealing the number to the lady-exhibitor. In spite of his secrecy, one of the birds declares the amount of his throw. This is probably the most extraordinary exhibition of the kind ever seen, for whatever understanding may exist between Mademoiselle Vandermorsch and her birds, the very establishment of such understanding is in itself a marvel of training. The appearance and manner of the lady, who is very young, and who rules her feathered subjects like an elegant enchantress, give an additional charm to the entertainment, which is conducted with a great deal of taste. Occasionally a private performance takes place at the lady's residence, at No. 2, Baker Street, but her general practice is to visit the houses of her patrons.

DR. MAINZER IN THE FIELDS.—Dr. Mainzer, and a class of about 700 pupils of the Normal School system of singing, lately visited Danham Park, and afforded the residents a rich musical treat. They first formed a circle round some oak trees in the new park, and, assisted by the band of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, went through several very beautiful pieces, amongst which were the "Sunrise," "Britain's hymn," "Contentment," &c. The band performed several airs from the opera of the *Daughter of the Regiment*, Dr.

Mainzer and his class, with the band marching in front, then proceeded to the front of the hall, and the band played while several dances were gone through, the classes in different portions under the old shady oaks playing at various games. When dancing was ended, the class and band were taken into the stable-yard, where they performed several other pieces with great precision. The butler took the soldiers composing the band into the hall, and allowed them to taste the noted Danham ale. The class and band passed through Bowdon, apparently highly delighted with their trip, about halfpast eight o'clock. We understand that several thousands were enjoying themselves in the park the same afternoon.

AMALXIM.—A man who learns any one thing thoroughly will have acquired a power of universal application. If a young man beats five hundred competitors in a curriculum of cookery, entomology, and astrology, though he may never have occasion again to use these particular accomplishments, we have no doubt that, if he takes to the law, he will stand a good chance of becoming a lord chancellor or a pious judge.

MALIBRAN.—M. Edouard Féis, in his *Cabinet des Curiosités Musicales*, relates the following anecdote:—"A wreath of faded flowers was near Mozart's watch. Before I had time to request of my host an explanation of this curiosity of his cabinet, he told me — 'An illustrious cantatrice once bore this wreath; then the flowers were fresh and fragrant. At that period the great artist was in all the splendour of her talent, her glory, and her youth. At the present day, all is like the flowers. In the last journey I made to wind up my affairs and to realise my property, about seven years ago, I found myself at Milan. On the day of my arrival in that city I was informed that La Scala was open; the waiter of the hotel at which I was stopping brought me a bill of the operatic performance, in which I perceived, in large characters, the title of *Norma* and the name of Malibran. It would be in vain for me to describe to you the pleasure which I experienced on that evening; at the close of the first act several bouquets, and a wreath of natural flowers, were thrown on the stage. After the opera I left the Scala without any designed purpose of finishing the evening, when one of the company, who had sat close at my side, asked me if I were not going to the Palazzo Visconti? I replied that I had not an invitation; but he told me that was not necessary, and invited me to follow him. The Duke Visconti was then in the house of the Opera of Milan. Besides the considerable sum which he paid in the shape of salary to the illustrious *prima donna*, she had apartments at his hotel, and a carriage and servants were at her disposal. On arriving at the Palazzo Visconti, we entered without any one asking us the object of our visit. My introducer, who appeared to well know the localities of the place, conducted me to an apartment where *La Dica* was taking supper, surrounded by a numerous court. We entered and we left without being observed, the gossip was lively and without restriction; it was not about the performance of the evening, but it was respecting the parties who had been so prodigal in bestowing their bouquets and crowns. Malibran remained the whole time of supper wearing on her head the wreath of flowers which I had seen fall at her feet; but she subsequently took it off because the heat was excessive, and placed it on a marble slab. After having remained about a couple of hours, I and my conductor retired. Dare I to confess it? Before I left I committed a felony, I privately carried off the wreath which Malibran had worn, and there it is."

Mrs. ALEXANDER NEWTON'S ANNUAL CONCERT was held in the Music Hall, Store Street, on Wednesday evening. Mrs. A. Newton provided a strong array of talent for her visitors; and the programme was varied and lengthy, if it was not classical and select. Mrs. A. Newton is an accomplished singer, and possesses a very fine voice. She made herself extremely popular at the Wednesday Concerts, and was the *prima donna assoluta* of these hy-gone entertainments. Mrs. A. Newton was assisted by Madame Macfarren, Madame Zimmerman, Miss Poole, Miss Ransford, Miss M. Williams, Miss Leslie, Messrs. Bridge Frodsham, Frank Bodda, and H. Whitworth, Herr Mengis, and M. Drayton as vocalists; and Miss Eliza Ward (soprano), M. de Kontski (violin), Signor Giulio Regondi (concertino), Herr Stehling (melodine), Mr. Richardson (flute), and Herr Heeking (violinello), as instrumentalists. Mrs. Newton sang with Mr. Bridge Frodsham the duet "Da quel di che," from *Linda di Chamouni*; the brilliant cavatina, "O luce di quest'

anima," from the same opera; the popular trio, "My Lady the Countess," from *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, with Miss Poole and Miss M. Williams; a duet from *Tancredi* with Miss Poole and Madame Macfarren; and the Scotch ballad, "An' ye shall walk in silk attire;" in all of which she acquitted herself to the manifest gratification of the audience. Madame Macfarren introduced a new and very delicious ballad, called "The Love of Ladye Anne," the composition of her *cara sposa*, and sang it with admirable expression. The conductors of the concert were Herr Anschuetz and the Messrs. W. Macfarren, L. Lavenue, and Benedici.

JOHN PARRY'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT.—A very novel and amusing performance, appropriately entitled "Notes, Vocal and Instrumental," was given on Monday evening at the Music Hall, Store Street; by the prince of musical humourists, John Parry. The present entertainment differs from its predecessors. There was no consecutive story to introduce tales, anecdotes, &c., which would offer points for vocal illustrations. Mr. John Parry has, like a good boy, eschewed telling stories, and has refused the services of his friend Albert Smith. Now, whether he has done well or done ill in this respect we are not prepared to show, nor have we given the subject, as yet, our serious consideration. We know for certain that the entertainment on Monday was excessively amusing, peculiarly John, and unmistakably Parryan. If Captain Parry, in his endeavours to discover a north-west passage to India, had been as successful as John Parry in his north-south passage to public favour, the overland mail would be a *caput mortuum*, or, more properly, would never have existed at all. Our Parry has navigated the Pop(pular) Seas to more purpose than any Captain who ever disturbed a whale or an iceberg. If any one doubt that he has effected, let him hie to the Music Hall, Store-street, on—for date see advertisement, which has not been sent us—and if he come away impressed with opinions at variance with ours, then all we have to say is, that he differs from us. Judging from the auditory on Monday night, John Parry's new entertainment must be pronounced eminently successful, since it was received throughout with every manifestation of the warmest approval. Not the least welcome part of the performance was the introduction of several old friends, whom we considered long since dead, but which John, with life-giving power, has resuscitated from oblivion and death.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—The grand morning concert announced by the friends of the late Madame Dulcken and the musical profession, for the benefit of Madame Dulcken's family, took place on Monday week. The concert was patronised by the royal family and numerous personages of the highest rank. The artists who volunteered their services were Madlle. Schloso, Miss M. Williams, Miss Dolby, Miss Catherine Hayes, Mdme. Madeline Notles, Mdle. Cora Stail, Mdle. Parodi, Mdme. Giuliani, Mdle. Angri, Mdme. F. Lablache, Herr Brandt, Herr Fornes, Signor Marras, Signor F. Lablache, Signor Calzolari, Signor Beiletti, Herr Stigelli, among the vocalists; and Herr Dreychock, Mone, de Kontski, and Mdle. Sophie De'cken, among the instrumentalists. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Willy, performed the overture to *Egmont* and *Oberon*. Messrs. Benedict, Lindsay Sloper, W. Kuhe, H. Dulcken, and Balfe, conducted. The room was very full, and we trust a considerable sum was realised for Madame Dulcken's family.

M. DE KONTSKI'S *Matinée Musicale* was held at the residence of Miss Messent, 8, Stratton Street, Piccadilly, on Monday. Vocalists:—Miss Messent, Miss Bassano, Miss Ransford, Mdle. Nau, Herr Brandt, Signor Salvatore Tamburini, Signor Ciabatta, and Signor Gardoni. Instrumentalists:—Miss Clara Loveday and Mademoiselle Sophie Dulcken (pianoforte), Miss Kennedy (harp), M. de Kontski and Mr. Zerbini (violin), Herr Ganz (viola), and M. Rousselet (violoncello). Messrs. Schimon, Ezekiel, and Henry Dulcken acted as conductors.

MR. and MRS. JOHN ROE gave their annual evening concert on Wednesday, the 19th. The vocal section comprised Miss Poole, Miss Messent, Miss Woodford, Miss Murrell, Mrs. John Roe, Mr. Benson, Mr. Herbert, Mr. W. H. Seguin, and Mr. Sims Reeves. The instrumentalists numbered Miss Roe (pianoforte), Mr. Willy (violin), Mr. Frederick Chatterton (harp), and Mr. John Roe (pianoforte and organ). The first part of the concert was

sacred; the second, profane. The audience seemed to relish the latter more. Mr. W. Wilson and Mr. John Roe joined offices in conducting.

MR. S. S. BLOCKLEY'S Evening Concert was given on Friday, the 21st, at the Princess's Concert Room. The singers were Mrs. Charles Durand, Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Poole, Miss Leslie, Miss Stewart, Mr. Frank Bodda, Mr. Delavanti, Mr. Benson, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, Mr. Charles Durand, Mr. Joseph Barnett, Herr Pigall, and Herr Charles Haas. In the instrumental line, in addition to his own services on the piano, Mr. S. S. Blockley provided coadjutors in Miss P. A. Blockley, Mr. R. Blagrove, concertina player; Mr. Carte, flautist, who, on his new patent flute, played a fantasia with great effect; Messrs. G. and J. Case, also concertina performers; Mr. H. Blagrove, violinist; and Kate Loder, who executed Leopold de Mayer's *Lucresia Borgia* fantasia in the most brilliant and magnificent style.

MR. and MRS. W. H. SEGUN'S annual concert took place on Friday morning, the 7th instant, at the Hanover Square Rooms, and was given under the distinguished patronage of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. There were several notable features in the concert. Thalberg played twice. He was escorted in his first performance, the *Masaniello* fantasia, when he substituted the "Com' o gentili" fantasia, or, more properly, the *Lucresia Borgia* fantasia. Mr. Balair Chatterton played a solo on the harp; Herr Hocking a solo on the violoncello (capitally); and Messrs. Benedict and Brinley Richards played a duet on two pianofortes. The singers who assisted the *Beneficentines* were Mademoiselle Schloss, Miss M. Williams, Miss Mistent, Madame F. Lablache, Miss Lucombo, Mr. Benson, Signor Marchesi, and Mr. Sims Reeves. The Rooms were tolerably attended.

MR. H. MONI'S *Soirée Musicale* took place last evening at Blagrove's Rooms, Mortimer Street. The performances consisted of a trio and quintet of Beethoven, a quartet of N. Mori, and a violoncello solo. The executants were, Mr. Brinley Richards, Mr. Horatio Chipp, Mr. W. Watson, Mr. R. Blagrove, Mr. Jarrett, Mr. Barret, Mr. Lazarus, Mr. Baumann, Mrs. N. Mori, and Mdle. Coulon.

M. GODEFROID.—The morning concert of this celebrated harpist occurred on Saturday, the 15th inst., at Willis's Rooms. The programme was long, and occasionally tedious. M. Godefroid is one of the greatest living performers on the harp. His performances were received with great applause. He played three times, each time choosing compositions of his own for his essays. The artists were abundant, and comprised Madlle. Schloss, Miss Catherine Brown, Madlle. de Rupplin, Signor Brignoli, Signor Ciabatta, and M. Jules Lefort, among the vocalists; and M. Sainten, Signor Piatti, and M. Godefroid among the instrumentalists. Signori Alary, Vera, and M. Freon conducted.

BETHOVEN ROOMS.—Mr. Sprenger, the talented pianist, provided the visitors to his *Matinée Musicale* on Tuesday, with very agreeable musical fare. The names of the executants were, the Misses Bassano, Messent, Signor Marchesi, and Signor Burdini, vocalists; and Messrs. de Kontski, Giulio Regondi, Kiallmarts, and Sprenger, instrumentalists.

ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HIGHBURY BARN.—An evening concert, on rather a large scale, was given in the above locale, on Friday, the 21st. Ernst's name was in the bills, and no doubt materially aided in attracting the numerous audience congregated together. The great violinist never awakened greater enthusiasm by his performance. He was in immense force, and played with astonishing force and beauty. He gave the *Otello* fantasia, one of his most admirable compositions, and his "Caraval de Venice." The most deafening applause followed each, and each was honoured with a tumultuous encore. The Highbury folk will not soon forget the violin playing of Ernst. Some sixty years hence, the oldest inhabitant will prate of it to his grandchildren as one of the wonders of the bygone times. Sims Reeves's name was also in the programme, and Sims Reeves's name, it needs not now be told, is a tower of strength. The popular and accomplished tenor sang, "All is lost now," Lavenue's ballad "Meet me, dearest," and Croft's air "My beautiful, my own," in splendid and telling style, and obtained immense applause. The remainder of the vocal music was allotted to Miss Birch, Miss Lucombo, Miss Dolby, Mr. J. E. Williams, and Mr. Farquharson Smith. The last-named gentleman conducted.

MUSIC is the soprano, the feminine principle, the heart of the universe; because it is the voice of love—because it is the highest type, and aggregate expression of passionate attraction, therefore it is infinite; therefore it pervades all space, and transcends all, being like a divine influx. What tone is to the word, what expression is to form, what affection is to thought, what the heart is to the head, what intention is to argument, what insight is to policy, what holiness is to heroism, what religion is to philosophy, what moral influence is to power, what woman is to man, is music to the universe. Flexible, graceful, and free, it pervades all things, and is limited to none. It is not poetry, but the soul of poetry; it is not mathematics, but it is to numbers, like harmonious proportions in cast iron; it is not painting, but it shines through colours and gives them their tone; it is not dancing, but it makes all graceful motion; it is not architecture, but the stones take their places in harmony with its voice, and stand in "petrified music." In the words of Bettina, "Every art is the body of music, which is the soul of every art; and so is music too, the soul of love, which also answers not for its workings, for it is the contract of divorce with human."—*Mrs. Child's Letters from New York.*

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.—Any ear may hear the wind. It is a great leveller; nay, rather, it is a great dignifier and elevator. The wind that rushes through the organ of St. George's Chapel at Windsor, has first passed through the barrel-organ of some poor Italian boy; the voice of Alboni and that of a street singer have but one common capital to draw upon—the catholic atmosphere, the uncertainty as to the failure of which would be the utter extinction of Handel, Haydn, and all the rest. This, or atmosphere—the compound of nitrogen and oxygen, to which we are so deeply indebted—sometimes plays the musician of itself, and calls upon Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, upon the ocean and in the forest; and they, like lovable but not inaudible performers, make glorious music. Sometimes the shrouds of a ship, as the rolls upon the tempestuous deep, raise wild and piercing soprano to the skies; sometimes the trees and branches of a forest of gigantic pines become mighty harp strings, which, smitten by the rushing tempest, send forth grand and incessant harmonies—now anthems and anon dirges. Sometimes the waves of the ocean respond, like white-robed choristers, to the thunder-bass of the sky, and so make Creation's grand oratorio, in which "the heavens are telling," and the earth is praising God. Sometimes deep calls upon deep, the Mediterranean to the German Sea, and both to the Atlantic Ocean; and these, the Moses and the Miriam of the earth, awaken rich antiphones, and form the opposite choirs, responding from side to side in Nature's grand cathedral, praising and adoring their Creator and builder. Were man silent, God would not want praise.—*Dr. Cumming.*

MEXICAN CURRENCY.—A correspondent of the *Mobile Register*, of the 26th ult., writing from Mexico, says: "Madame Anna Bishop having, by her splendid vocal powers, turned all the heads in the Mexican capital, Mr. Bochsa was applied to by several musical amateurs of a town in the interior of the republic for Madame to give a concert. Accordingly he wrote to the proprietor of the only place in the town where a musical performance could at all be given, viz., an open cock-pit arena, to ascertain terms, &c. When the answer came, and with it a contract in due form, Mr. Bochsa was not a little puzzled at finding, after the amount in the national theatre was named, a clause, stipulating that the said sum should be paid in genuine Mexican plasters, and not in pieces of soap, nor in segars, nor in poultry, alive or dead. However, Bochsa signed the contract, but only obtained the clue to this strange proviso after Madame Bishop's performance, when the gallery, or *gradin*, money-takers brought him, on account numberless pieces of yellow soap, segars, and two fighting cocks alive. Mr. Bochsa remonstrated, but the Mexican *cobrerodores* said that these commodities were what they generally received as small money, and he tried to prove to the enraged director, that, if the soap was weighed, and the segars called by the name of Anna, he would realize a handsome profit by them. To quiet Mr. Bochsa and reconcile him to these vendibles, the moneytakers gave a glowing description of the musical taste of a family who, to hear the great prima donna and wonderful harpist, did not hesitate to part with two of the most celebrated fighting-cocks of the town for six *gradin* tickets. Mr. Bochsa, in acknowledgement, a *la*

Mexican, of this little bit of flattery, paid the moneytaker's salary for the night with four pieces of soap and a packet of segars, and had the cocks cooked for supper.—*New York Herald.*

HOLIDAY SIGHTS.—The various exhibitions of the metropolis, which as distinguished from the theatres and the galleries devoted to painting and sculpture may be reduced to the category of "sights," are to pretty full force this Whitsuntide. To range them in all geographical order, the best plan is to start from the Colosseum in the Regent's Park, where, in addition to the Panorama of Paris and other ancient attractions, there is a view of the Tête Noire Pass and Valley of Trient, while the portion of the building called the "Cyclorama" is still devoted to Lisbon and its Earthquake. Then comes the Diorama, with its views of Stolzenfels and the Shrine at Bethlehem, after contemplating which the traveller, quitting Regent's Park, may pursue his journey through Regent Street, stopping at the Polytechnic Exhibition, where dissolving views conduce to the amusement, and Professor Bachoffner's lectures to the instruction, of the enlightened public. Then comes the Cosmorama Rooms, with their stock set of views and some miscellaneous curiosities—variety being a great object of the edifice. After which the route is to New Bond Street, where there is a neat model of the battle of Trafalgar, and an intelligent exhibitor, in panioner's costume, describes the vessels that demolish each other with broadsides of cotton wool. Once in Piccadilly, the voyager may go to the "Ultima Thule" of the west, the building once devoted to the Chinese Exhibition, and taking its name thenceforward, but since occupied by the grand moving diorama, representing Her Majesty's journey to Ireland, and Mr. Cumming's zoological reminiscences of South Africa. From the building, which from past usage is called Chinese, the line of way, now eastward, proceeds to the hall from past usages termed "Egyptian," though indeed the panorama of the Nile gives a sort of new right to the ancient title. Here the journey across the Rocky Mountains of California is the newest attraction. Leaving Piccadilly and coming to the southern end of Regent-street, we have the Overland Route to India, honourable for the successful attempt to elevate the moving panorama from a mere source of instruction to a work of art. Proceeding thence into Leicester-square, we come, first, to Mr. Breen's picture of New Zealand, and then to Mr. Burford's Certurus of Panama—decidedly the highest works of their class,—where we contemplate Pompeii, the Arctic Regions, and the newest work, the Lakes of Killarney. It will be distinctly understood, that our arrangement is in geographical, and not chronological order, and that we by no means hold ourselves responsible for the calamities of those who, contemplating at the appointed hour the moving diorama from somewhere to somewhere else, miss Professor Bachoffner's lecture at the Polytechnic. Baker-street should be mentioned apart as a place somewhat out of our line of road, and rendered illustrious by the representation of the Mannings, added (not so very recently) to Madame Tussaud's collection.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. A. (Leeds).—We received correspondent's note and the paper of the printed rules, but not the extract from the journal named, or else we should have been glad to insert it.

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MORNING CONCERT.

THE LAST OF THE SEASON.

On MONDAY, July 8th, the LAST CONCERT of the Season will take place, on which occasion, in addition to a Miscellaneous Selection, will be performed HAYDN'S ORATORIO,

THE CREATION,

Supported by the Principal Artists of the Establishment, the Full Band and Chorus.

PRICES OF ADMITTANCE.
Boxes, £1 11s. 6d., £1 2s., £1 12s. 6d., and £3 2s.—Orchestra Stalls, 10s. 6d.
Pit, 5s.—Amphitheatre Stalls, 2s.; Front Row, 5s.—Amphitheatre, 2s.

OTELLO.

The favourite Opera OTELLO is in rehearsal, and will be performed, for the First Time at the Royal Italian Opera, to a few days.

LA JUIVE.

The Grand Opera LA JUIVE is in active preparation, and will shortly be produced.

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The Musical World.

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No. 27.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1850.

{PRICE THREEPENCE.
STAMPED FOURPENCE.

ERNST.

We observe that the director of the Beethoven Quartet Society has advertised an extra performance for the exclusive benefit of this great violinist, which will take place on Monday evening.

The announcement of this event affords us an opportunity of correcting a mistake which has prevailed, in reference to Herr Ernst's connection with the recent series of performances. He was not as has been stated, "engaged" to lead the quartets—but accorded his services, without any express conditions, agreeing to depend upon the result of the speculation for his share of the pecuniary proceeds. It is not the first time that the name of Ernst has been connected with motives so entirely disinterested. His wish was no doubt to sustain, by aid of his talent and influence, the fortunes of the Beethoven Quartet Society, in whose prosperity every true lover of art must feel sincerely interested. We have reason to believe that perfect success has crowned his expectations, and that next year, thanks to Ernst, the Society will re-commence proceedings on a new and enlarged basis.

RACHEL.

The greatest tragedian of our time, and probably of all time, has once more appeared among us. She has already played three of her finest parts at the St. James's Theatre, and as her engagement with Mr. Mitchell only extends to twelve performances, there are but nine chances remaining for those who have not been present to witness what they may never have another opportunity of witnessing. The impression produced by Rachel, at least upon ourselves, is without parallel in the range of dramatic performances. The most consummate of actresses, she does not act, but makes reality sublime by the intense earnestness of an impassioned and poetical temperament. Those who agree with us that Shakspeare not only far surpasses the German, French, Italian, and Spanish dramatists, but the Greeks themselves, with their fate and their unities, will understand us when we say that what Rachel has done, having no Shakspeare to inspire her, is little short of a miracle. She has laid a sacrifice on the altar of a cold religion, and by the power of her genius has brought down the fire from heaven that makes the world believers. In her, faith is inherent. Full of her subject, she throws her whole soul into it. Whatever she touches becomes pregnant, and brings forth meaning, that, but for her, might have lain dormant and speechless. Of all known theatres, the most frigid, and stony, and pedantic, is the French—and the French of Louis the XIV. especially. It is the corpse of the Greek drama, bloodless and pulseless. But Rachel has taken it up in her arms—and lo! it breathes, and walks, and sings, with the old melody and the old enthusiasm. It is full of life and eloquence, of truth and vigour. It awe-strikes like Sophocles, and moves the heart like Shakspeare.

We are not rhapsodizing. We speak from conviction, and

with an ardour that springs from the very delight with which the acting of Rachel has but this instant filled us. Previous to going to the Theatre on Wednesday, we read the tragedy of *Bajazet*, that we might put ourselves in the proper train of mind to appreciate the performance without difficulty. Our feeling on rising from the perusal was much the same as though we had been carefully considering, step by step, the process of a lengthy and elaborate piece of reasoning. We were no more moved than by an essay of the Scotch philosophers, or a chapter of the *Système de la Nature*. There was nothing that stirred up the entrails in this drama of the seventeenth century. Bajazet, the hero, was a non-entity; Atalide, his beloved, an insipid common-place; Acomat, the visir, a dry piece of calculating shrewdness; Osmiin, his confidant, a prosy, loquacious bore. Even Roxane, a character which some have placed next to Phèdre among the creations of Racine, failed to afford us the slightest interest. The story, founded on an incident in Turkish history, which occurred about the time of Racine, robbed of what charm might attach to it by the conventional treatment of a stilted school, presented nothing but a barren field of empty declamation. Such was the impression derived from a perusal of *Bajazet*, and in such a condition of mind we went to the theatre, little expecting, with all our unbounded admiration for Rachel, to be touched or affected in any way by the performance. Nor did the opening scene, in which the rascally Acomat discloses his projected treason against the absent sultan, Amurat, to Osmiin, his tool and accomplice, serve to shake our apathy into awakening interest. We made up our minds for an infliction, to be patiently and lovingly endured for the sake of Rachel alone.

She appeared—arrayed in all the magnificence of the Eastern costume—and, as by a stroke of enchantment, the flow of indifference was suddenly arrested, and the tide of feeling rushed back to its source, bearing away every cold obstruction in the overwhelming impetuosity of its course. How such a sudden change could be effected by the mere apparition of a woman on the scene can best be understood by those for whom the lamp of faith burns eternally in some hidden corner of the soul. It was as though a nerve, in which all sense is concentrated, suddenly touched, started from its sleep, and set the whole frame in a blaze. There stood Rachel, with her dark eyes flashing fire from their deep recesses, like distant beacons on the face of night; with her black hair, blacker than the raven, close encircling her imperial brow; her right hand raised with dignity, the snow-white emblem of command; her whole appearance that of a Queen, a woman, knowing no law but her own unbending will. It seemed as though the genius of tragedy had suddenly broke loose from its tomb, and freshly clad in the semblance of Roxane, indicated by a gesture that this was the poet's inward thought, that this was what he would have expressed had he not been fettered by the trammels of a prudish taste.

And is it not so? When we think of Juliet, Ophelia, Lady Macbeth, or any other character of Shakspeare, an image is conjured up in the mind, which represents in vivid colours our idea of the individual creation of the dramatist; but when we think of Phèdre, or Hermione, or Camille, the figure of Rachel rushes at once into the empty space of our abstraction, and fills it up with a living picture. Rachel, weighed down under the influence of that inexorable fate which has placed its heavy foot upon her neck; Rachel, now intoxicating her wretched lover with false caresses, now withering him with fierce reproaches; Rachel, like a fury, her arms erect and threatening, her hair dishevelled, her whole frame convulsed with grief and rage, which from their extreme intensity meet and become one single overwhelming passion. That is our idea of Phèdre; that is our idea of Hermione; that is our idea of Camille. Phèdre, Hermione, Camille, are each and all Rachel, under different impulses,—Rachel in various attitudes. The sublime Daughter of Israel has raised her finger, and the lips of the statue become red with animation, the hollow caverns of the eyes are lighted up, the breast heaves, the limbs move and quiver; the shrivelled stone, loosened into drapery, falls gracefully from the shoulders that now glow with life, clings to the yielding form, and hangs in rich folds from the beckoning arm. Proud with awakened sense the statue walks erect, and a voice, like the music of the Egyptian image upon which Apollo hung his lyre at eventime, flows from the divided mouth and fills the air with strange and plaintive harmony.

We are not going to trench upon the province of our excellent reporter of the French Plays, J. de C—, by examining in detail the wonderful Roxana, or the still more marvellous Phèdre. We are moved, however, by the occasion, and under the still abiding influence of Rachel's inimitable genius, which has left us wholly without sympathy for any other subject than herself, to attempt, in as few words as possible, a description of the general impression produced on us by each of these unique performances.

(To be continued.)

THE MUSICAL UNION.

THE last meeting of the season took place on Tuesday at Willis's Rooms. The attendance was very numerous, and the programme one of the most interesting which Mr. Ella has presented to his subscribers. It included Mozart's quintet in D, for two violins, two tenors, and violoncello; Mendelssohn's quartet in E flat; and Beethoven's grand sonata in A minor, for pianoforte and violin, dedicated to Kreutzer. The executants were Ernst (first violin), Deloffre (second violin), Hill and Alfred Mellon (tenors), Piatti (violoncello), and Charles Hallé (pianoforte).

Mozart's quintet in D is one of the finest examples of contrapuntal writing which the art possesses. It forcibly demonstrates what has been observed of this great master, that counterpoint flowed as easily from his pen as plain, unaccompanied tune—or, as Mr. Macfarren has more strikingly expressed it, that "he thought in counterpoint." But the fitness of Mozart's subjects for elaborate conduct must be attributed in a great measure to that prodigal invention which placed such a treasure of melodies at his disposal. Where another composer might be puzzling his brain to find two themes well calculated for simultaneous treatment, Mozart would have so many that the difficulty lay in what to choose and what to reject. His mind was a fountain of melody, ever flowing; and an examination of any of his works—especially his compositions for the chamber—will show, that, not only

the principal themes, but the subordinate parts, are melodies, more or less developed. Add this rare gift of invention to an unerring instinct of symmetrical form, a passionate intensity of expression, a mastery of all the resources of contrast and combination, and a command of harmonic richness and variety as unlimited as it was regulated by the finest taste, and some idea may be obtained of those astonishing gifts and acquirements which enabled Mozart in many of his works to carry the art to a point beyond which no musician has successfully attempted to travel. It may be urged, in contradistinction to what we have said, that the works which followed the quintet of Mozart in Tuesday's performance—the quartet of Mendelssohn, and the sonata of Beethoven—have pushed music further than Mozart ever dreamed of. This we unhesitatingly deny; and we think it may be useful to suggest a distinction which has been too often overlooked in discussing such matters. When Beethoven began to write he imitated Haydn and Mozart, but being an original thinker he soon rebelled against the trammels imposed by the methods of other masters. His genius was not greater than that of Mozart, but it was more expansive. As a contrapuntist he was his inferior, and his later works prove indisputably that his feeling of form, although strong, was less exquisitely pure. But Beethoven enjoyed the advantages offered by the improved mechanism and enlarged sphere of orchestral instruments. Of this he adroitly took advantage, and in his symphonies (Nos. 3 to 9) we find that vastness of outline, which is the pre-eminent characteristic of his genius, gradually developing itself, until it was on the point (if we may draw conclusions from the plan he had unfolded of the 10th symphony, which he died without accomplishing) of overstepping the limits of imaginable propriety. Beethoven rightly considered the symphony the highest form in which a musician could exercise his genius and knowledge, but his apparent intention of making it the one grand and universal expression of the art was a chimera, impossible of achievement. His haughty spirit brooked no inferiority, and as in opera Mozart, and in oratorio Handel, had still left him in the rear of excellence, Beethoven would fain have shown, by prodigious efforts, that his mission was the noblest, and that the symphony should not merely take precedence of other forms but comprehend them all.*

In comparing Mozart with Beethoven, we should, therefore, consider the difference of the men. No two minds could be more strangely opposite; but as their genius and their conscientious devotion to that art whose progress they were destined to influence were equal, their separate productions must be viewed as expressions of individual modes of thought at once suggestive and complete. That Beethoven could excel, however, in the compact form of writing which was the characteristic of Mozart, is plainly shown in the first movement of the C minor symphony, a work in which all the peculiarities of his style are manifest; and that Mozart was not less capable of grasping the larger and more varied outline in which Beethoven chiefly delighted, is, we think, proved beyond a doubt in the first movement of the grander of the two symphonies in D, and in the unparalleled *finale* of the *Jupiter*. Mendelssohn being of our own time, it would not be decorous to bring him into immediate comparison with those

* On this rock has stranded the undoubted genius of Hector Berlioz, one of the most remarkable men of our time, who, however, made the additional and very grave mistake of beginning at what should have been the end of his labours, planning large works before he had obtained a clear notion of small ones, attempting to soar into the loftiest regions of art before he had wings to lift him off the ground.

illustrious men, however highly we may rate the originality of his genius and the extent of his acquirements, and however confident may be our opinion that the quartet performed on Tuesday is in all respects worthy of being associated with the works that preceded and followed it. It may nevertheless be said of him, that with a mode of thinking as individual, and an imagination as brilliant as that of any known musician, Mendelssohn possessed a command of all the materials of his art, and a facility in their employment which have never been surpassed; that he has given proofs to the world of his excellence in every branch of composition except only one, and that the progress of his opera, so ardently expected, being unhappily arrested by his sudden death, alone prevented the incontestable proof of that universality which they who best knew him unanimously accorded to his genius. But even had Mendelssohn been permitted to fulfil his career, to accomplish all his many and ambitious plans, to complete the opera, the oratorio, the symphony, and the other works he had begun, he could not have surpassed that which is unsurpassable, he could not have gone beyond Mozart and Beethoven. His furthest aspiration would have been to meet them at that point, which genius, with perseverance and sincerity of purpose for guides, can only hope to reach. There are many roads that conduct to this one goal; the choice is directed by the peculiar character and temperament of the traveller, but earnest will and unsleeping energy are both required to reach the end in safety; without these genius itself may be misled and wander from its path, so many and attractive are the delusions and false lights that beset it at every step.

The performance, both of the quintet of Mozart and the quartet of Mendelssohn, was all that could be desired. It is unnecessary for us to dilate upon the style in which Ernst interprets these master-pieces of the classic school. We have so frequently, during the last six months, had occasion to render homage to his magnificent talent, that we should only have to repeat our own words. Suffice it, that Ernst's execution of the works in question was worthy of his fame, that Platti's violoncello playing was perfect, and that Hill and Deloffre were, as usual, admirable in the tenor and second violin parts. The *schizzo* in Mendelssohn's quartet, one of the most fanciful and exciting that ever proceeded from his pen, was enthusiastically redemanded, and repeated with increased effect.

Our high opinion of M. Charles Hallé, as a pianist of classical accomplishments, united to a mechanism unsurpassable for correctness and brilliancy, was more than justified by his joint performance with Ernst of the grand sonata of Beethoven in A minor, for pianoforte and violin, dedicated to Kreutzer, which excited an extraordinary degree of interest, and may be regarded as one of the finest exhibitions of executive skill ever listened to by the subscribers to the Musical Union. Mr. Ella, himself, the diligent and untiring director, appeared astonished, and heartily joined in the applause, which was accorded by the audience, *à maintes reprises*, to the efforts of the two great artists, who retired, at the end of their labours, amidst unanimous expressions of delight.

Next week we shall give a *résumé* of the season, which, we believe, has been unusually profitable to Mr. Ella.

Mrs. Glover.—The last performance on the stage of the greatest living English actress will take place on Wednesday at Drury Lane. Mrs. Glover will be surrounded by a brilliant host of native and foreign talent, but, we have no doubt, her own name, on such an occasion, would fill the house from pit to gallery. Wednesday night will be a night of rejoicing and a night of sorrow.

CONCERT AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

THE Queen gave a concert on Monday at Buckingham Palace, to which the Royal Family, the Diplomatic corps, and between 300 and 400 of the nobility and gentry were invited.

Soon after nine o'clock the company began to arrive, and were conducted to the suite of state saloons.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia, were conducted by the Lord Chamberlain from the White Drawing-room, to the Grand Saloon, which was fitted up for the concert. The Queen was attended by the Mistress of the Robes, the Lady in Waiting, the Maids of Honour, the Lord, Groom, and Equerry in Waiting. Prince Albert was attended by the Lord, Groom, and Equerry in Waiting to his Royal Highness; and his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia was attended by the gentlemen of the suite.

The distinguished company assembled followed the august party into the Grand saloon.

Her Majesty and the Prince, with their Royal and illustrious visitors, being seated, the concert commenced precisely at ten o'clock.

The following was the programme:—

PART FIRST.

Trio—"Che accontenti?" Mda. Gris, Signori Gardoni e Tamburini (<i>A aria</i>)	<i>Cherubini.</i>
Air—"Vieni, o tu," Madame Castellan (<i>Maria Padilla</i>)	<i>Donizetti.</i>
Duo—"Riccardo che veggi," Mde. Gris e Signor Mario (<i>Riccardo e Zoraida</i>)	<i>Rossini.</i>
Air—"Lascia ch'io pianga," Mdo. Viardot (<i>Rinaldo</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Air—"Il est un plus doux empire," Signor Mario (<i>Le Prophète</i>)	<i>Meyerbeer.</i>
Quintetto—"Mentre dormi," Mesdames Castellan a Viardot, Signori Mario, Gardoni, e Loblache	<i>Asioli.</i>

PART SECOND.

Duo—"Va teleno mormorando," Signori Tamburini e Loblache (<i>L'Inganno Felice</i>)	<i>Rossini.</i>
Air—"Siam di più combattete," Mde. Gris (<i>Romeo e Giulietta</i>)	<i>Martini.</i>
Trio—"A la faveur," Mesdames Viardot e Castellan, e Signor Mario (<i>Comte Ory</i>)	<i>Rossini.</i>
Air—"Oh, cara immagine," Signor Gardoni (<i>Flauto Magico</i>)	<i>Mozart.</i>
Duo—"Vanno so alberghi in petto," Mesdames Castellan e Viardot (<i>Andronico</i>)	<i>Mercadante.</i>
Coro Pastorale—"Felice età dell'oro," Tutti	<i>Costa.</i>

Mr. Costa presided at the pianoforte.

We confess, with due deference to Royal taste, that, had we been present, our enjoyment of the above programme would not have been of the keenest.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The production of *I Capuletti ed i Montecchi* on Saturday, with Bellini's music only, was a novelty in the operatic world, which is likely to create much curiosity. Hitherto the plan has generally been to take a portion of Bellini's work, and a portion of Vacca's or Zingarellas *Giuletta e Romeo*, and with these to form a sort of patchy whole.

I Capuletti ed i Montecchi is one of those earlier works of Bellini, in which, by the introduction of a simple and dramatic style, and the employment of that expressive melody for which he always had so singular a talent, he effected a reaction against the school of Rossini. It was produced after *Il Pirata*, *La Straniera*, and some other operas unknown in this country, and before *La Sonnambula* and *Norma*, in which latter opera

especially a change in the style of the composer became apparent.

Not only for its rarity, and the interest it possesses in marking an epoch in the career of a very delightful composer, but also for its intrinsic merit, the opera of *I Capuletti ed i Montecchi* was well worth reviving. The music is simple, but extremely effective; there is a flow of the unmistakable Bellini melody from the beginning to the end of the work, and the dramatic situations are well brought out, and forcibly coloured by the composer. The finale, for instance, to the first act, is one of the best specimens of its school.

The treatment of the subject in the motetto is so materially different from that in Shakspeare's tragedy that there is reason to believe the *poeta*, taking the national story as his basis, worked quite independently of the English dramatist. The historical portion of the Capuletti and the Montecchi is very distinctly marked. The former are Guelphs, the latter are Ghibelines, protected by the infamous Ezzelino. At the rising of the curtain the partisans of Capulet are assembled in his palace to receive the news that Romeo, the head of the Montecchi (there is no "old Montague"), is coming to propose terms of peace. All are for resistance, and Tebaldo, or Tybalt, to whom the hand of Juliet is promised, is among the most ardent. The air in which he expresses his love for Juliet, "L'Amo, l'amo," is one of the happiest of Bellini's melodies, and is far better known here than the opera itself, having figured as "Air by Bellini" in all sorts of pianoforte books for the last half dozen years. The entrance of Romeo, who offers to terminate the hostility of the two houses by marrying Juliet, gives occasion to a spirited scene, the refusal of his offer calling forth a defiance, expressed in one of those airs which are so well adapted to bring out a vocalist of histrionic talent. The stage next represents the apartment of Juliet, whose *andante*, with a harp accompaniment, followed by a sparkling *cabaletta*, is in the most pleasing manner of the composer. A highly dramatic duet between her and Romeo, who is introduced by Lawrence, a physician, and no friar, terminates this scene. All the characters are very skillfully brought together in the following scene, where the guests are assembled to celebrate the marriage of Juliet with Tebaldo, and Romeo endeavours unsuccessfully to carry off the bride by force. Here we have one of those striking assemblages of principal vocalists which tell with so much effect in the best Italian operas, and never fail to bring down the curtain with applause. A *re-set* which occurs as an episode in this finale was unanimously enjoyed.

The second act is occupied with the incident of the sleeping draught. Juliet in vain endeavours to shake the resolution of her father, whose transient tinge of remorse gives occasion to the only bass aria of the piece. Romeo and Tebaldo meet near the palace, and are about to fight, when the funeral procession with Juliet's bier passes along and converts the rage of the rivals into sorrow. The duet between these two characters, first expressing mutual defiance and afterwards grief, affords excellent opportunities to the vocalists, and brings this act also to an effective conclusion.

The third act is in the cemetery of the Capuletti. When Romeo has swallowed the poison, and before he dies, Juliet has an interview with him, as in Garrick's alteration of Shakspeare; and, after a highly dramatic scene has taken place between them, falls lifeless on his dead body. The melodies of this act are, perhaps, less striking than those in the two preceding; but it is the great dramatic act of the piece, and the one on which its success mainly depends, when a first-rate histrionic artist sustains the character of Romeo.

By her performance of this character, once one of the most celebrated in the *repertoire* of her preceptress, Madame Pasta, Mademoiselle Parodi has done herself infinite credit; it was really a great tragic performance, deeply felt and artistically executed. The chivalric bearing of Romeo in the earlier acts, his passionate professions of love, his equally passionate defiance of his rival, were admirably sustained. There was a perfect combination of a high-born impetuosity with a high-born refinement. The agony of grief in the third act was of a still higher order of art. The deepest sorrow seemed to dim the eye, alter the features, and influence every gesture of the despairing Romeo.

The position of the lovers is not the same as in Shakspeare. Romeo, not Juliet, is the chief personage. To him alone belongs the violent passion of the drama; she is a character essentially gentle and feminine. Madame Frezzolini was a beautiful representative of Juliet. She executed the music with her peculiar neatness and expression; and her displays of emotion were eloquent without violence. Her appeal to her father in the second act was remarkable for its quiet earnestness.

The appearance for the first time this season of M. Gardoni, whom report had killed so very often, was an important event of the evening. His voice has retained all its evenness and its sweetness, and is far more powerful than last year. The charming air, "L'amo, ah l'amo," as sung by him, was a masterpiece of its kind; and in the duet with Romeo, in the second act, he displayed much dramatic force as well as vocal expression. He was heartily welcomed by the audience.

M. Belletti, as old Capulet—not a very thankful part,—was as nasal, the careful, unerring, and highly satisfactory vocalist. The opera had a complete success.

Cimarosa's opera of *Il Matrimonio Segreto* was revived on Thursday night with a very powerful cast, and went off with even more than usual spirit. On the performance of M. Lablache as Geronimo it is needless to dilate. Of course he threw all the weight of his comic force into the duet "Se fiate," which was *encored*, and all the weight of his pathos into the last scene. But the great feature of the revival was the performance of the three female characters by such artists as Madame Sontag, Madame Frezzolini, and Mademoiselle Parodi. The famous *terzetto* "Le faccio un incubino" seemed to bring all three together in a spirit of friendly rivalry, and to call forth the talents of all to the utmost. Madame Sontag, with her exquisite vocalisation, was Carolina, the more amiable sister, and threw out her sarcastic roulades with wondrous sweetness and delicacy; Madame Frezzolini, as the elder sister, Elisetta, met her rival with most spirited audacity; and Mademoiselle Parodi, as the aunt Fidalma, hovered between the two with all the vigilance of a guardian genius, and no little disposition to take part in the quarrel. Last year, Carolina was played by Mademoiselle Parodi, and the talent she exhibits in Fidalma this year is entirely new to the public. She assumes all the shrewish peculiarity of the part with the greatest facility, and sings her music with the most remarkable dramatic point. In short, the three ladies were last night all on their mettle, and distinguished themselves admirably. The character of Paolino was sustained by M. Calsolari, and sung with his accustomed sweetness.

The performance was for the benefit of Signor Puzzi, and the programme exhibited a variety which made last night a "long Thursday," *par excellence*. There was the last scene of the *Foscari*, that M. Coletti might exhibit his histrionic talent as the aged doge, and the first act of *I Capuletti ed i Montecchi*, and much Terpsichorean matter, with *Mdlle.*

Ferraris as the principal *danseuse*. All these resources of the establishment were brought before the public for one evening's entertainment, and the result was a really brilliant combination.

An announcement posted 'against the walls that a lady of colour, who by her vocal talent had created a great sensation in Paris, and who is entitled the "black Malibran," is to sing between the acts of this opera on Tuesday night, afforded a fertile subject of conversation in the lobbies, and the presence of Donna Martinez such is her name in one of the boxes, excited no little curiosity. Her songs, as we understand, consist for the most part of national Cuban airs.

Carlotta Grisi is re-engaged for another month.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday, the *Huguenots* was given by "special desire." Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present; and another loyal demonstration, scarcely inferior to that of Thursday, took place. The Royal party arrived towards the latter end of the first act, when Mario and Castellani were midway in their duet in the garden; but the instant the Queen made her appearance, the singers and orchestra were stopped by the suddenness and vehemence of the applause. Her Majesty came forward alone to the front of the box, as she did on the previous night, and bowed most graciously to the moving multitude beneath, around, and above her. The theatre was crowded in every nook and corner.

On Tuesday, the *Roberto* was repeated, and Castellani resumed her part of the Princess. The performance would have been honoured with the presence of the Queen, but for the account which reached Buckingham Palace, of the fast approaching death of Sir Robert Peel, which was momentarily expected. Many of the subscribers were hindered from attending in consequence of the melancholy event which has thrown a gloom, like an unanticipated eclipse, over all London.

The *Prophète* was given on Thursday.

To night, Rossini's *Otello* will be performed for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera. The cast is different to what we were given to understand. Grisi appears in Desdemona; Tamberlik in Otello; Zelger in Brabantio; Marali in Roderigo; and Roneoni in Iago. As Madame Viardot does not play in this opera, there is a chance she may have for her new part, Leonora, in *Fidelio*, unless Beethoven be sacrificed to Halévy, and *La Jaire* be given instead.

MR. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S CONCERTS.

EMPOWERED by the success which attended his classical performances at St. Martin's Hall, this spirited and excellent pianist invited his friends and admirers on Wednesday to a *matinée musicale*. The locale on this occasion, the New Beethoven Rooms, is in the fashionable west-end, and a sprinkle of aristocracy was a remarkable element of M. Billet's attentive audience. The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Grand Sonata, in B flat, Op. 106.—Pianoforte, M. Billet	Beethoven.
Melodie "Inédite de Weber" (first time of performance) M. Drayton	Weber.
Selection of Studies.—Pianoforte, M. Billet—	
In F. Minor	Mendelssohn.
In F sharp major	Hesselt.
In C minor	Chopin.
In G	Moscheles.
In G minor	W. S. Bennett.
"Le Lac," Mlle. Julia Schergold	Niedermayer.
Fantasia, in F sharp Minor (dedicated to Moscheles)	
Pianoforte, Mr. Billet	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Sonata in E flat (the "Farwell") Pianoforte M. Billet	Dussek.
Serenade Ballad, Mr. Frodsham	Schubert.
Air (de "Don Juan") Mrs. Newton	Mosart.
Preludes and Fugues, Pianoforte, M. Billet—	
In A flat	Back.
In G minor	Scarlatti.
In F	Handel.
In F minor	Mendelssohn.
Conductors, Messrs. Anshures and Levy.	

We have already spoken of all these pieces, and it is therefore unnecessary to do more than record the admirable manner in which they were executed. The sonata of Beethoven, which no pianist but M. Billet has ever attempted in public, was an extraordinary *tour de force*. The fugued finale is the most difficult morceau ever composed for the pianoforte. The sonata, in spite of its interminable length, was listened to with undeviating interest. Dussek's gorgeous "Farwell to Clementi," and the impetuous fantasia of Mendelssohn were heard with equal pleasure, and the studies, preludes, and fugues delighted as much by their variety as by their intrinsic excellence, and the admirable manner in which they were interpreted.

In taking leave of M. Billet, we may again unreservedly commend the enterprise and good taste that have incited him to rescue from unmerited neglect some of the finest works of Dussek, and other composers, to whom the pianoforte and its professors are so deeply indebted.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

JULLIEN'S BENEFIT.

A GRAND MONTE Concert took place at the above popular place of amusement on Monday, the occasion being the benefit of M. Jullien. Although the weather was not very tempting, the skies being overcast and the rain threatening the whole evening, nearly twenty thousand people assembled. This immense concourse filled the Gardens choke full; and in the immediate neighbourhood of the orchestra swayed to and fro like a mighty sea—the Baltic or Pacific in a calm. What an attractive power must lie in the name of "Jullien!" Let but that simple dissyllable, or trisyllable (pronounce it as you please), appear in the bills, and the public are incontinentally drawn into its vortex—as ships of all sorts and sizes into the whirlpool of Maelstrom. Jullien's popularity is something unprecedented. On Monday night, for instance, the programme provided nothing particularly new or particularly striking, and the evening was by no means sweetly inviting to out-of-door pleasure seekers, yet the mere announcement that his benefit was to take place had the effect of bringing together as dense a crowd as though the names of fifty stars—Italian, French, Swedish, or German—illuminated the bills.

We beg pardon—there was something novel and surprising provided in the bill of fare on Monday. Jullien, ever watchful to lay hold on passing events, and loyal as he is provident and politic, could hardly have omitted the escape of the Queen from the Russian attack made upon her, without some complimentary demonstration on the occasion of his benefit, which took place so soon afterwards. Accordingly, M. Jullien announced, that in gratulation for her Majesty's escape, "God save the Queen" would be played with the entire strength of his tremendous orchestra, accompanied with a salvo or salute of twenty-one guns—eight, twelve, or twenty-four pounders. M. Jullien kept his word—that was neither novel nor surprising—but the cannon accompaniment was both. We never witnessed anything to equal the effect. When the cannon accom-

mened, echo alone for a while was heard; but after a few shots, the people began with vociferous throats to cheer; the wild beasts answered the people in feline, canine, and ursine roars, barks, and growls; the birds screamed shrilly and clapped their wings; and the monkeys left off showing their antics and cracking their nuts to mingle their shrill cries in the tumult;—and all for Her Most Gracious Majesty's escape, without being aware of it. The earth reeled beneath the mighty hurly-burly, and window-panes, remote as the Kensington Oval, conscious of the Jullienquake, burst their glassy sides. At the end of the performance of the National Anthem, when the noises had ceased, of roaring beast, and screaming bird, and reverberated echo, and cracking window-pane, the audience insisted on an encore, but withdrew their demand upon learning that M. Jullien had fired off all his artillery, and that he had no more powder in the orchestra; whereupon the people proceeded very quietly—after giving two dozen cheers for Her Majesty, and twenty-four ditto for Jullien, with occasional volunteries of some combined score of voices, and sundry imitations of König and the wild beasts, with a few vocal flings at the can(n)-in accompaniments—to cross the Alps with Napoleon, or soar into the midnight regions with fireballs and sky-rockets.

How the immense crowd contrived to leave the Gardens is a mystery which has not been solved up to the present moment, now four full days since the performance of the MONSTRAL CONCERT.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

It was our intention to have devoted a long notice of the last concert of this institution; but the following article from the columns of a morning contemporary, having anticipated all we had to say on the subject, it may serve as a *résumé* of our own opinions:—

"The fourth and last concert of the season took place on Saturday in the Hanover-square Rooms. The attendance was very numerous. Several new compositions of length and importance were introduced, which enabled the audience to estimate the progress of the students in the higher branches of musical education. The programme, indeed, was just such a one as we have been advocating for the last three or four years. It gave a fair notion of the benefits derived from the method of instruction adopted in the Royal Academy of Music and the average amount of talent at present existing within its walls. Such concerts are likely to promote the objects for which the Academy was founded, by stimulating the pupils to exertion, and subjecting them to the praise or censure, as the case may justify, of unprejudiced and independent criticism. No good can result in these days from the close borough system. Every public institution should, at given periods, throw open its doors to public inspection. The Royal Academy of Music subsists mainly on public support, and has, therefore, no right to claim the exemption from general inquiry enjoyed by private schools and fashionable seminaries. That so little benefit has hitherto accrued from its existence, that so many enemies have arisen to damage its interests and misrepresent the nature of its influence, must be attributed to the obstinacy with which committees, for nearly a quarter of a century, have endeavoured to quash this self-evident truth. The press may assume the merit of having opened the eyes of that part of the public concerned in the welfare of the institution to a fact which, being now established as incontrovertible, can no longer be disregarded with impunity.

"The concert began with a new orchestral symphony in A minor by Mr. H. C. Banister, the third which has proceeded from his pen. The mere fact of having thence devoted himself to a task so arduous and difficult as the composition of a grand symphony says much for the ambition of this young gentleman; and it gives us further pleasure to add, that Mr. Banister's new effort is not merely the offspring of plodding industry, but a work in which the talent plainly evinced gives promise of great things for the future. We

cannot yet accord to Mr. Banister the merit of originality, nor does his third symphony evince that decision of style which few attain at an early age; but the models our young composer has chosen are the best, and the most likely to conduct him to ultimate excellence. The first movement is written cleverly, and with an evident purpose; but the principal themes being neither melodious nor marked by strong individuality of character, the laboured manner in which they are conducted makes the whole appear lengthy, if not absolutely dull. The passage leading to the reprise of the first subject is the most striking and effective part of the movement. The *andante* has some graceful points of melody, and is prettily instrumented; but there are so many 'stops' to the flow of the movement that the general effect is broken and fragmentary. In the scherzo, the most able and spirited movement in the symphony, the first theme may too easily be traced to the trio in B minor which forms part of the minuet in Beethoven's *Sonata Pastorale* for the pianoforte. The finale, in the *terzettina* style, notwithstanding some unmistakable suggestions derived from the *saltarello* of Mendelssohn's second symphony (in the same key)—*ex gratia*, the crescendo passage immediately preceding the coda, where the basses leave off playing—is a movement of very considerable fancy, denoting a fine feeling for variety of instrumental colouring, and an excellent idea of the effect to be produced by widely-contrasted subjects. On the whole, Mr. Banister's symphony afforded us more pleasure than any work we have for a long time heard from the pen of a young composer. That we have been so candid in our criticism as in our praise must be taken in good part. We would rather be silent about the performance, but justice to Mr. Banister, passing by other considerations, forces us to declare that it was disgraceful. Anything more slovenly, pointless, and imperfect we have rarely listened to. We have a right to demand an explanation of this. Among the band are some of the most competent performers in London; and the conductor, Mr. Lucas, has long been recognised as one of our most able and intelligent musicians. The plea which was urged in a letter addressed to this paper by one of the managers of the Academy, that the errors of the pupils ought not to be exposed to severe criticism, cannot hold in favour of the orchestra, where all the principal instruments are held by experienced players. We are, therefore, reduced to the necessity of taxing the musical directors of the institution with culpable negligence. It would seem to any impartial hearer as if the object had been to present the symphony of Mr. Banister in such an unfavourable light that certain condemnation must ensue. How, otherwise, are we to account for so bad an execution of a work which deserved the utmost care and attention, and, properly rendered, could not fail to redound to the credit of the institution? We are not prepared to declare what was the opinion of the audience on the merits of Mr. Banister's symphony; but, to argue from the sparing applause bestowed, it can hardly have been flattering. For our own parts, the most painful and uninteresting attention alone enabled us, in many places, to follow the young composer's ideas, and properly appreciate his meaning.

"An overture, by Mr. J. A. Owen, which professed the second part of the concert, deserves praise for fluency and dashing orchestration; but the reminiscences of Weber, especially from the overtures to *Oberon* and *Euryanthe*, are so frequent and striking, that, at times, we almost fancied we were listening to a parody on the leading ideas of those celebrated compositions. Part of a finale to the first act of *Alfred the Great*, a manuscript opera by Mr. John Thomas, associate and formerly student in the Academy, develops talent and promise of a remarkable order. The weakest points in this finale (which should have been given entire, or not at all) are the passages which connect the various movements, and necessitate a thorough command over the musical arrangement of dislocation. This Mr. Thomas has yet to acquire; but when the words of the situation allow him to rest, and the art of continuity, of which Mozart was the grand model, is not so severely taxed, he is eminently successful. Thus the opening chorus of *Dances*. 'See, the silvery moon-shine bright,' besides being pretty and flowing, is written with great clearness, while the *sestet*, 'Moment of terror,' displays a skilful management of voices, a strong feeling for dramatic expression, and a real melodic invention. As a whole, however, the *sestet* is too long, which makes the accompaniment, almost exclusively confined to one particular figure, appear mono-

tenuous; but, with this exception, it might have emanated from a composer of experience, and gives us a right to look for no small achievements from the matured talents of Mr. Thomas, the merits of whose finale could not be concealed even by the wretchedly imperfect execution of Saturday. The other new compositions, by a student, was a pleasing canzonet, 'Remember me,' by Miss C. Rowe, nicely sung by Miss Owen, accompanied by the orchestra.

"There were two performances on the pianoforte, neither betraying any extraordinary degree of promise. Madame de Vauceron attempted the first movement of Sterndale Bennett's fourth concerto, in F minor. A steady accentuation, correct measure, and clear and distinct execution, are the best qualities of Madame de Vauceron's playing; also misunderstood, however, the tempo of the movement, which she took nearly twice as slow, thus depriving it in a great measure of its fire and brilliancy. Mr. Banister's performance of the first allegro of Mozart's concerto in E flat was not what we should have anticipated from the composer of the symphony in A minor, nor was the cadenza introduced at the pause what we should have expected from a musician of far less talent and pretensions than Mr. Banister; his playing was nervous and indistinct; the passages were scrambled over without form or intelligible accent, and, instead of carrying the orchestra along with him, Mr. Banister's chief aim appeared to be to arrive at the closing points simultaneously with the other performers, which he did not always successfully effect. As to his own trivial and inappropriate cadenza his playing was equally unfinished, we cannot admit in Mr. Banister's defence the plea, so often urged, that the restraint imposed by the orchestral accompaniments rendered him nervous on this occasion and untidy. Between the two parts of the concert Neukomm's septet, for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, trumpet, and double bass, was performed by Messrs. Wells, Nicholson, Owen, Waetzig, C. Harper, Hey, and Mount. We are not admirers of this composition.

"The full vocal pieces were the 'Bridal-chorus,' from Beethoven's *King Stephen*. The first finale from Rossini's *Otello*, and Mendelssohn's part-song, the 'Nightingale.' The finale to *Otello*, the solo parts excepted, was tolerably well executed, but the other two pieces were very much out of tune; in spite of which, Mendelssohn's part-song—a beautiful composition, deserving better treatment—was re-demanded and repeated. Miss Owen and Mr. Swift sang the duet 'Ah! so de mali miei,' from Rossini's *Turcotti*. The lady, who has a pleasing mezzo-soprano voice, of which the lower notes are the weakest, sang well and nicely in tune; but the gentleman's intonation was so sharp that at times it became quite painful. Mr. Costa's brilliant aria, 'Dell'asilo della pace,' is at present beyond the physical powers of Miss Helen Taylor, who, nevertheless, sang many of the passages very neatly, and whose sweet soprano voice and unaffected style were employed with agreeable effect in the *andante* which precedes the *caballetta*. 'Vedrai carino,' very prettily sung, exhibited considerable promise on the part of Miss Mary Rose; but the best, by many degrees, of the vocal solos was the 'Betti, betti,' of Miss Browne, who not only possesses a beautiful voice, but a warmth of sentiment and a satisfactory completeness in her manner of phrasing, which gave full effect to one of the most exquisite of Mozart's songs.

"We have spoken at more than usual length of this concert, not merely because it was the last of the present year, but because it deserves to be held up as a model for the future. It is only by thus encouraging the pupils that they can be spurred on to exertion. The occasional performance of their compositions in public is more likely than all the medals, stars, and prize-books that may be distributed indoors to incite them to unwearied and industrious application, without which, precocious talent generally ends in adult mediocrity. That the orchestra must be remodelled, however, is a *sine qua non*."

JULLIEN.—Mr. Rowland Cooper has named his two-year-old colt, by Dufresne, out of Appleton Nun, engaged in next year's Derby, after the popular conductor. If energy and power be comprised in a name, then may Mr. Rowland Cooper's two-year-old colt look forward to many a gallant victory. There is a tower of strength in the appellation, "JULLIEN."

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

ADELPHI.

Miss WOOLGAR, the star of the Adelphi, took her benefit on Wednesday to a house crammed to suffocation. The play was the *Hunchback*. The part of Helen was taken by the fair *beneficiaire*, that of the Hunchback by Mr. Woolgar, (her father), Julia being performed, for the occasion, by Miss Cooper. Miss Woolgar gave abundant proof of what perhaps needed none—that she has faculties adapted to a higher walk in the drama than the vaudeville pieces at the Adelphi have hitherto enabled her to occupy. She possesses a rich vein of genuine national humour and vivacity, and if, as we have heard, she has an equal talent for rustic pathos, she may look forward to filling a most important place in her profession. As yet, however, we have seen but little of her. Her best scene on Wednesday was that with her lover, in the fourth act, which she gave with an archness and buoyancy that elicited uninterrupted laughter and applause. But she must not suffer the exuberance of her spirits to injure some of her best points by urging her to overact them, a fault which was frequently visible throughout her performance. At the end of the play Miss Woolgar stepped forward with a graceful and conscious laugh, to be stunned with acclamations and smothered with nosegays. Miss Woolgar played with sound judgment and discrimination; a little more energy alone in the latter scenes was wanting. Miss Cooper made a graceful and efficient Julia.

STRAND.

THE story of *Alceste* has been turned into a burlesque with considerable talent by a son of Sir Thomas Talfourd, and his work was produced on Thursday night. He has followed pretty closely the outline of Euripides' tragedy, and hence his piece does not abound in strong burlesque situations. His great strength is shown in his dialogue, which is bristling throughout with puns, some of which are quite new, and remarkably good, while others smack somewhat of antiquity. Of the use of popular melodies in works of this kind, Mr. Talfourd has a keen perception, and we have rarely heard comic songs tell with better effect than in this piece of *Alceste*.

The Euripidean *dramatis personae*, consisting of Admetus, Hercules, Thanatos (here called "Orcus"), and Alceste, are very well played by Messrs. Compton, W. Ferren, jun., H. Farren, and Mr. Leigh Murray; but the character that is most conspicuous is a policeman extraneous to the plot, who is a sweetheart to the housemaid of Alceste, and is played by Mr. Shelders. That gentleman, who is the scene-painter to the theatre, has a countenance remarkably fitted for comic expression, and great talent in the art of making droll grimaces. If his peculiarity does not lead him astray, there is much chance of his taking a position as an original comic actor.

The piece was received with the loudest plaudits, and the author being called, walked across the stage.

ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS—RACHEL.—On Monday last Mademoiselle Rachel commenced a series of twelve representations at the St. James's, after an absence of three years. A special audience assembled to greet the Queen of Tragedy, and the house was crowded in every part, which showed that the deep impression, produced on former occasions, was not effaced, and that her long absence had not diminished Madlle. Rachel's hold upon the theatrical public of this country as

the greatest *tragedienne* of modern times. The play was *Phédre*—Racine's masterpiece.

On the rising of the curtain the most intense anxiety was visible on every countenance. The opening scene was listened to with becoming attention, but as the dialogue between Hippolyte and Théramène drew to a close, and the arrival of *Cenone* announced the appearance of her mistress, the theatre was hushed in breathless silence, and a pin might have been heard to drop. At last *Phédre* appeared, and a storm of applause welcomed that pale face, and that spare form which seem the very incarnation of the tragic muse. After the first outbreak of feeling had subsided, we found leisure to concentrate all our attention on the most sublime and terrible conception of character we ever witnessed. Overwhelmed by the ardour of her incestuous passion, victim of fatality, exposed to the hatred and vengeance of Venus, the granddaughter of Minos yet attempts to struggle against her destiny. The opening scene, in which *Phédre* enters supported by her attendant, and sinks exhausted, resolved to die rather than succumb, was given by Madlle. Rachel with vivid and painful truthfulness. The utter prostration, both of mental and physical energy, was visible in every motion of the actress. When she exclaimed—

"Je ne me soutiens plus, ma force m'abandonne,
Soleil, je te viens voir pour la dernière fois."

she appeared so pale, so inanimate, that we almost fancied her spirit had already fled, "like the arrow in the noon." Here the course of the action is unfolded. *Phédre* is induced to confess her secret to *Cenone*. The celebrated retort, "C'est toi qui l'as nommé," when *Cenone* has pronounced the name of Hippolyte, was delivered with a mixture of tenderness and reproach that fully prepared us for the confession which follows. The hurried recital of the story of her fatal passion—how it grew up and enveloped her beyond the possibility of resistance—and her ultimate resignation to inexorable destiny, given in a tone of the deepest contrition, seemed to rekindle the spark of life. Madlle. Rachel warmed with her subject as she exhibited its different phases, and the ray of hope which illumines her dark soul on learning the death of *Thésée* inspired her with new-born energy. A novel and impressive reading was given to the last two lines of the first act—

"Et si l'amour d'un fils, en ce moment funeste,
De mes faibles esprits peut ranimer le reste."

Madlle. Rachel dwelt on the word "*fils*" hesitatingly, as if she scarcely dared confess even to herself the real nature of the passion that overwhelmed her. The second act involves the grand climactic of the tragedy—the interview between *Phédre* and Hippolyte, and the disclosure of her secret to the object of her aspirations, under the cloak of an apostrophe to the virtues and personal attractions of *Thésée*, his father. Madlle. Rachel rises with the expression of her feelings, abandons herself to the ardour of her passion, and glories in her own defeat; tender, ardent, furious, pathetic, and sublime by turns, she completely carried the audience away with her, and a long, loud burst of enthusiasm proceeded from the entire assembly as she rushed from the stage, wildly brandishing the sword of Hippolyte. No description could convey the effect produced by this gradual development of passion, which commences with the lines—

"Où, prince, je languis, je brûle pour *Thésée*,
Je l'aime"

and winds up by the rejection of all restraint in the exclamation—

"Ah! cruel; tu m'as trop endormi!"

immediately followed by an explanation of her conduct towards Hippolyte, a description of her struggles, and an adjuration to the son of her husband to revenge the honour of his father.

The third act is principally taken up with the return of Theseus, and the resolution of *Phédre* to be revenged on Hippolyte. In this there are also many fine touches of feeling made prominent by the great actress; but on the whole, the act is less interesting, since it does not satisfactorily account for the entire revulsion of *Phédre*'s sentiments in regard to the object of her guilty love. In the fourth act, Madlle. Rachel again shines with all her glory. On discovering that she has a rival, a gleam of savage joy illumines her countenance; she rejoices in the success of her calumny, and gloats over the idea of vengeance, exclaiming, with piercing intensity:—

"Hippolyte aime; et je n'en puis douter."

Ce tigre, que jamais je n'abordais sans crainte
Aurais, approché, reconnait un vainqueur
Borne a trouvé le chemin de son cœur."

While uttering these words, the eyes of the actress flashed fire, her whole frame seemed to writhe with the torture she was enduring. But, perhaps, the most sublime effort of Madlle. Rachel was the scene in which *Phédre*, resolved to die, is deterred from self-destruction by the dread of her father, Minos, before whom, as judge of the infernal regions, she must necessarily be summoned to answer for her crimes.

"Minos juge ses enfers tous les pâles humains.
Ah! combien fremir son ombre épouvantée,
Lorsqu'il verra sa fille, à ses yeux présentée,
Contrainte d'arouer tant de forfaits divers,
Et des crimes peut-être inconnus ses enfers."

The death scene in the last act was a most painful exhibition, and an excellent opportunity for the display of those softer emotions of which Madlle. Rachel is so admirable an interpreter. It was a masterly picture of mental agony and physical suffering combined; every word, although delivered in a whisper, was distinctly audible, and many a bright eye was suffused with tears as the gentle, but unhappy *Phédre*, fell lifeless on her chair, her head and arms almost touching the ground, like the branches of a weeping willow. Madlle. Rachel was recalled four times during the evening. The other parts were sustained by Madlles. Durrey, Crosnier, and Palmvre, who acquitted themselves creditably, more particularly Madlle. Crosnier, who played the confidant of *Phédre*. The male characters were sustained by Messrs. Raphaël, Randoux, and Chery; M. Randoux deserves honourable mention for his spirited delivery of the description of the death of Hippolyte. M. Raphaël has made immense progress since last year. With the example of his gifted sister continually before him, added to his own evident intelligence, it will be odd if this gentleman does not ultimately attain histrionic excellence of a high order.

On Wednesday, Racine's tragedy of *Bajazet* was performed. Of the play itself we cannot speak in terms of very high praise. The intrigue is of the most commonplace kind, and the poet would seem to have had some misgivings as to the propriety of placing on the stage an incident of comparatively modern date; but we imagine that the fault lies not so much in the choice as in the elaboration of the subject—not so much in the fact that the subject is modern, as in its being made subservient to the rules of the ancients, while not possessing one of the elements which constitute the great interest of the Greek drama, even in its diluted state as presented on the French stage. We have the conviction that *Bajazet*, treated as Shakspeare would have treated it, with all the pageantry of

Oriental magnificence in respect to costume and decorations, might still be made a very endurable play. As it stands, it but meagrely interests the attention; petty intrigues are introduced, worthy of the *sauteville*, and the principal personages themselves fail to command our sympathies. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, there are points in *Bajazet* which go far to redeem its faults and insipidities. The part of Acomat is finely drawn, and that of Roxane abounds in beauties of the first order, which were developed by Madlle. Rachel with remarkable skill. As usual, she stood out in bold relief, and was the one great attraction of the performance. Her conception of the part was in every respect admirable. The transitions from love to jealousy, from jealousy to fury, were managed with the finest artistic skill, and we scarcely know which most to admire, the tenderness of her softer moments, or the overwhelming torrent of her rage, when she finds she has been made a tool of by Bajazet and Atalide. Madlle. Rachel infused a tone of the most touching pathos into the appeal conveyed by the following lines—

"J'affectais à tes yeux une fausse ferveur,
De toi dépend ma joie et ma félicité."

And when, in the following exclamation, she begins to doubt the sincerity of Bajazet's passion, and exclaims—

"Je vous entends, seigneur; je vois mon imprudence,
Je vois que rien n'échappe à votre prévoyance;"

there was a bitterness in her tone which was more strikingly developed in the sixth scene of the third act, where Roxane begins to suspect her rival, after hearing the declaration of Bajazet, who is profuse of his declarations of gratitude, though silent on the only subject which has any interest to her. Madlle. Rachel's acting throughout the whole of this scene was of the very highest order. The spell by which she is bound seems gradually to fade away, her love vanishes by degrees, doubt retakes possession of her heart, to give place to the most violent despair. Her physiognomy successively betrays every one of these transitions, and plainly indicates the working of the inward soul. Finer acting than this we have never seen, and it was remarkable even more than for its intensity for the truthfulness of expression which conveyed more than any words could have done. Her jealousy is further developed in the fourth act, where Roxane gives Atalide the order of the sultan, condemning Bajazet to death, and commands her to read it. Here Madlle. Rachel made a grand point, by the searching eagerness with which she watched the expression of her rival's countenance, compressing the violence of her fury until she has acquired the full conviction of their mutual love, which is further established by the fatal letter found on Atalide. Never was rage more terribly exemplified than when she utters the words—

"Cours Zéneïre; sois prompt à servir ma colère."

Avec quelle insolence et quelle érudition
Ils se jouaient tous deux de ma crédulité!"

A splendid point was also produced in the interview with Bajazet, in the fifth act, at the end of which Madlle. Rachel suddenly draws a dagger from her breast, raises her arm to strike Bajazet, and by another sudden impulse drops it mechanically. This was an innovation on her former performance, but was quite a stroke of genius, and forcibly illustrated the famous "Sortez." On the whole if we had reason to be dissatisfied with the play, we doubt, if Madlle. Rachel ever displayed to more advantage her talent as an actress. She is equally sublime, equally natural as the haughty queen and faltering woman, and whether she expresses the pleadings of

the softer passion or the pangs of disappointed love, her acting is always appropriate, and the effect produced on her audience is electric. The other parts were filled by Mdlles. Durrey and Crozier, Messrs. Raphaël and Chery. The latter went through the part of the vizir Acomat with much credit to himself; and the former, in a somewhat ungrateful part, gave further indications of the improvement we noticed in his previous performance.

J. DE C.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I CANNOT give you a better notice of the performances which have taken place at our Theatre Royal during the present week than by quoting the subjoined critique from the *Liverpool Times*, which I conceive is written in a spirit of great impartiality, and as regards myself, quite embodies my opinions.

"On Monday a portion of the late operatic company of the Princess's Theatre commenced an engagement at the Theatre Royal. They consisted of Miss Louisa Pyne, Mrs. Weiss; Messrs. W. H. Harrison, Weiss, and Corri. Much interest was attached to the debut of Miss Louisa Pyne in Liverpool, as the praises which had been lavished on her by the whole of the metropolitan press were such as led to the indulgence of a hope that an English *prima donna*, well worthy of the name, had at last been found. The opera presented on Monday night was the *Bohemian Girl*, in which Miss Pyne performed the character of Arline; Mrs. Weiss, the Queen of the Gipsies; Mr. Weiss, Count Arabeim; and Mr. Corri, Devilshoof. In appearance Miss Pyne is *petite and blonde*; and it has been generally remarked that she bears a striking resemblance to the Queen. So far as we are able to judge, we hold the latter opinion very strongly. Her voice is a fine, clear soprano, of considerable compass, possessing a resonant brilliancy seldom found in English singers. She displays much taste, and her style is excellent. Though fond of indulging in embellishment, all her ornaments are well-placed and appropriate, and in some cases strikingly novel and pleasing. At present she is but a novice on the stage, having been but one season before the public as an acting vocalist, though well known some years ago as a fine duet singer with her sister. She is, in consequence, deficient in the dramatic energy now so popular on the operatic stage. But, while disregarding all stage trickery and mannequins, she displays an originality of conception in the worn-out characters in which we have seen her, sufficient to justify the hope that she will, in time, be one of the most able exponents of British lyric drama.

"Mr. W. H. Harrison, we regret to say, was, either through illness or fatigue, in very bad voice, which, added to his want of energy, caused his performance to be less efficient than was desirable. In one or two cases his voice quite failed him, but the audience were evidently kindly disposed towards their old favourite, and applauded at times with vehemence. Mr. Weiss and his wife, in their respective characters, afforded no scope for more than cursory notice: the former acted badly and sang well, and the latter vice versa. Mr. Corri gave a good and animated portrait of the gipsy leader, Devilshoof.

"On Tuesday evening, the ever-fresh and pleasing *Sonnambula* of Bellini (not Douizetti, as the bills stated) was given, the distribution, as the French say, being as follows:—Amina, Miss L. Pyne; Lisa, Mrs. Weiss; Elvino, Mr. W. H. Harrison; and Count Rodolpho, Mr. Weiss. Miss Pyne's Amina differs from all others we have seen; she truly represents the quiet, simple, loving village maiden, first full of quiet joy, and then overwhelmed with grief, which is thoroughly unobtrusive, simple, and natural, without those outbursts of intense feeling usually exhibited by former Aminas. Miss Pyne's whole representation is, in fact, one of repose: it is a personation which charms by its simplicity, though it never overwhelms by its intensity. We cannot, perhaps, give a better idea of Miss Pyne's peculiarities of singing and acting, than by saying that she is somewhat of an English Sontag, though, of course, we do not intend to insinuate that she can pour out the fluent and unapproachable graces of that delightful vocalist. She

resembles her, however, in the graceful delicacy of her action, and also in the surpassing elegance of her vocalism. The first two acts of the opera passed off coldly; but in the last scenes the fair vocalist created a perfect *furore*. The "Ah, non giunge," for which she had evidently reserved her full powers, was one of the most delightful outpourings of a joyful heart we ever listened to. It was given with the utmost possible brilliancy, the air being ornamented with some *broderies* of unexampled gracefulness and difficulty. It was uproariously re-demanded; and at the fall of the curtain, Miss L. Pyne was led forward by Mr. W. H. Harrison, the whole audience applauding vociferously—a more genuine triumph we never witnessed in our Theatre Royal.

"Mr. Harrison's Elvino we cannot praise extravagantly. He is not, perhaps, adequately fitted to represent the jealous lover of Amina. His voice, also, was again false to him, though in the latter scenes he warmed considerably, and in the famous "Still so gently," he sang with so much of his usual sweetness, and so much more than his usual energy, as to call forth an encore, which, however, he declined to respond to, save by a graceful obeisance.

"Mrs. Weiss played the spiteful Liza with great vigour, but her singing lacks refinement. Her voice, though powerful, is uneven in quality, and requires very careful management. A little more evenness of tone and distinctness of articulation would make Mrs. Weiss a much greater favourite with the audience.

"Mr. Weiss, as the Count, sang exceedingly well; but he seems totally unable to embody a character effectively. The scene in which he sings "As I view," so interesting on the Italian stage, was rendered quite ineffective by his tameness.

"The band and chorus both indicated the want of rehearsal, the eccentricities being productive at times of great annoyance to the vocalists as well as to the audience."

The other operas performed have been *The Bohemian Girl*, *Marianna*, and *The Crown Diamonds*, but I trust that next week we shall have something new; for my part, though I like the operas above enumerated, I am now quite tired of them, and sigh for a good performance of *King Charles II.*, or some other opera combining the two essentials of good music and novelty.

Our Philharmonic Society have evidently been "stirred up," by the strictures of the local press and the subscribers—the Secretary having lately been in London making engagements, in which the first talents of the day, including Sontag, are comprised. I hope he will give us a chance of hearing Tembrlik, and the delightful Garcia, whose triumphs here last summer, when she was suffering from illness, have given us a desire to hear more of her.

Mr. James Anderson, has been playing a round of his favourite characters at the Amphitheatre, but I have not had an opportunity of seeing him.

Miss Emma Stanley's pleasing entertainment was, I regret to say, quite a failure; during the fine weather our pleasure seekers either take constitutional walks or go to the Zoological Gardens, which this year present numerous attractions. Yours, &c.,
Liverpool, July 4, 1850. J. H. N.

MUSIC AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The Italian troupe who have been here the last three weeks, gave their last performance on Friday. The speculation of our excellent manager, who is always on the look out for novelty, has been anything but remunerative, and he has, as I suspected he would from the beginning, been a considerable loser. The houses were so bad that on one occasion they played to £8 18s., a sum unheard of even with the ordinary troupe of the theatre under the most disadvantageous circumstances. It will be a good lesson, however, to our director not to engage artists without a name. Signor Montelli will find it necessary to have a *prima donna* with more voice and dramatic power than either Signora Normani or Signora Lebrun de Montreal; and a tenor who had not before signally failed in the provinces, before he can hope to succeed in making profitable engagements. Unfortunately in this instance Mr. Newcombe gave a fixed sum, so that, however bad the houses, the troupe *Italiana* were sure of their money. No provincial manager, under any circumstances, should make engagements with artists, who have not passed the ordeal of London, Milan, or Paris.

CHAS. DE M.,

MUSIC AT EXETER.

(From a Correspondent.)

A CONCERT was given at the Royal Subscription Rooms at Exeter, on Tuesday last, which was most fashionably attended, almost every family of distinction in the neighbourhood being present. The purpose of the entertainment was to bring before the public Miss Emily Newcombe, a pupil of Thalberg, and daughter of the popular director of the Plymouth Theatre. This young lady is already well known among the chief members of the aristocracy at Plymouth, having, on many occasions, enlightened their private parties by her brilliant performances as a pianiste, but it is the first time she has appeared in public. The programme of the concert was as follows:—

PART I.	
Duo—"Bohemian Girl." Signora Amatta and Signor Lamberti.	<i>Balte.</i>
Trio—"Lucresia Borgia." Signora Normani, Signor Onorato Leonardi, and Signor Montelli.	<i>Donisetti.</i>
Solo—(Violin)—"No. 7." Mr. H. Reed.	<i>De Beriot.</i>
Aria—"Statut Mater." Signor Bailini.	<i>Rossini.</i>
Aria and Variations—"Cenerentola." Madame Lebrun de Montreal.	<i>Rossini.</i>
Grand Fantasia—"La Sonnambula." Miss Emily Newcombe.	<i>Thalberg.</i>
Grand Air—"Semiramide." Signora Normani.	<i>Rossini.</i>
Duetto—"Elisire d'Amore." Signori Onorato Leonardi and Montelli.	<i>Donisetti.</i>

PART II.	
Grand Duo—"Norma." Signora Normani and Madame Lebrun de Montreal.	<i>Bellini.</i>
Air—"L'Ange déchu." Signor Montelli.	<i>Pagel.</i>
Grand Fantasia—"I Puritani." Miss Emily Newcombe.	<i>Thalberg.</i>
Brindisi—(Il Segreto)—"Lucresia Borgia." Madame Lebrun de Montreal.	<i>Donisetti.</i>
Aria—(Spirito Gentile)—"Favorita." Signor Onorato Leonardi.	<i>Donisetti.</i>
Duo—(Dunque io Son)—"Il Barbiere di Siviglia." Signora Normani and Signor Montelli.	<i>Rossini.</i>
Duo Brilliant—Violin and Pianoforte. Miss Emily Newcombe and Mr. H. Reed.	<i>Benedict and De Beriot.</i>
Grand Quartetto—(Chi mifra)—"Lucia de Lammermoor." Signora Normani, Signori Onorato Leonardi, Montelli, and Bailini.	<i>Donisetti.</i>
Grand Finale—"Nabuccodonosor." Signora Normani, Madame Lebrun de Montreal, Signora Amatta, Signori Onorato Leonardi, Montelli, Bailini, Lamberti, and Bartoli.	<i>Ferd.</i>

The trio from *Lucresia Borgia*, by Signora Normani, Onorato Leonardi, and Montelli, lost its effect in a concert room. Signor Montelli appears to have a powerful voice, and sings skilfully. A solo on the violin, (de Beriot), by Mr. H. Reed, was received with much applause. Then came a grand fantasia from the *Sonnambula*, by Miss Emily Newcombe, which I have rarely heard executed with more perfect precision and brilliant execution; I may add that this young lady possesses a most refined knowledge of music, and on the present occasion threw into her playing a volume of feeling, which gave the highest effect to her performance. She was most warmly cheered when she played "Yo Banks and Bracs," arranged by our talented countryman Vincent Wallace, which met with much the same enthusiasm.

In the second part, Signora Normani and Madame Lebrun de Montreal sang the popular duet, "Dah! con te li perardi," from *Norma*, which was but coldly received; then came another fantasia, by Miss Emily Newcombe, from *I Puritani*, which was received with the same cordiality as that of the *Sonnambula*, and was most deservedly encored, when she played "Souvenir de Di Capuletti," by Henri Rossini. This composition requires the skill of a distinguished musician. I have no hesitation in saying that Miss Emily Newcombe's debut as a pianiste has been one of the most successful I have been present at for a long time. A duo brillante—(Benedict and de Beriot), given by the talented young *débütante*, assisted by Mr. Reed, a violinist of considerable merit, finished her first evening's performance in public, and it must have been most satisfactory to her friends to have witnessed her efforts so completely crowned with success. The chorus in the last act of *Nabuccodonosor*,

sung by all the principals of the concert, finished the performance, which, thanks to the *debutante*, was a most brilliant one.

T. C. G.—

MUSIC IN DUBLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

A party from the operatic company of the Princess's Theatre have been here, and have lately performed a round of the popular operas at the Theatre Royal, with much success. The corps included Miss Louise Pyne, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Corri and Mr. W. H. Harrison.

On Monday, Mr. Harrison took his benefit, and gave us, for the first time in Dublin, Macfarren's new opera, *King Charles the Second*. From all that had been said in the London journals in praise of this work, a good deal of curiosity was excited amongst musicians and amateurs, and a treat of no common order was anticipated. Unfortunately for the anticipations of a large majority of the audience, the music was given on Monday night in a very mutilated state—so much so, indeed, as to nullify half the beauties of the opera. In the first place, *all the Queen's music was omitted*, and the music of Julian the Page, written for a deep contralto, given to a high soprano. On this account, the duet between the King and Queen, and the duet for Queen and Rochester were left out, as were the Queen's cavatas, and all her music in the grand setting in the second act. Mr. Weiss, whom I can recall to mind with some favour, when I heard her in the Queen at the Princess's, was entirely out of her element in Julian, and I need hardly tell you, the exquisite music of the Page fell as flatly from her lips as if it were a very tyro who was singing it. It was certainly none of Mrs. Weiss's fault—there is not a note in her voice to suit the music. The beautiful ballad, "She shines before me like a star," so charmingly sung by Madame Macfarren, and which invariably elicited enthusiastic applause in London, was listened to with decided coldness; and that gem of a duet, "O blest are young hearts," failed of exciting any particular sensation. Now, these two *marceaus*, as everybody knows, were two of the great hits at the Princess's; and I am quite sure the audience of our Theatre Royal, on Monday night, were not so obtuse as not to have received them with a warm and fervent correspondence to those of your London applauders, had they been given with the same delivery and expression. This was certainly a great drawback to the success of the opera, and it appears something extraordinary that Mr. Harrison could not find a contralto to undertake the Page, and leave Mrs. Weiss alone in her glory in the Queen. We must not, however, overlook the fact, that it is to Mr. Harrison we are indebted for bringing forward an opera which has passed the ordeal of London and Continental criticism, which has been already adjudged as one of the most masterly works of modern times, and which has earned for its author a fame that cannot pale before that of any living composer.

For the sake of art, I should have greatly desired that Macfarren's splendid work had been given, at least, on its first performance in Dublin, with something neighbouring on completeness. Nevertheless, the Dublin audience has done it full justice. Almost every piece was received with great applause, and in three instances, the hearers were urged into a state of perfect enthusiasm; these were, the sea-song, "Nan of Battersea," the King's ballad, "My heart to thee flies home," and Fanny's romance, "A poor simple maiden an I." Nothing could surpass the delight manifested when these three pieces were sung, each of which was, as a matter of course, rapturously encored. The duet for the King and Rochester—a Rossini inspiration—was loudly applauded, as were also the buoyant and hearty toast-song, "Here's to the maid with the love-luging eye," Fanny's songs, "Hope and Fear alternate vying," and "Canst thou deem my heart is changing?"—two of the very sweetest things I can remember in any opera—and the whole of the first finale, which runs over with beauties. I had a few words' talk with some of our correspondents after the performance, and they all seemed enraptured with the work, one of them emphatically declaring that *King Charles the Second* was the best opera since *Guildenwe Tell*. Macfarren's name has been raised to an infinite height in public estimation since the production of his new opera; and it is to be hoped that he is now labouring at

another work. From the success which attended *King Charles the Second*, we must look to the manager for the further producing this opera, and, in short, making it a stock work in his repertoire—nothing less shall or will content us.

There is one thing I have to tell you, which I am certain will give us as well as surprise you. The performance of *King Charles the Second* was not noticed in a single journal the next day. What will you and your readers say to the Dublin Musical Press after that? Why, they would yield you an elaborate and eloquent answer.

* Surely there must be some mistake here! The gentlemen of the Irish metropolitan press have never shown backwardness in acknowledging merit; nor does it seem within the range of possibility that such a work as *Charles the Second* could be overlooked altogether. There must be some strange mistake.—E. M. W.

gated notice of a Plotow exasperation, or one of Verdi's lyric growls, as, in your last number, you so happily denominated the works of young Italy's maestro. I have known them do it. Henceforth let the members of the musical press in Dublin be as nothing in the scale of critical existence. Let the gentlemen who have heretofore written on matters connected with music be no more believed—down with their authority!

I can speak very strongly in favour of the performance generally; I mean as regards the impression awakened in the audience—I myself had heard and seen the opera before at the Princess's. Mr. Harrison was in excellent voice, and acted even with more spirit than I have seen him in London. This gentleman's comedy is very hearty, and he plays the assumed sailor with a degree of rough bonhomie that could hardly be surpassed. He was received with thunders of applause on his entrance, and was frequently cheered during the progress of the opera. In which the King is afforded ample opportunities of making points. Had Mr. Harrison appeared more than once in King Charles, he would have been a greater favorite than ever with the Dublin people.

Miss Louise Pyne created a most favorable impression in Fanny. She had already established herself as an accomplished vocalist. Her first song, "Hope and Fear," is admirably adapted to exhibit the sweet quality of her voice and the perfect facility and brilliancy of her execution. She sang it most charmingly, and was honoured with a genuine burst of applause at the end. Her best effort was decidedly the "Poor simple maiden," which, as I have said above, created an enthusiastic sensation. Fanny was all-otting Miss Louise Pyne's best part during her engagement here, both vocally and histrionically. The music is peculiarly suited to her voice and style, and the character comes within the range of her dramatic powers. Her performance of Fanny is as nearly as possible perfect. Her *Aminia*, in the *Sonnambula*, has been greatly lauded; but this, I think, with due deference, a mistake. Miss Louise Pyne is deficient in energy and *abandon*, nor has the power of voice sufficient for music that taxed the best efforts of a Malibran, a Persiani, and a Lind.

Mr. Weiss's Captain Copp was much liked. His "Nan of Battersea," very finely sung, was encored with raptures. The audience went into ecstasies with the melody of this splendid song, than which I doubt himself has written nothing more marvellous and characteristic.

Rating a slight want of the refinement of a courtesier, so observable in the Rochester of Mr. Corri at the Princess's, that gentleman got on capitally with the audience. He was very good in the duet with the King.

The madrigal was one of the best done things in the opera. Mr. Harrison had the good fortune to obtain the assistance of between sixty and seventy of the members of the Dublin Madrigal Society for its performance, all of whom exerted themselves to the utmost in giving effect to one of the finest madrigals ever written. It was splendidly sung, and so one who heard it at the Princess's, with, perhaps, a score of voices, could have an idea of its power or its beauty interpreted as it was on Monday night. The effect was extraordinary.

Mr. Harrison and company are gone to Liverpool, where they intend giving operatic performances, making *King Charles the Second* their great feature, and which they did not do here, but should have done. I understand Mr. Harrison would have produced Macfarren's opera sooner at the Theatre Royal, but he found it impossible to procure a contralto; and was only induced to give

it in its mutilated form for his benefit, thinking all sins would be forgiven on such an interesting occasion. I must acquit Mr. Harrison of all censure on that head. I hope the popular tenor may meet a suitable contralto in the English provinces, without whom the opera cannot possibly go satisfactorily, Julian's music being all-important in the score.

We have this moment received the *Dublin Evening Packet* of the 27th ult. Thursday, which contains the following notice of the second performance of *King Charles the Second*, which we append to our correspondent's letter, as it tends to neutralise his sweeping animadversions against the whole of the Dublin Press. The statement, however, that "no notice appeared the day after the performance," if true, partly justifies the warmth of our correspondent.

"The new opera, *King Charles the Second*, was produced last night for the second time with increased success. It is the production of Mr. Macfarren, an English composer of the first rank, who has obtained a well-earned reputation from his former opera of *Don Quixote*, and various other works of high merit. His laudable object in the present composition seems to be to originate an English school of grand opera, and *Charles the Second* is, in our opinion, a most successful essay. The melodies, harmony, and scoring, are perfectly original, which may indeed be said of all music by the same composer. We regret that our confined space this evening prohibits an extended criticism, especially as the success of this opera was most decided in Dublin, and we have no doubt that even its present popularity will increase on each successive repetition. The first ballad 'She shines before me like a star,' (Mrs. Weiss,) is a charming, flowing melody. The duet (King and Rochester) which follows, is very original. 'Hope and fear,' the first song for Fanny, is a charming *morceau*, as also the duetto, 'Oh! blest are young hearts,' (Miss Pyne and Mrs. Weiss.) The finale to the first act, which is of unusual length, contains a continued flow of original melodies, harmonised in Mr. Macfarren's peculiarly novel and artistic style. The striking song and chorus, 'Here's to the Maid,' (Harrison,) which comes at the close of this finale, and also the beautiful *prima donna*, 'Oh, father, prove not so unkind,' (Harris, Pyne, Weiss, and Mrs. Weiss,) meet with a decided encore. 'Nan of Battersea,' (Weiss,) commencing the second act, was also called for a second time, as were 'Canst thou deem my heart is changing,' (Miss Pyne), 'Though o'er life's pleasures,' (Harrison). The madrigal, 'Maidens, would ye scape undoing,' and 'A poor simple maid,' (Miss Pyne.) Indeed, we do not remember to have heard so many encores in a new opera. A large portion of the audience, yesterday evening, consisted of the musical professors and amateurs of the city, and their gratification was repeatedly expressed. Much, as a matter of course, is due to the artistes, for whose powers the music is particularly well adapted. Miss Pyne acquitted herself in her usual highly finished, artistic manner, justifying amply the opinion of the *Musical World*, which pronounces her the English *prima donna*. Nothing can be chaster than her style, nor more brilliant and perfect than her execution. Our old favourite, Harrison, sustained fully his reputation, obtaining an encore in every song. His pure and beautiful tenor is characterised by even an increase of power and sweetness. Mr. Weiss has made rapid progress in his profession since we first heard him here some years since, having won, in the opinion of competent judges, the position of primo basso of the English opera; he also gives his music with artistic skill; and in his purely English ballad, obtained an encore. Mrs. Weiss, in the page, was all that could be wished for; her voice tells admirably in the concerted pieces; and in the song 'She shines before me,' she received well-merited applause. Mr. Corri, in Rochester, acquitted himself as usual, with talent and effect. Altogether the opera was admirably produced; and the orchestral arrangements, under the control of Mr. Levey, were, as they always are, perfect."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

MARSEILLES.—(Extract from a letter.)—Madame Montenegro, with Monsieur and Madame Santiago, made her first appearance here in *Norma* on Wednesday. The house was crammed in every part, and the heat seemed to give, if pos-

sible, additional excitement to the audience, who not only received these accomplished artistes with shouts of applause, but insisted on the opera being performed again on Friday, contrary to the previous arrangement of the management.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

DEAR SIR,—I had hoped this week to have submitted to the readers of the *Musical World* a fresh subject for their consideration, regarding the Gregorian Chants; but chance has thrown in my way the April number of an ultra high church periodical, called *The Theologian and Ecclesiastic*, which contains a long article in defence of the Gregorian Chants, and in derogation of the Anglican, to which I would first beg to call the attention of your readers, as it is the latest illustration of any importance—and a very fair one it is—of the lengths to which the advocates of Gregorianism are prepared to go in defence of any position they may once take up. The most notable point in the article alluded to is, the attempt to rebut the position of the Anglicans, that the Gregorianisers have no sort of business with harmony to their chants, and that if they wish to be considered consistent, they must abandon all such, both choral and instrumental. How this position is met by the ecclesiastic, the following extracts will show:—

"In the use of the Gregorian tones, our writer" (the article professes to be a review of Mr. Monk's book) "tells us, that 'to be consistent, we must abandon all harmonies and instrumental accompaniments whatever, for these are utter novelties.' Why? We think no one would assert that the profusion of instruments of various degrees of compass, of widely different character, the multitude of voices of altogether different classes (in one place we read of four thousand, and at the restoration of the Temple, of three hundred and ninety-three, besides others), played and sung the same thing—i.e., in unison. The diverse musical registers (both vocal and instrumental) that must have there been found makes such an idea most improbable."

I could not have imagined, had I not have read the above—every word of which, let it be observed, is put forth in doubt, as it could not be otherwise—that any writer would have ventured to adduce that greatness of numbers could indicate an harmonical performance, any more than that smallness of numbers could correctly intimate an unisonous performance of music. If the above off-handed inference be countenanced as a reasonable one, then some future *Ecclesiastic* would be equally justified, and equally correct, in asserting that the prevailing method of performing cathedral service in the middle of the sixteenth century was in unison; because on an average there was only about half-a-dozen adult male voices engaged in its daily celebration. How wide, however, such an assertion would be of the real truth, we all know; and it is equally beyond the power of contradiction, that the position of the *Ecclesiastic* is totally unsupported by historical evidence, and is, in fact, utterly opposed to the deliberate opinion of the best and most highly accredited authorities on the subject.

The next observation that is at all relevant to the subject is— "But as to harmony; there seems very good reason for supposing that harmony has from a very early period, among ourselves, been used with the tones. We have early traces of harmony found in the works of the Venerable Bede, at the latter part of the eighth century; also in Hucbald or Huobald, (890,) and others, &c. Now witness how dexterously the *Ecclesiastic* evades the very point he pretends to meet. From a random and truthless insinuation that harmony was used in the Temple, he jumps to the eighth century, before which time all authorities agree in asserting that harmony did not exist. But Anglicans must not allow themselves to be misled by anything of this kind. The question at present before the clergy and laity of the church is, did Pope Gregory leave the Gregorian Chants in a harmonious form, or did he not? Certainly not, and the writer in the *Ecclesiastic* is unable to say he did. Very well. Then the Anglicans are right after all, and the Gregorianisers fairly beaten out of the field; and the most satis-

factory proof of this is the elaborate and lame attempt made in the *Ecclesiastic* to shew the contrary.

All editions of the Gregorian chants, then, that give them in a harmonised form, truth still maintains to be unauthentic—spurious. Such versions obviously are Gregorian Chants *improved* and *Anglicised* in one of the most important particulars. When they are barred, and some of the notes either repeated or prolonged to admit of such phrasing, they are then Anglicised in *two* important particulars; in fact they then become almost identical with, and some of them nearly as good as, some of the Anglican Chants.

The most inconsistent thing, however, connected with this question is, that while the most inexcusable Gregorianisers will advocate the Anglicising of the Gregorian Chants in one respect, that is, in regard to harmony, they will not hesitate to denounce those who go farther in the spirit of improvement. But more of this next week.—Yours truly, and obliged,

July 2, 1850.

AN ORGANIST.

P.S.—Every intelligent musician must agree with the artistic observations advanced by Dr. Dearnle, a few weeks since, in reference to the character—or rather want of character—of much of the old service and anthem music. I would, however, beg to suggest that one subject only should be brought forward at a time. Let us first have tackled the Gregorian Chants and the old Scales, and then the merits of the sixteenth and seventeenth century compositions. Other and fuller remarks from such men as Dr. Dearnle, Mr. Flowers, &c., would be a real boon to the musical student.

FLOWERS F. ASPULL.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—Allow me to correct another of Mr. Aspull's untruths, propagated in the following gentle manner. "His generosity in giving to the Harmonie Sacred Society Bach's Mass is amply amplified; their despair in not being able to do it, and consequently compelled to return it to the illustrious donor—the affected patronage of Messrs. Costa and Sterndale Bennett, are beautifully illustrated." Bach's Mass in B minor is still in the library of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and I trust this or some other of his noble works will be performed by this excellent society. As regards the latter portion of the above quotation, I may observe that, neither by circumstance nor character, have I any need to stoop to curry favour with any man, however readily such an idea may enter into the degenerate mind of Mr. Aspull; nor should I have stooped to allude to any part of this man's grandiloquent pickings from Howell, had he not (as is usual in all his silly personal letters) stooped to tell a falsehood. If he could answer the theoretical question I put to his equally facetious fellow-worker, "Dutch Pinks," he would look wiser than in looking and copying out great words with little sense in their application.—I am, sir, yours obliged,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

ITALIAN OPERA AT PLYMOUTH.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—As I sing to please the public, I should not complain of your Plymouth correspondent for calling my performance "a sad failure," if he had not implied that the audience were not satisfied. During my engagement at Plymouth, I was *ecrored* every evening in my principal airs; and it would have been more honest in Mr. Charles de M— to have mentioned this. But doubtless he has some purpose to serve in suppressing the truth, although I am unconscious of having deserved his hostility.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

O. LEONARD.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—I was very much amused by Dr. Gauntlett's eulogy of the Gregorian Chants, in one of your numbers for last April; and I thought it such an excellent text for a humorous discourse, that I put it away too carefully to find it again. Perhaps this has been a lucky accident. It has left room for dissertations on Gregorianism, which are temperate, judicious, and truthful.

Allow me, however, to make a few additional observations. In

the first place, the really Gregorian Chants were jotted some ages before music was at all known as a science. In the course of time they have been to some extent exposed to the caprices and conceits of singers, copyists, harmonizers, and editors, that, although they remain sufficiently enough, their pristine asperities have been considerably effaced. The ecclesiastical tones are written in the Gregorian notation; and this is about all that there is in common between them. The ecclesiastical tones—those anyrhythmic distortions of natural music—are the contrivances of generations subsequent to the time of Pope Gregory.

Dr. Gauntlett asserts that Handel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., derived their best musical subjects from the Gregorian Chants. This assertion is about as true as that one person writing a letter must necessarily copy his ideas from a predecessor, who wrote by means of the same alphabetic characters, and by many of the same words. It is about as true as that man learned to sing from the singing-birds—they from the bellowing of the flocks and herds—and these again from—what?

It is quite true that Handel, &c., produced their required dramatic effects by imitations of the antiquated church-tones, with the same intention that the characters in the representations in Shakespeare's plays are arranged in the supposed costumes of the ages and countries represented.

When the doctrines of the Church of England become such only as can be maintained by the "warranty of scripture," I hope we may have none but the purest and best music used for the important purposes of divine worship. In the meantime, let us have, for that important purpose, the best of music produced since the Reformation; and leave the rest of the music which has been written in spite of the prosody of our language, and the Gregorian Chants and ecclesiastical tones, to be used in places where the artificially-selected doctrines from the FATHERS are preferred to the at-large and pure Christianity of the GRANDFATHERS, and to those who are indubitably manifesting their desire to return to the mediæval absurdities. Yours truly,

J. M. X.

ASPULL F. FLOWERS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—There are clever dogs in their way, they deny it who may; perfect Tolyas, in their way, for sagacity; they can read, yes, and write, and, if need be, can fetch or carry, fawn or snap. But "all the talents" in the art of vocal teaching seem to possess but the shadow of a braggadocha when compared with Mr. French Flowers' assumption of "all the talents" in vocal notes and vocal criticism!

"As who should say, I am Sir Oracle—

Let no dog bark!"

except the curs I keep to tend my heels, and be rewarded with scraps of praise and puffery. His last letter provokes even me, Mr. Editor, his "wisest, best, discreetest friend." It is one of the most direct, or rather, one of the strongest examples of the puff-direct that ever disgraced the pages of even the most servile journal, and is a compound of trite, common-place trash, being nothing less than sheer nonsense, with desperate bad grammar to boot.

Ye matchless blacking manufacturers! ye Moses, Hyams, and Edes! ye makers of Macassar oil and curling fluids! ye inventors of razor strops and tooth powders! hide your diminished heads, before this master-puffer of the age, though he has not shown you more than half his skill! Let it be proclaimed by the four winds of heaven, ye witless sons, ye race of the "art of vocalization," that the schoolmaster is abroad, birch in hand, and the march of intellect, headed by French Flowers, the spread of knowledge, and universal—humbly!

Hear him ("Strike, but hear me," said the Spartan youth), ye Crivellis, Garcias, Schiras, Negris, Marasses, and Aspulls! "Canst (says F. F.) every singer be taught to produce sounds, rapid and easy execution (?), shakes, and other musical graces? I holdly answer that all this can be acquired in *one year*!" Well may we scowl—producers (see F. F.) of ulcerated sore throats! enlarged tonsils and uvulas! continuous hoarseness of voice! difficulty of breathing! and, lastly, consumption! "Mercy on the man! what next?" Oh, ye Farinellis, Puccinottis, and Porporas! what have ye got to answer for? Oh, sirs! past and present, F. F. says

"his blood is up! no sneers can put it down." And there is no knowing what this flower may do, for lo! he is the very proudest of his class, mounted on the stalk of a daffodil, armed with a rush-spear, and sports a tiger-hill! Beware, ye "intelligent and observing music sellers and publishers," of purchasing copyrights: I, who denounce the secret of the Italian school—proclaiming it no secret at all—I am about to publish it to all the world. Such is the evident tendency of this marvellous letter. "Look at my 'Essay on Fugue,' at once the wonder, the admiration, the envy, and despair of every musician who reads it. Look at my 'Essay on Cadence,' which has been about to appear for the last four years, and dedicated, by special permission, to the famous Dr. Spohr. Look at my mode of forming and developing the voice." But hear him. "As three months, not three years, is sufficient to make a student now to produce sounds (!), how to run (!), and how to shake (!!) after the Italian method, no master can justly complain of want of time, however often this may be urged as a loop-hole for defence." What on earth is this? Is it not positively revolting to humanity to witness such impalement—such self-immolation? And this is the language of one who would fain set himself as the very Aristarchus of the age musical! What grounds for argument does this worthy offer, who affects to write "for sakes of argument," on things for which he has neither aptitude nor sympathy? The very language he uses would disgrace a fifth-form boy of nine years old; while the questions and remarks are equally jejune and pusill. They betray the grossest ignorance of the vocal in any of the languages he knows. He speaks of sounds, when he ought to produce tone, and is not aware that, in natural quality of tone, we English bear away the bell; but singing, as a gift, has been dealt to us by a niggardly and sparing hand. It is not my vocation to instruct this top-skip-and-jump advocate of fugue essays, cadence pumping, or "singing-in-three-months" writer. But it is in my province to warn him that he is the greatest of all musical—pardon, I mean unmusical—bores. I speak but the sentiments of your readers, individually and collectively, in wishing him in heaven, and his letters in any place but where they are.

In mercy, Mr. Editor, for the love of music, spare us the infliction of F. F.'s lucubrations, and oblige your well-wishers—of whom not one more seriously wishes the permanent success of the *Musical World* than your very faithful servant,
W. ASHALL.

DUTCH PINKS VERSUS FRENCH FLOWERS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DUTCH PINKS presents his compliments to French Flowers and begs to say, that he (D. P.) is happy that he cannot answer the question, as his ignorance may prevent him, at a future day, from making a pedantic ass of himself, or being mistaken for a monster hambug.

F. F. is misinformed. D. P. never said, privately, that F. F. carried his own advertising-board about the streets in the dress of a mountebank.

Dutch Pinks begs to ask French Flowers how many puff "contrivances in the *Musical World*" go to make a pupil?

Dutch Pinks, before writing further, would thank French Flowers to explain the sense in which he wishes the word "logic" and its derivations to be understood by those whom he associates in the *Musical World*.

As Dutch Pinks has a small portion of paper not filled up, he begs to congratulate French Flowers on the discretion he displays in the cautious manner in which he "beats about the bush" of the detail of singing, but cannot disguise his total ignorance of its principles; still it is not a bad advertisement that "three months (not three years) is sufficient to make a student understand how to run and shake after the Italian school,"—rather ambiguous expressions but not a bad puff. Perhaps F. F., as he pretends to be useful, will astonish D. P. by a little information as to the secret of the Italian school of singing; this question arises from D. P. having heard some of the pupils of F. F. sing. D. P. would prefer his questions being answered not according to F. F.'s notion of logic, as D. P. has a vulgar preference of common sense to empty twaddle.

REVIEW.

"*Madeline and the Bird.*" A Double-Song. Translated from the German of REINICE, by DEMOND RYAN. Music by G. A. MANOOLD. Sung by JENNY LIND. SCHOTT AND CO.

THIS is one—the first, we believe—of a series of "Songs of Various Nations," brought out a short time since by the spirited publishers. The melody is very pretty and flowing, and happily written to the quaint sentiment of the words. The accompaniments are simple as may be, yet indicate the skill and feeling of a musician. The German words are presented with the translation. The fair vocalist should not be frightened from trying her efforts on this song because the Swedish Nightingale has sung it before; we can assure her, "Madeline and the Bird" is within the capacity of any moderate singer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HALLÉ.—It has been rumoured that this classical pianist contemplates residing in London. At present Manchester is the place of his residence, and we compliment the merchant-prices of that manufacturing town on having so great an artist a song theme.—*Ella's Record*.

MADAME PASTA.—This great artist has at length consented to appear in public. She will play in *Azua Bolena*, at Her Majesty's Theatre, and will sing in two concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre and at the Royal Italian Opera.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mr. Webster, who as lessee of [the Haymarket Theatre has preserved its character through all sorts of confounding circumstances, and has always been foremost to encourage the dramatists of this country, will take his benefit on Monday next, under the patronage of Her Majesty.

Mrs. ANNE MOSKA.—This talented young artist, whose singing has lately drawn such warm eulogium from our Liverpool correspondent, made her London debut on Wednesday, at the Surrey Theatre, and was highly successful. We shall notice her performance at length in our next.

St. MARTIN'S HALL.—A performance of unaccompanied choral music, by the members of Mr. Hallé's Upper Singing School, and under the conduct of that gentleman, took place on Tuesday night in the large room of this new building. The programme was divided into two parts; the first consisting wholly of sacred, the second of secular music. The selection of sacred pieces was somewhat dull, although historically instructive. A hymn by John Bishop, a *crudo* by Antonio Lotti, and an anthem by Reynolds, served for little more than to demonstrate the poor invention of their respective composers. A madrigal by Palestrina, a canon by Horeley, a motet by Zuparlé, and an *air de concert* by Mr. Hallé himself, were more interesting, inasmuch as in all of them there was more or less evidence of that feeling for continuous melody which is altogether wanting in so many of the most vaunted composers for the church. The second part of the programme, however, was on the whole much more to our taste, and apparently to that of the audience. It began with a richly melodious part-song, in E. flat, of Mendelssohn, "O lilla, O dalea of pleasure," in which a fine effect of mellowness is produced by the almost constant employment of the medium register of the voices. This was admirably sung. With a madrigal, "Sweet honey-sucking bees," one of the most famous masterpieces of its school, was less happy in the execution; before the end the voices had descended nearly a semitone below the original key—G minor. Stafford Smith's somewhat antiquated part-song, "Hark the hollow moor," and a very stiff and pedantic madrigal in B flat, by Francis Hutchinson, "Return my lovely maid," were both very well sung, and uniformly in tune; the former was loudly applauded. Another beautiful part-song of Mendelssohn, in E flat, for male voices, "For the woods at morn I yearn," the words of which, by Mr. Chorley, have quite a taste of the old poetry in them, was executed to the nicest perfection, and received with unanimous favour. Lord Mornington's well-known glee, "Hare, in cool grove," was encored, and Morley's quaint madrigal, in G, "Now is the month of May," narrowly escaped the same compliment. The performance terminated with a cleverly-written part-song, in F, by Mr. Hallé, "Pack clouds away," the words by Thomas Heywood, which left the audience well satisfied with their evening's amusement. Mr. Hallé would do wisely to

give an annual series of these entertainments. He has the means immediately at hand, and living composers, with such a chance of being favourably heard, might turn their knowledge to account in the renewed cultivation of a fine school of music which has unhappily fallen into decay.

JENNY LUND has just given six concerts at Stockholm, in aid of the pension fund for the wives and orphans of the performers at the Theatre Royal of that city. The clear profit has amounted to upwards of sixty thousand francs.

SIGNOR BRIZZI'S CONCERT.—The *matinee musicale* of Signor Brizzi took place on Friday (yesterday week), at the New Beethoven Rooms, Queen Anne Street, and was attended by a fashionable and distinguished audience. Signor Brizzi is well known and highly esteemed as a professor of the vocal art, and his annual concert has for many years been among the most attractive entertainments of its kind. The programme of Friday's performance was, as usual, rich in eminent names. The music was exclusively vocal, but the selection was varied and interesting, and the artists engaged were of the first rank. Mesdemoiselles Grisi and Castellani, Mademoiselles Angrì and De Merie, Signors Mario, Tamburlik, Gardoni, Belletti, Tamburini, Colletti, Ciabatta, R. Costa, and S. Tamburini were the vocalists. The concerted pieces included two quartets—"Cielo il mio labbro," by Madame Castellani, Mdlle. de Merie, Signors Colletti and R. Costa; and Costa's—"Ecco quel fiero," by the same, with the substitution of Signor Brizzi for Signor R. Costa—and two trios—"Ricci's" "La scena," by Signors Tamburlik, Ciabatta, and Colletti; and the slow movement from the grand trio of *Gustavus Telli*, by Signors Tamburlik, Colletti, and Tamburini. All these were effectively executed, especially the last, in which the sympathetic voice and passionate style of Signor Tamburlik created quite a sensation, and won an encore for the whole movement. There were several duets. Rossini's "Ai capricci" was given with great spirit by Mademoiselle Angrì and Signor S. Tamburini; the popular "Faiar spiegar" (Maze) was sung to perfection by Signors Tamburlik and Tamburini; the "Tornami a dir" (*Don Pasquale*), which Signor Brizzi had the honour of singing with Madame Grisi, was encored; and a duet from *Roberto Devereux*, admirably rendered by Madame Grisi and Signor Mario, was received with flattering marks of approval. Among the solos were "No, no, no," from the *Huguenots*, in which Mdlle. Angrì displayed great animation and vocal facility; an aria by Rossini, "Andremo noi a Parigi," sung with charming taste by Madame Castellani; the same composer's "Pensa alla patria," which brought out Mademoiselle de Merie's energetic manner of singing in advantageous prominence; and Meyerbeer's sparkling canonet, "Le chanson de Mal," in which Signor Mario exhibited the mellow richness of his voice, and the refinements of his fascinating method, with singular effect. In response to a unanimous call for repetition, the great tenor sang the "Angrì d'amore," from Donizetti's *La Favorita*, with that true and unexaggerated expression which so peculiarly belongs to him. At the end of the concert Signors Gardoni and Belletti arrived, having been detained by a rehearsal at her Majesty's Theatre. Signor Gardoni sang one of his favourite romances in his most graceful and prepossessing manner, and also a duet with Signor Belletti, both of which were received with well-merited applause. Instead of the final quartet and chorus, announced in the programme, the national anthem was performed, Madame Castellani, Madame Grisi, and Mademoiselle Angrì singing the principal verses with great point and energy, the chorus consisting of Mademoiselle de Merie, Signors Mario, Tamburlik, Gardoni, Tamburini, Belletti, Colletti, R. Costa, Ciabatta, and S. Tamburini, accompanied by the major part of the audience. The conductors at the pianoforte were Signors Alary, Vre, Pissutti, Biletta, and Pilotti. The concert gave unequalled satisfaction.

MR. AND MRS. W. H. SEGGIN'S CONCERT.—(From a Correspondent).—A very attractive morning concert, both as regards the selection of music and artists engaged, was given by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Seggin at the Hanover Square Rooms. The beneficiaries are well known as being two of our best professors of singing; the lady being professor of singing at the Royal Academy of Music, and Mr. W. H. Seggin as holding the appointment of principal bass singer at the Temple Church. Among their principal efforts may be enumerated the interesting duet of Molière's, "Dear Child of

Hope," which was admirably sung, and Rossini's air, "Sorgere," which gave Mr. Seggin an opportunity of displaying the flexibility of his vocal organ. This gentleman is one of our most sterling and praiseworthy bass singers. Miss Seggin's rendering of Mozart's charming duet, "Crucel perche," proved herself a first-rate musician and accomplished artist. The other performers were Mr. Thalberg (a host in himself), Misses Lucombe and Williams, Madame Lablache, Sims Reeves, Benedict, Benson, Chatterton, B. Richards, and Hekking. Sir H. R. Bishop presided at the pianoforte.—[In a brief notice of the above given last week, it was stated that the roomers were scantily attended. "Scantily" was somewhat misapplied for "elegantly." Justice calls upon us to make the *amende*. Mr. and Mrs. Seggin had a crowded and elegant attendance at their concert. —ED. M. W.]

MISS HINKELMANN'S last concert took place on Monday evening at Sussex Hall. The principal vocalists were Mrs. A. Newton, Miss P. Horton, Mr. Leffler, Mr. Frank Budda, and Mr. W. H. Seggin. The concert was well attended. Conductor, Mr. Lavender.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN.—We have much pleasure in announcing, for the information of our readers, that on Monday, the 8th of July next, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean will commence a brief engagement in the city of the violated treaty, under the management of Mr. Joy, of whose efficiency our Limerick and Cork friends had ample proof during the visit of Miss Hayes. They will open with the tragedy of the *Gemeter*, Mr. Beverley being sustained by Mr. Kean. Mrs. Beverly by Mrs. Kean, and Stukely by Mr. John W. Calcraft, the gifted manager of our Theatre Royal. *The Wife's Secret*, *Hamlet*, *Strathmore*, and *King René's Daughter*, will then be presented in succession, all supported by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, Mr. Calcraft, and the first talent of this city. After about a week in Limerick, Mr. and Mrs. Kean, and the very efficient company under Mr. Joy, will proceed to Cork, where a series of most attractive performances will be presented, and in a style fully as excellent as ever characterized our metropolitan management.—Limerick Paper.

HARRA DASYCHOCK, the celebrated pianist, leaves London for Prague this day.

MADAME OURY'S MATINEE.—Madame Oury, a pianist of high reputation, provided an agreeable programme of vocal and instrumental music for her friends and admirers at her annual *matinée musicale* on Monday. She was assisted by artists of eminence in every department, including Mademoiselles Parodi and Ida Bertrand, Madame Giuliani, Signors Gardoni, Brignoli, Ciabatta, Belletti, and M. Jules Lefort (vocalists), M. Godefrid (bary), Signor Piatti (violinello), M. Oury (violin), and M. Vivier (horn). Madame Oury performed Mendelssohn's *Andante con variazioni* for piano and violinello, with Signor Piatti; the *adagio* and *Anale* from a trio of De Beriot, with M. Oury (violin) and Signor Piatti (violinello); a *duo concertante*, for piano and violin, with M. Oury; and a *nocturne and walse* of her own composition, in all of which she exhibited the brilliant execution and energetic style which have placed her among the best lady-pianists of the day, and in all of which she elicited the warmest applause. M. Godefrid played his sparkling caprice, "Le Rêve des Fées," in such a style as fully to support the position, unanimously accorded him since the death of Parish Alvars, of the first harpist in Europe. It is not only to his extraordinary mechanism that M. Godefrid owes his fame; he is a musician of eminent acquirements, and knows how to produce the greatest variety of effect in his compositions, which abound so less in skilful contrivances addressed to the appreciation of musicians, than in *lours à force*, that, from their *ad captandum* character, are calculated to please and attract the many. M. Godefrid's performance was honoured by the most flattering tokens of approval. We can only notice the principal features of the vocal department. The most interesting was a new *romanza*, "La plainte," with horn *obligato*, the composition of M. Vivier, who himself accompanied Signor Gardoni. This *romanza* merits notice, not merely because it is graceful, and, as might be expected from M. Vivier's musical knowledge, combines the voice and the instrument in a natural and effective manner, but because its melody and form are equally original, equally distinct from the commonplaces with which the shelves of our music warehouses are deluged. Signor Gardoni sang it to perfection, and the tones of the instrument, of which M. Vivier is so accomplished a master, mingled

most happily with the mellow voice of the favorite tenor. M. Vera played the pianoforte accompaniment admirably, and the *romanza* was redemanded by the whole room, and repeated with increased effect. M. Jules Lefort, a French barytone, has produced a favorable sensation in several concerts this season; he has a very agreeable voice, full-toned and flexible, and his singing, which is remarkably unaffected, has all the beauties, with none of the ordinary defects, of the French school. Among the most pleasing of his romances are "Petit Enfant" (Quilant), and "Loin de sa mère" (Henriou), both of which were inserted in the programme on this occasion. Mademoiselle Parodi's spirited *romanza*, "Ho tanta fame," was also among the best points of the vocal programme. We should have specially mentioned the clever playing of M. Oury, husband of the fair concert-giver, on the violin, in the duet and trio with Madame Oury. The performance gave the utmost satisfaction to a numerous and fashionable audience.

SHAKESPEARE A LA FRANÇAISE.—To some tastes Shakspeare, like railway accounts, must be cooked in order to be made pleasant. On the occasion of some recent festivities, M. Soyser, as we learn from the *Morning Post*, produced an invention in gastronomy. Our contemporary informs us that "the new culinary innovation" (a rather peculiar kind of innovation that must be), was named *Croustade Shakspearienne à la Huitième Scribe*. *Croustade*, friend Soyser? Oughtn't it to have been *salmi*? Surely, if you meant to concoct a Shaksperian dish in the style of Scribe and Halevy, you should have made a hash of it.—*Punch*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



[MADAME PASTA.]

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

LA TEMPESTA.

It is respectfully announced that a GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will take place on THURSDAY NEXT, JULY 11th, 1850.

When will be presented the highly successful New Grand Opera by HALEVY, the *Ferns by Scène*, founded on the *Tempest* of SHAKESPEARE, and composed expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre, entitled

LA TEMPESTA.

The Incidental Dances by M. PAUL TAGLIANI.

The Scenery by Mr. CHARLES MARSHALL.

The Costumes executed under the superintendence of Madame COPEL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alfonso (King of Naples)	Sig. LORENZO.
Ferdinando (Prince of Naples)	Sig. COLETTI.
Prospero (Duke of Milan)	Sig. F. LABLACHE.
Antonio (his Brother, the Uurper)	Sig. BAUCARDE.
Stephano	Mdlle. PARODI.
Bycorax	Mdlle. IDA BERTRAND.
Spirit of the Air	Madame GILLIANI.
Ariel	Mdlle. CARLOTTA GRISI.
Caliban	Sig. LABLACHE.

Miranda and Madame SONTAG.

After which, a SELECTION from DONIZETTI's celebrated Opera,

ANNA BOLENA.

Anna Bolena Madame PASTA,

Antonio (his Brother, the Uurper) Mdlle. PARODI.

Director of the Music and Conductor, Mr. ALFRED.

With various Entertainments in the

BALLET DEPARTMENT,

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Mdlle. CARLOTTA GRISI,

Mdlle. AMALIA FERREIRA, &c.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

TUESDAY NEXT, JULY 9th,

O T E L L O.

And other Entertainments.

GRISI, COTTI, TAMBERLIK, MARALTI, RONCONI, ZELGER, POLONINI.

EXTRA NIGHT.

THURSDAY, JULY 11th.

Last Night of

D O N G I O V A N N I.

GRISI, CASTELLAN, VERA, TAMBURINI, FORMES, POLONINI, TAGLIAFICO, AND MARIO.

FRIDAY,

MORNING CONCERT.

MUSIC HALL, STORE STREET, BEDFORD SQUARE.

MISS LESLIE'S FIRST ANNUAL CONCERT.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 10th, to commence at Eight o'clock.

Vocalists—Messdames Alexander Newton, Zimmerman, E. Pitt, Chandler, L. Stuart Leslie, and L. Pitt, Messrs. Bridge Frodsham, Drayton, Mearns, and F. Bodda.

Instrumentalists—Miss Eliza Ward, Mr. H. B. Bagnore, Mr. R. Bagnore, and Master J. Ward.

Conductor—Herr Anschuetz.

Tickets, 2s. and 3s. 6d.; to be had at the Hall, of the Music Sellers, and of Miss Leslie, at her residence, 47, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.

MADAME DE LOZANA'S ANNUAL CONCERT.

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, 17th July, at the ROYAL SOHO THEATRE, 73, Dean Street, to commence at 8 o'clock.

Madame de Lozana will introduce during the Concert some new Spanish Songs. Particulars will be duly announced.

Private Boxes, £3 3s.; Stalls, 5s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 3s. 6d.; Pit, 5s.; Gallery, 2s.; to be had at Madame de Lozana's residence, 11, Burton Street, Eaton Square, or at the principal music sellers.

MR. CRIVELLI

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that a THIRD EDITION of

THE ART OF SINGING,

enlarged and newly arranged in the form of a Grammatical System of Rules for the Cultivation of the Voice, may be had at his Residence, 71, UPPER NORTON STREET, and at all the principal Musicallcers.

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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No. 28.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1850.

{PRICE THIRTEENPENCE.
{STAMPED FOURPENCE

RACHEL.

RACHEL has already appeared six times—once in *Phedre*, once in *Dejazet*, once in *Polyeucte Martyr* and *Le Moineau de Lesbie* (given on the same evening), and three times in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. She has created a greater *faux* than on any previous visit to this country. The theatre is nightly crowded to the ceiling; and even the recent calamities that have thrown the nation into mourning have not had sufficient influence to restrain the public from flocking to the performances of the greatest actress in the world. Perhaps in the voice of Rachel—whose low tones seem to weep for the instability of all that is beautiful in this transitory life—they may find a consolation which nothing else—not music itself can give. Be the reason what it may, however, the theatre is more densely crammed on each succeeding occasion, and the effect of Rachel's acting more and more absorbing. Whether as *Phedre*, the fate-struck Queen—*Roxane*, the imperious favourite—*Pauline*, the sublime proselyte—*Lesbie*, the abandoned mistress—or *Adrienne*, poisoned by her rival in the flush of youth and ecstasy, she is equally truthful and sublime. Rachel is never Rachel, but always the character she impersonates, although, not seldom, that character, but for Rachel, would be little other than a pale abstraction.

We refer our readers for particulars of the week to the article of J. de C—, where they will find a detailed notice of *Polyeucte* and *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. Meanwhile, let us reiterate the unwelcome but inevitable fact, that Rachel *will play only six times more!* Her next destination is Berlin, for which city she will start in something more than a fortnight. Happy Berlin! When she will again honour England with a visit, who can say? America stretches wide its giant-arms to welcome and embrace her. America is proud and wealthy. Can Rachel resist the tempting offers that on every side assail her? It is much to be feared that, some fine day, the New World will snatch her from the Old. Once on the other side of the vast Atlantic, the date of her return to Europe will be problematical. There remain, then, reader, but *six golden occasions*, which, missed, may never be recovered.

BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

The final meeting of the season took place on Monday night, in the new Beethoven Rooms, before a very crowded attendance of amateurs. The performances were for the benefit of Herr Ernst. The programme was miscellaneous, and comprised the quartets No. 6 and 13 of Beethoven, both in B flat, an *andante* and *scherso* from Mendelssohn's posthumous works (Op 80); the earlier sonata of Beethoven in A major, for pianoforte and violin; and a series of *études de concert*, for the pianoforte, by Stephen Heller. The selection was one of the highest interest, and the execution first rate. We have no new terms in which to convey our admiration of the refined and intellectual playing of Herr

Ernst, which suits itself with equal felicity to every style of music, simple, graceful, passionate or grand. The three quartets in Monday night's programme were sufficiently contrasted to enable this great—"this unparalleled violinist," as the *Morning Herald* happily styles him, to display the universality which is one of his noblest gifts. The No. 6 of Beethoven, with the exception of the brief *adagio* that precedes the *finale*, is in a playful brilliant strain throughout; the two movements (and especially the *scherzo*) of Mendelssohn, belong to a fantastic world of his own creation; the posthumous work of Beethoven, No. 13, combines many styles in one, and, besides a prevailing tone of mystery, demands the utmost variety of expression. The requisites for the effective development of compositions so essentially opposed to each other were readily supplied by Ernst, who happily identified himself with each of them, and played throughout with wonderful effect. He was supported with extreme ability by Messrs. H. C. Cooper (second violin), Hill (tenor), and Rousselot (violinello). Amidst the general appreciation of the audience, the stimulus of novelty, and other circumstances, created more than usual interest for the fragments of Mendelssohn, both of which were enthusiastically encored. At the conclusion of the *scherzo*—which Ernst played with a sparkling brightness that, if possible, lent it a grace independent of its own countless beauties—there was but one feeling of regret that the work had not been completed by the great composer. Perhaps, indeed, no compositions for the chamber can so ill bear mutilation as those of Mendelssohn, which being always the inspiration of one predominant feeling, are only half disclosed when only half performed. But here, alas! there was no help.

M. Stephen Heller, whose performances in public have been much rarer than could have been wished by the admirers of a talent at once so distinguished and so utterly devoid of meretricious display, gave a chaste and unaffected reading of Beethoven's sonata in A major—a work which, while offering many difficulties, both to pianist and violinist, is chiefly remarkable for playfulness of character and a flow of natural and unsought melody. This sonata was played throughout by MM. Heller and Ernst without any attempt to shine on either side at the expense of the other. It was not a friendly trial of skill, as so often happens in duet playing between expert performers, but a friendly association for the sole purpose of rendering the music of Beethoven with strict integrity. That such un-showy exhibitions can interest and delight an attentive audience was fully exemplified in the flattering marks of approval which greeted the performance of MM. Ernst and Heller at the end of every movement of the sonata. The *études de concert* belong to the best of those numerous contributions to the piano which have won for M. Heller a place among the most eminent and original composers for that instrument. His performance of them was marked through-

out by delicacy, good taste, and brilliant mechanism. While each was admired and applauded, a preference was shown for the *étude* styled "*pastorale*," a movement of extreme freshness and piquancy.

The co-operation of Herr Ernst, who, we are informed, accorded his services unconditionally for the entire series of performances, depending, in common with M. Rousselot, the director, upon the chance of public patronage for remuneration—has been of essential consequence to the Beethoven Quartet Society, and has brought the present season prosperously to a close. We must again remind M. Rousselot, however, that he has materially, and, we think, not wisely, departed from the scheme of the founder. The Beethoven Quartet Society was, as we have more than once recorded, established in 1845, for the express purpose of annually presenting the whole of the seventeen quartets composed by Beethoven, in as complete and effective a style as practicable. The immediate object was the highly commendable one, of gradually familiarizing the musical public with these fine and varied works, some of which (especially the "posthumous") from their great difficulty and singular originality of character, had been comparatively neglected by Beethoven's most zealous worshippers. With this in view eight performances were instituted, the first five of which were to be strictly confined to the quartets of Beethoven, the remaining three admitting compositions by other masters. But M. Rousselot, as we showed in a recent number, has only given seven performances this season, the last of which was an extra one, for the benefit of Herr Ernst, and therefore not to be counted in the series. Of these the first three alone were confined to the works of Beethoven, the schemes of the remainder being miscellaneous, in consequence of which we have had but twelve out of the seventeen quartets. Nos. 2, 4, 6, 14, 17, have been passed over altogether. Another innovation, foreign to the original design, has also been in a great measure instrumental in subverting it. We allude to the introduction of pianoforte compositions at every meeting. It is true, that the works performed by M. Stephen Heller, Messrs. Sterndale Bennett, and Lindsay Sloper, Madlle. Coulon, and M. Alexandre Billet, have been selected from the trios, duets, and sonatas of Beethoven; but trios, duets, and sonatas have nothing in common with the end for which the society was projected—that of annually producing the whole of the seventeen quartets. Moreover, the pianoforte works of Beethoven are far more numerous than the quartets, and a society for their exclusive performance would not be unacceptable to the many lovers of his music. We have already reverted to this topic, but it is of sufficient importance to bear repetition. While paying due homage to the talent and spirit of M. Rousselot, who has courageously stepped forward and diligently laboured to sustain an institution so favourable to the interests of art, and so influential in promulgating a refined and uncorrupted taste, we must again insist, that unless he restores the ancient scheme in all its integrity, he can offer no reasonable plea for continuing to attach to his annual performances of chamber music the significant and exclusive title of the Beethoven Quartet Society. Mr. Ella, Mr. Dando, or any other professor who gives a yearly series of quartet concerts, may just as reasonably adopt the name, which can only be defended by a strict adherence to the principles from which its origin was derived.

M. MASSOL, the barytone, has concluded an engagement with the Grand Opera at Paris. He will make his *reentrée* in Auber's forthcoming opera, *L'Enfant Prodigue*.

Mdlle. ANICHINI'S CONCERT.

THE charming and accomplished Mdlle. Aniehini summoned her numerous friends and admirers to her annual *fête musicale*, on Monday the 24th ult. Campden House, Kensington, the residence of Mrs. Wolley, was the *locale* on the present occasion. Mdlle. Anichini's *fêtes* invariably take place in the *chateau* of some distinguished member of the fashionable and aristocratic world. They are too elegant and refined for the saloons of the metropolis. The Hanover Square Rooms, or the Concert-room of Her Majesty's Theatre, might serve very well for an ordinary music meeting, but a purer and a brighter atmosphere is essential to Mdlle. Anichini, whose anniversary gatherings may be likened to a congregation of animated flowers. The fair concert giver, the tall luxuriant lily of the *parterre*, dispenses her perfumed treasures all around, and each flower, and plant, and shrub bears its portion of the omnipresent grace.

A more suitable arena for Mdlle. Aniehini's brilliant collection of exotics, which came "from far and wide" at the bidding of her silver tongue, could not have been selected than the estate of that "fayre ladye," light Wolley, the fame of whose "plays and jousts" is spread throughout the domain of high birth and courtly appetite. On entering the portals you are at once transported to the age of Elizabeth, when yet the pomp and pageantry of chivalrous times had not departed from the land—before the earthly fist of Oliver had smote to dust the remnants of monastic splendor. Good cheer stares you in the face, and invites you to partake of it. Our first impulse, on finding ourselves in a comfortable confectionery, wainscotted, tapestried, and fitted up with memories of days long passed, was to devour a sandwich and quaff a cup of something like sherbet, the receipt of which we might easily imagine that Sir Wolley, lord of the castle and sole owner of that bright pearl, its mistress, had wrested from some infidel Turk, made prisoner by the might of his arm. This done, the inward man refreshed, we mingled with the motley group of knights and dames, of squires and damsels, at the door of the music room, which swallowed and disgorged its party-coloured guests, like some huge whale, that dozing opened-mouthed, sees, with a listless eye, the flow and ebb of hundreds of tiny fish, carried in and out of his tremendous jaws, upon the advancing and receding of the water; so the guests, upon the varying currents of their impulse, went to and fro, as this or that minstrel sang or played, according to their liking or indifference. Scarcely arrived at the goal of our desires, a seat in the theatre—a miniature "Her Majesty's"—when a daintily decked lacquetry thrust an embossed paper into our hands, whereon was prieked, in legible characters, the order of the concert and the names of the performers. A quartet, by the renowned Italian composer, Donizetti, "*Erima-to*" (from the play of the amorous becheur, *Passarelle*), had scarcely been sung by Covas of Liverpool, Ciabatta and Coletti (troubadours of note), assisted by Anichini, the donor of the fête, her very self, than Brignoli, a young tenor of promising parts, lifted up his fresh voice and chanted the welcome air, "*Quell' adorata vergine*," by Mercadante of Naples, from *Leonora*, his opera. Ere we had time to express to the bye-standers and bye-sitters our satisfaction, Covas of Liverpool, and Ciabatta, surnamed "*the comely*," smote the ear with antagonistic tones, this tenor, that bass, to the tune of one Gabussi, who, in combinations of thirds and sixths, has celebrated the life of the "*Pescatori*." Then came Ida Bertraud, a Norman damsel, fat and fair, who, in an under voice, which the cunning in the art have styled *contralto*, warbled a *romanza Napoletana*, the intent of which we could

not well make out, albeit, the music was stirring and quaint. A well conditioned minstrel then stepped upon the platform, good humor in his cheeks and an instrument of twisted brass in his hands, the smaller extremity of which he pressed tightly upon his lips while he thrust one arm entirely up the other, which bore the likeness of a bulky bell. This instrument was named "*corneo*," in the embossed paper furnished us by the dastly dight lackey at the door. The minstrel, "yclept Puzzi, seemed well skilled in the touch thereof, and played a melody called "*Calma*," with a right pleasant noise. Again we had Colletti, and again Covas of Liverpool, each in a popular tune of his country; but as we had already heard both these minstrels, we hastened to the refectory, and despatched yet another sandwich and yet another cup of sherbet, returning in time to be lulled into a delicious *reverie* by the plaintive strains of a golden-haired damsel from the Irish countries, whom we found to be designated Kate, or Catherine, or Kitty Hayes. Whether Kate, or Catherine, or Kitty, a handsomer person we would not wish to see, or a sweeter voice to hear; but, to our great sorrow, she did not warble one of her native hill-tunes, but a music in some strange tongue, of which we could not make out one word, although the tones of the voice kept knocking double knocks at our heart's gate all the while she sang.

By this time we had enough of music for the nonce, and so strolled into the garden, where many black-eyed damsels and gay cavaliers were sauntering listlessly. The sun was scorching hot, and the trees had not begun to grow—so there was no shade, and those who hate sun-beams took shelter in-doors. We *love* sun-beams; and we drank our full of them, catching the echoes of the music as they came dancing out of the castle windows. And now there was another music and a louder: the band of the regiment of Sir Londonderry, (2nd Life Guards,) was playing favourite airs, and so enlivened the garden with much bruit.

But it was time to trace our steps to the *chateau*, and well were we repaid for going back. The damsel Anichini, whose presence, like the lady in the *Sensitive Plant* of the poet, was "felt everywhere," and whose spirits had arisen with her task, was now upon the platform, singing, with Coletti, a duet from *Maria di Rohan*, by the self-same Donizetti. We could not but admire the ease of her method, which gave full play to the mellow beauty of her tones, that fell upon the ear like soft rain on a fevered brow. "A lovely voice and a lovely singer," was whispered on all sides of us. As for ourselves, we could say nothing; our thoughts were too many and busy, and jostled each other in their egress from the gates of sound; our lips moved and spake not; they were dumb with suppressed eloquence. At length, however, we were able to say, "Ah, Madlle. Anichini!"—whereupon, without another word, we went upstairs and found ourselves in a spacious picture gallery, resplendent with rare *tableaux*, antique carvings, gorgeous tapestries, and other works of art. A bay window, in a small recess, allowed us a solitary refuge; and a fine prospect into the country over miles and miles of wood and water, cheered the heart within us. What a great comfort is the face of nature! We dreamed that two lovers sat at that bay-window, talking silently to each other, while the hall resounded with the steps of the dancers, and the walls mimicked the laugh of revelry. For these two lovers there was the quiet moon and their very selves. What else did they want?

We were awakened from our dream by a friendly tap on the shoulder. It was Fiorentino, who, with his brilliant wit and pleasant bantering, soon dispersed the mist of fantasy, and brought us back to 1850, June 24, Monday, half-past

five. It was half-past five; the concert was over, and the host, Sir Wolley, was courteously taking leave of the guests, while his fair lady was busily employed in similar attentions in another part of the building; from him we learned that Campden House was an ancient palace of Queen Anne, and that he was endeavouring to revive its ancient splendour, preferring, however, the Elizabethan tone, as less artificial, and undamaged by the frippery of Louis XIV. He is right. Meanwhile, we had lost the performances of the famous Frezzolini, the accomplished Gardoni, the spirited Parodi, the florid Calzolari, the French Lefort, *qui chante du Quidant*, and the pianoforte-player, Krinitz, who imitated a *bananier* on the keys of the instrument. All this had gone on in the theatre while we were dozing like King Mark, at the bay-window. We were sorry, but we could not help it. What with the house, and the garden, and the pictures, and the armour, and the sandwiches, and the sherbet, there were so many conflicting elements of attraction, that it was not to be wondered at if, at intervals, we forgot the music. Still, when we beheld the ardent Schira, the vivacious Vera, the eager Biletta, the tranquil Pilotti, and the courteous Benedict—every one and each of whom had touched the keys of the instrument in concert with the voice of the singers—when we beheld the five conductors, hat on head and stick in hand, wend their way in a body from the castle gates, we own that a twinge of conscience reminded us of a duty neglected and a pleasure lost. Let us hope, however, for another occasion, of having Frezzolini, Gardoni, Calzolari, Lefort, and Krinitz. They will doubtless all be here in 1851, and will all resemble at a glance from the persuasive Anichini, to whom we are indebted, even more than for her delightful *fete* for hearing seen a portrait of Mary Stuart—Mary, Queen of Scots—or Mary, as we would fain call her, which surpasses all we ever gazed on in perfect and enchanting beauty—unless it be the face of Rachel, which is unsurpassable!

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE performances on Saturday comprised a repetition of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, a scene from *I Montecchi ed I Capuletti*, and a variety of ballet entertainments. In our hurried notice of the first performance of *Il Matrimonio*, we omitted to name Sig. F. Lablache, whose Count Robinson, besides its vocal correctness, is one of the neatest and most gentlemanly impersonations on the Italian stage. It is only because this very useful and clever artist has at once the honour and misfortune to bear the name of his illustrious father, that his efforts are not always appreciated at their proper value. F. Lablache, however, is not merely an accomplished musician and a good singer, but a natural and excellent actor.

The concert given on Monday night in the music-room of this establishment, under the name of Madame Pasta's "farewell concert," may be regarded almost as a private affair. The announcements had been so sparing, and so chary of particulars, that the public knew very little about the event in advance, and the result was a select audience, composed of some who recollected Madame Pasta when she was the greatest ornament of the lyric drama, and others of our own time, eager to catch the last echoes of a voice which had once filled all Europe with its praises. The first were the pleases of days gone by; while the last, in deference to the opinions of their immediate predecessors, listened with respect, applauded the remains of past greatness, and imagined the rest. Such was literally the effect of last night's performance. An

audience more enthusiastic and more determined to be gratified was never congregated within the walls of a concert-room. The applause that greeted Madame Pasta's appearance on the platform was deafening; it continued at intervals during the whole of the famous recitative and *nir* from *Tancredi*, "Oh Patria," which those who frequented the Italian Opera more than 20 years ago will remember as one of her grandest efforts, and was redoubled with energy at the conclusion. Similar demonstrations attended Madame Pasta's subsequent performances—the duet, "Mille sospiri e lagrime" (Rossini) with her gifted and favourite pupil, Mademoiselle Parodi; the *aria* of Glück, "Che farò senza Euridice;" and the brilliant air of Pacini, "I tuoi frequenti palpiti"—the only difference to be noted being their continually increasing vehemence. After every effort Madame Pasta was recalled upon the platform, amidst cheers and acclamations, and a repetition of the last movement of Pacini's *aria* was insisted upon, and, after some little hesitation, accorded.

Having stated the manner in which Madame Pasta was feted by the audience, we have, perhaps, done as much as should be expected of us under the circumstances. Lest, however, a criticism may be looked for by those who are anxious for minute details, we shall, in as few words as possible, describe those points in the vocalization of the renowned artist which recalled the glory of her prime. Her most perfect effort was the *aria* of Glück, "Che farò senza Euridice," which was also the most classical and beautiful *musica* in the programme. In this fine specimen of one of the greatest of dramatic composers, half of the audience were enabled to welcome with a new delight what the other half were made acquainted with for the first time—a manner of phrasing and a grandeur of expression which belong to a style of singing now, unhappily, almost extinct. A method of respiration which allowed of the longest sentences being uttered without any perceptible break was also remarked with admiration, while a classical severity of taste in the choice and use of ornaments offered a not less striking example for the consideration of the present school of singers. These high qualities, which, being purely mental, defy the encroachments of time, are still observable in Madame Pasta's singing. Upon the rest it would be ungrateful to dilate. What Madame Pasta was known to all the world; her name belongs to the history of music, and her career will constitute one of its brightest pages. What she is—a relic of one of the most admirable monuments of executive art—must be contemplated with the veneration due to a fame well earned. To criticise defects that spring from the silent but uncompromising march of years, to chronicle failings which are not of art, but of humanity, would imply a want of feeling and discretion of which we should be sorry to accuse our worst enemies. Madame Pasta will ever be Madame Pasta in the memory of those who knew her in her best days, and twenty such exhibitions as that of Monday night would not suffice to lessen her in the estimation of the judicious and reflecting. We may regret that circumstances should have compelled her to appear before the public with diminished powers, but we cannot forget that she was once the worthy object of universal homage.

Madame Pasta was assisted by Mademoiselle Parodi, Signors Gardoni, Calzolari, Raucarde, Coletti, Lablache, F. Lablache, and Belletti, by the chorus of Her Majesty's Theatre, and by Mr. Balfe and Signor Schira, who presided as accompanists at the pianoforte.

On Tuesday there was no performance. The Theatre was closed in respect to the memory of the royal and illustrious Duke, who died on the previous night.

The fourth and last grand concert of the season took place on Wednesday morning before a brilliant audience. The programme, divided into three parts and containing upwards of 30 pieces, included several compositions of classical interest. The concert began with the eighth symphony of Beethoven in F major. This masterpiece was given without curtailment, and the manner in which it was executed conferred the highest credit on the band and on Mr. Balfe the conductor, to whose careful training is due the vast improvement lately noticed in this powerful body of executants. The *scherzo* and Wedding March from Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Beethoven's overture to the tragedy of *Egmont*, were also presented in the course of the performance, and rendered in a style of equal excellence. The vocal programme included the names of the principal members of the establishment, all of whom appeared except Miss Catherine Hayes and Mr. Sims Reeves, who, though announced in the bills, were not forthcoming, no explanation being tendered for their absence. Among the most finished exhibitions of vocal skill were the performances of Madame Sontag, who sang "The Soldier tired," Eckert's "Swiss Air with variations," and a duet from Spohr's *Jeusonda*, with Signor Gardoni. In the famous old air from Dr. Arne's *Artaxerxes*, once the *chœur de bataille* of the celebrated Mrs. Billington, Madame Sontag displayed a surprising facility in the execution of florid divisions; rapidity and neatness were alike remarkable, and the general conception betrayed a happy appreciation of the ancient school of *bravura*. This, and the elegant *air varié* of Herr Eckert, with its delicate choral accompaniment, were encored with acclamation. The duet of Spohr, one of the gems of his best opera, was beautifully sung by Madame Sontag and Signor Gardoni, who, while giving the utmost warmth of expression to the music, refrained from "embellishing" its graceful melodies by any superfluous admixture of ornament or cadence. Mdlle. Frezzolini only appeared twice, but on both occasions with brilliant success. Her first effort was the duet "Ferma non d'Ascolto," (from *Tancredi*) with Mdlle. Ida Bertrand; her second the *polacca* from Persiani's almost unknown opera, *Il Fantasma*. The latter was a striking display of florid vocalization, in which the higher notes of the voice, from A to D in *alt*, were constantly employed with singular ease and distinctness. Mdlle. Masson, one of the *prima donne* from the Académie Royale de Musique in Paris, made her first appearance in England at this concert. Essentially a dramatic singer, this young lady, who has well earned her reputation on the boards of that great lyrical theatre, does not shine to so much advantage in the concert room. Her voice is a *mezzo soprano* of considerable power, and her style of singing at once declares that her natural element is the stage. In a duet from Mercadante's *Il Giuramento* (with Signor Gardoni), and in the grand *aria* from Halévy's *Reine de Chypre*, Mdlle. Masson effected quite enough to show that she was no novice, but a singer of energy and experience; and in the latter she was rewarded with the warmest applause. Mdlle. Parodi was put down to sing the fine *aria*, "Si lo sento," from Spohr's *Faust*; which, however, to the great disappointment of the audience, she omitted, confining her exertions to taking part in several concerted pieces. Signors Calzolari and Gardoni each sang an *aria*, the former, "Una furtiva lagrima," which he has lately almost made his own; the latter, a fine old song by Stradella, who in his day was equally renowned as a singer and composer. The great Lablache gave two of his *big* duets—the "Lezione di Canto," with Madame Sontag, and "Moltre Francesco," from Coccia's *Carlotta e Werter*, with Signor F. Lablache, in both of which his humour was as irresistible.

ble as ever," and in both seconded with the utmost ability. The other vocal solos worthy of notice were Pizarro's grand air (with chorus) from *Fidelio*, well sung by Signor Belletti, and Cherubini's "O salutaris hostia," carefully rendered by Mdlle. Ida Bertrand. The concerted pieces included the quartet "Come obime," from Paisiello's *Viva*, an exquisite specimen of that graceful composer; a very sparkling and melodious trio for three tenors, by Curschmann, a German composer of more than ordinary talent, recently deceased; and a clever and well-written quartet, "Vien d'Aurora," from Balfe's *Siege of Rochelle*. The first was sang by Madame Giuliani, Mdlle. Parodi, Signora Baucarde and Coletti; the second by Signora Gardoni, Calzolari, and Baucarde; the last by Madame Giuliani, Mdlle. Parodi, Signora Coletti and Lorenzo. The trio of Curschmann was admirably executed and unanimously encored. The full pieces were the "Prisoners Chorus," from *Fidelio*, a selection from Mozart's *Requiem*, the finale to *Fidelio*, and the final chorus, from Beethoven's *First Mass*. Better music could not have been desired, but a better execution might have been obtained with a little extra trouble. The chorus was imperfect, unsteady, and out of tune—so much so, indeed, that not one of these fine compositions was rendered intelligible to the audience. We have more than once insisted that unless efficient preparation can be insured it would be much wiser to leave the choral works of the great masters unattempted, since their inadequate performance results in nothing but discredit to all concerned.

The concert was agreeably varied by two performances of Mr. Thalberg on the pianoforte. In the first *allegro* of Beethoven's concerto in C minor, with orchestral accompaniments, Mr. Thalberg introduced a *cadenza* almost as long as the movement itself, which was, moreover, quite out of keeping with the style of the music. We have already more than once expressed a strong objection to these elaborately prepared *cadenzas*, which were never intended by the composer, who by the *point d'orgue* meant nothing more than an opportunity for the performer to exercise his skill in an improvisation on the principal themes. In other respects Mr. Thalberg's *cadenza* was an astonishing display of execution, and his general performance of the concerto was so good that we could not but reproach him for omitting the last two movements. Mr. Thalberg's second effort was one of his own fantasies, *L'Elisir d'Amore*—of which we have spoken on a previous occasion. He played it with wonderful brilliancy, and being rapturously encored, substituted the last part of his *Don Pasquale*, in which the serenade, "Come e gentil," is the principal feature.

Although it was nearly six o'clock before the concert terminated, the programme appeared to give general satisfaction. Indeed, it was so judiciously varied that the majority of the audience appeared unimpaired of its extreme length, and there were not very many departures before the last piece was over.

The announcement that Madame Pasta would once more appear on the stage, on Thursday evening, attracted the largest audience since the Lind-mania was at its height. Amateurs and connoisseurs, old and young, those who had seen her and those who had not seen her, all congregated to look their last—now, indeed, their last, hope has no reservation—upon the undoubted queen of the Lyric Drama. Many went with their hearts full of recollections of Pasta in her grandeur and sublimity; they had witnessed the decline of her powers within the last score of years; and, not expecting impossibilities, they were inclined to make every allowance, and so, from Pasta the ruin could recall the glorious artist of days gone by.

Others, who had only known Pasta by report, who had heard her lauded beyond all artists who had ever trod the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre, would make no compromise with time, but expected the freshness of youth in the sexagenarian; and these were lamentably disappointed.

Madame Pasta selected parts of *Anna Bolena* for her final essay. The opening scene of act the second, and the death scene were made choice of by her. We are not going to enter into an analysis of the performance. The task would be the most ungrateful to which we could devote ourselves. Madame Pasta's voice is not entirely gone. Indeed, considering the age of the artist, what remains of it is extraordinary. In extent and power, we are faintly reminded of what Madame Pasta's voice was in the zenith of her fame. She can use it with considerable fluency, but of the quality very little is left to remind us of what has been.

Nothing could be more enthusiastic than Madame Pasta's reception. The whole house cheered her for minutes. Her first scene was somewhat coldly received. The voice of the singer refused to obey the impulses of the artist, and the great points of the scene did not tell. The death scene showed Madame Pasta to far greater advantage. Here we were frequently and forcibly reminded of the artist in the days of her greatness. The madness was assumed with a power and a truthfulness which nothing could surpass; and in every motion and attitude the genius of Pasta rose from the grave of the past, and shed a redeeming light over every fault of her singing. Even here, as if inspired by the influence of the time and scene and reinvigorated for the moment, Madame Pasta's singing was admirable—not merely from the indications it held out of the grandeur and purity of that style which has become an exemplar to the vocal world, but admirable in itself, from its simple and intense delivery and the exquisite *finesse* of its phrasing. We speak more particularly of the prayer which Anna Bolena sings on her knees, which was most charmingly and expressively given by the glorious artist.

It is unnecessary to speak further. Madame Pasta was recalled at the fall of the curtain, and was received with the most enthusiastic demonstrations, and showers of bouquets were thrown on the stage; and the scene closed on the labours and the hopes of the greatest lyric artist of all time.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The deaths of a great statesman and a royal personage, have thrown a gloom over public amusements since our last which it will take some time to dispel. Nevertheless, the management of this theatre has not been inactive, and the temporary indisposition of Madame Viardot has been atoned for in the most satisfactory manner possible.

The lovers of Rossini's music were gratified on Saturday night, for the first time at this theatre, by a very complete and effective performance of *Otello*, an opera composed with almost unexampled rapidity, yet containing many beautiful melodies and a great deal of fine dramatic writing. That here and there the music is at variance with the words and situations must be attributed to that hasty manner of production which, although it places the prodigious facility of Rossini in a strong light, has been too often detrimental to the lasting fame of his works. The author of the book, Signor Tottola, while taking Shakspere's *Othello* as the foundation of his *libretto*, seems to have been at great pains to alter Shakspere's incidents wherever that was possible. The *dramatis personae*, are the same, but the motives and conduct of each individual character are essentially different. The scene takes place at

Venice, instead of Cyprus. Otello has returned victorious, and, in the midst of triumphal honours, burns for the love of Desdemona, the daughter of Elmiro, a Venetian nobleman. He has, however, two deadly enemies—Iago, a rejected lover of Desdemona, and Rodrigo, son of the Doge, whose addresses are looked upon with favour by her father. These two become confederates against the life and happiness of Otello. Iago has contrived to intercept a love-letter and a lock of hair, intended by Desdemona for Otello, and with these, which he affects to have obtained from Rodrigo, the false Italian works upon the feelings of the Moor, and exasperates him to commit the crime which forms the climax of the opera. Otello does not smother Desdemona as in the tragedy, but wakes her from her sleep, and, after a brief expostulation, stabs her with his dagger, upon which incident the curtain drops. In spite of the obscurity of the plot, the inexplicable positions of the respective characters to each other, and the striking inferiority of the whole to the original play, *Otello*, as a vehicle for music, presents advantages of which Rossini might undoubtedly have made better use. There are opportunities for three grand duets, and two elaborate *finales*, which have by no means had justice done them. A duet in which Otello defies Rodrigo; another, where Iago deceives the Moor by his treacherous inventions; and a third, which conveys the jealous reproaches of Otello to Desdemona, are highly suggestive. That Rossini has treated them with perfect success we are not disposed to admit, however willing we may be to accord to his music the characteristics that so rarely fall him, of brilliancy and animation, especially in the duet between Otello and Rodrigo. The *finale* to the first act, involving the return of Otello just at the moment when Desdemona is about to yield to the urgent remonstrances of her father in favour of Rodrigo; and the *finale* to the second act, in which Desdemona, informed of the safety of her lover, obstinately resists the wishes of Elmiro, are equally well adapted for musical effect. In these, Rossini, who always shines in the illustration of contending emotions and the busy conflict of masses, has been more successful; the two *morceaux d'ensemble*, "Ah! che giorno d'orror," and "L'error d'un infelice," are beautiful, but, with these exceptions, the materials of both the *finales* are less solid, and their development less skilful, than what other such highly-wrought combinations have elicited from the gifted composer. The third act, however, the shortest and least complex, is, from first to last, beyond reproach. The romance of Desdemona, "Assisa a piè d'un Salice," and the prayer, "Deh calma, o Ciel, nel sonno," are profoundly touching. The final duet, in which Otello, after passionate reproaches, deaf to the protestations of Desdemona, first kills her and then himself, is, in its way, a *chef d'œuvre*; and it can hardly be a matter for surprise that Rossini himself should avoid a preference for this one scene over most of his dramatic compositions.

Whatever may be thought of the comparative merits of *Otello*, when weighed in the scale with other works of Rossini, such a performance as that of Saturday, in which Grisi, Tambrerlik, and Ronconi, as Desdemona, Otella, and Iago, almost restored the absorbing excitement of the ancient cast, could not fail to excite enthusiasm. During the whole of the present season, Grisi has not been heard in such good voice, and on no previous occasion has she acted with such extraordinary vigour and passion. Her opening recitative was finely declaimed, and the air, "Quando guerrier mio splendido," sung with glowing animation, brought down the loudest applause. Equally fine was the duet, "Vorrei, che il tuo pensiero," with Emilia (Mademoiselle Cotti, who sang the music of this unthankful part with extreme care), and the *finale*, in which the

unexpected appearance of Otello at the back of the stage recalls the apparition of Edgardo in the contract scene of *Lucia di Lammermoor*. But it was in the second act that Grisi put forth the whole of her vocal and dramatic energy. In the trio with Otello and Rodrigo her appeals to the forbearance of one and the faith of the other were most affecting; she gave the complaint, "Tratante smanie," &c., with accents that fully expressed the anguish and despair of Desdemona, and executed the *bravura*, "Che smanie," &c., with a volume of tone and impetuosity of feeling that completely took the audience by storm. When the curtain fell on the second act there was a loud call from every part of the house, in obedience to which Grisi came forward alone, and walked across the stage amidst continued cheering.

In the part of Otello, Signor Tambrerlik may be considered to have displayed for the first time the whole resources of his talent, vocal and histrionic. His conception of the character was admirable, and his appearance highly prepossessing; the costume suited him well, while the easy grace of his action lent dignity to the whole impersonation. It was in the scenes of strong passion that the voice of Signor Tambrerlik produced the greatest effect, although his opening *cavatina*, the well-known "Ah! si per voi," was a fine burst of energetic singing, and at once established his position with the audience. The grand duet with Iago,

"Non m'inganno," where the powerful aid of Signor Ronconi was brought into request, created a *furor*. This was a masterly performance. Point after point was made on either side, until the applause of the audience became so frequent that it almost seemed a natural accompaniment to the duet. Two movements, in spite of the evident desire of Mr. Costa not to arrest the progress of the music, were encoered and repeated, at the unanimous demand of the audience, who carried their point against the united opposition of singers and conductor, expressing their satisfaction anew by a call for Signors Tambrerlik and Ronconi at the conclusion. The third act was, however, the grandest effort of Signor Tambrerlik. Here the tremor which has been remarked on certain notes of his voice gave additional intensity to the passages of vehement grief, and produced a thrilling effect. Whether this tremor be a natural peculiarity, or an artifice of the singer, is, we think, of small consequence. Those who remember Ruhl will not have forgotten that he had it too; and it was with that great singer, as with Signor Tambrerlik, a frequent and happy agent in the expression of pungent and overpowering emotion; at the same time it must not be denied that it is occasionally monotonous, more especially in plain recitative, and passages of level singing. The acting both of Grisi and Tambrerlik throughout the whole of this terrible scene was of the highest order—impassioned and expressive, without the slightest tendency to exaggeration. The catastrophe, so difficult to manage, was effected in the most natural manner, and the curtain fell, before the prostrate bodies of Desdemona and Otello, amidst unrestrained and unanimous applause.

Little remains to be said of the Iago of Ronconi. Although stripped of all the dreadful interest with which Shakespeare has invested this being of inscrutable motives, Ronconi, with that subtle conception of character for which his acting is always distinguished, succeeded in imparting to the Iago of the Italian librettist a certain air of mystery, which redeemed it from common-place, and by removing it from the class of ordinary villains, commanded respect and attention. It is in this faculty of creating individuality where none may be suggested by the text that lies one of the secrets of Ronconi's power as an actor. The smallest part, assumes importance in his hands, through

the impress it receives from his own original mind. The Rodrigo of Signor Maratti was a careful and judicious performance; and M. Zelger, the bass, gave considerable vocal weight to the music of Elmiro. The band, under Mr. Costa, was always excellent; the overture was encoored, and the finales and concerted music generally presented a far more satisfactory *ensemble* than on a recent occasion, of which we had to complain, in *La Gassa Ladra*. The chorus, which is of constant importance in the two first acts, was, for the most part, very efficient. In enumerating the fine points of Madame Gristi's performance, we should have mentioned the perfect manner in which she delivered the simple and exquisite romance, "Assisa a piè d'un salice," the gem of the third act and, perhaps, of the opera. At the fall of the curtain, Madame Gristi and Signor Tamberlik were twice recalled. The house was well attended.

On Tuesday, there was no performance. In consequence of the lamented death of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge on the preceding night, the doors of every theatre in the metropolis were closed.

On Thursday, *Don Giovanni* was performed for the last time, with the same powerful caste as on the previous occasions. Tamburini's Don was, if possible, more powerful and splendid than ever, and the Leperello of Herr Formes is now acknowledged by musicians, amateurs, and critics, as a masterpiece.

A Morning Concert took place yesterday—the last of the season—for the benefit of the Italian Refugees. The principal feature of the concert was Madame Pasta, who sung a duet with Castellan, which was encoored, and Pacini's "Il soave bel contento." The glorious artist excited the utmost enthusiasm. The programme contained in it nothing particularly new. Madame Viardot created a great sensation in the *rondo finale* from *Cenerentola*, in which she introduced some novel and very striking *broderies*. There is nothing appertaining to the Royal Italian Opera which demands more serious reformation than the Morning Concerts. We trust Mr. Costa will turn his mind to this subject.

JULIEN AT COLCHESTER.

(From a Correspondent.)

On arriving at this pleasant and retired town, my curiosity was aroused by unusual demonstrations of excitement. The town bells were ringing their loudest and merriest peals. In every window and on every wall, bills were posted, announcing the unexpected intelligence that the shops would close at five o'clock, P. M. The quiet town of Colchester, thought I, has gained some new important privilege unpossessed by other towns, and is going to celebrate the event. Every body seemed to be in too great a hurry to answer my enquiries, so I followed the crowd until I arrived at a spacious garden, the *Colchester Botanic*, I believe. I paid half a crown at the eager summons of a personage at the entry, and at length discovered the cause of all this commotion. In the principal promenade, there was a peculiar looking individual, the "observed of all observers," (a kind of Egyptian hieroglyph to the wondering crowd), with a copy of *Punch* in his hand, in evident enjoyment of some special article in that witty and sagacious print. Making all haste to come along side this odd-looking craft, I succeeded, by energetic efforts, to obtain a convenient place, when, to my great surprise, and, let me add, satisfaction, I found myself face-to-face with no less a personage than the renowned Julien, surrounded by cornets, flutes, clarionets, horns, trumpets, and other instru-

ments, in the hands of Kœnig, Collinet, Pratten, Godfrey, Sonnenberg, Sommers, Jarrett, and others equally well-known to fame. A glance at the programme, and another at my watch, I found that there were yet some minutes to spare before the concert would begin. These I devoted to a walk round the garden, and was rewarded by a view and a smell of a superb collection of flowers, among which were some of the most beautiful roses I ever saw. A friend, whom I met strolling about like myself, informed me that the arrival of the popular Julien was considered by the inhabitants as an unanswerable pretext for a general holiday. The bells were rung expressly in his honor, and school masters gave permission to their assistants to leave work and take advantage of the occasion, much to the gratification of the boys, whose three cheers for "Mounseer Jullien," were among the most musical and merry of the noises that made the Town-hall echo again. The orchestra and the entrance to the gardens were ornamented with flowers, amidst which the name of JULIEN shone forth in a transparency. The effect was blazing and pretty. At last the band began to play, and the crowd began to listen with greedy ears. The programme contained the most popular pieces from the ever varying *repertoire* of the most indefatigable of public caterers. Solos were performed by the sentimental Kœnig, the brilliant Pratten, and the melodious Collinet. The programme was almost literally performed twice over; nearly every piece was encoored. Amongst those which seemed particularly to astonish the "natives," may be mentioned Rossini's overture to *Gaillaume Tell*, the *scherzo* from Mendelssohn's symphony in A minor, a grand selection from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, and Julien's own "Grand Ghorka March." The band was composed chiefly of "wind," the only string instruments being violoncellos and double basses. The effect, in the open air, of such a combination, is almost as good as that produced by a complete concert band, with the full complement of "eat-gut."

I am at present bent upon wandering about the country, and shall visit several of the large towns, during the months of July and August. Should I encounter anything in my musical travels, I shall drop you a line. Q.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

THE season here terminated on Monday night with the benefit of Mr. Webster, who delivered the following address:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—In accordance with custom, I beg on this, the closing night of our mimic session, teeming with acts and studied speeches, to offer you my grateful acknowledgments for your continued patronage of this our house of representation. The sudden serious illness of Mr. Macready, which was a misfortune beyond human ken, unless gifted with second sight, or, as it is fashionably termed, the faculty of clairvoyance, combined with the too numerous and over puffed-up foreign amusements, which, in one particular instance, reminds one strongly of the frog who essayed to outsize the bull—have placed our last quarter's revenue not quite on a parallel with that cheering account of the public revenue, imposing new duties upon me and a fresh tax upon your kindness.

"I am, however, delighted—as every lover of the drama must be—to inform you that Mr. Macready is in better health now than I have seen him for years, and the rest from care and fatigue he so much needed will enable him to appear before you for his final performances on any stage in October next, with renewed vigour both of mind and body. J.

"Some new and youthful histrionic talent will be presented to you during the ensuing season, and also some new and original dramas, which will not disgrace, I trust, that standing the dramatic literature of this country has universally attained, and which, as far as my humble efforts have permitted, it has ever been my pride to support.

"In justice to the popular authors of *Whitefriars*, *Owen Tudor*, and many other works of fiction, I feel it incumbent on me to state that the Lord Chamberlain's interdiction on the comedy of *Itschelieu in Love* having been removed, it would have been produced this season, had not the serious indisposition of Mr. James Wallack and Mrs. W. Clifford rendered it impossible; but it will certainly be one of the first novelties when we re-open.

"Assuring you, ladies and gentlemen, that every effort shall be exerted during the recess to make this still the legitimate theatre in London, I respectfully, and in the name of the entire company, wish you until our next merry meeting in September all health and happiness."

Mr. Webster was frequently and loudly cheered during his address. The entertainments consisted of *The Roused Lion*, *Who's your Friend*; or, *the Queensberry Fete*; and *The Enchanted Isle*.

ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS.—"On Monday night," says *The Times*, "by a single scene, or rather, we might say, by a single word in that scene, Mdlle. Rachel achieved a triumph even surpassing those she had already achieved in her *Phdre* and *Roxane*."

Never was a great truth more promptly and forcibly recorded. The writer of the *Times*, by this single sentence, has, with a stroke of the pen, conveyed a thorough idea of one of the grandest efforts of Rachel and the dramatic art. The *Polyeucte* of Pierre Corneille, written in 1640, is termed a "Christian tragedy," and is founded on the martyrdom of a young Armenian noble in the persecution of the Emperor Decius. During previous engagements of Mdlle. Rachel, Mr. Mitchell has attempted to produce this celebrated work, but has been unable so to do on account of the objections made by authorities to the nature of the subject. These objections have been overruled, and the result was the performance of Monday night. Into the question whether or not the tragedy is fitted for representation on a London stage, we shall not enter under this head. Considered as a literary work, its plot and its tone are not only completely unobjectionable, but the whole is animated by such a spirit of exalted piety, that as a work to be perused in the closet it will probably find favour with many persons to whom productions in a dramatic form are generally repugnant. On the other hand, with those who lay it down as a principle that allusions to sacred subjects should not be made in a theatre, it is impossible to justify the performance of *Polyeucte*, for which such allusions the piece abounds.

Waving the broad question as to the propriety of producing *Polyeucte*, we confine ourselves to the acting of Mdlle. Rachel. Pauline, whom she represents, is the daughter of Felix, the Roman Governor of Armenia, in obedience to whom she has married Polyeucte, though her heart was previously engaged to Severus, a Roman knight. Her ruling characteristic is a strong sense of duty; and though she has been united to Polyeucte without love, she firmly resists every temptation that is offered when Severus re-appears in Armenia. Polyeucte becomes a Christian, and incurs the extreme penalty of the law by insulting the Pagan gods; while Severus has risen in worldly rank, and consequently Felix would be but too glad

to dispatch his son-in-law, in order to make way for a more advantageous successor. Pauline abhors Christianity, but still her sense of duty prompts her to use every exertion to save her husband. His life is offered to him, if he will recant, and Pauline employs all her powers of persuasion. Her efforts are in vain; he is put to death, but the sight of his constancy causes her to adopt the Christian faith, and with the conversion of her and her father the piece terminates.

The aspect and manner which Mdlle. Rachel assumes in this character are precisely the reverse of those which she assumes in *Roxane*. There we had a restless, impassioned nature, regulated by no principle, and ready to commit any act which inclination might prompt. Here every feeling is controlled by the sense of duty, and Pauline appears as a tranquil being, incapable of wrong—mild, but firm in pursuing the course she has fixed upon as right. Her air is calm, and the simplicity of her costume is in keeping with the nature of her character. Through the earlier part of the piece scarcely anything occurs that may be called a "point." She has an interview with Severus in which she avows her former love, she has to employ her powers of persuasion with her father and her husband, she has to exhibit intense suffering and even aversion, but every feeling is under control, and all is expressed by a refined declamation, with that unity of colouring which Mdlle. Rachel alone can give.

By a performance so exquisitely delicate and truthful the audience are charmed, but they are not electrified till the fifth act, when Mdlle. Rachel makes one of the most brilliant displays of histrionic power ever seen on any stage. She has seen the martyrdom of her husband, and at once she is transformed from a quiet sufferer to a sublime enthusiast. Her first impulse is that of grief for her loss, and indignation against her father; but the sense of her conversion rushes upon her to the exclusion of every feeling but that of faith and hope, and in the short avowal, "Je crois!" she becomes for the moment a being raised beyond the possibility of earthly conflicts. The pallid face, the flashing eyes, the uplifted arms, give the most perfect notion of actual inspiration that can be conceived. A thrill of admiration passed through the audience at this marvellous point, and then came a long steady roll of applause. We do not recollect an instance of a strong impression being so suddenly and so universally made.

A word of praise should be given to M. Raphael, who played the part of Polyeucte, and showed much feeling and judgment in giving it a sort of supernatural elevation. A long speech, written in stanzas, and in itself a fine specimen of French lyrical poetry, was delivered in a solemn impressive style that produced considerable effect.

A classical trifler, entitled *Le Moineau de Lesbie*, followed *Polyeucte*. It is founded, as may be supposed, on the charming little ode, by Catullus, on the death of Lesbia's sparrow; but the grief of Lesbia is occasioned less by the loss of the bird than by the inconstancy of the lover. The character of the fascinating beauty is charmingly played by Mdlle. Rachel, who tells the story of the sparrow's fate with the nicest pathos; but nevertheless the little drama, which is not very pointed, comes in as an anti-climax after the absorbing grandeur of Pauline.

On Monday the theatre was crowded to witness Mdlle. Rachel in a new line of character. The greatest anxiety was expressed as to the result, and we confess that we had our misgivings as to the experiment. We were even doubtful whether M. Scribe could not depart from his ordinary routine and endeavour to create a character suited to the peculiar style and powers of the great *tragedienne*. We have repeatedly expressed our admiration of M. Scribe's talent as a drama-

tist; his fertility of invention, his tact and powers of combination, his just appreciation of situation and effect are almost unparalleled in the modern drama; but he had as yet performed nothing in the higher walks of serious dramatic literature. In the drama of *Adrienne Lecouvreur* we find no want of those brilliant qualities for which M. Scribe is unrivalled; but at the same time we feel bound to state that he displays no great feature, he brings forward no new graces of diction, and he calls up no stirring sources of delight. This plot is as usual carefully arranged and fully developed; his situations are full of dramatic effect, and present a fair field to the efforts of the actor; but at the same time we are compelled to own that the subject is a doubtful one, for an English audience more especially, and that it is ill calculated to excite our sympathies in favour of the heroine. The picture of French society at the commencement of the reign of Louis XV., as presented to us by M. Scribe, is a nauseous compound of intrigue, dissipation and sensuality; and this loathsome atmosphere is but faintly modified by the presence of the heroine, herself a fallen angel, or by that of the Count Maurice de Saxe, who is equally divided between ambition and the pervading profligacy of the times. Out of such materials no commanding interest could possibly spring. Let us now, however, proceed to enquire how far the actress has redeemed the shortcomings of the authors, (Messrs. Scribe and Legouvé). We may at once say, that Mdlle. Rachel went most triumphantly through the ordeal, which was of no ordinary difficulty, as we have endeavoured to prove. The acting was distinguished by qualities of the highest order; her elaboration of the character was in every respect worthy of her best efforts; and she produced several new effects, and discovered new graces which equally surprised and delighted her audience.

A few words will suffice to give a general idea of this new piece, and will bear us out in the opinion we have expressed of it merits. Maurice de Saxe has long been attached to the wife of the Prince de Bouillon, but has latterly fallen in love with Adrienne Lecouvreur, an actress. In an interview with the former he avows his infidelity and proffers his eternal gratitude as an atonement for the love which has evaporated. The princess, by no means pleased with the exchange, endeavours to discover the author of her lover's sudden estrangement. This she contrives to do at her house, where Adrienne Lecouvreur has been invited to read some of her parts. A quarrel of words arises out of some trifling circumstance; pointed allusions are made on either side, and the actress stigmatises the princess by a direct application of a passage which Racine has placed in the mouth of Phèdre, in an analogous position. The princess resolves to be revenged, and sends the actress a bouquet of poisoned flowers. Adrienne recognizes the nosegay as one which she had herself given to Maurice, kisses the flowers, and dies soon after from the effect of the poison. So much for the piece; let us now turn our attention to the admirable acting of Mdlle. Rachel.

The first act went off rather heavily; but, in the second, when Mdlle. Rachel first appears, dressed for the character of Roxann, which she is about to perform, a most affecting interview takes place between Adrienne and Maurice. Adrienne conceives her lover to be a lieutenant under the Count of Saxe, and encourages him to study the French language, of which he is lamentably ignorant; and to that effect gives him a copy of Lafontaine's fables, as a specimen of which she reads the beautiful little poem, of "*Les deux pigeons*,"

"Deux pigeons s'aimaient d'amour tendre,"

which Mdlle. Rachel effected with delightful simplicity and af-

fecting expression, laying the emphasis on the last two words in such a manner as to produce a charming effect of earnestness. An interview with the Princesse de Bouillon, which takes place in the dark, where the actress and the *grande dame* mutually discover their rivalry, was highly amusing, and the emphatic manner in which Mdlle. Rachel answers the threats of the Princess by the words—"Et moi, je vous protège," elicited a universal burst of applause. We have never heard such intensity of sarcasm and hatred conveyed in so pithy a sentence. But the fourth act was, in our idea, the greatest triumph of Mdlle. Rachel. Here she declaims the scene in which Phèdre makes the confession of her love, and her eyes flashing fire, and arms outstretched, points to the Princess, as she exclaims,

"Qui goutant dans le crime une honteuse paix,
Où ne se faire un front qui ne rougit jamais."

The effect was great beyond expression, and we confess that we again heard with pleasure the noble language of Racine, and the eloquent accents in which it was conveyed. The glimpse of the majestic Phèdre was peculiarly grateful, and contrasted forcibly with what preceded and followed it. The fifth act is wholly taken up with the death of Adrienne by means of poison. This was in truth a most painful exhibition, and fearfully true to nature. Each symptom that marked the progress of the fatal poison was developed with terrible minuteness by the actress.

In the midst of this evidence of physical suffering, the protestations of her love for Maurice were poured forth by Mdlle. Rachel with the most expressive tenderness: her accents were as melodious as the sweetest music, and passionate and devoted withal. But as the fumes of the deadly narcotic ascend into the brain of poor Adrienne, visions of the past appear before her. She fancies herself on the stage of her ancient triumphs, and that Maurice, in a private box, is professing his love for her rival. A scene of frantic jealousy succeeds, which is followed by complete prostration of the faculties and an ultimate return to consciousness, during which she takes leave of Maurice and dies. This death-scene is a great effort, and produced the most harrowing sensation on the audience. The piercing cry of anguish and despair which Mdlle. Rachel uttered on discovering that she is poisoned was re-echoed among the audience in almost equally poignant exclamations, and the heart-breaking accents of the unfortunate Adrienne evoked the tears of many of her fair listeners. A thrill of horror pervaded the house when Adrienne fell back in her chair and breathed her last—her eyes open as if they would burst from their sockets, and her whole frame thrilling with agony. Long will this last picture continue to haunt our imagination: it was, indeed, a scene of awful impressiveness, and can never be forgotten by those who have witnessed it.

The other characters were satisfactorily filled; that of the Princesse de Bouillon by Mdlle. Avel, Maurice by M. Félix, and Michonnet by M. Chéry. Mdlle. Rachel was recalled before the curtain several times during the evening. The success of the piece was undoubted; and such is the demand for places, that it has been played three times this week, and will no doubt be again repeated prior to the departure of Mdlle. Rachel.

J DE C—.

HERB BLEMMENTHAL.—At a recent concert given by Her Majesty in Buckingham Palace, this pianist had the honour of performing three of his own compositions in the Picture Room. The names of the pieces were, *Les Deux Anges*, *Mosurka*, and *Chant National des Croates*.

LIMBICK.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean opened here, under the management of Mr. Joy, on Monday night last, and have appeared in favourite parts, during the assize week.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Jenny Lind has come to terms with the Philharmonic Society. The Philharmonic Society appears to be coming before the public with unusual claims for support this season. It was but last week that the engagement of Madame Sontag was announced, and now is a second and more acceptable engagement to be added, that of Jenny Lind. She is to sing in a miscellaneous concert, and also, it is expected, in the *Messiah*. Her appearances are to be on Friday, the 16th, and Monday, the 19th of August, and on the following Wednesday she is to leave this town by the steamship Atlantic, to delight American audiences. The appearance of this lady in Liverpool may be called a marked event. Many places would have been glad to have secured her services. The fashionable world of London would have been delighted with her presence. Birmingham and Manchester would have been glad to have her services, but in every case the offer has failed, and to Liverpool alone will the Nightingale be visible and heard. It is a matter of much importance that she be well received. We cannot but admire the talent of Jenny Lind, but our esteem for her must be grounded on higher considerations than talent. Her memorial amongst us is her goodness; and when we consider her services on behalf of the Southern Hospital, where she has erected a monument to herself in the hearts of the poor and suffering by her liberality, we cannot help feeling that the town of Liverpool should show its sense of her consideration to its charities by filling the Philharmonic Hall to its fullest extent, and by giving her a reception such as her virtues deserve. No vocalist ever took so high a place in the sympathies of the people of this town as Jenny Lind has done; nor did any one ever so deserve it. When she first appeared under a management which excluded the majority of the people from hearing her, a tribute was paid by the public which is not common in this town, by thousands of persons assembling in William-square and the locality, to catch, if it were possible, but a glimpse of the songstress. Since then she has commended herself to us by those graceful and profitable services to which allusion has been made, and now that she is to be heard at a reasonable charge for admission, and has a pecuniary interest in the affair, it is to be hoped that in this locality a feeling of respect will be elicited, which will find its manifestation in the fullest attendance and the warmest greetings the Philharmonic-hall has ever experienced. It is said she is to receive 1000*l.* for her services.

It will be remembered that all had confidently hoped Jenny Lind would have sung at the opening of the hall; but circumstances over which the committee had no control prevented the plan being carried out. Since that period so pains have been spared, nor expensive offers have been withheld, to attain the presence of the nightingale in Liverpool. The most ardent appeals have been met by determined coolness, and all hope of her appearance had died away. It is my pleasing duty, however, to inform you that the arrangements are at last satisfactorily terminated, and Miss Lind will sing at a grand concert at the hall, on the 16th Aug., and again, for the first time, in the *Messiah*, on the evening of the 19th August.

To those who, with inexpressible delight listened to her singing in the *Eljah*, the *Creation*, and other works, a new treat is in store, and they will hear her in the exquisite songs of the *Messiah*—songs than which none offer greater scope for all that devotional fervour in which she has shown so pre-eminent a power and beauty.

She does not sing in London, and has determinedly declined all offers whatever elsewhere. We believe nothing but the promise she gave when the hall was building has induced her to break through the plan she had laid down of not singing in England. She will be accompanied by the celebrated Benedict as conductor, Miss Martha Williams, and other artists; and if the two performances, extra concerts as they are, should not be crammed—if due praise is not given to the committee—and if we hear one word more about her management with Jenny Lind, Sontag, Gardoni, a new oratorio, &c., in one half-year, why we give up the cause of music in disgust, and would recommend the hall to be turned into a fish market or cotton warehouse, unless, indeed, as a

last resource, the committee engage the only local singer competent to appear before the public.

Since my last, Miss Pyno and her fellow artists have appeared in several well-known operas with considerable success, though I doubt the policy of every operative company that condescends to pay us a visit performing the same opera season after season. I can admire Balfe, Aubert, Wallace, &c., and listen with pleasure to their effusions; but even they pall upon my senses by too great frequency of performance; for with productions of real talent the old proverb that "familiarity breeds contempt" still holds good. But as a step in the right direction has been made, I will cease from railing, and turn to a subject which excites more pleasurable emotions, namely, the production of Macfarren's *King Charles the Second*, which important event in our musical annals took place on Monday evening. Mr. G. A. Macfarren is but little known (except to musicians) out of the metropolis, none of his operas, having, I believe, ever been played in the provinces. He has now composed three, namely, *The Devil's Opera*, first produced at the Lyceum Theatre during Mr. Arnold's management; and *Don Quixote*, at Drury Lane, during the regime of Mr. Bunce. Though both evidently proceeded from the pen of a genuine musician, they met with but little favour, being too heavy and deficient in melody to please the general public, who have neither the time nor skill to look deeply into the scientific beauties of the works submitted to their notice.* Mr. G. A. Macfarren's style of composition is formed on the German model, his knowledge and admiration of the works of Beethoven and Mozart being evidenced by his admirable written notices of their productions, which have appeared in the pages of the *Musical World*.

I have dwelt upon these few facts connected with Mr. Macfarren, and hope my readers will not consider them unnecessary, for, since the production of his last opera, he has, by the unanimous voice of the metropolitan press and public, been placed at the head of all living English composers; an honour to which he is well entitled, as all will admit who carefully, judiciously, and attentively study the merits and beauties of his *Charles II.*, which was produced at the Theatre Royal on Monday. The libretto, by Desmond Ryan, is a literal adaptation of the well-known drama of *The Merry Monarch*, the subject being one of the numerous freaks which Charles II. was so fond of joining in. The book is quite a novelty in its way, being written with considerable talent and wit, and free from the preposterous nonsense and absurdities which disfigure almost every English libretto. Though the performance on Monday night was bad in many respects, yet the success which the opera met with was of a most decided character, there being no less than four encores; the applause throughout was also frequent and vigorous. A most important change was made in the *caste*, by which the opera was much spoiled. Mrs. Weiss, a soprano, who played the Queen in London, taking the part of the page Julian, (played by Madame Macfarren) the music of the part belonging to a contralto, the unfortunate consort of Charles II. being reduced to a mere walking lady, who never sang at all, though the composer wrote several morceaux for her. All the other characters were sustained by their original representatives at the Princess's Theatre, Miss Pyno being the Fanny, Mr. Harrison Charles II., Mr. H. Corri Rochester, and Mr. Weiss Captain Copp.

Having only witnessed one performance of *King Charles II.*, and that under disadvantageous circumstances, I cannot do justice to the merits of an opera of such pretensions; but I feel convinced that it is far away the best English opera ever listened to. The music, which combines the science of the German with the sweetness of the Italian school, is thoroughly original in its character, and perfectly English in the *colour locale*. The concerted music is exceedingly elaborate and expressive, while the ballads and duets abound in melody, gaiety, and sentiment. Miss Pyno's performance of Fanny is a great improvement on her *Amina*; the part requires less passion, while the music is exactly suited to her style and voice. She was encased in a delicious *romanza*, "A poor simple maiden am I," and "Canst thou believe my heart is changing," both of which were sung by her with infinite sweetness.

* Our correspondent labours under a mistake. *The Devil's Opera* had immense success, and the popularity of its melodies endures to the present time. The *Don Quixote* had never a fair chance given it.—Ed. M. W.

The fair vocalist also sang the finale with considerable brilliancy, though with hardly the effect it deserved. Mrs. Weiss, as the page, was awkwardly situated, the music being much too low for her, and, consequently, ineffective; a circumstance to be regretted, as one of the gems of the opera is sung by her, namely, a ballad, "She shines before me like a star," one of the most graceful, tender, and amorous effusions ever composed. The concerted music was also shorn of much of its beauty from the same cause.

I never saw Mr. W. H. Harrison to better advantage than in this opera; he sang with his usual sweetness, and more than his usual energy, while his acting was unrestrained, dashing, and full of point. All the music which fell to his share was well sung; a spirited anecdote, "Here's to the maid with the love-lanquid eye," being given with so much zest as to be unanimously redemanded. Mr. H. Corri sang and played in good comic style; both musically and personally the character could not be better represented. Mr. Weiss's Captain Copp was an admirable performance, both musically and dramatically; far superior to any of his previous efforts. He sang with ease, taste, and feeling, and threw sufficient *bonhomie* into his personation of the old sea-captain to make it life-like and real. In the second act occurs a genuine English sea-song, in the Dibdin style, "Nan of Battersea," which he gave with most pathetic effect, and obtained the most decided encore of the evening. The scenery and dresses were good, with a few trifling exceptions; the scene at Wapping, in which occurs the jollification of the sailors and a dance round the maypole, was one of the most animated and pleasing representations of old English amusements I have witnessed. Mr. Macfarren's accompanying dance music is sprightliness itself. The choruses are full of animation; but the finest thing, perhaps, in the whole opera, is a madrigal, "Maidens, would ye 'scape undoing," sung before the Court, at Whitehall, one of the happiest and best specimens of this style of musical writing; it is fully equal to anything of Wilby's or Festa's. When better sung than it was on this occasion, it cannot fail to please the most fastidious lover of ancient music.

I regret that my notice of this opera is necessarily so brief and imperfect. I conclude, feeling assured that the lovers of music have it now in their power to hear the masterpiece of the English operatic school, which combines in an eminent degree every essential of a perfect and original work.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—It is both interesting and instructive to observe with how much or how little consideration the Gregorianising publications will treat history and tradition, according as the recorded facts of the one, or the orally chronicled facts of the other are favourable to, or are opposed to, the views which it is their desire and determination, if possible, to maintain. It is important for those who wish to be above and beyond partisanship to observe this, that they may be aware how little reliance ought to be placed in opinions and assertions that emanate from such quarters, unless accompanied by satisfactory references. For it must be remembered that the Gregorianisers have not studied their subject with the desire to arrive at an unbiased and enlightened view of the matter, but have first fixed on their positions, and then set to work to try and prove them. All their writings clearly show this to have been the case. Nothing short of this view, indeed, could account for the chain of extraordinary perversions that have been attempted, and which even a small amount of musical intelligence and knowledge must certainly have been sufficient to have prevented, under more creditable circumstances.

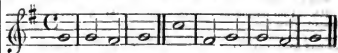
The point that I would this week wish to offer a few observations upon is, the inconsistent course of reasoning taken by the theologians and ecclesiastical when arguing on the supposed antiquity of harmony, as compared with the course pursued when questioning the authorship and method of phrasing of the so-called Tallis's Chant (which is the first Gregorian tone harmonised).

In the former case, with absolutely nothing to justify such a position, the writer maintains that harmony must have been used in

the service of the Temple,—a position taken, doubtless, simply because the Gregorianisers would heartily wish that such could be made to appear to have been the case, that they might be released from one of the charges of grotesque inconsistency under which they at present labour. In the latter case, with almost every thing that could be desired to prove the contrary, the ecclesiastical says,—"There is no evidence whatever to show that Tallis wrote the chant that goes by his name in bars, or in any other way than simply *breves* and *semibreves*, which meant nothing as to modern musical notation." How is this? Did not tradition ascribe it, in its harmonised and phrased form, to Tallis, down to the time of Boyce? and are not Boyce, and all later competent authorities, unanimous in attributing it in that shape to the same great musician? And are not these circumstances, taken together, entitled to ten thousand times more credit than the random guesses and slippery surmises of the ecclesiastical, unsupported as they are, by the slightest trustworthy proof? I think every candid reader will answer in the affirmative.

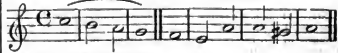
But we seldom find the party hazard a position without having some ulterior object to serve. And so it is the case in this instance. Tallis would have been an immaculate authority for the harmonisation of the Gregorian Chants, were it not that he would also, unfortunately for the party views, have been equally so for the barring of the Chants, and for the prolongation or the repetition of certain notes to admit of this. So the rather subtle, but still transparent course has been tried of vamping an authority for the use of harmony many centuries earlier than is known to be its correct date, that Tallis's Chants altogether may be declared spurious, and so the bars, &c. be got rid of. How kind of the Gregorianisers,—how improving to the unlearned,—how just to Tallis! But it will not do. The trick is discovered, and those who care to see through it can do so.

There is another subject in the review in the *Ecclesiastic* to which I must now advert. The writer tries to be hard on the Anglican Chants, but makes a sad hash in the attempt. He says,—"Fancy Dr. Purcell in G to the 61st Psalm"—



The first half of the verse appropriate enough, and if the same reciting note followed for the second half, it might be all very well; but you are then carried up to G, which gives altogether a different character. Mr. Monk has not set this Psalm to this Chant, but here is what he has set it to, to enable our readers to judge if it is at all improved.

DA. CAOTCH.



And now mark what follows—
"It is in this respect, among many others, that this sort of chanting quite destroys the character of a psalm. The words are thrown aside, and the music exalted out of its place."

Now there is an immense joke involved in this assertion. Why, this very chant of Dr. Crotch's, which the *Ecclesiastic* declares destroys the character of a psalm, and exalts the music out of its place, the reader will at once perceive to be "little else than a Gregorian,—the sublime Peregrine!" The builder is demolishing his own handiwork! Again, the writer inquires, further on,—
"Can the reader tell what this reminds him of?"

DA. COOSE.



To be sure we can. Why, it is our old friend the eternal Peregrine again. And yet it is scoffed at, though by mistake, by those who are Gregorianisers to the back-bone! Now, have we not here clear evidence that the Gregorianisers, are groping about

in the dark,—a sought darkness,—and anon knocking their heads together? What stranger grounds could there be than the above to justify the opinion that is daily becoming more general, that the Gregorianisers do not exactly understand what they really do or do not want? We must except from the category the abuse of Anglican Chants and choirmen, organs and organists, on which subject they nearly all agree.

And into this shocking and culpable state of confusion have the Gregorianisers reduced the question of the Chant-music of the English Church, rather than be honest, so far as to acknowledge the deep obligation they are under to the Anglican species. Now, how much more honourable, just, and in accordance with their professions, and certainly more conciliating would it have been to have rendered honour where honour is due. But they have preferred doing the reverse. As it is, however, the fact remains the same *without* their admission, with this only difference, that the Gregorianisers, in consequence of the course they have pursued, now stand accused of having tried to carry certain party views in musical matters by the most questionable, dishonourable, and unjust means.

Whether the Gregorianisers will yet come forward and confess to the amount of quibbling and sophistication they have been practicing, is a question with which the advocates of the Anglican Chants have nothing at present to do; but there is too much reason for supposing that many of the Gregorian party would either rather not be enlightened at all on the subject, or, being so, instead of doing justice to the cause and to themselves, by acknowledging their errors, would far rather accuse those who have, with all the warmth and earnestness of sincerity and truth, tried to put them right, of being wanting in due veneration for the clergy.

But the question is now fairly before the most competent tribunal,—the organists and ecclesiastical musicians of the country, and I hope it will not be long lost sight of till it has been thoroughly canvassed and settled one way or the other. Where there is learning we may expect justice.—Believe me to remain, my dear sir, yours very truly,

AN ORGANIST.

July 6th, 1850.

P.S.—Your intelligent correspondent, "J. M. X." says,—*"The Ecclesiastical tones are written in the Gregorian notation, and this is about all that there is in common between them."* He will be amused when I recall to his memory that the writers of the *eleventh*, and even of the *twelfth* century, are silent respecting such notes; and that it was only in the *fourteenth* century that they were generally adopted. So that the Gregorian question is hoaxical, down to the very type in which the Chants are printed.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—At the last meeting of the Musical Union, I for the first time heard of the severe castigation administered to me in your columns by Mr. French Flowers, and, strange to say, that great Goliath of counterpoint himself had the magnanimity to inform me of it, and to express his anxiety lest it should completely annihilate my humble reputation as a musical scribbler. I could not repress a smile at such a danger, though I did not know what the awful Miss. Bac. had written.

I have no time to go about fighting windmills, as is the occupation of some, and am not at all disposed to enter the lists of a Billingsgate style of criticism; neither am I going to be drawn into disputing with a contrapuntal monomaniac, but had your correspondent chosen to enter with a proper spirit into the subject of *fugue versus* feeling, I should have felt some pleasure in replying to him, and enlarging upon the subject. His exordium, stating that I now fill the place once held by him is an awkward admission for one who lords it over the whole musical world, and his indignant assurance that he is not the author of the article in question—must, I have the vanity to think, have been an unnecessary piece of information to the readers of the *Literary Gazette*.

In the hurry which more or less attends the reporting for a weekly journal, it sometimes happens that one uses expressions and opinions which, on revision, would be altered, modified, or even withdrawn; but on reconsidering those who have so aggravated the

great fugal-man of music, I have no wish to alter them, or the words used to express them, either as the result of my own reflection, or still less from any argument advanced by Mr. Flowers, of which, indeed, his letter is most innocently devoid. I am content to know that many who have the most refined and true feeling for music understand my remarks, and agree with me.

I have to thank Mr. French for his polite suggestion of another sphere for my reviewing powers; he evidently knows more of "the strains of Bedlam" than I do, and it is possible I have mistaken my vocation; however this may be, I only hope and trust I may never be afflicted with the monomania for pounding away at the ivory of a pianoforte in the vain imagination that this is producing divine harmony.—I am, sir, your obliged—

MUSICAL WE OF THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

July 9th, 1850.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Perhaps you will allow me to say a few words which probably may not be thought foreign to the subject which has been so prominently brought before your readers, and which was so well defined by Mr. Flowers in your pages about three years ago. I allude to what you justly designate the "Gregorian humbug," but sir, there are other humbogs beside the "Gregorian humbug." Among the rest, "The True Church School Humbug." If we believe a certain party, we are fast returning to an antiquarian age, not only in music, but in architecture, everything new, however good, must be met by that party with a sneer, because it is not old; and everything old is lauded to the skies for the simple reason that it is not new—the force of mere prejudice. I have no sympathy with such bigots. Music, like other productions of art, should be valued according to its intrinsic merit, apart from all other conditions. I am afraid, Mr. Editor, that I shall shock both Gregorianisers and "True Church Schoolers," when I boldly assert, that in my opinion, the "True Church Style" consists not in monotonous and unvarying strains, but in giving a truthful and poetic expression to the word. I would give as examples, Dr. Wesley's service in E, and Dr. Dearle's in C, where the music is made to express the varied and sublime sentiments to which it is allied. In confirmation of what I have advanced, I would refer those superficial antiquaries to Dr. Wesley's admirable preface to the service I have alluded to, who there gives extracts from Tallis and other ancient composers. In the last two specimens there given, it will be seen that the passage which Dr. Wilson uses to a ridiculous allusion to avarice, to the words, "Come to my pack while I cry, what dy'e lack, what dy'e buy." Dr. Rogers, in his creed, applies to the solemn and awful declaration of belief, "And the life of the world to come." It would be superfluous to say anything further on the Gregorian subject, as that has been so well handled, and indeed exhausted, by your very able correspondent, "An Organist."

I am sir, yours, &c., &c. A COUNTRY ORGANIST.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—As you invited your "usual" correspondents only to take part in the discussion relative to the Gregorian Chants, and feeling that it is ungentlemanly to intrude where I am not invited, I have refrained from interfering in the matter. I fully expected that the correspondence on this subject would take the course it has taken; for it is a remarkable fact, that any controversy, related in the most distant manner to the present practice of Christianity, whether in its original state, or in all its fractional distinctions, is sure, in its progress, to become more and more virulent, in the midst of which the simple question is entirely lost sight of. It is for the purpose of calling your correspondents back to the point from which they started, that I trouble you with this. The real question I believe is "What is the true value of the Gregorian Chants in the service of the Church?"

Now, sir, I shall perhaps startle your correspondents, but do not mean to offend them, when I assert that it is neither the mere musician nor the mere priest that is competent to answer that question; and most certainly, the mere player of an organ can have, if possible, still less pretension to be jocosely or dictatorially on such a matter.

It is a question for the philosopher and accomplished critic to decide, from whom both the priest and the musician must take the law. There is one thing certain, that the antiquity of the Gregorian Chants surrounds them with an association of ideas most valuable in a religious point of view; and it must be recollected also that they emanated from minds devoted to worship, and constantly directed to producing reverential enthusiasm in their hearers. It may be well, also, to remark that all that is required for the pure exercise of religious devotion is a few notes to serve as wings to the words; and I therefore think that a true genius would take the peculiarity of the Gregorian Chants as the basis of his compositions for the Church.

As to squabbling about copying, it is as futile as reading religious periodicals to strengthen your feelings of charity towards your fellow creatures. In a recent number, one of your correspondents complains that the Gregorian Chants have been harmonised, I think Pope Gregory would agree with him. Let them be sung as they were written; but it is no fault of the chants that it is not so. In support of this opinion I ask, was not Haydn affected to tears on hearing the plain psalm-singing of the children in St. Pauls? Then again, your correspondent alludes to Mozart's addition to the score of Handel. Is your correspondent quite sure that Handel would have approved of those additions? I have always suspected that he would not. They please the ear, I admit, but the music of so mighty a genius as Handel has a much higher aim than that. It was directed to the mind.

If your correspondents will do me the favour to reflect upon the ideas I have here thrown out, I think that they will feel that the Gregorian question is far from settled.—Yours, P. Q.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—Having read, with great interest, the series of Letters in the Musical World concerning Gregorian music in the church of England, I beg permission to offer a few brief remarks on the subject myself.

When in London, about two months since, I paid a visit to a place of worship that shall be nameless, and, after the service, stayed to take the sacrament, which I found was to be administered. It was a week day, and the busy hum of daily life was to be heard without. The communion service was celebrated *chorally*, as it was termed, i. e., some Gregorian music was sung (in unison), of a kind that I never heard before, and hope never to hear again. I do not think I ever felt so much shocked as I did on that occasion. The "priest's" voice within, uttering strains not very unlike those heard every now and then without, conjured up associations too distressing to dwell upon. Nor was I the only one present who seemed to observe this, for several others raised their eyes from their books with an expression of evident distraction. And this most shocking scene—in effect, just as though the edifice was surrounded by scoffers and hispanisms—was courted by the performance of some music which, as I afterwards learned on enquiry, some clergymen had brought from abroad, translated and worked into the service.

My main object, however, in addressing you is this. I am no scientific musician, but simply have, and always had, a veneration for the choral service; and I have always exercised my influence, which I believe is not inconsiderable, in the cause of its extension. But, sir, if what I heard in London is to be taken as a sample of what is to be palmed off as a choral service, I, for one, would immediately on my return home use my most strenuous endeavours to undo what I believe I had some hand in doing, at some years' cost. I have always been accused of being of a "Romanizing" tendency, which I have hitherto paid no heed to; but, after what I have heard and seen this summer, I shall certainly be more cautious for the future.

If I should have time, as I pass through London on my way home, I shall call at your office and obtain a set of the numbers to take down with me. They will be invaluable to me.

As a churchman, I beg to offer you my sincerest thanks for your letters in defence of the legitimate English choral music, and to subscribe myself your most obliged servant, A LAYMAN.

ITALIAN OPERA AT PLYMOUTH.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—There are few things more painful, as you well know, than to criticise performances where the *artistes* concerned are not up to their work. In a letter signed "O. Leonardi" in your last number, that gentleman says that I had "doubtless some purpose to serve in suppressing the truth," because I made no remark on his having been encored in a duet (as well as my memory serves me) with Madame Normani, and in the trio in the first act of *Lucertina*, with Signor Montelli and Signora Normani. Is it the natural consequence that because Signor Leonardi's injudicious friends encored him that he was successful? I maintain that this gentleman is far from being qualified to hold the rank of *primo tenore* in a *troupe* of any pretension; and, as regards this, my opinion is backed by the best judges of music in Plymouth. Since the appearance of Signor Leonardi's letter, I have made it my business to make the most minute inquiries as to the failure or success of this Italian *troupe* during their engagement with Mr. Newcombe, and I find that the first night they performed *Lucia di Lammermoor* the receipts were between thirty and forty pounds; after this they varied, and such was the opinion of the Plymouth public of these *artistes*, that on one occasion they played to £18 10s., and on another to £8 13s. This will, I think, give you some idea as to whether I have been correct in my opinion of the performances I have noticed. I assure you that the *Lucia* is still vividly before my eyes, and when I read in the able notice in the Plymouth Journal that the *prima donna* was "suffering from fatigue," and the *prima tenore* was "nervous," I thought that the talented editor had put a very mild construction on their performances. I remember that last season Mr. Newcombe had a comic actor in the company, who sung between the pieces, and invariably had to repeat his song *twice*. By a parity of the reasoning of Signor Leonardi, this gentleman should be at the present time acting at the Lyceum or Haymarket; but, alas! I fear I may look in vain for the merry face of poor Tanetti in either of those establishments.—Yours obediently, CHARLES DE M—

STREET MUSIC NUISANCE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—Many of your more studious readers, Mr. Editor, may be glad to know how the law really stands in this matter, and what the means are, placed by act of parliament, in the hands of the public, to relieve themselves from such disagreeables. I happened to be in the Bow Street Police-office a few days ago, when a street musician was brought in charge before the magistrate for refusing to go away when told. The defendant was the Scotch boy dressed in the highland costume; the complainant an artist. The boy's defence was that he had been ordered by a gentleman to play. The worthy magistrate told him that if fifty persons told him and paid him to play, and one inhabitant of the street ordered him to go away, he was bound to go, or to be given in charge to a police constable, and fined forty shillings by the magistrate, for which, if he did not pay it, he must go to prison.

This is really the law, which few persons are aware of, and of which the police constables know very little, for no two of them have the same notions on the subject. If any person find himself hindered from proceeding with his occupation, whatever it may be, all he has to do is to order any musician to depart by himself or his servant, and if the musician does not instantly go, he can be immediately taken before a magistrate and fined. The person aggrieved must pay no attention to what the policeman may say, but insist on the charge being taken. I do not mean to insinuate that the police are unwilling to do their duty, but they are very fearful of exceeding it, and unless they are quite sure that they are right, they will hesitate and, very naturally, get rid of the job if they can.

It therefore requires some firmness occasionally on the part of the complainant. Where persons are annoyed by that legislative absurdity, the extreme of the organ-grinding system, they have nothing to do but to give one or two of the grinders in charge, and they will be astonished how very shy those "professors" will become. The whole affair may be settled in half an hour.

Persons who, from a mistaken idea of charity give a penny to an

organ-grinder, whether man or boy, are not aware that they are sending that penny by the man or boy to a person who, in all probability, is much richer than themselves. A. B.

P.S.—The complainant did not press the charge; the boy was therefore discharged, with a severe admonition not to be brought there again.

REVIEW.

"The Chanter's Hand Guide."—JOSEPH WARREN.—R. COCKS & Co.

THIS is one of the most complete of those useful compilations which the publishers have been issuing with unabated spirit for a series of years. Mr. Warren has dedicated the result of his present labours to Mr. Robert Cox, "as a mark of respect for his unflinching energy of purpose and enterprise in the publication of works of a highly classical character, especially those of English church music." The inscription could not possibly have been more appropriate.

The volume before us is adapted "for the use of churches, chapels, training colleges, schools, &c.," and contains the psalter and canticles printed for chanting, with 373 cathedral chants. An examination of these chants, many of which are new, and expressly written for the "Chanter's Hand Guide," may help those who are interested in a certain controversy to a comparison between the Gregorian and Anglican chants. At the present moment we are not disposed to offer an opinion, but refer all who would come to a conclusion on the subject to Mr. Warren's book, which provides ample materials. Let us premise, however, that the four Gregorian chants introduced by Mr. Warren are harmonised.

Mr. Warren has prefaced his Guide with some very sensible remarks on chanting, to which we gladly call attention. His hints are sagacious, and his observations set forth in strong and simple language. Such a work as the "Chanter's Hand Guide," however, being essentially one of reference and utility, nothing further is demanded at our hands than the general commendation so justly its due, and which is equally merited by the author and compiler, for the clear and comprehensive manner in which he has performed his task; and by the publishers, for the elegant, convenient, and spirited style in which they have brought out the volume. It should be in the hands of every organist.

"Warren's Psalmody." Parts 1, 2, and 3. R. COCKS & Co.

IN the present work, which is published at intervals, at the unusually cheap price of twopenny per number, Mr. Warren declares his intention to reprint many ancient tunes that have been unjustly neglected. We admire his resolution, since our psalmody is by no means sufficiently rich to bear the loss of any of these "fine old melodies." We also commend his intention of "clearing them from meretricious ornament"—by which, we presume, is meant certain harmonies that have been introduced by unskilful or too adventuresome hands. Mr. Warren, in his *Chanter's Hand Guide*, has adopted for motto—"The more simple the form, the easier it is understood by mankind," and it appears to be his wish to carry out the principle it involves both in letter and spirit. We sympathise with the faith he professes, and wish him success in his endeavours to inculcate it to the world.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIGNOR BAILLI writes to us from Birmingham, complaining of one of our provincial correspondents having styled him a "secondo basso." Signor Bailli assures us that he is a "primo basso," consequently, either our correspondent or Signor Bailli must labour under a mistake.

MILLIE. CHARTON has returned to London, after a tournee of nearly two months in the provinces.

LEADS.—The first concert given by the members of the Madrigal and Motet Society took place on Wednesday evening, the 3rd inst. We sympathise in every movement that tends to foster a correct musical taste amongst us, and have not the least desire severely to criticise this first public exhibition of the results of a very recent, but very valuable, society. We shall content ourselves for the present with a few general remarks. The madrigal is one of the most ancient forms of musical expression. The word is, according to some, said to be derived from the Provencal *Medriele*, material; according to others, from Maudre, the shepherd. The first madrigal was written by Lemmo, of Piastiga, and set to music by Casella. We find it mentioned by Dante. The madrigal reached its highest perfection in the sixteenth and seventeenth century. At a later period it was followed by the motet, which may be styled the sacred madrigal. Under the spirited leadership of the director, Mr. Spark, the above society has made a more rapid progress than we are accustomed to in our somewhat slow-moving town. We rejoice in this, for, until music becomes really a social art, it fails to accomplish one of its best and highest ends. Now, we know of no method by which this can be more effectually done than by encouraging an elegant and refined style of part-singing; for, as has been justly observed, any one who has a voice at all, and can contrive to sing about ten notes correctly in tune and in time, is capable of joining in it. Of the selections for this concert we can speak with unreserved praise. We were particularly pleased with Stevens' glee, "Crabbed age and youth," and still more so by seeing one of Mendelssohn's exquisite part-songs, entitled "Bump not the flask," introduced. This latter was decidedly the favourite, and the gem of the evening. In the productions of this and the other great German composers there is an inexhaustible fund for giving variety to this class of music. With so many valuable elements of success—with so much of good promise as this first concert afforded—we doubt not that this society will soon take a most prominent position amongst our local musical efforts and institutions. The room, on this occasion, was filled by a select audience, including his Worship the Mayor and many of our first families.

JULIAN SEEN IN A MOMENT OF INSPIRATION.—The two Zoological Gardens are, at present, full of attraction. There is the Hippopotamus at the one, and Julian at the other. Our French Orpheus, who plays to an audience of wild beasts every night, and has taught many of them to dance the polka, so enlivening are his strains, has lately come out with a new "inspiration." It promises, we think, to divide the public ear with his famous Row Polka, for it is in every measure as noisy. It is called the "Derby Polka," but why Derby we cannot make out. It is true that Julian imitates the action of a jockey, and uses his *bâton* as a whip; and that many of the instruments run a dreadful race together, to see which shall come in first; and that a bell rings to announce that the fiddles have started; and that Julian drops down on his chair, as an intimation that the *cornet-baton* has won; still, so many things are wanting to complete the picture of the Derby, that the Polka was deficient in that striking verisimilitude for which all Julian's Polkas are loudly distinguished. In other respects, Julian acts up to his usual "inspiration." His movements, his airs, show the same great master, and his "Poses Plastiques" exhibit most imposingly the same great artist. His attraction is as great as ever, and he proudly continues *Fenêtre gai* of the "Maids of Merry England," who resort in thousands to the Surrey Gardens, to admire his beautiful ducks. He draws fully as much as the Hippopotamus, without resorting to the same artifices for catching applause. Besides, the Hippopotamus has no moments of "inspiration," excepting when he is in the water, and then he is invincible, he is as heavy as a city councilman after dinner. He lies on the ground like an immense lump of pig-lead. No! there is no comparison between Julian and his great rival, and we prophesy that Julian will be flourishing his *bâton* as mercurial as an English barometer, rising and falling every minute of the day; when his equestrian rival will not occupy, with all his unwieldy frame, half a line in an eightpenny advertisement. The picture of the Hippopotamus may just at present have got the start, but, in the long run, Julian will be sure to leave his bulky competitor far behind him, and we are prepared to take any odds that he will win the race, even in spite of the slowness of his Derby Polka. Who'll take a 1000 to 1 on Julian against the Hippopotamus?—Punch.

HERR CHARLES ORBERTHUR'S CONCERT MATINEE.—This event took place on the 5th instant at the New Beethovens Rooms, which were completely filled. The programme was well selected. Herr Adelsberg, from Liverpool, proved himself a violinist of merit; a good tone, correct intonation, and neat execution, distinguishing his playing. In Lipinsky's fantasia and variations on "Non più mesta," he obtained general applause. Mdlle. Sophia Duicken (pianiste), in Schubert's popular *Bohemian Airs*, and Mdlle. Isabella Duicken (concertinist), in Regondi's *Austrian Air*, obtained the marks of approval justly due to their talent. The former played also with Herr Oberthür a clever duet for harp and piano on "Das Alpenhorn," composed by Oberthür and Rummel. It was very effective for both instruments. Madame Nottes and Herr Stigelli sang the beautiful duet, "Fairnest Maiden," from Spohr's *Jessonda*, with the same success as at Herr Stigelli's concert. Herr Mengis displayed his sonorous barytone-tenor in an air by Donizetti, and in two songs by Oberthür, while Herr Stigelli again favoured us with his "Schoensten Angen" and a characteristic song, "My love is like a damask rose," the composition of Herr Oberthür, which was encored. "When the May-breezes whisper," a German song, introduced by Madame Nottes, seems to become a general favourite; she sang it with unaffected simplicity. Herr Oberthür's harp-playing is of a high order, and his compositions for that instrument are among the most affecting we have heard. In his *Souvenir de Londres* and *Souvenir de Boulogne*, he gave abundant proof of his command of the string-bard. In his *Elegie*, entitled, "Une larme sulla Tomba di Pariah Alvars," Herr Oberthür showed himself equally successful in the plaintive style. He also played No. 8 of his *Songs without words*, and finally the *Berceuse*, "Addio mia vita," which ought to be a general favourite with harp players. Some of our best professors of the harp honoured Herr Oberthür's concert with their presence, and applauded his efforts both as a composer and performer. We understand Herr Oberthür has left for Wiesbaden, to superintend the performance of an opera of his composition, which, last season, was given with considerable éclat at the Francfort Opera.—From a Correspondent.

MISS EMILY NEWCOMBE.—At the concert, by the Opera Company, in the Subscription Rooms, on Tuesday evening last, which gave the highest satisfaction to a limited audience, we had the opportunity of hearing the performances, on the pianoforte, of Miss Emily Newcombe, pupil of Thalberg, who was introduced for the first time, in public, and who surprised and delighted all present by the extent of her science, the brilliancy of her execution, and the correctness of her taste. She has a perfect command of the instrument, and plays with ease and grace the most difficult pieces; she was enthusiastically encored each time she performed. This talented young lady does great credit to her eminent master, and we think she bids fair to supply the loss, to the musical world, sustained by the lamented death of the inimitable Madame Duicken. She is a daughter of the enterprising manager of the Plymouth Theatre, who is well known in Exeter. We should also notice that Mr. H. Reed, of Plymouth, who played with Miss Newcombe in some pieces, was excellent on the violin. Our citizens, Messrs. Smith, are entitled to much praise, for inducing this highly talented musical party to perform.—Western Luminary.

M. EMEKIE SZÉKELY'S PRIVATE MATINEE MUSICALS.—(From a Correspondent).—This gentleman, a pianist and composer, from Hungary, gave a *matinée*, at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, on Monday last, which was honoured by a select and most fashionable audience. The chief attraction of the programme was concentrated in the performances of M. Székely, whose talent had full opportunity for display, and was proved to be of a high order. M. Székely combines the executive facility of the modern school with the poetic sentiment of that of Cramer and Hummel, and its disciples. His tone is full and sonorous, while his mechanism is, as nearly as possible, perfect; his touch having the lightness and delicacy which constitutes so great a charm in the playing of Thalberg, whom he does not, however, in any other way resemble. We must also commend M. Székely for the entire absence of affectation in his manner of playing. Nothing, indeed, can be more simple and unpretending. But M. Székely is not merely a pianist, he is a composer of great merit, and his music is calculated to win the attention of educated musicians, while it irresistibly appeals to

the general sympathies. The pieces he performed were a MS. fantasia on Hungarian melodies, a morceux, including a valse brilliant, and a galop—most favourable specimens; a *lieder ohne worte* of Mendelssohn, a studio of his own, part of Thalberg's fantasia from *Mossé in Egitto*, and a MS. trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, in conjunction with Messrs. Blagrove and Lucas. This last composition proves M. Székely to have great power in inventing subjects, and ingenuity in developing them. It was beautifully played by the three artists. Altogether the talent of M. Székely is so strictly legitimate amidst all the mechanical *tour de force* with which it abounds, that it ensures the respect of those who look beyond mere pianity and suppliance of finger for the highest excellencies of pianoforte playing. M. Székely was assisted by Miss Lecombe, who was encored in a charming romance, by him, "My love, thou'rt a beautiful flower;" Miss Hancock and Mr. Winn, who sang Schubert's "Wanderer" with effect. Mr. Hopkinson conducted; and the *matinée* gave universal satisfaction.

CAROMBONA.—SCOTTISH FEIS.—A repetition of the sports and pastimes exhibited at the Scotch fete at Holland House, took place in these grounds by the same performers who had the honour of appearing before Her Majesty. The arrangements were under the directions of M. Leon Gillemand, supported by a host of men of the sword from the regiments of the First and Second Life Guards, the Grenadiers, and the Scotch Fusiliers. M. Prevost, the celebrated Persian professor, was also present. The performance, with the folk and broadsword were in excellent style, and the whole of the feats of swordsmanship and agility, dancing, &c., were in the best manner. The company around the platform on which the professor exhibited was more than usually numerous, and amongst them were many of the patrons of old English sports and national amusements. In the evening the gardens were crowded with company, the fitness of the weather co-operating with the diversity of entertainments to attract the multitude. The usual concomitants of dancing, feasting, the spectacle of fireworks, and the music of a large band of instrumental performers kept up the hilarity of the day till the usual hour of closing. The arrangements are good, and those who are fond of many sports have an excellent opportunity of witnessing them.

LEICESTER.—(From a Correspondent).—A "popular" performance of the *Messiah*, so reads the hand-bill, was given on Monday evening at the New Hall, under the superintendence of the committee of the Mechanics' Institute. Judging from the performance, these gentlemen have a very indifferent opinion of the popular taste for good music, or they would never have ventured to burlesque Handel's sublime work in this fashion. At this so-called "popular performance" we were to have had a "complete orchestra and chorus of upwards of fifty performers." The number was quite correct; but, alas for the completeness of the orchestra! some half-dozen violins, a couple of indifferent basses, and a wretched harmonium, very much out of tune, and with a tone like a bad accordion, completed the orchestra. No wind instrument of any description, not even the brace of flutes and flourishing cornet usually met with, assisted this very popular performance. The choruses were untidy and out of tune. The solo singing, with two exceptions, as bad as can be imagined. These honourable exceptions were the portions allotted to Mrs. Parkes and Mr. Royce, which were very creditably sung. Many omissions were made, which rather tended to impair the completeness of the work—such as "The trumpet shall sound," &c., some of the best known pieces in the oratorio. Let us hope that if the committee of the Mechanics' Institute will again try the experiment of concert giving in Leicester, they will either select a work of less importance, or get it up with better materials—not to induce the music-loving public of Leicester to go to a concert with the expectation of hearing a good performance of a fine work, and then insult them by giving a mere burlesque.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROBERT.—We are compelled to decline, with thanks, the poetical contribution of our correspondent.

VIVIANA.—We are as anxious as our correspondent to be informed on the subject of the Mendelssohn Scholarship at Leipzig, and shall take an early opportunity of calling public attention to the matter.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

It is respectfully announced that a **GRAND EXTRA NIGHT** will take place on **THURSDAY NEXT, JULY 18TH, 1850,**

When will be Presented for the *First Time* these *Two Years*, **DONIZETTI'S Opera,**

LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO.

Marie Made. SONTAG.
(Her first appearance in that Character).
Sulpicio Sergeant Sig. F. LABACHE.
Caporale Sig. FERRARI.
AND
Tonio Sig. GARDONI.

After which, a
DIVERTISSEMENT,
in which

Mlle. CARLOTTA GRISI

AND
Mlle. AMALIA FERRARIS
will appear.

To be followed by (First Time these Five Years) GWECCO's celebrated Opera Buffa, entitled

LA PROVA D'UN OPERA SERIA.

Corilla Madame FREZZOLINI,
Federico Signor CALZOLARI,
AND
Campanone Signor LABACHE.

In the course of the Evening,
DONA MARIA LORETO MARTINEZ,
Surnamed the **BLACK MALIBRAN,**
will appear, and will sing some of the characteristic Airs of Spain and the Havannah.

With various Entertainments in the
BALLET DEPARTMENT,

Combining the talents of
Mlle. CARLOTTA GRISI,
Mlle. PETIT STEPHAN,

Mlle. AMALIA FERRARIS,
&c., &c., &c.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

ROYAL SOHO THEATRE,

73, DEAN STREET.

MADAME DE LOZANO'S CONCERT at the above Theatre, on Wednesday evening, 17th instant, to commence at 8 o'clock. She will introduce during the Concert some new Spanish Songs—one of them, "La Perla de Friana," by particular desire, accompanied by herself on the Guitar. Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be had at M^{rs}. De Lozano's, 11, Burton Street, Eaton Square, and at the Music-sellers. For further particulars see programme. Doors open at half-past Seven.

MR. CRIVELLI

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that a **THIRD EDITION** of

THE ART OF SINGING,

enlarged and newly arranged in the form of a Grammatical System of Rules for the Cultivation of the Voice, may be had at his Residence, 71, UPPER NORTON STREET, and at all the principal Music-sellers.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

MONDAY, JULY 15th, A SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT.

THE DIRECTORS have the honour to announce that on **TUESDAY NEXT, July 16th, the Opera will be CLOSED, and that TO-MORROW, MONDAY, July 15th, will be given as the SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT, in lieu of that Evening.** All series and Tickets issued for Tuesday will therefore be available for Monday.

TO-MORROW, MONDAY, July 15th, will be performed ROSSINI'S Opera,

O T E L L O.

Dondemona	Madame GRISI,
Emilia	Mademoiselle COTTI,
Otello	Signor TAMBERLINI,
Hedriago	Signor MARALTI,
Iago	Signor MONCONI,
Elinoro	Mons. ZELGER,
Doge	Signor POLONINI.

After which will be performed the Second Act of WEBER'S Grand Opera,

DER FREISCHUTZ,

Including some of the Principal Music of the Opera, and the Grand Incantation Scene. Characters by
Madame CASTELLAN, Mademoiselle VERA,
Signor MARALTI, Herr DOERING, and Herr FORMES.

EXTRA NIGHT.

On **THURSDAY NEXT, July 18th, MEYERBEER'S Grand Opera,**

LE PROPHETE,

will be performed, the principal characters by
Madame VIARDOT and Madame CASTELLAN,
Signor TAGLIAFICO and Signor LAVIA,
Signor ROMMI and Signor SOLDI,
Signor MARALTI and Signor POLONINI,
Herr FORMES and Signor MARIO.

The incidental **BALLET** in the **Stating Scene** will be supported by
Mons. ALEXANDRE and Mlle. LOUISE TAGLIANI.
Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor—**Mr. COSTA.**

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TO BE SOLD, a remarkably fine TENOR and VIOLIN, by HEBRONIUS AMATI, in fine preservation; likewise a fine-tuned ITALIAN VIOLONCELLO and a FAMPHILLION VIOLIN. The above Instruments are the bona fide property of a private gentleman, who may be referred to. Enquire at 28, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park Gardens.

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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No. 29.—Vol. XXV.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1850.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE.
{ STAMPED FOURPENCE.

RACHEL.

As the time approaches for the departure of this great and incomparable actress, the anxiety of the London public to witness her performances is redoubled. The theatre in St. James's, unhappily too small to accommodate the crowds that nightly besiege its doors, has been again three times filled to suffocation. The plays have been *Andromaque*, *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, and *Polyeucte Martyr*. The last was repeated, yesterday night, by the particular wish of the subscribers. Thus nine out of the twelve representations have taken place, and only three remain. For the present, therefore, at least five-sixths of those who would fain have rendered homage to the genius of Rachel, by paying their money into Mr. Mitchell's treasury, must be content to be disappointed, or at any rate to live upon expectation for twelve long months, during which the most musical voice that ever carried the thoughts of the poet into the hearts of the listening multitude will be silent to England. On Friday night, after the performance of *Les Horaces*, Rachel will start for Berlin, and leave us to dwell upon her memory, as upon the idea of an absent friend. Shelley, the sweetest of poets, has sweetly sung :

" Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight !—"

And what better could we choose for a motto, eight days hence?—what better could express the feeling of a something wanted, to make life happy, which the loss of the "black-browed queen of night" will engender in the breast of every one whose evenings have been charmed by the beauty of her presence? This month, so quickly flown, to return no more—this month, during which Rachel, in low and wailing tones, has twelve times told the absorbing story of the past—this month, which will be placed apart in the store-house of the memory, to be recalled, and reckoned over, day by day, like the treasures of a broken love—this month should be marked in indelible letters upon the tablet of the heart :—

Rachel's Month.

Monday, July 1, 1850, to Friday, July 26, 1850—inclusive. A short month, but a merry—or rather a sad—or rather a merry and sad—or a mingling of the two, which makes the real delight. Rachel acted twelve times—Monday, July 1, *Phédre*—Wednesday, July 3, *Bozaris*, in *Bajazet*—Friday, July 5, Pauline, in *Polyeucte Martyr*, and Leslie, in *Le Moineau de Leslie*—Monday, July 8, *Adrienne Lecouvreur*—Wednesday, July 10, ditto—Friday, July 12, ditto—Monday, July 15, *Hermione*, in *Andromaque*—Wednesday, July 17, *Adrienne Lecouvreur*—Friday, July 19, Pauline and Leslie—Monday, July 22, *Adrienne*—Wednesday, July 24, ditto—Friday, July 26, Camille, in *Les Horaces*. A month of July to be remembered for ever. A honey-month, in which Rachel's genius was married to your intelligence, and lived together in perfect and undisturbed happiness. The briefest and the longest month in your whole life.—SIO TRANSIT!

We had intended to attempt an analysis of every one of Rachel's performances, but while she is here amongst us it is out of the question. We cannot reason about her. As Don Quixote might have said, in parody of antique romance—"The reason of her unreasonable genius has so unreasoned our reason that we have no reason for reasoning." Nor is it necessary that we should reason. Rachel is to be accepted, not discussed—admired, not questioned—worshipped, not examined. He who would pry too closely into the spots upon the Sun's face runs in danger of having his eyes put out. And so with Rachel. Take her as she is, and you have the most glorious actress the world has seen. Her genius is too dazzling to be curiously scrutinized—a blaze of fire, that, if you come too near, blinds you with excess of light. The bodies that move closest to the sun, are lost in its brightness, and become invisible to the universe; and the critic, who approaches Rachel, with the narrow purpose of making a catalogue of errors, stands in a similar predicament. Obscured by the rays that envelope him all around, he is unobserved by the world, which takes no note of what he says. Rachel's errors! If she have errors, are they not grander than the perfections of any other actor? Rachel is not to be followed, word by word, with the aid of a hook. While you read the book you lose a thousand beauties. The endless play of those expressive features, the undulating movements of that form, which grace and dignity have chosen for their home, should be seen, and taken into the general account of her surpassing excellence, every one of them, without exception. This cannot be done if you have your eyes upon the book. Between the dead letter and the living voice there is a world, which, if you would pass, and be enlightened, cast the book away. Your idea of Pauline, and Rachel's Pauline, are different things—as different as your feelings of a noonday sun from that of Turner, with his golden brush to aid him. Admitted, that you have a full conception of the poet's meaning, you cannot explain it to the world, like Rachel—you cannot, like Rachel, make the poet's dumb creation rise, breathe, walk, and shake the soul to purify it. Leave, then, the book, and let faith, and a love of the beautiful, assist you to appreciate the genius of the drama's great interpreter. We are much mistaken if, thus fortified, you do not incontinently own that the tremendous confession, which, in the mouth of the innocent Pauline, asserts the truth of Christianity, could only be delivered as Rachel has delivered it—that the sublime "Je crois," from any other lips, would lose one half its power. It must not be forgotten that Pauline's sudden conversion to the one religion is effected over the mangled body of her martyred husband, and that she discloses it with all the frenzy of a martyr's newborn zeal. Rushing from the scene of torture, filled with contempt and abhorrence for the blood-stained infidels, her bosom swelling with a sudden veneration for her dead spouse, to whom alive she had been indifferent, her whole being lifted up by some strange and invisible influence,

Pauline, unmindful of the presence of her father, of her lover, and of all earthly things, impressed only with one dreadful image and one mysterious aspiration, gives vent to the impulse that maddens her in a torrent of irresistible eloquence, her frame convulsed with the enthusiasm that has entered her heart and intellect with the quickness of an electric shock. Who, in such a scene, could dream of "calm content" and "pious resignation," or any such stereotyped common-places, which have nothing in common with the feeling of the martyr, less than nothing with what Pauline must have experienced at such an awful moment?

We have been "reasoning," after all—but unconsciously. An impression of having read, in a newspaper, some such objection to Rachel's fine conception of Pauline's avowal of faith, which directly follows the martyrdom of Polyuete, her husband, has, perhaps, led us into this train of thought. May be, however, we have only dreamed of such a criticism, and are fighting against a shadow of our own imagining—a *sciomacht*, as the learned in lingual compounds would designate it.

MRS. GLOVER.

ON Friday night in last week, when our paper was going to press, one of the largest audiences ever assembled within the walls of Drury Lane Theatre met together, to pay the last tribute of respect to the genius of Julia Glover. A farewell benefit had been announced for the incomparable actress, and had the theatre been double the size it would have been crammed from floor to ceiling. Hundreds were sent away from the doors, which were besieged for hours before they were opened.

It is now unnecessary to dwell on the performance; that which should have been a joy blended with a sadness was one unmitigated sorrow. Mrs. Glover appeared, and the demonstrations of sympathy and regret were absolutely deafening. But the roarers little knew they were bestowing their applause on her around whom grim death was already winding his unwithdrawing arms, laughing at the mockery of flashing wit and echoing praises, himself the hideous Malaprop to the scene. To the close observer of the performances on that night, Mrs. Glover was no more herself. The light of genius was indeed apparent, but instead of blazing up in strong and vivid flashes, it seemed to flicker and die in the socket. The power of the artist was gone for ever. Many attributed the weakness of Mrs. Glover's performance to the deep emotion which was predominant in every effort; but something deeper far than deep emotion oppressed and overweighed her faculties. It was not until next day that the full truth was made known. For a fortnight before her benefit Mrs. Glover kept her bed, and was so seriously indisposed that at first her medical attendant advised her to give up all thoughts of performing at her benefit; but finding that the bare mention of breaking faith with the public tended to increase her illness, he was compelled to let her have her own way.

Mrs. Glover left her bed of sickness on Friday night, to take her last farewell of the public in Mrs. Malaprop, one of her greatest performances. It was no longer Mrs. Glover who played the part—it was a shadow, a wreck of the past, which brought a saddening tear for every answering laugh of former times. Never was comedy so sorrowfully performed. Sheridan, had he started from his grave, could not have recognised his flashing drama. Every eye in the house was tearful, and the feelings of sadness made more dolorous by the mockery of some hollow laugh, which strove to break the oppressiveness of the whole house. Were the tears shed on

that night prophetic, and did the spectators, looking dimly through them, behold the fatal issue not many hours to come?

A farewell address had been written for the occasion, but Mrs. Glover, both from physical and mental causes, was utterly unable to speak it. An apology was made, and the address was recited by another person. Mrs. Glover, also, found it impossible to come forward at the end of the play; instead, therefore, of obeying the usual summons in the usual way, the curtain rose and discovered Mrs. Glover seated, the artists all standing around her. It is impossible to describe the distressing nature of this scene. There was not a heart unmoved nor an eye undimmed in the theatre. It was all dumb-show, but the tenderest dumb-show ever witnessed. When the curtain fell it was some time before the applause broke loose; the applause, too, died away; and Mrs. Glover's knell was sounded.

We copy the following account of the death of Mrs. Glover, with a succinct memoir, from the *Globe* of Wednesday. We fancy there are some inaccuracies in the details of her life, and shall give a more correct and minute notice of this lamented actress in our next number:—

"With deep regret we announce the death of Mrs. Glover. The distressing event took place at an early hour on Tuesday morning, and was, happily, unaccompanied by any perceptible evidence of physical suffering. There is something inexpressibly shocking in the fact that on Friday night Mrs. Glover was in person the object of a great popular demonstration in her honour, and that on the morning of the following Tuesday she ceased to be among us. The first and most natural impression on the public mind will, doubtless, be that the excitement, inseparable from her last appearance on the stage, must have accelerated the deplorable event; and when it is known that for the fortnight antecedent to Friday Mrs. Glover had been confined to her bed, the impression would not seem ill-founded. Her medical advisers, however, state their deliberate opinion that the nervous irritability arising from severe illness would have rendered it more dangerous to check the impatience she felt to keep faith with the public, than to yield, however reluctantly, to her strong anxiety. Mrs. Glover had announced that she would appear, and with thorough English courage she did appear. This long celebrated actress was born in Newry, Ireland, January 8, 1781. Her family, the Bettertons, are believed to be descended from the great Betterton, who flourished contemporary with Garrick and Quin. Our heroine, Julia, commenced her theatrical career at the age of six, and in 1789 joined the York Circuit, appearing as the Page in the tragedy of the *Ophelias*. She soon after played the Duke of York to the famous Cooke's Richard III. In 1796 the playgoers of Bath passed high encomiums on her Juliet and Lydia Languish, and the echoes of her praise reaching London, she was engaged by Mr. Harris at a salary of 12*l.* per week, which was raised to 16*l.*, 16*l.*, 17*l.*, and 18*l.* for five years. As Elvina, in Hannah More's *Percy*, she made her *début* at Covent Garden, October 12th, 1797, with immense success. A Miss Champin, from Dublin, soon became Miss Betterton's rival in tragedy, and drove her to seek unlooked laurels in a walk better suited to her genius; thus, henceforth, we find her rising in the higher walks of comedy, with only occasional imperfections of tragic parts. In 1797, a Mr. Biggs and Mr. de Camp both became suitors for the hand of the accomplished lady. She was relieved from this dilemma by the death of Mr. Biggs and the marriage of De Camp. At length (unfortunately for the domestic comfort of our actress), the suit of Mr. Glover was successful, and on March 20th, 1800, she was united to him. By an engagement at Drury Lane, she aided the genius of Edward Kean, and performed an extended series of characters. At length, after a youth of honour in the chief parts of tragedy and comedy, she gradually descended into the Dame Heidelberg and Malapropas—no descent of talent or position, but, like the sunset, more glorious in its near approach to nature. So true were her imperfections of the peculiarities and beauties of damehood, that it will be long before their memory will fade. For several years Mrs. Glover had no equal in her theatrical walk; her Shakspearian readings also ranked very high. In private life, she was long the support of her family."

Mrs. Glover is deeply and universally regretted. She was as much beloved as a woman, as she was prized as an actress. Her loss to the stage is irreparable.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday the *Tempesta* was repeated by particular desire. On Monday *I Puritani* was performed. Madame Frezzolini played Elvira for the first time. Both the music and the action of the part are admirably suited to her powers. The melodies of Bellini flow with increased fluency when uttered by the mellifluous voice of this charming cantatrice; and the varying passions—the joy, the madness, the despair of the heroine—are expressed in a manner which does the highest credit to her remarkable histrionic talent. The celebrated *polacca*, "Son vergin vezzosa," was received with well-merited honours, as was also the "Suona la tromba" of Lablache and Coletti. Lablache's performance of the part of Giorgio is so well and favourably known, that we need only say, he played it with his accustomed excellence. Between the acts, "the lovely and fascinating Carlotta Grisi," as the *Morning Post* appropriately styles her, danced the *Truandaise*. "The oftener she is seen," adds our contemporary, "the happier and more enslaved is the beholder; she reigns supreme, the fairy queen of the dance." We consent to all this.

For some weeks past the appearance in one of the boxes of Her Majesty's Theatre of a lady of colour has caused much conversation in the lobbies, and the rumour that this was the same lady who, under the name of the "Black Malibran," had created a great sensation in Paris, contributed much to increase curiosity. Biographies, too, have been circulated, by which we learn that Donna Anna Maria Loreto Martinez de Morena—such is her brief name—is a representative of the national music of Cuba and of Spain, having been born in the dependency and visited the kingdom, and having studied music in both. Delay is an additional ailment to interest. Last Tuesday the "Black Malibran" was to have sung, but a lamented death caused the theatre to be closed. Saturday was then fixed for the occasion of her *début*; but, instead of the "Black Malibran," there was a black and white poster, announcing her hoarseness. Thus, what with the news of her excellence, what with the interest of her biography, and what with the stimulant of procrastination, the expectations of the public were on Monday night not a little wound up.

A divertissement entitled *Les Délices du Sérail* had been composed for the appearance of the lady in question. On the rising of the curtain the interior of a seraglio was discovered, in which a Sultan was amused by the feats of dancing Odalques. Presently the negro lady, attired in a suit of rich amber-coloured satin, entered the apartment, and after a few preliminary notes on the guitar, commenced one of her melodies. These are all very similar in character, and have all more or less about them of what we should call the Moorish style. Her manner of singing is quaint and pointed, especially when she seems to give vent to a flow of spirits, but her voice does not appear commensurate to the size of the house, and hence her simple ditties are not so effective as they might be in a smaller compass. Much applause followed each song, and there was a call at the end of the performance, but still enough disapprobation was mingled with approval to render it pretty certain the Cuban style of vocalization will obtain no permanent footing in this country.

It required no little fortitude on the part of Madame Sontag to appear as Maria in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, which was given on Thursday. Translated into English the piece had, indeed, been hacknied enough; but in Italian no one had played Maria excepting Jenny Lind, and it was the character with which, perhaps, more than any other, she was identified. The engravings and statuettes which still keep that most popu-

lar vocalist in the presence of the public generally represent her as Maria, and the peculiar manner in which she combined *naturel* with grace is still fresh in every memory.

The difficulty of the task increases the glory of the triumph, and on no occasion has Madame Sontag appeared to greater advantage than on Thursday in *La Figlia del Reggimento*. That in the qualities of the musician she would be unexceptionable was not to be doubted, but it was less certain that she could throw herself completely into the spirit of the unsophisticated and unpolished Maria. As if aware of this doubt, she played with more than ordinary fire, and the joyousness of the "rataplan" with the marching movement could scarcely be surpassed. Her demeanor when she threw up in disgust the artificial song, and returned to the melody of her childhood, was a fine specimen of genuine unaffected hilarity. The acting of F. Lablache in this scene is of incomparable service to the *prima donna*, and the humour and tact with which he goes through it should not pass unrecorded. As a vocalist Madame Sontag was more than usually brilliant. The cadence in the air, when she takes leave of her numerous parents, and dwells on the word "Addio," was exquisitely managed, the long gradually diminished note producing that remarkable effect with which Jenny Lind used to create so much excitement. The mock bravura, while it displayed much histrionic humour, was most striking as a combination of the greatest difficulties of vocalization admirably surmounted. So great was the enthusiasm created by this display, that when Madame Sontag reappeared, the audience burst into a round of spontaneous applause. With this highly-finished and genial performance of Madame Sontag, with the humour of F. Lablache, and with the sweetness of Gardoni's singing in the character of Tonio, *La Figlia* achieved a decided success.

The favourite old opera of *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*, which is generally played about once a year, was given on Thursday night. The practical jokes of Lablache, as the musical composer, elicited roars, as usual, and Madame Frezzolini's *Prima Donna* displayed an amount of spirit and vivacity which rendered her quite a match for the great *basso*. F. Lablache's costume was irresistible. His coat, collar, waistcoat, and trousers were spacious enough for twice his father—a sentry-box fit, and no mistake.

Donna Martinez repeated some of her national Cuban ditties. We are still unable to divine, however, by what argument this coloured lady has considered herself entitled to assume the *soubriquet* of the "Black Malibran!"

Between the acts Carlotta Grisi danced her *grand pas* from *Les Métamorphoses*, in splendid style. Mdlle. Ferraris also introduced a brilliant new *pas*, arranged by the skilful and experienced tact of M. Gosselin, whose presence prevents the loss of M. Taglioni from being felt.

We must also say a word for Mdlle. Rosa, one of the most beautiful and talented of Mr. Lumley's peerless *seconde donne* of the dance. Mdlle. Rosa is already an accomplished executant, and bids well to become one of our best dancers. She has youth, strength, and agility in her favor; and under such able *surveillance* as that of M. Gosselin, we shall be surprised if she does not make rapid and striking progress. Besides dancing in the *Grand Pas* of Carlotta Grisi, with her charming and clever associates, Jullien, Lamoureux, and Aussoudon, Mdlle. Rosa was the principal personage in the *divertissement* of *Les délices du Sérail*, and accomplished her task with a grace and facility that obtained her frequent and well-merited plaudits.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE *Prophète* was repeated on Saturday.

Monday night was a subscription night, anticipating Tuesday, which, being fixed for the Duke of Cambridge's funeral, precluded any performance. The *Otello* was given for the second time with increased success. Still we fancy much more could be done with the east than has been done. For instance, Mario in Roderigo would strengthen the performance immensely, and would be a vast improvement on Signor Maralti, who is not exactly in his sphere in Rossini's music. The part of Roderigo is much more prominent than that of Rambaldo, and Mario would do wonders with the music; nor would the singing in the least fatigue him—it would be no more than a few hours' practice, and that in the best school to keep the voice in good trim. Certainly, what with the *Huguenots*, the *Prophète*, and the *Roberto*, Mario is well nigh worked to death. French operas involve tremendous fatigue; but Mario has the strength of the rhinoceros, or the hippopotamus—that is the most fashionable similitude—and the courage of the lion, else could he not face and successfully undergo the wear and tear of such parts as Raoul, Jean, Rambaldo, and others. Castellan, too, might have played Emilia without derogating from her artistic consequence. We could desire nothing finer than Grisi's *Deadmona*, *Tambriluk's Otello*, or *Ronconi's Iago*. These are transcendent; but the opera is somewhat worn and used up, and its revival, to give it a chance of a great success, should be signalled with the utmost efficiency in all the parts.

Appropos of the *dramatis personæ* of an opera, a correspondent has suggested to us the following cast for an extra performance of *Don Giovanni* by the Royal Italian company:—

Don Giovanni	TAMBRILUK.
Don Otello	MARIO.
Commendatore	TAULACIO.
Masetto	BOVOSOL.
Leporello	FORMES.
Donna Anna	GRISI.
Zerlina	CASTELLAN.
Donna Elvira	VIARDOT.

What a bill, and how the names would blazon the shop windows, posts, and dead-walls of London! The whole town would be attracted, or there is no virtue in loadstones. We would beg leave, however, to add to our correspondent's suggestion, that in order to render the performance of *Don Giovanni* as complete as possible by the Royal Italian Opera force, a little more attention to the *mise en scène* would be necessary, together with a few additional rehearsals, and a brass band that could play perfectly in tune. Then, indeed, we might look for a performance of Mozart's incomparable work which would be complete in every point—an object which, if it has been aimed at, has never been attained in this country.

Thursday, the *Prophète* was again repeated.

To-night the *Huguenots* will be given; on Tuesday *Semiramide*; and on Thursday the long-expected *Juive* will be produced. The scene-painters and carpenters are hard at work; the chorus labours daily; and the principals are studying zealously and eagerly; the hand alone, as yet, are uninitiated in the mysteries of M. Halévy's *chef-d'œuvre*. In point of splendour of scenery and magnificence of decorations, we are given to understand the *Juive* will surpass all former productions of the Royal Italian Opera. Mario, Tambriluk, Formes, Massol, and Viardot will sustain the principal parts.

VIVIER.—This celebrated cornist is engaged to perform at one of the Jenny Lind concerts to take place at Liverpool next month.

SONNET.

I CANNOT drive thy image from my mind;
In thought, in dream, by night, by day, I still,
Still see thee everywhere, do what I will.
I hear thy sweet voice in the summer wind—
Thy bright locks in the sunny heavens I see:
The almond blossom hath thy radiant bloom,
The air is fragrant with thy soul's perfume;
The very books I read, tho' dull they be,
Are eloquent of thee. Could I forget!—
Forget? alas! I would not though I could—
Forgetfulness would work a solitude,
A void within me, still more wretched yet! T. E. B.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE JENNY LIND FURORE.

A YOUNG and wealthy Russian officer was sent over here in May, 1847, on an affair of much importance—a few days only were allowed him to transact the business. It was the eve of that musical insurrection, that era of fanaticism, the *début* of Jenny Lind. Of course our Russian shared the anxiety of the million in the desire to be present on this memorable occasion; but on applying at the box-office for a ticket, he found they had been all sold for many days; he tried the music-shops, &c., but without success; nothing in the shape of a ticket or box was to be had. He offered any price—six, ten, twenty pounds for a stall, to no purpose. This was desperate; he was to leave London the next day; therefore, the offer of procuring a stall for Jenny's second appearance was useless to him; the stranger was no common-place person, he resolved, *côte qui côte*, to try every possible means to gain his object, and accordingly, went early, and stationed himself at the principal entrance to Her Majesty's Theatre. Here he addressed several who were waiting for the opening of the doors, and offered a handsome sum for the relinquishment of their admission in his favour, but all were inflexible. Money was no object; no Russian could have atoned to them for the loss of the Swedish Nightingale's *rich notes* (excuse our venerable pun), and our friend had almost begun to despair, when, all at once, he felt an attempt at his pocket; he quickly put his hand behind him just in time to catch hold of the thief, who had fully succeeded in extracting his note-case, as it was actually in his possession; our friend, who was a muscular young fellow, immediately seized the delinquent by the collar, and being a tolerably good English scholar, signified his intention of delivering him over to the police. The poor wretch pleaded extreme poverty—but this would not do; a wife on a bed of sickness—but this was equally unsuccessful; at the detail of three starving children (the traveller was a young father) the pickpocket completely succeeded in mollifying his captor. "Well!" said he, "I forgive you, but only on one condition: as you are so expert in the extraction of property, you must immediately procure for me one of these gentlemen's pocket-books; if it should contain an admission for the Opera to-night, I will allow you to depart unmolested, with the addition, perhaps, of a trifle for your wife and children; but mind, I shall have my eye upon you, and at the least appearance of your attempting to escape me, I shall give you in charge to the police." The man cheerfully undertook the commission, and in a few minutes our Russian friend was in possession of a handsome pocket-book, containing the much-craved-for stall ticket. Admonishing the light-fingered gentleman to be more honest in future, and presenting him with a handsome gratuity for the relief of his family, he very soon lost sight of his professional friend in the opening rush into the theatre.

The next morning, Mr. —, a respectable old merchant, retired from business, was at breakfast, and was describing to a friend his disappointment the night before in not hearing Jenny Lind, in consequence of his having been robbed of his pocket-book at the entrance of Her Majesty's Theatre, when a servant brought in a small parcel accompanied by a note. On opening the parcel, what was Mr. —'s astonishment when he discovered the stolen pocket-book, exactly in the same state as when he lost it, except that in place of the single stall admission, it now contained a ticket for a box on the grand tier for the next night of Jenny Lind's performance. The note contained the following words:—

Sir,—Fray accept the enclosed box-ticket as a small atonement for your disappointment yesterday evening. Having offered the sum of twenty pounds unsuccessfully, for a stall, I enclose you that sum for the use of yours. Hoping you will enjoy the treat of which I so unceremoniously deprived you, believe me, dear Sir, your ever obliged,

FANATICO.

The note contained a cheque for twenty pounds.

PROVINCIAL CRITICISM.

As a specimen of the "metaphorical horseshoe," the following criticism from the *Plymouth Luminary*, on the performance of Miss Emily Newcombe, the talented young pianist of whom we have spoken more than once, may be cited amongst the most curious:

"Most deserving of notice and foremost in the ranks of praise, was Miss Emily Newcombe, pupil of Thalberg, whose brilliant playing would have occasioned feelings of rivalry in the shade of the lamented Duclaux, and whose gifted endowments have richly answered the requirements of her instructor. She was well supported by Mr. Reed, on the violin, and together they executed now a *patmos*, and now a *brilliance of action*, the *arduous pieces* of Benedict and De Beriot. The old joke is justified in her, that the piano *wins her forte*.

We are glad the "old joke" is justified.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

ADELPHI.

On Thursday evening, a new domestic drama, called *The Emigree's Daughter*, was produced. The scene is laid at the period of the French Revolution, during the Reign of Terror, and the interest of the piece turns on the endeavours of Aline St. Lambert (Miss Woolgar), the daughter of a noble royalist and wife of a leader of the revolution, to save her father from the power of the convention, by concealing him, disguised as a gardener, at her husband's chateau, where, however, he is detected and seized by Babouf (Mr. C. Smith), a rascally agent of government, who, being in love with Aline, offers to save her father at the price of her honour. The offer is, of course, spurned, and the prisoner is about to be led to execution, when news arrives of the fall of Robespierre. Babouf is shot by the peasantry, and the old man restored in triumph to his daughter. The piece contains nothing very original either in plot or construction; but, aided by the talents of Miss Woolgar as the heroine, and Mr. Wright as a village barber turned politician, it was highly successful, and was announced for repetition amidst very decided applause. Miss Woolgar looked exceedingly well, and played throughout with a graceful ease and natural feeling, that would have carried a worse drama to a successful termination. There was some pretty music; a song, very nicely sung by Miss Fitzwilliam, was encored at the end of the piece. Miss Woolgar and the principal performers received the usual honours from a crowded audience.

ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS—ANDROMAQUE.—On Monday last, Mdlle. Rachel appeared, for the first time this season, in Racine's noble tragedy of *Andromaque*. It will be remembered that Hermione was the first part played by the great French actress in England, on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre, when she made an impression which at once stamped her unrivalled in her own time and unsurpassed in any time. Much interest was consequently attached to the performance of last Monday, and a two-fold feeling excited—that engendered by recollections of past delight, and that which springs from a natural desire to see the alterations and improvements which time and study may have produced in the original conception of the part; such changes being particularly interesting when proceeding, as in this instance, from genius of the highest order. We were gratified to find our most anxious expectations more than realized. There is a manifest elevation in Mdlle. Rachel's conception of the part of Hermione, her whole reading of which is more subdued, and consequently more fully under control. The gradations of light and shade are developed to a still nicer degree, and form a more complete *ensemble* than before. The vehement passages stand out in bolder relief, and the tender emotions are expressed with still more feminine delicacy and still intenser and truer sensibility.

It is more particularly to the pathetic and tender passages that Mdlle. Rachel has since directed her attention. The Hermione of last Monday is now an exquisitely finished portrait, in which the exhibitions of rage and violence do not so entirely predominate as heretofore over the softness natural to the female character, but appear as accessories dependent on the position in which Hermione is placed, and made subservient to the development of her unfortunate and ill-requited passion, of which they constitute a brilliant and triumphant climax. Mdlle. Rachel's performance is replete with touches of consummate tenderness; and while her reproaches are conveyed in accents of heart-rending sorrow, her fury has lost none of its thrilling passion and overwhelming force.

Of the tragedy we shall not be expected to give any explanation; it is, happily, too well known to all who pretend to any acquaintance with the French language and literature. Of the acting of Mdlle. Rachel, we may, however, speak in detail, though as briefly as possible. In her first interview with Oreste, Hermione has not yet abandoned hope. She knows of the love of Pyrrhus for Andromaque, but in despair of obtaining his affection, she still attempts to persuade herself that his interests may prevail over his passions,—content to solicit reciprocity of feeling at any price whatever. Mdlle. Rachel depicted these alternations of hope and fear with surprising judgment; the compassion for Oreste was powerfully expressed, and her love for Pyrrhus—which she cudeavours to mask under the pretext of the interests of Greece, when she exclaims, in deprecating accents,

"—Songes quelle honte pour nous
Si d'une Phrygienne il devenait l'époux,"

was strongly evident in the tremour of her voice, on the word "*honte*" in the first line, and the bitterness and hatred which she threw into the word "*Phrygienne*" in the second. The second and third scenes of the third act abound in fine points, which Mdlle. Rachel interpreted with inimitable grace; exulting in the return of Pyrrhus, the eyes of the actress beamed with tenderness and emotion when she exclaimed,

"Conçois tu les transports de l'heureuse Hermione?
Sais-tu quel est Pyrrhus?"—

while the interview with Andromaque, which immediately follows, gave Mdlle. Rachel an opportunity of displaying that terrible irony in which she excels all others, with indescribable force; every word was pregnant with meaning. Her manner of reading the line—

"S'il faut fléchir Pyrrhus, que le peut mieux que vous."—

was irresistible, and produced a strong impression on the audience. In the fourth act, Hermione gives vent to all the rage of a jealous and injured woman, invokes the aid of Oreste, and commands him to assassinate her faithless lover. Never were fury and the desire of revenge more tremendously portrayed. But the love of Hermione is not yet dead, and its final triumph over the antagonistic feelings, when she commands her attendant to stay for a while the arm of the assassin, was depicted by Mdlle. Rachel in a manner which marked her admirable conception of the character. Her fury knows no restraint; she even resolves to immolate her lover with her own hands; but his unexpected appearance produces a sudden revulsion; her fury subsides, and Hermione is once more trembling and submissive in presence of the object of her fatal passion. This quick and impetuous transition, in Mdlle. Rachel's hands, was a master-piece of acting, and may be considered as one of the finest displays of her impulsive genius. Her anxious, restless, and excited demeanour during her interview with Pyrrhus; her silence whilst listening to his excuses; the sorrow and surprise depicted on her countenance when she is supposed to have followed only the line of duty—thus expressed by the poet:—

PYRRHUS. "Je suivais mon devoir, vous cediez au vôtre
Rien ne vous engageait à m'aimer en effet."
HERMIONE. Je ne t'ai point aimé—cruel!"—

were all and equally transcendent. The reproach conveyed in the last line, which was spoken with a mingled tone of boundless love, affectionate reproach, and bitter despair, was followed by a hurricane of applause. In the fifth act, Mdlle. Rachel electrified the audience by the convulsive vehemence which she threw into her reproaches of Oreste:—

"Tais-toi, perfide,
Et n'importe qu'a toi ton lèche parricide,
Va faire chez les Grecs sédimier la fureur
Va; je la desatone, et tu me fais ROBBEUR!"

But, love still uppermost in her mind, her despair at the death of Pyrrhus was conveyed in accents which the most obdurate heart could not have resisted. Mdlle. Rachel's triumph was complete, and we incline to the opinion that Hermione is the part in which she appears to the grandest advantage, not excepting—we say it with deference—either Camille or Phèdre. Several times during the evening she was recalled to receive the enthusiastic plaudits of a crowded house. We are proud to find that Mademoiselle Rachel's sublime talent is so entirely appreciated in this country. The crowds that assemble together to witness her performances, in spite of the overpowering heat of the weather, are eloquent and unanswerable proofs both of the popularity of the great actress, and of the refinement and discrimination of the public.

J. DE C—.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

It is admitted on all hands that the present location of the national collection of pictures and of the schools and exhibition of the Royal Academy is prejudicial to both those institutions, and therefore injurious to the interests of the fine arts in this

country. They are joint occupants of a building which in its present state is inadequate to the wants of either, as well as unsatisfactory to the public, and disgraceful to the country. It is notorious that the preservation and the increase of the national pictures mainly depend on their removal to a more airy, extensive, and appropriate situation; whilst, on the other hand, if the Royal Academy is to continue to occupy apartments provided by the liberality of the nation, the time is arrived when the constitution of that body may fairly be subjected to revision and improvement. Our attention has been seasonably directed to this subject by the appearance of a letter to Lord John Russell *On the future Location of the National Gallery and Royal Academy*, by Mr. Doyle; and whilst the committee of the House of Commons is continuing its investigation of the disadvantages of the present mode of preserving these collections, Mr. Doyle has with great sense and fairness brought the whole question before the Prime Minister and the public.

The actual state of the case may be very easily reduced to one of two expedients. It is admitted that the present building cannot any longer contain both institutions, since the Vernon collection, after having been exposed to view for some years in a cellar, has now been driven to a temporary lodging in Marlborough-house. It follows, therefore, either that the Royal Academy, with its schools and exhibition, must be ejected, and the whole building retained for the National Gallery; or that the National Gallery must be removed to a more suitable position, and the whole building made over under certain conditions to the Royal Academy. If the former of these expedients be adopted, it would become necessary to assist the Academy, by a vote of money or a grant of land, to find a building or apartments equivalent to those which it originally received from the liberal patronage of George III. in Somerset-house.

Such a building must for the purposes of the annual exhibition (which may be regarded as the most popular and attractive exhibition of the metropolis in connexion with the fine arts) have galleries considerably more extensive than those it now occupies, since some hundreds of meritorious pictures are now annually rejected for want of room, while some, even more unfortunate, are consigned to the octagon dungeon, and the works of sculpture are deprived of their proper effect altogether. The present edifice, if reserved for the National Gallery, would require total reconstruction, and even then, from the incurable want of length and depth in the site, it never can vie with any of the more important picture-galleries of the continent. The expense of such reconstruction has been estimated at £200,000, which must be borne by the country, in addition to the provision required for the Royal Academy; and, after all, the result would in many respects be unfavourable to the best interests of the arts.

We turn now to the second alternative—that of assigning the present building at Charing-cross to the Royal Academy, and of removing the National Gallery of Pictures to an entirely new edifice to be erected for the purpose. If the occupation of the building by the Academy were rendered permanent and legalized, instead of being, as it now is, a matter of temporary arrangement, the opportunity would naturally be taken of adjusting the statutes and powers of the Academy to the present demands of enlightened public opinion, and to the interests of those arts which it ought to represent, and the Academy would probably effect, at its own cost, those changes in the building which are absolutely required to make it worthy of its position and of its object. But the paramount consideration in these arrangements is beyond doubt the

preservation and increase of the National Gallery, and we are very much disposed to adopt Mr. Doyle's opinion, which is shared, we believe, by all the most eminent artists and connoisseurs in the country, that we never shall have a National Gallery worthy of the name until we have an edifice erected for the purpose somewhat removed from the tumult and the dirt of the centre of London, and placed on a site where ample space and a purer atmosphere may be secured to those treasures of art, whether of foreign or of national growth, which are henceforth destined to form one of the most delightful recreations of this great community. It is now, we believe, established by the highest scientific authority, in addition to the observation of the most judicious artists, that the heated and impure atmosphere of the present National Gallery is positively injurious to pictures, and this opinion, in addition to the miserable and beggarly accommodation of the pictures, placed as they are just where they can be hung, without regard to light, to height, or to classification, is well known to deter private collectors from acts of munificence to the nation which are likely to be so ill-requited. Mr. Doyle mentions a collection of pictures not inferior to that of Mr. Vernon, which "might at this moment be the property of the nation had we but a suitable building to receive it." But the owner of that collection, and many others in the same position, naturally require that the works of art which they have collected with so much care and cost, should be placed where they can be seen, and where they will be preserved. Neither of these conditions can be obtained as long as the Gallery remains at Charing-cross, and the consequence will be that, if it be not removed, we shall witness the actual deterioration of the inimitable works it contains, and that the acquisitions which would probably have been made to it will be transferred to more attractive galleries in the provinces, such as the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, which is the best public building for the reception of pictures now in this country.

By these considerations and some other arguments on which our limits forbid us to dwell, Mr. Doyle appears to us to have shown strong grounds for the opinion that the present situation of the National Gallery, at Charing-cross, is not favorable to the preservation of the pictures, to the improvement of the collection, nor to the best objects which such a collection is intended to promote; whilst the extreme facility of access enjoyed by the whole metropolitan population in the most frequented part of London, has led to numerous abuses wholly unconnected with any peculiar love or reverence for the fine arts. These matters will, it is understood, be more fully brought to light by the evidence taken before the renewed select committee of the House of Commons. But these animadversions on the present state of the national collection would be incomplete if they were accompanied by no suggestion of a remedy. Mr. Doyle strongly recommends the entire removal of the gallery to a museum or palace to be erected for the purpose of receiving it in Kensington-gardens, and especially on the site of the present palace of Kensington. Without doubt that position is quite as near to the heart of the metropolis as the present state of the atmosphere of London would render it advisable for any picture gallery to be which is constantly open to the public; and if at that distance the collection would be somewhat less accessible to the occasional lounge, it would be far more attractive to the student and lover of the arts, whose visits to the present National Gallery are now not to be made without great drawbacks. To the mass of the working population, whose increasing interest in the arts is one of the most pleasing signs of this age, a visit to a picture gallery is the business of a holiday, and it is more

essential to that class that the National Gallery should be an agreeable resort than that it should lie in the track of their daily avocations. For this reason the gallery of Hampton-court, at 12 miles distance, is probably more valued, and perhaps more visited, by the inhabitants of London than the close adjacent chambers at Charing-cross.

We are convinced that the time is now arrived at which the public patronage of the arts, and the universal interest which they happily excite, require a suitable repository for the paintings of the nation. A mere attempt to remodel the present gallery would end in an equal expenditure of the public money, with a far less satisfactory result, and we hope that Lord John Russell will be prepared to give effect to the opinions of the leading witnesses examined before the committee, who have urged the necessity of saving the pictures of the nation by a speedy removal, and of providing a public gallery for their reception not unworthy of a country abounding with works of art, and holding those works in the highest reverence.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

NEW YORK, July 1.—A concert was given on Saturday week at the Tabernacle, by the Havannah Company; and though it possessed every attraction requisite to draw a crowded and fashionable audience, we regret to say that it did not do so. The artists were Signore Steffanoni, Bosio, and Tedesco; Signori Salvi, Badiali, Marini, and other members of the company. Mlle. Helena Stöpel also made her appearance at the piano; and, as she was the greatest novelty of the evening, we will first allude to her performance.

Mlle. Stöpel was known as being the best lady pianist in England, with the exception of the late Madame Dulcken and Kate Loder; and we have frequently heard her in London, where she was gradually making her way to an enviable reputation. In addition to her charms as a pianist may be added those of her person, as she possesses a fine and expressive countenance, which may, without exaggeration, be called beautiful. The pieces which she selected for her *début* in New York were Thalberg's popular fantasia from *Mosé in Egitto*, and Leopold de Meyer's variations from *Lucretia Borgia*, both of which were played with a decision and energy that were exceedingly striking, when combined with the feeling displayed by the fair pianist in some of the more tender passages. We are more than pleased to find such a pianist visiting us, and we will predict that Mlle. Stöpel will, ere quitting America, reap a rich harvest.

Steffanoni seemed to be labouring under a slight cold, as her voice was decidedly husky in its upper notes. She, however, delivered a *romanza*, called "La Melancolia," written by Signor Arditi, with great effect—which would have been decidedly encored had the been in better voice. She also bore her part in the *terzetto* from the *Matrimonio Segreto*, with Signori Tedesco and Bosio, very ably, and was admirably assisted in it by the other two ladies—more especially by Tedesco. Signore Badiali, Salvi, and Marini also deserve our warmest praise for their efforts, which were appreciated by the amateurs present; more especially Salvi, who is more fitted than either of the other gentlemen to shine in a concert-room—the exquisite finish of his style leaving nothing to be desired. We trust that, should the Havannah company decide upon giving any more concerts, they will be better supported by the public, as they would undoubtedly have been had the concert taken place earlier in the season.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—It has been mentioned more than once, incidentally, that quiremen and organists have been spoken of, in Gregorian publications, in terms of great, and, generally, most unmerited disparagement. This having been done, it is only right, in justice to all parties, that some proof should be adduced of the correctness of this statement. With this view, therefore, the following extracts are forwarded to you, all of which are taken from a single article in the number of the *Christian Remembrancer* for July, 1846.

After speaking slightly of the Anglican Chants, indulging to a great extent in the "tracing" system, and finding fault with the music performed at the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy, the writer proceeds to say, "The congregational service, with the five thousand soprano voices, on the assemblage of the charities, is still worse; and the vulgarity of an organist named Jones, formerly an accompanist in the cathedral, is annually preserved, to the grief and consternation of all who love their Church and its undying melodies." On reading and hearing such things as have been quoted, one naturally asks the question, Has the English Church no authorised ritual music? Is there no Church song in our branch of the Catholic Church? Have we no Directorium Chori? Are the things "to be sung" left to the management of organists and boys? Must we go to Exeter Hall to hear the lost echoes of the Church's glory, the thanksgivings of her saints? If it be that we have lost the song of Catholic Christendom, and set up the false idols of amateur composers (for such are all cathedral organists), seeing that they are neither educated in Church song by the Church, nor even paid for what they may scribble, we are, of all Churchmen, most unfortunate. But it is not thus. The Church has its Directorium Chori; she neither requires nor accepts the hundreds of contemptible chants, and scores of absurd psalters, which covetous and conceited pseudo-musicians and indifferent accompanists endeavour to foist into her service."

"To set up any barrier of uncertainty, or a use depending on the changing tastes and caprices of organists and quiremen," &c. Again, "And strange would it be, if it were in the power of quiremen and organists to take it (i.e., the Gregorian Chant) from us, to disfigure the impersonal declamations of the Church in a guise of this or that man's peculiarities," &c. And again, "But whilst we have worshipped the vanities and corruptions of quiremen, and gone after the traditions of organists, we have lost sight of the unalienable rights of the poor. There has been an invasion of rights—that which priests and people ought to sing or say, the quiremen have appropriated to themselves." Then, after speaking of Archbishop Crammer's desire to promulgate a Litany chart of common structure, the writer says, "But the Archbishop's intention of a uniformity of use was speedily foiled by the conduct of the quiremen." And then again, "Who for a moment can believe that it was the intention of our bishops to depose the ritual song of a thousand years, and leave the new book to an experimental squadron of organists and singing-men? or that our Psalm Chants should have fallen to the composition of country accompanists and beardless boys?"

So that some of the Gregorianising clergy commence their musical studies with a good hearty prejudice against the whole race of quiremen and organists, past and present.—Yours very truly,

AN ORGANIST.

July 17th, 1850.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I have of late been interested by perusing the correspondence upon the Gregorian Chants. I have read how one shows the futility of supposing our English Chants being in part or otherwise Gregorian, and with surprise the idea that such composers as Handel, Mozart, or Mendelssohn, should stoop to imitate a few plain notes, valueless in any other way than for their express purpose. I have read, also, how the Gregorians, in order to render

the objects of their devotion the more passable, have harmonised them, and also that, because they are now not in their original form, they must be useless. Now, Mr. Editor, I will, should I be able to express myself properly, give you my notions on the subject.

It appears to me that the Gregorian Chants generally—I mean, to speak in general terms—are of a solemn nature, and so far adapted to our service, and, as one of your correspondents remarks, calculated to inspire ideas most valuable in a religious point of view; and the tradition of their early use, should they still be in character with the service, weighs with us in using them now. The Gregorians have the advantage of being comparatively few in number. On the other hand, let me now think of the Anglican Chants. The first idea that strikes me, after having written the previous sentence, is their vast number,—one sort and another, they appear to be without end. Such being the case, they cannot all be excellent; but that some, yea, and a great many, are truly excellent, nobody can deny,—not even the Gregorianisers. Should they, even, according to their old plan, find something akin to theirs, pray let them consider that, allowing theirs to be good, they cannot prove the counterpart to be absolutely bad or useless.

I have said there are as many fine Anglican Chants; I will also say there are a great many bad, as well as useless ones. Having shown this, and the Gregorianisers appearing to admit theirs to be useless, should they appear unharmonised,—should any one be inclined to think with me that there are of the Gregorians of a devotional character,—I say, let those be united, the good of the one to the good of the other; some parts of one service will be found more adapted to the one, as also others to the other.

It should be borne in mind that harmonised Gregorians are in part Anglican, more so than Anglican can be proved to be Gregorian; and, supposing them in that form to be good, which I in good faith think they are, why condemn them merely for the sake of party spirit?

I feel, Mr. Editor, I have trespassed upon your time and space; but your foresight in allowing such correspondence to appear in your columns has called forth this, it having been my endeavour merely to explain my own opinion on the subject. I have adopted a style that can offend nobody. Hoping to see more able papers on the subject, I am, sir, yours respectfully,

AN ENGLISH GREGORIAN.

P.S.—Having written as I have, I shall for the future refrain from troubling you, unless you should express yourself willing to hear more from me.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—As being strong arguments in support of the prevalent opinion that the present Gregorian movement in the English Reformed Church is somehow closely mixed up with the growth of Romanism among the thoughtless members of our communion, I beg to send you the following facts:—One of the earliest publications issued by a clergyman of the English Church, encouraging a return to the Gregorian Chants, was a *Psalter*, edited by the Rev. Mr. Oakley, who was at the time the incumbent of Margaret Street Chapel, Cavendish Square. About three years since, that gentleman succeeded from the English Church, and joined that of Rome, and is now one of the priests at the Romish Church in Islington. The Gregorian Chants were continued in use at Margaret Chapel after his retirement. Several of the clergymen from the same place have successively gone over, taking with them members of the congregation in great or less numbers. Within the last six weeks, no less than *three* of the Margaret Street clergymen have deserted the English Church, and joined that of Rome, taking with them one of the choir boys. Their names are the Revs. Mr. Case, Mr. Garisdes, and Mr. Cavendish. Mr. Case was, the last time I heard of him, at Naples, on his way to Rome to do homage to the Pope. Mr. Cavendish was to be seen among the clergy processions at the consecration of St. Barnabas, Fimble, where the Gregorian, or Romish Chants, were shouted with seemingly peculiar zeal and unctious. This was within a few short weeks of Mr. Cavendish's open acknowledgment of his perversion. Two others of the same party, Mr. Bennett and Mr. Dodsworth, it was rumoured, only a few weeks ago were about to go over to the Romish Church, though as yet have not in reality done so.

The number of the *Christian Remembrancer* for August, 1842, contains a translation in full of the decree of the Archbishop of Mecllin, accompanied by a highly eulogistic editorial notice. The gentleman who published the periodical at the time in question, Mr. Burns, is now a member of the Romish Communism.

I offer no comments on the above.—Yours, &c.,

July 15th, 1860.

AN ENGLISH CHURCHMAN.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—As an old contributor to the *Musical World*, I beg you will allow me to offer a few remarks on the Gregorian Chant question. Without assuming to myself a greater degree of knowledge of the Gregorian music than is assumed by others, I now state what I know, from practical experience, to be its real value.

The Gregorian Chant [Song], so called, was not always as it is now, written on four red lines, with black square and lozenge shaped notes, of three kinds, expressing the long and short syllables; nor have we any authentic evidence (taken generally) of the compass of the chant; for as the music was higher or lower, as regards pitch, so it became regulated on the lines, by placing either the C or F clef according to its extent; and passages are frequently found in the missals, and other office books in print, so shifted; perhaps two or three times in the course of a passage occupying a staff or two. Previous to the staff being used, it is well known (at least to those who take the least trouble to read musical history) that the notation was by points, at first without lines, then with one coloured line, denoting either the pitch C or that of F. Afterwards two coloured lines were used (yellow and red); then three (yellow, red, and blue, or green); but it was not till many ages after the time of Gregory the Great, that the character of notation, now known as Gregorian, was introduced, without bars.*

The Gregorian Music is not regulated by any known laws in music, as regards rhythm, but was a rhythm of its own (if such it may be called) which is purely poetical. As regards its accent, it is regulated by the old laws of ecclesiastical accent, of which there were four modes.



Thus it will be seen that, for ordinary purpose, reading or chanting on one note (termed in monotone) sufficed; that for a comma, a descent of a minor third was used; for a colon, a descent of a perfect fifth was used; and for a note of interrogation, an inflection, as seen above, terminating on the semitone below the tonic, or reciting note. As the Gregorian Chant was composed at a period where harmony was not invented, it is useless to expect to find it harmonized in the missals and other office books; indeed, so difficult is it to harmonize, and so primitive is its melody, that I know of no harmony that *exactly suits* the various modes. Even when organized (if I may use the term), some of the intervals have to be changed, to suit our present tonality. Those who wish to hear Gregorian Chants done well, should go to a Catholic chapel, to hear the mass and vespers, where there is a good chanting priest, one who understands what he is about; but where to point out such an one, I know not; for the majority of them, I am sorry to say, are sad failures. Depend upon it we know nothing how this music ought correctly to be sung, further than by tradition,—it is so irregular and wild. And yet there are many beauties in it that cannot be discovered by hearing it roared out at the full strength of the lungs, by a great mass of voices, in unisons and octaves, as it too generally is. In respect to the tones for the Psalms, of which there are eight, I can find no other endings or terminations than one to each, correctly speaking; for all other terminations are only parts of each, made by varying the inflections, or the cadence. I once asked the author of a "*Daily Service*" where he got the various endings from, of which there were five or six to some of the tunes. His reply was, from a

Spanish Missal; this settled the question at once; and, as I did not wish to argue the matter, I held my tongue. It is true, in a work by Franchinus Gaffurius, we find three endings to the first tone, two to the second, two to the third, three to the fourth, two to the fifth (the second of which is in a form not recognised in the present day), one to the sixth, four to the seventh, and two to the eighth, with the intonation of the tone as used on solemn occasions; but what is very remarkable, I find in this ancient work the eighth irregular tone (known to Anglican Churchmen as the Peregrine tone) for the first time. Now these various terminations are evidently only corruptions, from time to time, of the originals, to afford variety to the unvarying monotony of the one ending to each. I beg to observe, also, that the primary notes (before the reciting note of each tone) are the intonations, and are only sung at the beginning of the Psalm, and not with every verse. As regards the tones themselves, they certainly possess a certain simplicity and grandeur; but I beg to observe they are only suited to the Latin words and accent; English words are wholly unsuited to the Gregorian tones for the Psalms; the more especially as there are certain rules, as regards the Latin accent, which cannot, in all cases, be applied to the English. I am strongly of opinion, that it is a mistaken idea to adapt Gregorian Music to English Church purposes. It is, to my mind, very ineffective. Mind you, I am not an advocate for expunging the Gregorian Chant; but, for heaven's sake, keep it to the Latin Psalms and Hymns, and other portions of the Romish service, for it is evidently wholly out of place in the English Church, save and excepting the altered remains (to be found of Gregorian Chant) still existing in the Preces, Suffrages, Responses, and Litany of the reformed service. Trusting that your readers may glean something from these few hints, I remain, Sir, yours truly,

YOUR OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The first specimen of musical harmony which Dr. Burney was able to meet with, is that which he has given in his History of Music. It is a Welsh production of the eleventh century. It has evidently been suggested by the harp of Wales, which is celebrated as an instrument in early use in that country. In the eleventh century also Guido Areteino arranged the gamut of music, assisted, perhaps, by the aggregate notions of his age; but his conditional arrangement of the musical notes which were known in his time into three hexachords, for the excellent purpose of teaching his choir-boys, is a contrivance for which posterity has not yet accorded him praise sufficient. If Guido Areteino had had the Welsh harp to experiment with, his essays towards musical harmony might have been successful; but his instruments to experiment with were only the voices of concealed men, whom he has bitterly compared to asses; and his "*organizing*," therefore, appear as if intended as so many anticipations of the torments in reserve for his untoward singers. By the way, "*organizing*," in these days, appear as so many travesties appropriate to the celebrations of the feast of a certain quadruped, when the demonist shall have again appointed it; and I feel perfectly convinced that none can so adequately relish any resemblances of them as a metamorphosed race of descendants from that animal.

In the way of my occupations, I have frequently met with inept clerical men who have warmly praised the Gregorian chants upon my attention for a favourable regard; and I have as frequently expressed my opinion that their being introduced into the service of the Church of England would be very prejudicial to its interests.

I have heard of instances where the humdrum music of churches in the rural districts has driven some of their attendants off to places where they might hear, and join in, a less ungraceful psalmody; and, therefore, when I read Mr. Monk's preface to his Anglican Chants, I admired it in its truthfulness. I was not then aware that a host of lackladers into denoniam was busy to introduce the Gregorian and ecclesiastical tone absurdities, as we use the point of a wedge; nor was I aware that the point of this wedge

* Small lines drawn across the staff, are found, dividing only the poetical lines.

* "*Practica Musica Mediolan.*" 1496.

for this ulterior purpose was being sharpened by a disingenuous concealment of the widely distant origin of these absurdities.

The Ecclesiastic, who criticises Mr. Menk's preface to the *Anglican Chants*, speaks of traces of harmony in the musical works of the Venerable Bede and the Monk Hubald in the ninth century. "Traces" indeed! How could there be "traces" of that which had no written or traditional pre-existence? The "traces" are about as good as the suppositions upon which the critic founds his arguments. A swallow's nest is a miracle in comparison with such disingenuousness! The harmonical clothing of the Gregorian Chants, and the medieval church tones, is comparatively a recent adornment, which befits them as clumsily as unmentionables, &c., would befit the animals whose song they imitate.

That a religious retrogradation is intended to be made by means of a musical retrogradation is plainly indicated by your Ecclesiastical musical correspondent of last April, who "lets the cat out of the bag" by quoting the initial Latin words which are set to certain favourite Gregorianisms.

This musical medieval wedge ought to be resisted as stoutly as plain thinking Church-of-England-men would resist the insinuation of the medieval Christianity. The half-way-house affair of having one note only to one syllable, is amply exemplified by a set of eighty chorales published in a certain town. The editor was too ignorant of counterpoint to arrange his harmonical accompaniments accordingly; and Providence so guided his unwarlike pen as to force him into the use of two notes against one syllable, and to drive these into the most dismal corners. The Episcopos of the Anglican Church ought to have prevented these medieval insinuations; but if these overseers be too hard worked in temporal matters to attend to their pastoral concerns in respect to the integrity and safety of their sacred trust, they ought, at their own expense, to appoint assistant overseers for this important purpose.—Yours truly,

J. M. X.

THE POPULAR PERFORMANCE OF THE "MESSIAH" AT LEICESTER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Mercury Office, Leicester, July 17, 1850.

Sir,—My attention has been called to a communication in your last number, from an anonymous correspondent, professing to give a criticism of the above performance. That communication I have perused with much pain, for it is made up of distortion, suppression, and positive mis-statements; and therefore, as an impartial journalist, I feel sure you will allow me space to state the real facts of the case. That will be all I shall either attempt or, as a member of the Institute committee, condescend to do.

In the notice of this performance which appeared in my paper (and which I enclose), you find a statement of the reasons which induced the committee to give it—namely, to spread a taste for music, and to afford their working-class members and families an opportunity of hearing this great choral work for a small sum. The idea had been entertained for several months, but its fulfilment was deferred from time to time, so as not to interfere in the slightest degree with a series of concerts then in progress, and in the success of which a party of professional tradesmen were interested. The time selected, too, is the time of the year usually avoided for concert-giving in this town, as so many of the inhabitants who can afford are now making off for the sea-side; so that, again, the committee manifested their wish not to oppose others. It was intended, moreover, to be mainly a choral performance, with a band which should support, not overwhelm, the voices. The advertisement I enclose will show you that we never promised a "complete orchestra," in the usual acceptance of that phrase; while we did carry out our promise of an "efficient band and chorus of upwards of fifty performers"—there being between sixty and seventy vocalists. The leader was Mr. Joseph McKean, of Coventry—an able violinist and composer, whose works are not unknown to you. Owing to circumstances, to which, I will not here refer, our array of violins was not so numerous as we had reason to anticipate; but, instead of our only mustering " (alas! for the completeness of the orchestra) some half dozen violins, a couple of indifferent basses, and a wretched harmonium, very much out of tune, and with a tone like

a bad accordion!" instead of this, as your correspondent informs you, completing our orchestra, there were five first and four second violins—well handled; two violins—well played, though never mentioned by your correspondent; four violoncellos, and two contra-basses; while the harmonium—though, of course, not equal to a first-rate concert-organ—is one of the best ever issued from Moors, Luff and Son's manufactory; and in saying this, I speak on the authenticity of Mr. Julian Adams. So far from being "very much out of tune," the faulty intonation was in your correspondent's mind; that, apparently, was sadly "out of tune"—not so the instrument, which, in the bands of Mr. Löhr, the able organist of St. Margaret's, Leicester, compensated for our unavoidable deficiency in wind instruments. Our band, in short, was large enough for the accompaniments written by Handel (who ought to be presumed to have known his own mind), and for the hall or choir (thirty-six or thirty-seven voices, and among them the best choristers we have in the town). The "flourishing cornet" is certainly very useful in a military band, and when Koenig thunders forth in Jullien's polkas; but what competent critic will condemn its absence on such an occasion as the one in question?

In reply to the assertion that "the choruses were unsteady and out of tune," and that "the solo singing, with few exceptions, was as bad as can be imagined," I reply, by better authority than mine or your correspondents—the authority of Mr. Gardiner, author of *Sacred Melodies, Judah, Music of Nature, Music and Friends*, &c., who was among the audience, who wrote the following notice for the *Leicester Journal*, and who now authorizes me to send it to you, in his name, as the writer:—

"The oratorio of the *Messiah* at the Mechanics' Institute on Monday evening, was very well performed by a numerous and well-composed body of natives of the town and county. Mrs. Parkes executed her songs beautifully, with much feeling and expression. The solos of Mrs. Rowlett, Miss Sharpe, Messrs. Oldershaw, Royce, Branton, and Handscomb, obviously gratified the audience. The choruses were remarkably correct; the voices well kept together by Mr. Oldershaw's energetic conducting. The absence of the wind instruments was most tastefully supplied by Mr. Löhr's accompaniment upon the Harmonium. The whole effect was much less noisy and more agreeable than when the few violins that can be raised in Leicester are utterly lost in the unmanageable sounds of a band of brass instruments. We believe this is the very first time that an Oratorio has been attempted in Leicester without any foreign aid. It is a performance that might with propriety be repeated once or twice as an encouragement to our town amateurs. The hall was full, and every piece was applauded."

The solo singers, with the exception of Mrs. Parkes and Mr. Oldershaw, were amateurs; but none but a warped mind could have penned so insulting as well as untrue an assertion as your correspondent has done, with respect to ladies and gentlemen who never thrust themselves before the public, though they kindly give their services when requested so to do, and when they can thus promote the interests either of professional friends or of public institutions. Mr. Gardiner's opinion renders it unnecessary for me to say a word in rebutting the charge that these ladies and gentlemen sang, on this occasion, as badly "as can be imagined." The crowded audience, too, thought very differently.

It is true one or two pieces were omitted; but it is curious that your correspondent should have also omitted to state that the performance was totally suspended for twenty minutes, in consequence of an accident at the gas-works; and that that delay necessitated curtailment—though less was omitted on this occasion than I have known to be the case at more ambitious performances, where no such accident occurred.

So much for the facts on which your correspondent grounds his charge against the committee of the Institute, of "insulting" the public, by "giving them a mere burlesque" of the *Messiah*. Such pretended and unfair criticisms are far more calculated to injure the progress and welfare of music than such a "popular performance" for their effect is necessarily to create suspicion and distrust among those who should be friends, since the authorship will be naturally attributed to different supposed parties, actuated by presumed interested or selfish motives—while they may be (I would fain hope that, in this case, it is so) the work of some foolish practical joker, anxious to amuse himself by creating a temporary division among the musical forces of the town. If written with more immediately personal motives, he may depend upon it that, in this as in every other case, "evil shall back upon itself reared."

I shall not trouble you again; but, for the satisfaction of your readers, as well as yourself, with regard to your present correspondent, beg to subscribe myself, yours obediently,

GEORGE SMALLFIELD,
Editor of the *Leicester Mercury*, and
a Member of the Committee of the Leicester Mechanics' Institute.

P.S.—Mr. Gardiner has just waited upon me, by the wish of some of the most influential families in the town and country, to ask the kind assistance of the ladies and gentlemen above alluded to, at a Bazaar in aid of an Asylum for young destitute orphan girls. This does not look as if the public felt that they had been "insulted," or Handel's great work "burlesqued."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR.—I feel much surprised and equally sorry, that you should have allowed your columns to have been disgraced by the effusion of spite, which appeared in your last, in the shape of a libel upon the late popular performance of the *Messiah* here, and which I feel fully justified in assuming emanated from the chagrin of a certain party, at the complete success of the performance as to execution, and the unalloyed satisfaction which it gave the public. I have no hesitation in styling the precious production a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end, and in stating my belief that the writer of it never was in the room on the occasion in question, but that the epistle was concocted in solemn conclave at a certain public house not far from the scene of action, if it even was not conceived by the spirit of prophecy, during the preceding week. The whole thing forms part and parcel of the proceedings of a certain clique in this town, who, with a spirit of monopoly truly wonderful in these times of free trade, have exhibited a wish to treat the *Messiah* as their own private property, and, immediately on its performance having been announced, have used every means both of influence and intimidation, to prevent persons, otherwise willing, rendering their assistance. If this letter to yourself were a fair and legitimate critique, I would be the last person to complain of it, as I hold that it is necessary, for the advancement of the art, that criticism should be as free as the winds, and that the practice of constant praise, in which not only provincial but metropolitan critics indulge, has a tendency to perpetuate imperfection, and to lead young performers especially to be puffed up with conceit, and to imagine they have nothing to learn. It is scarcely worth while to dissect the whole of this mendacious epistle, paragraph by paragraph; but there is one part of it which seems to give a clue to the feeling which actuated the writer, where he speaks of the omission of even "the two flutes and cornet." Doubtless, if the conductors of this performance had begged for and obtained the assistance of the gentlemen performing on these truly Handelian instruments, no syllable would have been breathed either against the completeness of the orchestra or the perfection of the performance. So far from the orchestra having been so exceedingly incomplete on this occasion, there was actually a larger and better string band than when the same oratorio was performed in January, which, in the *World* of January 19, the same correspondent, doubtless, speaks of as being "altogether a most creditable performance." It is true there was no noisy brass in the orchestra; but with a room of eighty feet by forty it is not desirable that there should be, unless the players can learn to subdue their instruments down so as not to drown string, chorus, and every thing else, which they have not done yet. As conductor, with the score before me, and placed where I could hear everything, I am perhaps a better judge of the matter than your correspondent; and I feel bound to say that the choruses were anything but unsteady and out of tune; the "Worthy is the Lamb," and "Amen," in particular, formed a triumph of vocal energy, unborne down with brass, and were sung with a point and precision worthy of all praise. The leading voices in the chorus also consisted of the very same parties who sung so creditably on the previous occasion; and it is hardly likely that they would have so far forgotten their parts as to sing much worse on a second time, with all the advantages of much extra drilling, and a conductor's baton, in addition to what they enjoyed before. Your correspondent has wisely refrained from

disagreeable remarks on two of the solo vocalists, feeling, perhaps, that he might require their services upon another occasion; but the rest have all been classed together as being as bad as could well be imagined. Now, sir, Mrs. Rowlett, perhaps, was not so powerful as might have been wished in "He shall feed his flock," coming, as she did, immediately after Mrs. Purkes; but she sang "How beautiful are the feet" chastely and well—nay, better than the lady who sung it on the previous occasion, and that without requiring unpleasing and improper alterations of the melody to fit it for the voice. Her sister, Miss Sharp, too, made as much of "Come unto him," as well could be made of it, and earned for herself well merited applause. Of the bass, Mr. Branton did what he had to do in a perfectly satisfactory manner, and Mr. Handsecomb's splendid voice, unequalled energy, and genuine good sense, which usually leads him to the legitimate expression of a passage, would excuse a multitude of sins, even if he committed them, which on this occasion he did not. Nothing is more disagreeable than self glorification, but as I also am classed among these very bad solo vocalists, I may just say that I court a comparison with any tenor your correspondent or his friends have yet produced before a Leicester audience, and that not at six months' distance, but on the same evening. I may not have exhibited the same beauty of tone as the gentleman engaged on the previous occasion in the opening recitative, but as far as regards truth of intonation, clearness and purity of pronunciation, preserving the vowel sound pure from beginning to end of divisions, and energy and fire where required, I do not feel it necessary to yield to any one I have yet heard. Besides, if apology had been needed on the occasion, which it was not, I might have pleaded the fatiguing duties of conductor, including singing with and in the choruses, which I fancy few besides myself would be willing to undertake, and notwithstanding which, the last solo music in which I took part, "O death, where is thy sting?" was styled by many parties the gem of the whole performance. As to the omission which your correspondent wishes to make so much of, they consisted of "But who may abide," the song and chorus in the second part, which are almost invariably left out, and which were left out on the previous occasion, when no such remarks were made; and "The trumpet shall sound," which may fairly be set against the omission of the duet in January, which was then left out on account of the incompetency of the contralto.

Trusting that you will excuse this lengthy letter, and that you will in future exercise a wise discretion as to concert notices coming from the same source, I remain your's truly,
Leicester, July 17, 1850.

C. OLDERSHAW.

P.S.—Had the precious letter in discussion appeared in a local paper, I should have treated it with the contempt it deserves, but as I believe it is intended to do mischief in a wider sphere, and to injure the Leicester Mechanics' Institute, and those who were known to take part in this performance, in the eyes of the musical public, I felt bound to attempt to do something to counteract it.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—A paragraph having appeared in your last week's journal, purporting to be a notice of a popular performance of the *Messiah* in Leicester, I take leave to assert, in justice to the performers engaged therein, although a heterogeneous mass, the truth of the case is not in any way as your correspondent has stated it to be.

To a so-called popular performance, objections were raised; but as the Committee of the Mechanics' Institution applied the term solely to the monied portion, further comments were uncalled for. The choruses, with two or three exceptions, were very steady, and well sustained, except, perhaps, to your correspondent's acoustics. He having lost a laurel, he must needs find some outlet for spleen. The usual form of the quartets, "Since by Mark came death," and "For as in Adam all died," were departed from, the whole body of chorists adopting the choral form; and a more imposing effect, in the best acceptance of the term, all agreed they had rarely witnessed. "Worthy is the Lamb," and the difficult "Amen," were given with a precision and vigor worthy of honourable mention. Such an *essai* would not have disgraced any choral band. Mr. Oldershaw's class of songs deserved some notice, as they were very

credibly sunz, exception alone being taken to a *cadenza* conceived in questionable taste.

The "Harmonium," moore though it be, was exceedingly well in tune to practical musicians, and played in a very music-like manner by Mr. G. Löhr. A complete band was never promised. There were barriers to such a desideratum. It is not worth while wasting your columns with petty detail,—how the committee tendered to several resident musicians engagements, which were declined with an ill grace, owing to some previous agreement. The committee could have nothing to do with the consideration of extraneous matters, nor were they bound to unite their interests with those of any other body. Omissions were made on account of an accident to the gas, which occasioned a stoppage to the performance nearly twenty minutes. Details such as these are sufficient to show what little candour or courtesy your correspondent possesses. It was intended to be an unpretending performance, and as such, gave the greatest satisfaction to the audience, whose caudid winds were quite prepared to yield any comparison. As it was, however, to use the comparison and opinion of Mr. Gardiner, now an experienced musician, "the present performance was the best of the two."

Thus, then, I leave your correspondent in charge of his own butesque, with the good counsel to know his own mind before issuing again such a tissue of falsehoods, and leading any one to a supposition of insult where it is too manifest none could be intended. I ask the insertion of this not very graphic letter, having had to do with the conduct of the performances.—I am, sir, yours respectfully,
J. McEWAN.

ITALIAN OPERA AT PLYMOUTH.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Whether the letter signed Charles de M.—, in your last number, relieves its writer from the charge of suppressing the truth, I leave your readers to determine. My only object in noticing it is to point out a fresh instance of unfair dealing. Your correspondent implies that the *Plymouth Journal* qualified some unfavourable notice of my performance, by stating that I was "nervous," whereas the fact is, that the "talented editor" was kind enough to write that I "performed the part of Edgardo with excellent taste," and a subsequent number of the same journal contained the flattering statement, that, in the part of Genaro (which Mr. Charles de M. was constrained to "pass over in silence") my singing and acting were "magnificent." The other local journals were equally complimentary, and I have to thank the editors for making such favourable mention of an entire stranger. If the opinion of the "best musical judges in Plymouth" was, as your correspondent alleges, unfavourable, I have to thank them also for keeping it to themselves; but I decline to accept Mr. Charles de M.—'s estimate of the judicial qualifications of his friends. With reference to a communication from the same writer, which appeared in your columns on a former occasion, I take this opportunity of stating, that I have "passed the ordeal" not only of Milan, but of Naples, Venice, Piacenza, Ferrara, Imbola, festi, and Bologna, besides having sung, with equal success, in France, and always as *primo tenore assoluto*. I have sung in company with some of the greatest artists, male and female, now living; and after having received the personal congratulations of Donizetti and Rossini, I am inclined to doubt my own identity when I find myself writing to refute the statements of an anonymous slanderer, who affects to maintain that I am unequal to the position I now occupy. I have sought the unbiased opinion of the inhabitants of Plymouth and Manchester under a name by which I was not formerly known, and, notwithstanding the partial success of the insidious efforts made at the latter place to prejudice the minds of those whose important office it is to record, and sometimes to lead, the opinion of the public, I have been so kindly received that I rely with confidence on the English love of fair-play enabling me, sooner or later, to obtain a triumph over my enemies in the largest theatre in England.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,
Manchester, 17th July, 1850. ONORATO LEONARDI.

ASPULL & FLOWERS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—I should imagine your subscribers feel particularly

obliged to your *excessively witty* correspondent "William Aspull," for favouring them with the extraordinary workings of his wondrous brain. For my part, I think it a pity he has nothing better to do than vent his ill-nature and spleen upon a brother professional.

Unless Mr. Aspull be "the chief of that race which mends not his pace by beating," he must be a dull As—pull indeed if not aware what a laughing-stock he is making himself.

His last effusion must have prostrated for a time all his available faculties, and 'twould indeed be a pity he should cudge his brains any longer. Rather spare us the indiction of such sublime trash; and if he must write, let him try to benefit, and not disgust us.

I am only surprised, sir, that you should waste the space (which could be so much better occupied) by inserting such correspondence at all.

If it continues, I feel convinced many subscribers will withdraw their support from your paper, which, in other respects, is so interesting, and, in fact, a "*sine qua non*" to the musical profession.—Believe me, dear sir, yours very faithfully
J. A. B.
Birmingham, July 4th, 1850.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN ASPULL AND FLOWERS, &c.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Au old man habituated to telling public untruths is always reckless as to what others may think of him. Yet if Mr. Aspull be not quite shameless, and too old to mend, I think the relation of the following conversation, which took place in a music shop, in Regent Street, will show him, at any rate, the worthlessness of his own character. He really appears determined to distinguish himself as a malicious inventor—politeness forbids the plainer term.

ASPULL. I hope our public writings will not interfere with our private friendship.

FLOWERS. If you will publicly apologise for the falsehoods you have written, I may then think you worthy and capable of friendship.

ASPULL. I have not told one untruth.

FLO. Do you know the difference between cadence and sequence?

ASPULL. I should think I do.

FLO. Then why did you write that Mr. Barnett illustrated cadence?

ASPULL. Oh! I mistook, when I wrote, which did it.

FLO. But why, when I made you aware of your mistake, half a-year afterwards, did you obstinately repeat it?

ASPULL. [Here the guilty lips quivered, and the face turned white, but no answer was given.]

FLO. I will tell you why you made this *mistake*; it was done wilfully, to mislead the unprofessional readers of the *Musical World*, which was a malicious desire to give Mr. Barnett the credit of what belonged to me.

Here ended the conversation.

Not satisfied, Mr. Editor, with this humiliation, he again comes forward in the character of an inventor. In his two last letters he asserts that I have long promised to give out a work on *Cadence*—upon so trifling a branch of the science I have never been so foolish as to make any such promise, and as Mr. Aspull has read my *Essay on Euphony*, he knows this well. If he really does not know the difference between cadence and sequence, or rather if he be too old to see to read, then I beg his pardon for applying the term inventor to him.

Now, Sir, for a third invention. Mr. Aspull told your readers that he was a pupil of Dr. Kinch. Mrs. Kinch contradicted this statement to me, adding that he had one or two conversations with her husband, but as the Englishman spoke very little German, they could scarcely understand each other. I will now point out a fourth invention, or it may be only a specimen of ignorance, when referring to my late letter on singing, he accuses me of writing "desperate bad grammar." I will excuse his being able only to write down the thoughts of others, and inability to write in the second person, if he can make others sensible of the mistakes I committed. My only object in exposing Mr. Aspull's fabrications, is self-defence—in fact it is a duty I owe to myself and the public, and I regret the necessity the more, because his hair is almost

white, and he is at a time of life when bad actions are indefensible, and too deeply seated in the soul to hope for amendment.

The difficulty of reformation becomes the greater when there exists a morbid tendency to hypocrisy, cant, and superciliousness. Such tendency is conveyed in these words, "His letter provokes even me, Mr. Editor, his wisest, best, and discreetest friend." Again, in his previous letter Mr. Aspill writes, "I have entreated, warned, admonished, and denounced, with all the *truderness* of a loving parent, the *fraternity* of an affectionate brother, and with the *friendship* of a Damon." Had he written *Demon*, for *Damon*, he would have too well described his acts, for me to describe them. I now take my leave of him, and promise never to answer his letters except when he indulges in his propensity for invention; on all other subjects he is a sort of *Boswell* like.

Now a word with "Dutch Pinks," who seems to have caught the infection of inventing from Mr. Aspill. "D. P.'s" second sentence affords a specimen of his powers on this head; whilst his first sentence, relative to my theoretical question, proves him to be an impertinent ignoramus. His remarks on my letter on singing show how little he knows of the art of vocalisation; for his astonishment that I think three months enough to teach a student the Italian way of running, shaking, &c., seems so great that he considers it an "advertisement," nay, more, a "puff," which means that he does not believe any one can accomplish it. Poor Dutch Pinks! This wise creature says he has heard some of my pupils sing; this I shall believe when he names one; and as it is only very lately that I have paid particular attention to the subject of singing, I fancy he will have some difficulty to single out one of my pupils! I am not at all anxious to impress others with the idea that I can bring out a well-cultivated voice, previously to sending out a pupil before the public, so that the endeavour to decry me now is very useless and rather foolish; if I live, time will show the extent of my information on singing. But, at any rate, no public vocalists I send out shall disfigure the beauties of the great masters by flimsy, out-of-the-way inventions, because they cannot sing the more difficult intervals neatly and clearly. Nor will I ever put ivory between the teeth of my pupils to make them open their mouths, nor run down their throats inflammatory concoctions to make their voices clear.—I am, Sir, your's obliged, FRENCH VOICES.

P.S.—I shall be most happy to discuss the merits of the compositions of the 16th and 17th century, but I cannot quite approve of the peculiar manner those composers had of astonishing the ear with false relations of harmony, in which, I think, your able correspondent, "An Organist," will agree.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. BUCKSTONE and Mrs. Fitzwilliam commenced an engagement, for one week only, at the Royal Amphitheatre, on Monday last, in *The Serious Family*, and the burlesque by the Brothers Brough, originally produced at this establishment, yeapt *The Enchanted Isle*. The attendance was much larger than I have lately been accustomed to see at the Amphitheatre, and, judging from the constant and uproarious laughter, I can safely assert that I never saw an audience more amused.

The Serious Family is one of the most neatly-constructed, witty, and cleverly-written pieces that has been produced on the English stage during the last dozen years. The language is remarkable for force and thoroughly English sentiments; the dialogue is racy and natural, and without being coarse or vulgar, is incessantly provocative of laughter. All the performers sustained their parts admirably, and quite delighted the habitués of the Amphitheatre by their acting. Mr. Buckstone's Amintas Sleek—the canting, fortune-hunting parson—was inimitable; his snuffle and convenient twang kept the house and the actors in roars of laughter. Mrs. Wallis's Lady Creamly and Miss Baker's Mrs. Torrens were also extremely satisfactory. Mr. Stoddart's Charles Torrens was a neat bit of genuine comedy, which has raised him much in public estimation. He threw himself completely into the character, and acted with more ease and less stiffness than usual. Mr. Villiers' Captain McOaire was good, though his brogue was far from perfect. The scenery and appointments were much better than usual.

The burlesque of the *Enchanted Isle*, (which, since its first production here, has been played in nearly every theatre in Great Britain and the United States,) followed next. It was somewhat different from the original version, the local allusion being cut out, and several fresh prodies added, as well as a laughable prologue, à propos of *La Tempesta*, in which Mr. Buckstone, in his every-day attire, holds a laughable conversation with the ghost of Shakspeare, (Mr. Calheart.) The cast was different in many respects from the original one, Mr. Buckstone and Mrs. Fitzwilliam being the Caliban and Ferdinand; Mr. Pearson, Prospero; and Mr. Lunt, King. Mr. Buckstone's Caliban, dressed à la Lahlache, was the perfection of burlesque; and though his appearance and style of acting totally differed from anything in which he has ever appeared before, it is unnecessary to say that it was irresistibly laughable. He sang the songs and gave the jokes with the utmost gusto. Mrs. Fitzwilliam plays with ease, and enters with much glee into the fun, giving every witticism its point and full meaning. The scenery, properties, dresses, &c., were unexceptionable, and, judging from its reception, the *Enchanted Isle* promises to become as popular as ever.

I am now able to inform you as to the remainder of the party accompanying Jenny Lind.

Miss Martha Williams; Miss Andrews, a Manchester lady, who accompanies Jenny Lind to America; Mr. Benson, whose singing in the opening recitative of the *Messiah*, at the festival, attracted so much attention; Signor Belletti, who, in addition to his appearance in Italian music, is to fill the bass part in the solos of the *Oratorio*; Benedict, as conductor and pianist; and Vivier, the extraordinary horn player, whose performance of harmonies upon an instrument usually deemed capable of producing only a single note at one time, has obtained for him the highest position in the musical circles of the metropolis, whose tone, besides, is faultless, and whose execution of the most difficult passages is unexceptionable.

The places are being rapidly taken, several of the nobility from London and elsewhere having already applied for stalls; a course which our Manchester neighbours will have to pursue if they wish to hear her, as I have been most positively assured she will not enter into any arrangements to appear in London or elsewhere prior to her sailing for America.

The prices of admission are far from high—another reason why the room should be well filled—for though novelty may have been one great cause for the rush to hear her, yet we all know low prices invariably draw good houses, and the present cost of tickets is not more than the premium many people paid when she was last in Liverpool over and above the prime cost of tickets, though that was some thirty shillings. J. H. N.

ENGLISH OPERA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From the Liverpool Mail.)

ON Monday last, *King Charles II.*, one of the most pleasing English operas ever written, was produced at the Theatre Royal, all the characters save one being played by their original representatives at the Princess's Theatre, where Mr. Macfarren's clever work met with a great and well-merited success. The composer of *Charles II.* is known to all as a profound and clever musician, combining great musical science with originality of conception and a perfect knowledge of his art. He has written three operas, viz., *The Devil's Opera*, *Don Quixote*, and the present subject of our remarks, *Charles II.*, which is far superior to any of his previous productions, and has been considered by the metropolitan critics and public as the best opera which has proceeded from the pen of an Englishman. Mr. Macfarren has evidently made the great German composers his model, his writings being remarkable for their profundity, learning, and a vein of sweet original melody. He has, however, not servilely copied them, *Charles II.* being remarkable for its perfect originality, combining German science, French brilliancy, Italian smoothness, and an English boldness and variety of time in an eminent degree. The choruses and concerted music please by their vigour and expression, while the duets display great dramatic feeling. The solos, with two exceptions, are charming specimens of melody, alternately gay, pathetic, and sentimental, illustrating most clearly the meaning of the words to which they are wedded. As *Charles II.* becomes better known, no piano-

forte in the kingdom will be without them; for such music, combining qualities which please alike the musician and the amateur, will soon displace the maudlin songs, of late so much in favour with the publishers. The libretto by Mr. Desmond Ryan, an accomplished song-writer, is founded upon the favourite comedietta well known to all theatre-goers as the *Merry Monarch*, itself a translation of the French piece *La Jeunesse d'Henri IV.* Mr. Ryan has succeeded in producing that great novelty, a good and pleasing libretto, full of point, well-seasoned with smart sayings, and varied at intervals with smoothly-written songs, duets, and concerted pieces, well worthy of Mr. Macfarren's elegant and musician-like effusions. The story of the piece, as our readers, doubtless, well know, turns upon a visit which Charles II. paid to Wapping, where he met with an adventure—intended by the author to point a moral, though history does not tell us if it ever had a beneficial effect upon his Majesty,—of prodigious memory. The most striking pieces of music are a song for contralto, "She shines before me like a Star," one of the most perfect musical gems we ever heard; "A poor simple maid am I," "Hope and fear alternate vicing," "Canst thou deem my heart is changing," sung by the soprano, all of which possess beauties of the highest order. A duet for the King and Rochester is highly coloured and dramatic, while one for Julian and Fanny, "O, blest are young hearts," is worthy of any composer living or dead. The airs allotted to the King also merit praise, the best being a spirited duet entitled "Here's to the maid with the love-laughing eye," which will, in time, become as famous as Sheridan's celebrated Anacreontic in the *School for Scandal*. A genuine English sea song for Captain Copp, is also characteristic and admirable in its way. Dibdin composed few things better. In our humble opinion, the best thing in the opera is a madrigal, "Maidens, would ye scape undoing," which is full of musical quaintness and melodic beauty; though very indifferently sung on Monday night—it pleased the audience immensely.

Miss Louisa Fyde made a charming Fanny, her deficiency of dramatic power not being so apparent as in *Somnambula*, the part evidently written to suit her being very simple and easy of embodiment. She displayed the delightful quality of her sweet voice to perfection, and well merited the encores she received after singing "A poor simple maiden am I," and "Canst thou deem my heart is changing."

The most unfortunate affair connected with the production of this opera, causing it to be shorn of much of its beauty and completeness, was the fact that Mrs. Weiss had to undertake the part of Julian, written for a contralto, her original character of the Queen being played by Mrs. Stephens, who never sang a note, though, as performed in London, the Queen has to sing a solo, and join in the several concerted pieces. Mrs. Weiss, on this occasion, was quite out of her element, and made but little impression.

Mr. W. H. Harrison surprised us by his assumption of the King; he sang exceedingly well throughout, while his acting displayed more comic energy and abandon than we gave him credit for.

Mr. H. Corri (the Rochester) is a good comic actor and a middle-aged singer, but he is far too brusque and deficient in refinement to play the courtier.

Mr. Weiss's Captain Copp was well sustained. The rough heartiness of the sailor and the kindness of the father were naturally represented by him. He was deservedly encoored in the ballad, "Nan of Battersea," which seemed to please every listener. His blunt energy in the refrain, "God save the King," when he discovered the owner of the royal watch, called forth loud applause.

The band and choruses were just as usual. Taking into consideration the little time they had to study such difficult and new music, they deserve a word of commendation. When Miss Fyde and her fellow-vocalists next perform in Liverpool, we trust they will secure the services of a contralto and leader, two persons much wanted on the present occasion. The scenery and appointments might also have been a little better, but Mr. Copeland and his company deserve great praise for the admirable manner in which the jovialities of the sailors at Wapping were represented. For life-like bustle and animation, they surpassed anything of the sort ever witnessed. Mr. Macfarren's music in this scene is extremely spirited, gay, and withal clever. Like Rossini and Auber, he can write for the feet as well as for the voice.

The opera has been played every night with the utmost success. The encores have been numerous, but we regret that the attendance was scanty. When the opera is next played in Liverpool, we hope no one who is fond of music of the highest class will omit hearing it. It speaks ill for the musical taste of the town, when so interesting a musical event as the performance of a new and admirable opera takes place before audiences which cannot repay the manager for its production.

REVIEW.

Fantasia, sur l'opera, Lucrezia Borgia, de Donizetti, pour le violon, avec accompagnement de piano, ou d'orchestre—FROBER SAINTON. SCHOTT and Co.

THE publication of this *fantasia* will be a boon to solo violinists, whose *repertoire* of pieces for display are not over abundant. Its effect in public, amateurs of the violin have had opportunities of testing, since it has been played several times by M. Sainton himself with great and well-merited applause. In the present edition we have the pianoforte score, and can thus more readily follow and appreciate the form and design of the work. After a short introduction, a reminiscence of Orsino's first romance is given to the violin on the 4th string, in the key of B minor, which ends by a passage in octaves and is followed by the theme of the first *fugale*, in D, where Lucrezia is insulted by the young noblemen. Three brilliant and effective variations, well contrasted in style, are made upon this subject, in which the powers of the violinist, in *traits de bravoure*, are severely taxed. The third variation requires a thorough command of harmonics. The next theme is the air which Gennaro sings when dying from the effects of the poison; this is treated as an *andante*, in G major, in which the player has an admirable opportunity of availing his talent in the *cantabile*. The *fugale*, in D, is founded on the theme of the chorus of nobles in the first act, "Bando, bando," which is first given simply, and then followed by a very showy and difficult *bravura* passage, while the theme is continued in the accompaniment. This passage is admirably developed, and forms the *coda* of the *fantasia*. In the working up occurs an episode of double notes, *staccato*, only to be mastered by the most diligent practice, which will be well repaid, however, by the effect produced.

Altogether, this *fantasia* can safely be recommended as a useful study, and capital *morceau de concert*, and an able musical composition. It may be advantageously practised by advanced players.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CARLOTTA GRISL'S ARIEL.—It was a happy thought that confided the important functions of Ariel to the eloquent pantomime of Carlotta Grisl. Her action is so graceful and expressive, and affords such an agreeable relief and variety in the midst of that flood of sounds which charms the senses of the listener, as to make us a thousand times more willing to give credit to her enchantments than if the rôle had been entrusted to the most accomplished singer. These floating steps, this entrancing pageant of light and gossamer molours are the closest approximations which the stage can supply of the "delicate Ariel," the "dainty Ariel," the "tricky spirit" that was "but air."—*Bentley's Miscellany*.

TEA AND COFFEE.—Tea is more and more becoming a necessary of life to all classes. Tea was denounced first as a poison, and then as an extravagance. Cobbett was furious against it. An Edinburgh reviewer, in 1823, keeps no terms with its use by the poor.—"We venture to assert that when a labourer fancies himself refreshed with a mess of this stuff, sweetened by the coarsest black sugar, and with azure blue milk, it is only the warmth of the water that soothes him for the moment; unless, perhaps, the sweetness may be palatable also." It is dangerous even for great reviewers to "venture to assert." In a few years after comes Liebig, with his chymical discoveries, and demonstrates that coffee

and tea have become necessities of life to whole nations by the presence of one and the same substance in both vegetables, which has a peculiar effect upon the animal system; that they were both originally met with amongst nations whose diet is chiefly vegetable; and, by contributing to the formation of bile, their peculiar function, have become a substitute for animal food to a large class of the population whose consumption of meat is very limited, and to another large class who are unable to take regular exercise. Tea and coffee, then, are more especially essential to the poor. They supply a void which the pinched labourer cannot so readily fill up with weak and sour ale; they are substitutes for the country walk to the factory girl, or the sempstress in a garret. They are ministers to temperance; they are home comforts.—*Household Words.*

HEAR STRIÖLLI, the vocalist, has left London for Ems, en route for Italy.

HEAR CARL OBERTHUS, the harpist, has left London for Wiesbaden.

HEAR CARL DEICHMANN'S Concert will not take place, in consequence of the death of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, under whose patronage it was to have been given.

M. GODFRÖIN, the celebrated harpist, leaves London this day for the continent.

RACHEL.—This celebrated *tragedienne* will leave London for Berlin immediately after her twelfth and last performance on Friday night.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. H. LAWSON, the violinist, gave a concert on Wednesday week, at the Concert-hall, Lord Nelson-street. The vocalists were the Misses Drayton and Mr. Ryalla. Mr. H. V. Lewis presided at the piano-forte. Miss Drayton, and her sister, Miss Clara Drayton, are both very young, but possess requisites for public favour, good voices, taste, and elegant figures. A difficulty was observed in their execution, to be attributed to their youth; experience will bring confidence. Mr. Ryalla seems to go on improving, and contrives to render his favourite songs more telling at every repetition. His first performance was the "White Squall," for which he was greatly applauded. "Joe wandered in dream," a duet, (Miss Drayton and Mr. Ryalla) was encored; but the gem of the evening was the old ballad, "Sally in our alley." The feeling which Mr. Ryalla throws into this simple song is irresistible; he was loudly encored, as he was in "The MacGregor's Gathering." Mr. Henry Lawson performed several solos on the violin, and Mr. H. V. Lewis a new fantasia on the piano-forte.—*Liverpool Standard.*

CAENBORNE GARDENS.—The attendance at this popular place of amusement has been greater of late than ever, the fineness of the weather and novelty of the entertainments combining their attractions to draw immense crowds nightly. On Tuesday evening Mdle. Rachel, with her brother M. Raphael, visited the gardens, and expressed herself delighted with the bustle and animation of the scene.

MDLLE. MATHILDE GRAUMANN'S MATINEE, Monday, July 15.—Mr. Salaman, of Baker-street, with a feeling which we appreciate in a brother artist, gave the use of his large rooms on this occasion, and we were happy to find them entirely filled by a fashionable audience, who had congregated "to assist" their favourite and talented vocalist. Mdle. Graumann was in excellent voice, and reaped her due share of applause in her songs. The first, an aria from *Sigismondo* (Rossini) showed that fluency of execution, which has gained her a reputation as a singer of high standing. With Signor Marchesi, in the *Buffo* duet, from *L'Italiana in Algeri*, Mdle. Graumann appeared to equal advantage; but we cannot but give preference to her own native songs.—Mendelssohn's "O'er the mountain," and the popular *Schifferlied*, by Molique, "Come all ye glad and free"—in which Mdle. Graumann's beautiful voice and animated style were most delightfully exhibited. Mdle. Graumann also sang two pretty ballads—"Oh! if thou wert," by Salaman, and "Il peccatore," by Desanges. Mdle. Charton, in the grand airs from *Le Domino Noir* and *L'Ambasciatrice*, Mdle. Rummel, in the *romanza* from Spohr's *Zelmira* and *Azor*, and a romance by Honriot, and Signor Marchesi, in Rossini's *Tarantella*, were much and deservedly applauded. Mendelssohn's trio (No. 2) was excellently rendered by MM. Salaman (piano), Molique (violin), and Piatti (violoncello); and each of these gentlemen afforded us the opportunity of hearing them separately in

solos on their respective instruments. The *Matinée* gave general satisfaction, not only to the audience, but we trust, also, to the fair vocalist for whose benefit her friends had so numerously assembled.—(From a Correspondent.)

ITALIAN OPERA.—**MANCHESTER**.—On Saturday evening *Norma* was produced at the Theatre Royal, and repeated on Monday evening. In the character of the heroine, Mdle. Normani displayed more of that intellectual quality demanded by an actress than we had yet witnessed in her performances, whilst her singing betokened the possession of still higher powers. *Norma*, in her representation of the part, was not entirely under the control of the demon; her passion, in its greatest violence, became occasionally tinged with gentleness; it was not all rage and fury—not entirely nourished by the lower elements of our nature, but sought and found relief in the milder influences of humanity. Her singing surpassed any of her previous efforts, and we need scarcely point out to our musical readers the difficulties with which she had to cope. We thought the first strain of the celebrated "Casta Diva" deficient in earnestness, but in the *allegro* which followed she displayed careful study, along with good schooling, dashing through the intricacies of the music, and following its various flights with great clearness and correctness of tone, as well as with an energy of manner for which we were not prepared. In the duet, also, "Deh Conte," she was equally successful, receiving the honour of a call, accompanied by the force of "bouquet" throwing. In this duet, she was ably supported by Madame Lo Brun de Montreal, who, compared with a former representative of the part of Adalgisa, gave great satisfaction, adding materially to the interest of the opera. Previous to the commencement of the performance on Monday evening, the stage manager (Mr. George Smith) made an apology for Signor Leonardi, stating that he was suffering from a very severe cold, but rather than the interests of the opera should be interfered with, he would do his best, craving, at the same time, the indulgence of his auditors. On the appearance of Signor Leonardi, as Pollio, it was evident, on the utterance of the first few bars, that he was totally incapable of going through the part; and as he further proceeded his presence became quite painful, as much so almost as the effort must have been to himself. With this exception, there was much in the opera to admire. The *Orovoso* of Signor Ballini was a very respectable performance, his rich voice mingling finely in the concerted pieces, and giving to them great solidity and force. Last night, the company were to have given *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, the most charming of comic operas; but an announcement appeared stating that, in consequence of the funeral of the late Duke of Cambridge, no performance would take place.—*Manchester Examiner.*

JULIEN AT MANCHESTER.—M. Julien, so great a favourite in Manchester, is, we understand, with his fine band, to perform at the Bella Vue Gardens, on Saturday week, the 27th inst. It is many months since M. Julien visited Manchester, and we doubt not he will attract a large audience. In the programme are to be included two of the composer's latest productions, "The Derby Galop," and "The Nepauloise Quadrille." The national anthem will also be performed with great effect, each bar to be marked by a discharge of cannon. The band of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, by permission of Colonel Arthur and the officers, will play in conjunction with the orchestra of M. Julien.—*Manchester Examiner.*

PROVISIONAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE BALLET.—We observe that the "Provident Society of Dancers" held their annual meeting on Thursday, last week, in the saloon of the Haymarket Theatre, the use of which had been offered to the charity by Mr. Webster. The formation of a Provident Society is one of the best steps that we ever heard of on the part of the Terpsichorean body. The knowledge that dancers are actuated by forethought, will give us additional pleasure in witnessing a *ballet*, and we shall regard their bounding movements with the greater satisfaction from the consideration that they look before they leap. We hope that the public will not be wanting in support to this association for providing boiled mutton in old age to those who, in youth, have so often gratified them with *expers*.—*Punch.*

FRANCESCO GUERCO, the composer of *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*, was born at Genoa in 1769. His family destined him for commerce, but an irresistible inclination led him to the study of music, and he was placed under Mariana, *maestro* of the Sistine

Chapel and the Cathedral of Sarone. On the completion of his studies, "Guccio" devoted himself to theatrical composition, and wrote successfully for the theatres of Naples, Venice, Milan, Rome, Genoa, Padua, and Leghorn. He died at Milan in 1810, while engaged in the composition of an opera buffa, entitled *La Convezazione Filarmonica*. Although his works are numerous, the only one known here is *La Prova*.—(From the Opera Box).

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. T. G.—The Essay of our correspondent is declined with thanks, and is left at the office.

MR. BRIDGE PRODHAM and MR. FITZELL.—We shall feel obliged to any of our readers who will furnish us with the addresses of these gentlemen.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



MADAME SONTAG

HAS the honour to announce to the Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public, that

HER BENEFIT

will take place on THURSDAY, July 25th, when will be presented the FIRST ACT of ROSSINI's celebrated Opera, entitled

SEMIRAMIDE.

Semiramide Madame SONTAG,
Arsace Madlle. IDA BERTRAND,
Assur Signor COLETTI.

To be preceded by, for the last time, ROSSINI's admired Opera, (compressed into one Act.)

IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.

Rosina Madame SONTAG,
Il Conte d'Almaviva Signor CALZOLARI,
Figaro Signor BELLETTI,
Basilio Signor F. LABLACHE.

Barolo AND
Signor LABLACHE.

In the "Lesson Scene" Madame SONTAG will sing BODE'S CELEBRATED VARIATIONS.

With various Entertainments in the BALLET DEPARTMENT, combining the talents of Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, Madlle. PETIT STEPHAN, Madlle. AMALIA FERRARIS, and M. CHARLES.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

MESSRS. COCKS'

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

ORGAN MUSIC.—RUSSELL'S 24 VOLUNTARIES for the ORGAN, in 2 books, 10s. 6d. each; J. S. Bach's 48 Preludes and 48 Fugues (fingered by Czerny), one vol. 3s. 6d.; Vol. I. of his Organ Works, 15s.; and his *Panorama of Works*, vols. 1 to 8, 15s.; *Russett's First Three Months* at the Organ, 8s.; and his Organ School, by S. Wesley and J. Bishop, 36s.; and Warren's Tutor, 4s.

HERR DREYSSCHOCK'S NEW MUSIC for PIANO-FORTE.—Scales and Exercises on a new principle, 4s.; English Airs, 5s.; Irish Airs, 5s.; Scotch Airs, 5s.; *Ballets*, 1. and 11.; *Lieder ohne Worte*, 1. and 11.; *La Sirène*, the Shipwreck, Nicotiana, Edelweiss, Valse, Nocturne, Romance en forme d'Étude, Irish March, British Grenadier's March, Napoleon's March, Melodies 1 and 2, each 2s.—The new Bell Metronome, 42s.; ditto, without the Bell, 26s.

NEW SCHOOL MUSIC.—Sixteenth Edition of Hamilton's Modern Instructions for the Piano, 4s.; his Dictionary of 3,500 Musical Terms, 1s.; his Catechism on Singing, 3s.; ditto on Thorough Bass, 2s.; ditto Organ, 3s.; ditto Violin, 1s.; Clark's Psalmody, 12 books, 2s. each; Clark's Catechism of the Rudiments of Music; Warren's Psalmody, 12 books, each 2s.; and his Chanters's Hand-Book, in one vol., 5s., or in 34 parts, 2d. each.—R. COCKS and CO., New Burlington-street.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

SEMIRAMIDE.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, July 23, will be performed, for the First Time this Season, ROSSINI's Opera

SEMIRAMIDE.

Semiramide Madame GRISI,
Arsace Mademoiselle DE MERIO,
Leopoldo (Her first appearance in that character in England),
Orco Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Idreno Signor LAVIA,
Assur Signor TAMBURINI.

EXTRA NIGHT.

FIRST NIGHT OF LA JUIVE.

On THURSDAY NEXT, July 25th, will be produced, for the first time in England, with New Scenery, Costumes, and Decorations, the Grand Opera,

LA JUIVE.

The Libretto by M. SCHRE, the Music by M. HALÉVY.

Rachels (The Jewess) Madame VIARDOT.
Eudoxia (Niece of the Emperor) Mademoiselle VERA.
Leopoldo (Prince of the Empire) Signor TAMBERLIN.
Ruggiero, { City Magistrate of the } M. Massol.
 { City of Constance, }
Alberto, { Officer of the Imperial } Signor POLONINI.
 { Guards, }
Executive della Justizia, Signor RACHE.
Citizens, Sig. ROMMI, Sig. GREGORIO, and Sig. SOLDI.
Cardinal { President of the Council of } Herr FORMES.
 { Constance, }
Lazarro, (a Goldsmith) Signor MARIO.

In the GRAND BACHCHANALIAN CHORUS, in the FIRST ACT, the DOUBLE QUARTETTE will be sung by Sig. MARALI, Sig. SOLDI, Sig. MEI, Sig. ROMMI, M. ZELGER, &c. &c.

The PAS DE BUTTER, in the FIRST ACT, will be danced by Madlle. LOUISE TAGLIONI and M. ALEXANDER.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor . . . Mr. COSTA.

The Scenery by Messrs. GRIEVE and TELBIN.

The dresses by Mrs. BAILEY and Madame MARZIO.

The Properties and Appointments by Mr. BLAMIRE.

The extensive Stage Machinery by Mr. ALLEN.

The Dances arranged by M. ALEXANDRE.

And the SPECTACLE under the direction of Mr. A. HARRIS.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had at the Box-office of the Theatre, and of the principal Librarians and Music-sellers.

MR. CRIVELLI

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that a THIRD EDITION of

THE ART OF SINGING,

enlarged and newly arranged in the form of a Grammatical System of Rules for the Cultivation of the Voice, may be had at his Residence, 71, UPPER NORTON STREET, and at all the principal Music-sellers.

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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No. 30.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1850.

[PRICE THREEPENCE.
STAMPED FOURPENCE.]

RACHEL.

Friday, July 20.

RACHEL has appeared twice since we last wrote, and her 12th appearance to-night will complete her engagement with Mr. Mitchell. The plays were *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, on Monday—and *Marie Stuart*, on Wednesday. We were on it on reckoning when we predicted, eight days ago, that *Adrienne* would be given on Wednesday, and must pray the reader to take note of this error when he refers to *Rachel's Month*.

Marie Stuart! Who that loves beauty and gentleness—who that has ever dreamed in the day, when dreams are gilded by the rays of the sun—who that has a heart to worship female loveliness, an arm strong and willing to defend it, an eye to weep for the story of its sufferings, can hear that name pronounced without emotion? Poor Mary Queen of Scots!—whom callous historians have traduced, whom wily politicians betrayed, and a fiend in female shape beheaded, because thy beauty and thy bounteous nature made her ugly form and narrow soul more loathsome! Poor Mary! It was indeed a villainous time, when the armed heel of oppressors could tread down such an innocent flower—when the fawning cant of preachers could disturb the grace of thy quiet home, and mar thy harmless merriment with scenes of violence and blood! Thou wert verily a soft ewe among hungry wolves, a white dove among hideous crows, a victim among usurping barons, a martyr amongst rascally knaves and heel-kissing courtiers. The blustering Knox hated thee, because thou wouldst not abjure thy faith, which was sincere, for his, which was a rumbling noise of empty words. The barren hag, Elizabeth, detested thee, because thou wert young and straight and fruitful. Thy brother, Murray, whom thou didst load with favors and caresses, envied thee, because thou gavest him all—all but the sceptre, which thou didst hold in thy lily hand with such enchanting grace, that to obey thee was sweeter than to rule the world. Thou wert the loveliest and most hapless of a hapless race. For thee alone the name of Stuart is cherished in the hearts of the faithful—for thee alone—a stain of pure white upon its dark cloud of selfishness. Wise and young and beautiful and gay, accomplished in all that makes woman's grace more gracious, light of heart and cheerful of tongue, with a smile for the happy and a tear for the wretched—April-faced, now rain now sunshine—trusting in the world and betrayed by those that should have cherished and protected thee—Mary Queen of Scots!—in which name is concentrated all that romance and enthusiasm ever pictured to an ardent fancy—thou didst close thy bright eyes upon the naked scaffold, while the rude axe severed thy white neck in twain! Helpless victim of a dreary age!—it would have been a fortunate lot to have kissed thy sweet mouth at that dreadful moment, to have paid the penalty of the deed by sharing thy fate, and, lips to lips, to have travelled with thee into the unknown future.

It was thus we ruminated, while the peerless Rachel was filling the ear with music and the eye with beauty, on Wednesday night—the living picture of that incomparable woman before whose form and features the genius of the painter has impotently quailed. No brush could ever do justice to such perfection, while the pen of the historian has been worn out in vain attempts to trace it. To describe Marie Stuart in words would require the golden verse of Shakspeare, the prodigious metaphor of Shelley; in outline and colour, Raphael and Titian, united, alone could hope of success. But Rachel dons the costume of three centuries past, and lo! the veritable Mary, the inspirer of hopeless passions, stands bodily before us! We can imagine nothing more entirely beautiful than the appearance of Rachel in the authenticated dress of Mary Queen of Scots. We can fancy nothing more characteristic and *vraisemblable*. What, ever since we heard the name, has been an indistinct and shadowy vision of impossible perfection, is now before us. Our vague idea is filled up with an image as complete and satisfactory as it is ravishing and irresistible. A more transcendent picture of ideal loveliness never delighted mortal gaze.

We are not going to enter into details about "points," and what not. We leave that to the critical pen of our excellent friend, J. de C—, himself a Frenchman, though he writes English so well, and a thorough and enthusiastic appreciator of Rachel's transcendent genius. What we want to impress upon our readers is the wonderful embodiment of all that poetry has babbled about Marie Stuart, which is evident in the impersonation of Rachel. We see the unfortunate queen in every phase of humour—every phase except merriment—merriment, which was her most habitual aspect, when, as a child, she ran about the meadows, scarcely touching the wild flowers with her feet, herself a prettier flower than any in the field; or during those transient years in Paris, the happiest in her life, when queen and wife of Francis II., who early died of too much bliss, she was the ornament of the court, the guide of the council, the treasure and comfort and light of the king's seclusion; or later, when at Edinburgh, a youthful widowed Queen, she melted the icy hearts of her Scottish subjects, by the genial warmth of her benignity, and spent her hours of leisure and retirement in the humble company of her intimate retainers, whose hearts she made to leap with her silver laugh, and whose eyes to glisten, as she sang, with a voice of sweetest melody, some favorite tune that she had learned to love during her honey-time in Paris; every phase but merriment, which, when at Fotheringhay, after eighteen years' cruel captivity, had for ever quitted Mary's bosom, is depicted by Rachel, with that consummate art, or rather with that exquisite nature, which places her alone among actresses. Tranquil resignation, tempered by occasional regrets at the pleasant memories of days gone by, never to return, or tortured by pangs that shoot through the frame at the quick remembrance of some fearful scene

in which she had been a suffering and unhappy sufferer, offended pride, broken on the wheel of a natural terror, inspired by the presence of her despotic and remorseless rival, Elizabeth, with the heart of stone, until by relentless and repeated casting it bursts its trammels, and disdaining further simulation, swells out into an uncontrollable tempest of indignation—while still a Queen all over, though a Queen insensate, armed with bitter words, that, flying on the wings of scorn, pierce straight to the quick the miserable and envious hypocrite who has caused and now taunts her with her abandoned condition, Mary is no longer a suffering angel, but a fury; and, lastly a divine patience, under the certainty of approaching death, which, enabling her to quit all worldly thoughts, and take leave of those she loves, with a dry eye amidst a flood of weeping tears around her, shows her great soul under its purest and sublimest aspect; each and all of these are presented by Rachel in colors that are indelible. In the first scenes her dialogues and soliloquies are one long strain of music, soft and plaintive, but not despairful; her voice, incomparable in itself, is so exquisitely modulated that its tones seem hardly to belong to a human creature, but to an unseen spirit, mourning a lost paradise. In the interview with Elizabeth the calm that precedes the storm is as dreadful as the storm itself, and the gradual accumulation of force, until the awful and terrific climax is attained, beggars all description; the whole frame of the actress, from head to foot, appears convulsed by the efforts of some demon, vainly endeavouring to force its way from its bodily imprisonment, until, as the passage where Mary declares herself the veritable queen, her members are loosened into action—as though, after fearful struggles, violently freed from the gripe of apoplexy, and the menacing arm and mocking mouth give tenfold power to the words, which smite, like clubs, the trembling conscience of Elizabeth; it is a scene, as Shelley says,—

"To make men tremble who never weep."

We shall not attempt to tell of the deep and intense eloquence of the catastrophe, which surpasses in pathos all we have ever witnessed. If any one remained unmoved we are sorry for him. Where a heart existed, the voice of Rachel must have surely reached it. We hear, still moaning in our ears, those low and piteous accents, which tell of a sorrow too deep for words.

Until next year, therefore, we must consider Marie Stuart Rachel's finest performance. It is perhaps, however, because it was her last; and we feel by no means certain that *Les Horaces*, to-night, may not convince us we are wrong, and that Camille is the real triumph of the great tragedian.

Friday Night.

We have just returned from the performance of *Les Horaces*, and stop the press to own that we were mistaken. Camille is unquestionably Rachel's greatest part. It is also, unhappily, her last—for a long and dreary time. Let us go home to bed, and dream of 1851—not of the Exposition of Industry in Hyde Park, but of Rachel's reappearance at St. James's.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE *Figlia del Reggimento* was repeated on Saturday, and Sontag achieved new laurels by her admirable acting and singing in Maria. The audience were enthusiastic in their applause, and recalled the fair artist, several times.

The *Tempesta* was given on Tuesday for the last time but two; it being announced that Carlotta Grisi's engagement was drawing to a close, which would preclude the farther performance of M. Halévy's new work. Of course it would be

an impossibility to provide another Ariel, unless Mr. Lumley could find another Carlotta, an event not at all likely; and as Ariel is the soul of *La Tempesta*, and as Carlotta is Ariel, Carlotta having fled, the soul of *La Tempesta* would fly also, and the opera lose its vitality, its essence, and its beauty. Mr. Lumley could not dream of performing *La Tempesta* without Carlotta Grisi.

The entertainment of Thursday was for the benefit of Madame Sontag, and comprised *Il Barbiere*—to make use of an expression of the writer in the *Times*—"violently compressed into one act;" the "Pas de Six," from *Les Mémorables*; a selection from *Semiramide*, and the new ballet, *Les Delices du Serein*. Of the *Barbiere* we had the entire of the first scene, the "Una voce" scene, without the "Dunque io sono," and the lessor scene. The *Barbiere* ended so abruptly that Lablache, who was on the stage, had to throw out energetic signals to the carpenters to lower the curtain; and as it descended, the great basso gave one of his most knowing winks to the audience, and one of his own significant kicks of the leg, which said, as plainly as wink or kick could say, "This is what I call playing the *Barbiere* di *Singio*."

Of course the great feature of the *Barbiere* was Rode's air, in which Sontag created a perfect *furore*. Never was air sung with more pure and simple expression; nor variations executed with more perfect ease and astonishing fluidity. "Fluidity," not "flexibility," is the word which should be applied to Sontag's execution. Perviani's voice, and Jenny Lind's voice, both are flexible—Sontag's is fluid. Alboni's, by the way, is fluid also. But fluid, or flexible, few things we have heard in singing have surprised us more than Sontag in this charming melody, with its trying and effective variations. The artist was encored with great acclamations, but, instead of repeating Rode's air, she gave the "Ah! vous dirai je maman," lately rendered so popular by her singing it in public, and again excited the utmost enthusiasm in the audience. This air involves variations more difficult than, if not so pleasing, as those in Rode's air. Madame Sontag mastered their difficulties with the ease of an Ernst on the violin, and was rapturously cheered at the conclusion. When the curtain fell, the celebrated *cantatrice* was honoured with a double recall. We forgot to mention that Madame Sontag was encored in the first movement of "Una voce," a compliment highly merited, as Rossini's most charming melody was rendered in the most charming manner possible, despite the liberties taken with the author, which liberties, Alboni has taught us to believe are entirely unnecessary.

In the selection from *Semiramide*, Madame Sontag quite took us by surprise, by the energy and abandon she threw into her performance of the haughty Queen of Babylon. *Semiramide* is a character somewhat out of Madame Sontag's line; the graceful, the beautiful, the tender, and the gentle-passionate come more properly within the range of her powers, and are more in accordance with her sympathies than the strong, the terrible, the defiant, and the semi-masculine, and consequently we are not to look in Madame Sontag for that which Madame Sontag does not possess. But Madame Sontag looked every inch queenly, notwithstanding, and was dressed magnificently, and, moreover, sang Rossini's glowing music with a warmth and richness of tone we have seldom heard in sopranos. The "Bel raggio," especially the quick movement, was a splendid specimen of florid singing, and was greatly and deservedly applauded.

Mademoiselle Ida Bertrand is entitled to a word of praise for her performance of *Arsace*, which was very creditable, as is Coletti for his *Assur*, which was impressive and strong.

We should have mentioned that in the *Barbiere*, Signor Calzolari was the Count, and Signor Belletti the Figaro. The popular tenor sang admirably, and received much applause in the first serenade. What we did hear of Signor Calzolari's *Almaviva* made us regret we did not hear more.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

BUSINESS has been active since our last. Grisi has reappeared in one of her grand parts, and Viardot Garcia has introduced *La Juive*, in its musical shape, to the London public. *The Huguenots* was played on Saturday.

The representation of Rossini's *Semiramide* on Tuesday night, for the first time this season, was rendered doubly interesting by the even more than usually admirable performance of Grisi, who acted and sung in her very best style. In the character of the Assyrian Queen, as in Norma and Lucrezia, Grisi has long remained, and is likely still to remain, without a rival. The combination of vocal and dramatic energy for which her talent is remarkable, finds ample scope for development in this triad of lyric master-pieces, in which Bellini, Donizetti, and Rossini, each in his particular manner, have successfully exercised their genius in the musical delineation of high tragedy. The inexplicable mystery in which the plot of *Semiramide* is involved, and its enormous length, which, in spite of the brilliancy of the music, is a heavy tax upon the attention of the hearer, are lost sight of whenever Madame Grisi appears upon the stage. Her conception of the part is exceedingly grand, and her execution of the music astonishes no less by its subtle varieties of expression than by the overwhelming force with which the more impetuous passages are delivered. On Monday night her voice seemed to have lost none of its power, and from the *cavatina*, "Bell raggio," to the grand duets with Assur and Arsace, in the second act, her singing was as telling and impressive as ever. In the *finale* to the first act, where the ghost of Ninus arrests the guilty purposes of Semiramide, and strikes her with a momentary awe, Madame Grisi's acting was superb. The pretended constition and unfeigned terror of the haughty and unscrupulous Queen were marvellously portrayed, and the whole scene was a triumph of histrionic art. The Assur of Tamburini was, as usual, a masterly piece of acting, and in the duets and concerted music there was no diminution of that point and fluency for which his execution of florid vocal passages has always been distinguished. The duet with Grisi, in which Semiramide and Assur mutually reproach each other with their wickedness, a fine performance on both sides, was followed by an unanimous recall of the singers. It will be long before a rival can be found to Tamburini in such parts as these. The exquisitely perfect vocalization of Mademoiselle Albani, and the dramatic fire of Mademoiselle Angri are unfortunately too fresh in the remembrance of the English public to allow of anything less than an artist of first-rate abilities appearing with success in the arduous part of Arsace. That Mademoiselle de Merie, in spite of her powerful voice and spirited demeanour, fell short of the mark on this occasion was not surprising. This young lady has decided talent, but her vocalization is crude, and there is a want of style in her singing, which indicates either a deficiency of schooling or a perverse adherence to errors too easily contracted in early years. Mademoiselle de Merie has evident means of becoming a good artist, but she must learn and unlearn a great deal before she can hope to make a favourable impression in such a part as that of Arsace. The music of the High Priest, Orco, which is of great consequence in the *finale* and *mercenary*

d'ensemble, was well executed by Signor Tagliafico, one of the most zealous and useful artists in the establishment. The band and chorus, under Mr. Costa, which are largely called upon in this opera—one of the most ambitious as well as one of the longest of Rossini—displayed their accustomed efficiency. The overture was magnificently played, and encoored with uproars of applause. The choruses were steadily and brilliantly sung, although there had been, as usual, no rehearsal. Rossini is too old-fashioned, now-a-days, to be honored with the attention, which even Verdi obtains, by a preparatory trial. Never mind. His day will come again, or we are strangely in error, when the sway of the word-painters has ended.

On Thursday night Halévy's grand opera and *chef-d'œuvre*, in four acts, *La Juive*, was produced for the first time in this country, with entire success.

The brilliant triumph obtained by *La Juive* at the Académie Royale de Musique, where it was first represented in 1835, must be attributed to a combination of circumstances. The great interest of the book, perhaps the most complete and dramatic of M. Scribe's lyrical productions; the splendour of the *mise en scène*, exceeding all that had been previously witnessed, even at the Grand Opera in Paris, the chosen arena of imposing spectacle; and the excellence of the principal singers—Mlle. Falcon (in the prime of her youth and beauty), Nourrit, the celebrated tenor, and Levasseur, the no less celebrated bass—united in creating an impression on the Parisian public which was wholly independent of the music, which, on its side, at once made the reputation of M. Halévy as a dramatic composer, and quickly spread his fame over Europe.

The story of *La Juive* may be briefly narrated. The action occurs in the city of Constance, in 1414, during the Austrian domination of Switzerland, under the Emperor Sigismund, at the time when the Jews were persecuted with equal zeal by princes and people. In the first act we find Leopold, a prince of the empire, under the disguise of Samuel, endeavouring to seduce the affections of Rachel, daughter of Lazarus, a wealthy Jew. Leopold pretends to be of the Israelitish faith, by means of which subterfuge he succeeds in his object, and becomes a favoured guest in the house of Lazarus. The arrival of the Emperor to open a council, at which new pains and penalties are to be inflicted on the chosen people, and to offer up thanksgiving for the recent victory gained over the Hussites by the arms of Prince Leopold, is celebrated with pomp and splendour. There is a general holiday, and the whole city is in a ferment. In the midst of their noisy festivities, however, the populace continue to evince their hatred and contempt for the unfortunate Jews with active zeal, and it is only by the interposition of Cardinal de Brion, president of the festival of Constance, that Lazarus and his daughter are saved from condign punishment, the fury of the mob being excited by Lazarus keeping his shop open in spite of an edict commanding that all business shall be suspended on this day of rejoicing. The cardinal entertains a secret sympathy for Lazarus, and in spite of his obdurate contumacy rescues him and his daughter from death. The curtain falls upon a gorgeous procession of the Emperor and all the dignitaries, secular and ecclesiastical, followed and cheered by the crowd. The second act takes place in the house of Lazarus, who has convoked his relations and friends to a religious feast, at which the pretended Samuel is present. The feast is interrupted by the arrival of Eudoxia, niece of the Emperor, who purchases a chain of great value from Lazarus, and commands him to engrave upon it the names of herself and her husband, Prince Leopold, and to bring it to

her at the imperial banquet on the following day. Leopold overhears the conversation, and touched by remorse, at a subsequent interview with Rachel, confesses that he is a Christian. Love prevails over faith, however, in the heart of the Jewess, and she consents to elope with her deceiver, when the unexpected appearance of Lazarus frustrates their design, and an explanation takes place. The Jew, at first furious, vows vengeance on the head of the infidel, but, moved by the entreaties of Rachel, he consents to overlook the past, and to receive Leopold (of whose actual rank and identity both are ignorant) as a son-in-law. Leopold, however, to their great astonishment, declares this to be impossible. Lazarus curses him, Rachel is overwhelmed with despair, and the curtain drops upon a scene of intense excitement. The third act opens with the imperial banquet, which takes place in the gardens of the palace. The Emperor is seated, with Cardinal Brohl on his right hand, as the representative of the Church, Eudoxia and Leopold at either side of him. Lazarus brings the chain, according to promise, and Eudoxia hangs it round the neck of her husband, Leopold, who is now recognized by the Jew and his daughter as the supposed Samuel. Rachel, outraged beyond measure, openly accuses him of having had intercourse with a Jewish woman—a crime punishable by death—and owns herself the accomplice of his guilt. Leopold, in dismay, confirms the truth of her accusation, the Cardinal pronounces an anathema upon the three, and Lazarus, Rachel, and Leopold are led off to prison amidst a scene of general consternation. In the fourth act Eudoxia, the distracted wife of Leopold, obtains an interview with Rachel, and endeavours to persuade her to recant her accusation. The love of the Jewess for the Christian is sublime; she declares the innocence of Leopold, and resolves to die alone. The Cardinal, whose sympathy for Lazarus hangs upon the fate of a daughter lost to him in early childhood, of whose fortunes he has reason to suppose the Jew is in some way cognizant, tries to glean from him the desired information, promising a full pardon on condition that Lazarus embraces the Christian faith. The latter, however, obstinately refuses to abjure his religion, and at the fatal moment when Rachel is plunged into the burning cauldron, he points her out to the Cardinal as the object of his search, his long-lost daughter. Lazarus then immediately follows to execution, and the curtain falls. Even from this hurried sketch it may be gathered that the book of *La Juive* is one of unusual interest, offering manifold advantages to the invention and contrivance of the musician. We doubt, indeed, if M. Scribe was ever more entirely successful in furnishing the materials of a good operatic spectacle.

M. Halévy's acquaintance with stage effect, and that dramatic energy which seldom fails him in positions where great force is demanded, have enabled him to produce striking climaxes, and at times to rise to the highest expression, by such simple means that we feel surprised he does not more frequently resort to them. Without entering into details, however, for which we have no time at present, we may mention that the most effective pieces in the opera are a bacchanalian chorus in E flat, for male voices, "Ecco il vino" (Act 1), which is lively and instrumented with good effect; a romance, in the same key, for Rachel, "El viene a me," (Act 2), a tender and expressive melody; a trio in E minor, for Rachel, Lazarus, and Leopold, "Ah padre! oh ciel fermate" (Act 2), which contains a great deal of passionate writing; a *morceau d'ensemble*, in E flat, "Io soccombo alla sorte," a part of the finale of the third act, written throughout with extreme cleverness; and a beautiful *cavatina* in E minor, for Lazarus, "Rachele, ah quando a me" (Act 4), with the

peculiar accompaniment of two *corni inglesi* (in the place of oboes), decidedly the best melody in the opera. There are also many passages scattered about the work which are effective in the places where they occur, although the individual pieces of which they form a part do not call for special notice. Next week we shall probably analyse the opera at length.

The sudden indisposition of Signor Mario, who was to have taken the character of Lazarus, might have proved fatal to the opera but for the timely and efficient aid of Signor Maralti, who, at the short notice of a couple of hours, courageously undertook to act as his substitute. Signor Maralti was compelled to sing the part in the French language, having, of course, no time to study the Italian version, and, considering that he had no rehearsal, and was unacquainted with the cuts found requisite to reduce the opera to a reasonable length, the manner in which he accomplished his task was really extraordinary. He both acted and sang with great energy, never once missing a point, and showing himself thoroughly familiar with the business of the scene. The audience received Signor Maralti with great favour, and rewarded his exertions with the heartiest applause, several times recalling him upon the stage. A tribute more richly merited could not have been bestowed, since without Signor Maralti the opera could not possibly have been given. The grand feature of the east, the Rachel of Madame Viardot Garcis, quite equalled expectation, and sustained, if it did not increase, the reputation which that admirable artist has acquired in this country by her impersonations of Valentine and Fides. In the earlier scenes Rachel does not stand out prominently, and it is not until her secret interview with Leopold in the second act, when the latter owns his deception and declares himself a Christian, that there is any strong point for effect. Here Madame Viardot's acting was highly impressive; her appeals to Lazarus in favour of her lover were full of tenderness, and her indignation, when he unexpectedly declines her proffered alliance, was powerfully expressed. In the third act, where Rachel denounces Leopold before the Emperor, Madame Viardot made a fine point on the words, "Ah speso più non t'è," as she snatches the chain from the hands of Leopold, and pronounced the denunciation, "La più tremenda e nera," with startling emphasis. But the best scene of all was the last, when, at the place of public execution, Rachel and Lazarus are preparing for their terrible fate. Here the demeanour of Madame Viardot was affecting in the extreme, and the fusion of devout resignation with agonised despair, of unbending devotion to her faith with secret dread at the horrible death that awaits her, was expressed with consummate power. In the music, which is difficult, and not always grateful, Madame Viardot, as usual, betrayed the attributes of a practised and accomplished artist, making the most of every available point, and rendering more than justice to the composer. The part of Leopold has, certainly, never had so competent a representative as Signor Tamberlik, who, although the music lies often too low for his voice, managed to make several points that produced the greatest impression on the audience. As a specimen of what a clever singer can do with an ineffective piece of music, we may cite the expressive manner in which Signor Tamberlik sang the serenade in A minor, "Lontar dall' amante" (Act 1), which in the hands of another singer would most likely have escaped notice altogether. Herr Formes was admirable as the Cardinal de Brohl, and produced a great sensation by his earnest and intelligent setting in the two last scenes, which, without the least effort, attained the highest expression. The music of the Princess Eudoxia is exceedingly trying, and even a more experienced singer than Mademoiselle Vera might fail

to render it effective. As it was, Mademoiselle Vern to k extremes pains, and deserves strong commendation. M. Massol gave importance to the minor part of Ruggiero, one scarcely worthy of his abilities, and M. Rommi made himself generally useful, appearing in more than one character in the opera, and always with great efficiency.

The orchestra and chorus were all that could be desired. The overture was omitted, with the exception of the introductory *andante* (which was transposed to fit the opening chorus), but the *morceaux d'ensemble* brought out all the power and efficiency Mr. Costa's admirable phalanx of executants, and the bacchanalian chorus in the first act was encored. The *finale* to the same act, with the march of the procession, was a brilliant and effective performance.

The *mise en scène* of *La Juive* equals, if it does not surpass, that of any former production at this establishment. The groupings of the populace, in the bustling incidents of the first act, deserve especial mention, for the picturesque and natural manner in which they are contrived; and grander spectacles than the triumphal procession, and the banquet scene of the third act, have never been witnessed on the stage. The scenery of Messrs. Grieve and Telbin is beautiful and imposing; the grand banquet in the garden is a brilliant and striking *melée* of nature and artificial splendour, and in the last scene, the place of execution, in the great square of Constance, the appearance of a vast populace is managed with singular facility. What is left of the ballet is exceedingly well arranged, and Madlle. Louise Tagliani displayed her accustomed lightness and agility as principal *danseuse*, obtaining frequent demonstrations of approval. The opera was given in four acts (instead of five, as at Paris), and there were large curtailments, including almost the whole of the ballet music. Nevertheless it did not terminate until a quarter to one, which is equivalent to a hint that further cuts must yet be made to render it acceptable to the English public. A more favourable reception could hardly have been accorded. The opera went off with the utmost *éclat* before a very crowded audience. Made. Viardot, Signor Marini, and the principal singers, were several times summoned before the footlights, and a similar compliment was paid to Mr. Costa, who exerted himself with his usual indefatigability and talent.

La Juive will be repeated to-night, and Mario will play *Lazarus*.

THE ABUSES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—THE REMEDY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Having assisted in exposing some of the abuses of the Royal Academy, I now find myself called upon by friends and correspondents to suggest a remedy for them.

The question at issue is this: "Are we to permit a 'private' society, possessing practically the crushing authority of the Royal Academy over all the artists in the kingdom, to continue legally irresponsible for any act of cruelty or injustice it may choose to commit?" It then remains for us to decide whether an academy of art, any more than of literature, be desirable—that is, an academy for dispensing conventional titles of honour, not on the most worthy, but on the most powerfully patronised; and whether academic schools of art be not founded on a vicious principle, which must prove injurious, rather than beneficial to the future success of young artists. The only plausible arguments in favour of maintaining such an institution as a Royal Academy are these: "that Court or aristocratic patronage is necessary for the success of artists and the

cultivation of the arts." And that by means of an annual exhibition of their (?) works (this is no reason for authorising the R. A.'s to plunder their brother artists), the Academicians may be enabled to support a gratuitous national school of art.

Before I proceed to discuss these propositions, permit me briefly to call your attention to the rise, progress, and decline of art in this country since the reign of George the First, when "the arts were sunk to the lowest ebb in Britain." Hogarth (to whom we are indebted for the first Copyright Act in 1734-35, the 8th of George the Second, which imparted a new character to the print trade) stood alone in the field, and by his genius gradually created a public capable of appreciating his works. The active part which he, with other artists, took in ornamenting the Foundling Hospital with pictures first suggested the idea of a public exhibition of the works of British artists, who at that time were the property of the picture dealers, unable to elevate themselves above the practice of coach and sign painting, and degraded to the miserable necessity, as Shaftesbury says, "of illustrating prodigies in fairs, and adorning heroic sign posts!"

The success of the exhibition at the Foundling Hospital demonstrated to the English artists that they possessed in common the means of raising themselves from the obscurity and dependence in which they had hitherto lived. We are enabled to form a more definite conception of the difficulties with which Hogarth had to contend when we remember that he sold some of his plates by their weight of copper; and that Kent, whom he mercilessly caricatured, was the fashionable darling of the day. So great, indeed, was Kent's popularity, that two great ladies prevailed on him to make designs for their birthday gowns; the one he dressed in a petticoat decorated with columns of the five orders; the other like a bronze, in a copper-coloured satin, with ornaments of gold.

The illustrious founders of our English school of painting arose before the institution of the Royal Academy; the royal patronage bestowed upon its members (upon West in preference to Reynolds, Wilson, and Gainsborough) was not beneficial to the arts, but quite the contrary; while the social and moral condition of the artist was sensibly deteriorated by its exclusive laws and despotic powers, and by the petty intrigues of the cabal which has ever existed within its walls, composed of the inferior artists, who always endeavour to lower the public taste to the level of their own capacity, and to discourage the efforts of those artists (Barry, and Wilkie for instance) whose genius might prove dangerous to their paltry personal interests. In this century the British school of painting has been steadily declining, and historical painting sacrificed to the interests of mere fashionable portrait painters. The artist (as Burke finely said of Reynolds) should seem to descend to portrait painting, and I confidently predict that if the Academy, under Court patronage, be permitted to monopolize the direction of the Fine Arts, they must again, inevitably, sink to the "lowest ebb." So far from Court patronage being necessary to the success of artists, some of those who are most popular, and who obtain the largest prices for their works, are not even members of the Royal Academy; and in the Society of Painters in Water Colours there exist no such invidious social distinctions. At the time of the formation of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, these artists were not admitted as members of the Royal Academy. Mr. J. C. Hofland, in his evidence before the Select Committee on Arts, says, when speaking of this society, that, after struggling for some time, it succeeded and flourished; and, like all other institutions with power in their hands, was

willing to abuse it when it became powerful, and it became to a certain degree a monopoly, as well as the Royal Academy. But, as the state had nothing to do with it, and it was merely a private monopoly, there was a mode of curing it. A rival institution set up against it, and it immediately gave the members of the old society ideas of liberality, for they directly added several members to their institution. The Society of Painters in Water Colours never attempted (indeed it never possessed the despotic power) to perpetrate the injustice of monopolising the profits arising from the exhibition of the works of its brethren (under penalties), a scheme which is "immoral in all its influences."

I have already, in the *Times*, expressed my opinion of the worthlessness of the academic schools of art. The system is bad, the teaching is bad, the result is bad. The discourses of Reynolds, of Barry, of Fuseli, are valuable additions to our literature; but upon whom has their mantle descended? Barry, indeed, was expelled on account of his lectures, which are now given as prizes to the student. Hilton is almost the sole creditable result of academic training; but who is there to succeed him? When we consider the enormous amount of revenue monopolised by the Academy, and the insignificant number of its pupils, the contrast is ludicrous. In the academy of Antwerp, in the little kingdom of Belgium, five hundred pupils are enabled to pursue their studies; but permit me again to repeat that the workshop or studio of the artist is the best and only school for the student.

The sole remedy, therefore, for these abuses is to abolish all invidious and arbitrary social distinctions in art, as in literature, and the monstrous privileges of the Royal Academy. The British artist is surely entitled to demand free competition in his own country, especially when he is exposed to unrestricted competition with the foreigner (before long the Munich fresco painters will swarm here), and he has an inalienable right to a share of the revenue derived from the exhibition of his works—the just reward of honest, noble industry. The artist who paints for fame must paint, as the old masters did, for the love of God: his reward is in the creations of his genius—in the admiration and reverence of posterity.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

March 8.

WILLIAM CORINGHAM.

THE POLKA.

—Nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus. HORACE.

But quitting these historic parallels, let us explain why, and in what sense, we think the Polka superior to our ordinary ball-room dances.

We shall not be accused of taking a very transcendental point of view, if we assume, 1st., that a dance must be either a mere physical exercise, like the gambling of colts in a field, set to music;—or else an expressive representation of human feelings in the universal language of gesture and motion: and, 2ndly, that in proportion as a dance loses the mere physical character, and assumes a higher expressive power, it rises in artistic beauty and merit. Let us try our ordinary dances by this test.

The Country dance is a good specimen of the *measured gambol*; not by any means to be despised, after two or three o'clock in the morning, as an escape-valve for the residuary animal spirits—(how else would the poor mammae ever get home to bed?)—but holding much the same rank in the

hierarchy of dances that the farce bears in that of dramatic representations.

The Quadrille lends itself to figures of great diversity and expressive power, but which incessant repetition has rendered utterly meaningless. As some popular melody tortured, like-like, on the ceaseless wheels of the street organs, falls dead on the vexed ear; so these eternally-repeated quadrilles no longer reach the nerves, and hardly even compel the muscles to their void, mechanic rhythm. Hence the egregious anomaly of dancing "without steps!" the flat-footed funeral pacing to and fro, which our Elderly friends maintain to be the gentlemanly thing. The first set, so performed, seems to us the very type of listless, blank ennui.

The Waltz is indeed a wonderful invention; of all our ball-room dances the most graceful and fascinating. Words are weak to sing its praises. Two forms, lightly interwoven, float on the same wave of sound; they feel its undulations together; together their circling footsteps kiss the ground; every pulse of harmony divides itself between them; they have no longer any separate sensations; their nerves vibrate in one rhythm; every thrill is a participated pleasure,—and doubled by division; for

"If you divide suffering and dross, you may
Diminish till it is consumed away;
If you divide pleasure, and love, and thought,
Each part exceeds the whole; and we know not
How much, while any yet remains unshared,
Of pleasure may be gained, of sorrow spared."

It is this perfect interfusion of feeling—this ideal mingling of two natures till they "move as reeds in a single stream," that make the waltz, when poetically felt, so delicious. It is, as it were, a triple intermarriage of Masculine Strength and Feminine Grace with each other, and with Art; and a beautiful Trinity they compose—

"Two, mutually enfolded; Art, the third,
Between them, in the circle of his arms
Enwinding both."

Nevertheless, this charming dance had a deficiency; it wants incident. There is no dramatic action, no representations of preliminary trials giving zest to a final pleasure; and this detracts considerably from its merit as a dance of expression.

Doubtless it was the perception of this fault, this monotony in the simple waltz, that gave rise to the invention of the Cotillon; which is a waltz preceded by some pretty coquetting about the choice of partners.

It is precisely this dramatic character, deficient in the waltz, that constitutes the principal charm of the Polka, which is as full of incident as of grace; combining all the life and freedom of the peasant's unconstrained hilarity, with a tone of softness and refinement superadded in its passage through Vienna and Paris. Its universal adoption is indeed a sufficient proof of its merit. "There must be some touch of Nature in a movement, which thus, so to speak, 'makes the whole world kin'; spreading through Europe, from nation to nation; and kindling with a common enthusiasm the Court and the Cottage, the metropolitan Opera-house and the Village-green." On the green it may be danced as a mere gambol; but to the artist it presents a series of the prettiest vignettes, embodying quite a little romance of joyous successful courtship. "You may see in it all the balancing and hesitation; the alternate purring and retreating; the wish indicated—trifled with—encouraged; the flame lit—laughed at—quenched—returned the pretty coy tactics of feminine coquetry; the audacious ardour of male gallantry; and, last of all, the swift

exhilarating whirl, with which the waltz (beginning at the wrong end) dramatically sets out. We would by no means assert that all this succession of feeling is perfectly and definitely expressed in the Polka; nor that choreographic art has not frequently embodied the same story in more significant and perhaps more graceful forms; we only maintain that the Polka goes further towards its representation than any of our ordinary ball-room dances; and so far is superior to them. It is a progress which we hope that the young ladies will follow up with spirit, now that they have fairly broken through the glacial frigidity of the worn-out quadrille, and improved on the monotony of the waltz. We should be glad to see a taste for artistic dancing becoming prevalent in society; more life and colour infused into our rather prosaic amusements; and our ball-room crowds (at present a sort of anarchy) grouped and organised in the performance of choreographic evolutions having a dramatic interest. In the meantime there is more yet to be made of the Polka. Why should not some innovator, bolder than the rest, raise the question of *dress*? Why should not the eye and the artistic sense be entertained with novel and characteristic costume, as well as diversified and graceful movement? There is no restriction as yet, we believe, on ankles; no moral veto on red boots. It is certainly absurd to dance the Polka in *trains* to certain round the feet under long trailing robes, so that all their newly-learned evolutions and pretty twinkling steps are executed unseen in the dark. Nor, again, is there any inherent superiority in the gentlemen's soot-coloured swallow-tails over the picturesque Redous tunic. We believe the lady would be rather less *décolleté* than in an ordinary evening dress; so there can be no objection on that score. And indeed, if it were otherwise, we are not of those who incline to too Oriental a concealment of feminine beauty—which has not, by the way, done much for Oriental morality. We approve of a moderate display of the "bounteous-waving" bosom—God's most beautiful creation. We think that whatever is lovely is pure, if looked at with pure eyes. Indulgent nature has drawn no line along the neck, saying—thus far shalt thou go and no farther. The boundaries of pure and impure lie deeper than the surface, and are set up in the heart. Is villainous calico better to behold than woman's graceful neck?—or purer than its sky-grained white, rose-bloomy, shadowed with cool grey? And thou, sweet, flower-haunted dell, ever marking in ebb and flow of outline the alternate tide of the breath? Shall thy permitted glimpse be all withdrawn; Away with this pinchbeck purity—these millinery morals! We refuse the calico-test. We will not pin delicacy on a *fichu*; nor measure virtue by the breadth of a kerchief; nor cut our morality to our muslin. Return to your tricks and your adulterations, O moral and immaculate Trade! Little Bethel, avoid! Till ye have purified your souls with poetry, and "made your hearts ready with your eyes," these charms may not be for you. But we, with dreamy eyes, will follow these floating lights and shades, as they dip curiously into each little dell and undulation; dappling bill and plain; sharing every dell between them; and bringing out, with intelligent touch, all the sweet sinuosities of the form. For we know that the habitual contemplation of whatever is beautiful, softens and improves rough man; purging the grosser particles from his nature; and inclining heart and eye to idealize all sensuous charms.

And if, dear young ladies, our old friend Indignant Virtue, to perplex you, asks for an exact low-water-mark—a pattern to cut her next dress by—send her to us; and we will help you out of the difficulty. We will say to Indignant Virtue,

"Tell us how far the bosom will bear inspection *within*, and we will tell you how much muslin may be spared from *without*." The application of which rule to her case, may possibly fix low-water-mark at a very unexceptionable level—immediately under her chin.

Meanwhile, dear ladies, continue your useful propaganda. Cultivate and diffuse a taste for dancing—not as a mere fashionable show, or casual refuge from ennui—but as an art, to be practised with enthusiasm and delight. Show it in its intimate connexion with other forms of art; the material type of all the measured harmonies. Show it pure and beautiful in the ball-room; purest and most beautiful on the stage—because carried there to the highest artistic perfection. Nor confine your teaching to Pall Mall;—but carry the unaccustomed tidings to the Wise men in the East. Lure even the crafty Trader from his bargains—his feverish speculations; over-reaching him, for once, by the simple cunning of your sweet example. Tempt him from the "Prices Current" and the Indian News; from his schemes of individual and national aggrandisement. Teach him to reverse his judgment of the frivolous; to set Enthusiasm above "buying cheap," and Feeling above "selling dear." Show him, through your opera-glass, a clearer view of life. Open the prison-doors of the counting-house, and mitigate the daily term of his treadmill labour; so that he may cry, with emancipated Eliu, "It is 'Change time—and I am strangely among the Elgin marbles!" And then contrast before his eyes the tyranny of Commerce with the mild discipline of Art;—ever, in its humblest as in its highest forms, the patient schoolmaster of the affections. And lastly, lead him from gentle Art to Nature, her great consort; and show them hand in hand, as tender parents, calling back their misguided wandering child; and join your influence to theirs; nor cease your happy ministrations

"Till he repents, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amidst the general dance and minstrelsy,
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonised
By the benignant touch of love and beauty!"

To accomplish such an end, neither spare the greatest exertions, nor think the least means frivolous. "Woman's mission," of which so much has been said, is a noble one indeed, if it is of such a "Revolution" that she is the destined "Ringleader!"

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS.—RACHEL.—On Wednesday the tragedy of *Marie Stuart*, by Pierre le Brun, was played for the benefit of Mademoiselle Rachel. This piece is an adaptation from the German of Schiller, whom the French author has so far followed as to retain the principal situations and the most characteristic features of the dramatic personæ. The subject is one which combines the highest essentials of dramatic interest, and the fate of the unfortunate Scottish Queen is such as to enlist our keenest sympathies in her favour. The plot is of the simplest kind, and though it may not perhaps contain the germs of that great dramatic interest which pervades the best works of the classical authors, there is no lack of incident or excitement to command the attention of the audience. As regards the acting of Mademoiselle Rachel, we may say that she has rarely exhibited to greater advantage her consummate and unrivalled powers. The first act is one

rather of preparation than of display; yet Mdle. Rachel succeeds in captivating our attention by her admirable declamatory talent. Mary is a close prisoner in Fotheringay Castle, scarcely resigned to her fate, since her sentiments of queenly dignity occasionally obtrude themselves, and she is still smarting under a sense of the oppression and injustice of which she has for so many years been the victim. This phasis of the character was beautifully exhibited by Mdle. Rachel. The mental and physical sufferings of poor Marie were depicted in a tone of plaintive despondency, and her reminiscences of France—the happy scene of her childhood—were conveyed in accents that moved the hearts of all who listened to her. In the second act, Marie does not appear. In the third, we have the famous interview between the two Queens, which, though contrary to history, Schiller, for the sake of dramatic effect, supposes to have taken place. This meeting is certainly one of the grandest ideas ever conceived by a modern dramatist, and it affords Mdle. Rachel an opportunity of displaying the overwhelming ebullitions of feeling, arising out of a sense of the injuries which she has received at the hand of her relentless rival, as well as the softer emotions of the helpless and care-dridden prisoner and suppliant, with marvellous and terrific power. In this pathetic situation, Mdle. Rachel exhibited an incredible command of feature, and artfully modulated the tones of her voice to suit the exigencies of the submissive part Marie has resolved to play, until when, at last, she breaks through all restraint, the effect was the more striking and tremendous from the startling contrast to her previous demeanour. On the appearance of Queen Elizabeth, Mdle. Rachel averted her face, and a slight tremor alone marked the working of the soul within; but when her rival asks, "Qui est cette femme?" a violent shock seemed to convulse her whole frame. Mary makes every attempt at pacifying her selfish tyrant; she submits to contempt without retaliation, and, when goaded by the most stinging insults, she merely exclaims, "O, ma sœur!" At length, however, her powers of forbearance are completely exhausted. "C'EN EST TROP!" she exclaims, and the humble and submissive posture of the suppliant is transformed to the proud and haughty bearing of the injured queen—the insulted rival—the haughty and vindictive woman. The sudden change of Mdle. Rachel's countenance was magical: her eyes flashed fire; her mouth expressed the most vehement and sarcastic irony; her head was erect; her features threatening; her whole bearing lofty, sublime, and terrible. Every word told as it fell from her lips with cutting intensity. How majestic was her attitude when, after branding her rival with the reproach of illegitimacy, she adds—

"Si le ciel étoit juste, O femme inhumaine,
Vous seriez à ma place—CAR JE SUIS VOTRE REINE."

The approach to and achievement of this climax were admirably managed. Such an exhibition of intense hatred and indignation we never contemplated; it was awful and overpowering. When, after the departure of Elizabeth, Marie exclaims in the consciousness of her triumph—

"J'ai porté le poignard au cœur de ma rivale,
Oui, devant Leicester
Leicester était là, j'étais REINE A SES TRUITS!"

her exultation bordered on ferocity.

The effect of this wonderful scene was unparalleled—never to be obliterated from the memory of those who had the good fortune to witness it. The applause which ensued was

universal, and lasted long after the curtain had shrouded the prodigious actress from our view. In the fifth act the exhibition of feeling is of a very different kind, and would perhaps be monotonous, were it not for the impressive tenderness and exquisite feeling which Mdle. Rachel threw into the grief that succeeded to the more violent emotions. And then what a lovely and infinite variety of tone! The heart of the spectator was melted by the display of pained sorrow at the parting of Marie with her faithful and attached domestics. The pardon of Elizabeth was dignified and earnest, while a slight reproach was conveyed by the accents of the voices in the few words addressed to Leicester, and a fine touch of emotion gave intense force to the declaration "Je vous aimais." Mdle. Rachel was recalled several times during the evening, and retired laden with bouquets and wreaths. The house was crowded in every nook and corner.

On Friday (last night) the 12th and final appearance of Mdle. Rachel took place, in the character of Camille, in Corneille's noble tragedy of *Les Horaces*. Want of space forbids our entering, this week, into any circumstantial account of the performance. We can only point out a few of the beauties by which the actress won the hearts of a delighted audience. The part is one of exquisitely feminine delicacy and refinement; the softer emotions are portrayed almost to the total exclusion of the more violent emotions. How admirably expressive of joy and gratitude was the countenance of Mdle. Rachel when she exclaimed, on receiving the news that the battle would not take place:—

"O Dieu, que ce discours rend mon âme contente!"

How intense her grief when she receives the tidings of the death of her two brothers, and how grandly did she give the simple, but touching, "O mes frères!" But the most admirable display of feeling was in the fourth act, when Camille learns the final issue of the combat. The flood-gates of her agony and grief are opened. "O, mon cher Curiaque!" she exclaimed, in tones that came from the very depths of the choked breast. The energy of the actress in the succeeding malediction—the famous "Rome"—were thrillingly powerful, and produced a sensation not to be described. The impression left, as the curtain fell on the last words and gestures of the sublime actress, was profound and ineffaceable. J. DE C.

REVIEW.

"The Nepalese Polka," Composed by HERR REDL. WHEELER & CO.

THE Nepalese Ambassador's visit to this country having excited an unusual degree of public attention, Herr Redl, with an eye to business, no doubt, thought that by christening his Polka, the "Nepalese Polka," it would stand a better chance of temporary success. Herr Redl calculated well. Those curious about Herr Redl's Polka, therefore, cannot do better than go to Vauxhall Gardens, hear Herr Redl—who is musical director to the "Royal Property"—play his own Polka with his own hand, a good one by the way, and judge for themselves of its merits. The Nepalese Polka, in its pianoforte shape, is catching and lively; and, as according to the bills it is nightly performed with acclamations of applause at Vauxhall, we are satisfied in saying that it deserves whatever popularity it may obtain.

MR. MONTYARD, the favourite comic actor, lately of the Haymarket theatre, and formerly of the Adelphi theatre, died last week. He was in the prime of life, and much regretted by all who knew him.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

ITALIAN OPERA—THEATRE ROYAL.—Your account from Plymouth was so very unfavourable, that we really did not feel inclined to venture to go to hear the Italian Opera Company here until Saturday night last, when was presented Rosini's *Il Barbieri di Siviglia*, in a very imperfect manner, to a very inferior house. In the first place, the *tenore* (who can only hear praise), Signor Onorato Leonardi (as he delights to style himself), was *unwell*. In consequence, we were prevented judging for ourselves as to his merits, or the fidelity of your Plymouth correspondent's report about them; and, in consequence, Madame Le Brun de Montreal "had kindly consented to take the part of Count Almaviva"—the beautiful and florid tenor part allotted to (or say, kindly undertaken by) the contralto! We must say, it says more for Madame de Montreal's boldness and kindness than her discretion or judgment. Clever—exceedingly clever, as Miss Cushman's performance of Romeo is, we could never thoroughly enjoy the part of a lover undertaken by one of the tender sex; there was a sort of travesty about it that would not allow our feelings to be enlisted as they undoubtedly ought to be in such a thrilling drama as Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*—the same with Madame de Montreal's Count Almaviva; she really dressed and looked the part very well, saving that her figure was somewhat too short for the tall figure of Signora Normal in Rosina. She has almost a masculine frame, reminding us something of Pasta; a pleasing, expressive face—by no means too feminine for the adopted moustache; a majestic, easy carriage; so that she looked the part well, could she have added an inch or two to her stature—and played it well too. But the music—"I see there's the rub!"—You may just imagine, Mr. Editor, the woful work that was made in the harmonies—the transposing, that was inevitable, &c., &c. It is saying a good deal in Madame de Montreal's praise when we assert, that she got through her daring task without any break down or decided *flac*. She is evidently no novice, consequently, she was more at home in such a part as the Count than many ladies would have felt. She sings with judgment and taste, knows well how to make the most of her resources, and we doubt not, in her proper rôle of contralto, would make an admirable Azucena, Tancréd, Pippo, Orsini, &c., &c. Indeed, at the close of the opera, she gave us a capital taste of her personality by appearing as Orsini, and giving the celebrated "Brindis" in such a style as to be unanimously encored. On the whole, then, we are inclined to speak favourably of Madame de Montreal—with the above reservations as to her appearing in a tenor part. The Rosina, too, we would rather encourage by a word of praise than be too severe in our judgment. She is evidently newer to the stage than Madame de Montreal, and will require time and study to place her as much at her ease in her acting or her vocalisation. She sang correctly, but did not enter into the feeling of the music, or the identity of the character, as she may do in a year or two. Her "Una voce" and Rodolfo's air with variations at the pianoforte, showed that her talents were worthy a further cultivation; and her commanding figure and person will, with sufficient energy and passion, give her great advantages in such characters as Lucrezia Borgia and Norma, much more so than in Amina in *Sonnambula*, or Rosina. She was carefully correct, too, in her concerted passages. The trio "Zitti, Zitti" was secured; and the finale to the first act went very well indeed; so did the "Buona Sera" and the duet with Montelli—the too-much hackneyed "Duque e son". Of Montelli, as Figaro, we had occasion to speak before; also of Ballini, as Doctor Bartolo, when they appeared with Madame Montenegro's troupe last year. Both are good, decidedly. The former would have pleased us quite as well, if he had not been quite so morosical, and if he had been steadier and more sustained in his vocalism. We think so well of his capability as to suggest to him that it would be a decided improvement to his Figaro if he did not dance about quite so much with voice or feet. Much of the "Largo al factum," was more scrambled through than sang fairly. Of his share of "All' idea" it is perhaps not fair to say much, having a contralto in lieu of a tenor to sing it with. His share of "Dunque" with Rosina, and "Zitti," in the trio, were perhaps his

most clever performances. Ballini's Doctor Bartolo is a very staid and characteristic personation, not so oily or unctuous as old Lablache, but very good for all that, and he pleased us by giving (what Lablache omitted last time we saw him in the *Barbieri*) the "A on Dottore" very finely. Ballini's fine bass voice told well in all the concerted music. A Signor Jagard acquired himself very musically in the part of Basilio, and as usual dressed and made-up to look as ill as possible. He gave the "Calunnia" song very creditably indeed. Of the Bertha we cannot say much. She did not give us "Il vecchietto cerra moglie." Of the Fiorello and Commander of the Forces (one and the same person) the less that is said the better. His voice was so unmusical and so ineffective as to cause a laugh at even the little he had to repeat. Of the chorus we can speak warmly. They did their master, Mr. C. F. Anthony, great credit; and, as we said before, the finale to the first act went capitally. A word of praise is fully due, too, to Mr. C. A. Seymour, and his select though not too well filled orchestra. The series of operas have not paid at all this time.

MUSIC IN EXETER.

(From our Special Reporter.)

THE visit of the Royal Agricultural Society to Exeter has been productive of immense advantage to the cause of music in that city. Not to be behind hand with their fellow-citizens who, in the exuberance of their welcome to the great agriculturists of the kingdom, had erected numerous triumphal arches, planted their streets with trees, and festooned their houses with flags and laurels; the amateurs of the city and county had also exerted themselves to the utmost to display to their friends the precise point of perfection to which they had arrived in the theoretical and practical resources of music. The Cathedral Choir, in its morning and evening services, showed the effect of much previous discipline; and, although the peculiar mode of chanting, as practised in Exeter Cathedral, does not precisely accord with my views, I am, nevertheless, bound to accord warm praise for the precision and exact intonation with which the different points of the service were performed; and would particularly notice the admirable manner in which the Rev. Prebendary Ford intoned his portion of the Liturgy—an example which might be advantageously followed by many of our church dignitaries in London and elsewhere.

It is to the Exeter Oratorio Society to which I particularly directed my attention, as to that association may be attributed the vast improvement which has taken place in the progress of music in Exeter since its establishment. Formed some three or four years since by the active exertions of the worthy and intelligent secretary, Mr. Downs, and numbering amongst its ranks above two hundred of the most enthusiastic of the amateurs of the city, it has gone on progressing until it may now fairly be classed as one of the most promising of the provincial oratorio societies. Whether stimulated by an association of ideas, as connected with its great prototype, the Sacred Harmonic Society of Exeter Hall, London, or whether roused to exertion by the great progress latterly developed in the proceedings of that body, I know not; but, when listening to the performance of the *Creation*, on Tuesday, I frequently found myself instituting comparisons as to particular points in the oratorio interpreted by the two societies: thus in the grand chorus, "The heavens are telling," the gradual *accelerando* of the time was carefully and energetically marked; in the recitative of Raphael, in the second part, the descriptive accompaniment was satisfactory, played, and in precise time; and the general execution of the chorus was steady, attention being duly directed to the light and shade.

But, whilst giving this general commendation to the performance, there are points of improvement called for which should not be overlooked, and which, if not attended to, will, I fear, endanger the well-doing of this very excellent Society. Firstly—More attention must be paid to the proper selection of the parties to whom the solo portions of a performance are assigned:—To Mrs. Newton, as the soprano, I can offer no possible objection; and Mr. Carpenter, as the tenor of the evening, executed his task in a very praiseworthy manner; but the bass solos were rendered in a very imperfect manner. In the first place, the directors were at fault in

dividing the character of Raphael; but, having resolved on such an egregious blunder, care should have been taken that the solos were well executed. The recitative, "And God created great whales," suffered from excessive lamentation; the descriptive recitative we have before alluded to was "jerked" out, instead of being sung with emphasis and decision; and the recitative, "And God saw everything which he had made," was pronounced in such a confidential and self-satisfied manner as to border on the ludicrous. These are grave errors, and must be remedied, for, as the execution of the massive portions of a large composition improves proportionally, so must the solos keep pace with the improvement, or the general effect is diminished. This was particularly observable during the last season at Exeter Hall, where there has been difficulty in getting solo singers with talents commensurate to the almost perfect rendering of the choruses.

Another improvement I would suggest is, that a permanent conductor should be appointed, and that his standing should be such as to command the full and entire respect of his orchestra. At present, I believe, a different conductor is appointed for every concert; the evil of this must be at once apparent, for it is necessary to the proper execution of a work that the tempo and the points should be clearly understood by the performers, it is manifestly impossible that, where several conductors have the direction of one work, such a point is attainable.

The conductor's desk, also, should be so placed that he may command an entire view of all his orchestra, which in its present position is an impossibility.

A further improvement will be made in the orchestra by transferring some of the boys or ladies from the treble to the alto-choir, as the latter requires strengthening, and the former is at present too powerful. The tenor choir would also admit of an accession of strength to equalise its power. The basses are good and powerful.

As improvement may be desired in some of the wind instruments, and if the violins were increased a much greater effect would be produced in the string passages than can be done at present. One or two other minor alterations should also be made as to the position of the various instruments in the orchestra, but I trust I have said enough to incite the managers of the Society to still further progress, assuring them that I have not met with a provincial band of amateurs so worthy of the patronage of the public, or so painstaking as to deserve that patronage—*verbum sap!* All that can be now said is "Go on and prosper," and, as far as my power reaches, I shall not be wanting to keep a watchful eye upon the progress of the society, and recommend it as occasion deserves. My notice has reached such a length that I can only mention in conclusion the concerts of Mr. Ashe, which took place on Thursday evening and Friday morning, and which were numerous and fashionably attended. The programme included the names of Miss C. Hayes, Miss Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Lavenex, brought down specially, and a good host of native talent. The programme embraced the usual variety, and the different *moreaux* were well performed, Miss Hayes and Miss Williams bringing on several of their songs.

In taking leave of Exeter for the present, I cannot help reflecting on the positive good done in so many ways by the periodical influx of influential scientific bodies into provincial towns. Apart from their own immediate objects the local interests are served, an impetus is given to every branch of the arts and sciences, and a gradual improvement in the civilisation of races is consequently in progress—facts particularly observable during the recent visit of the Royal Agricultural Society, when the whole city, as with one accord, determined to do its utmost to share in the general development of improvement.

SILENCE, AN INFORMER.—When James Berensford, author of the "Miserics of Human Life," was at the Charterhouse School, he was a remarkably gay and noisy fellow; and one day having played trumpet to attend a concert, the school (says Southey), was so quiet without him, that his absence was at once detected, and brought him a flogging.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

MY DEAR SIR,—In my last letter but one, I ventured to express my fear that there were some among the Gregorian party who would rather not be reminded of the amount of sophistication that was mixed up with their cause; and who would far rather turn and attack those who would sincerely desire to set them right, than acknowledge their own mistake. Nor could a more convincing or forcible proof of the correctness of that impression be brought forward than P. Q.'s letter that appeared in No. 28; a letter, I must add, that exhibits as small an amount of ordinary penetration, and as little capacity for logical deduction on the part of its writer, as any epistle I have read for a very long time.

P. Q. begins by insinuating that the Editor of the *Musical World* only desired communications on the subject of the Gregorian Chants from his "usual" correspondents, and that all others would be deemed intrusive. Now what is the fact? Out of exactly twenty letters that have as yet appeared, up to the date of my now writing, not one bears the name of a "usual" correspondent to the *Musical World*. Not one has a name or signature attached, that was "usual," previous to the commencement of the present discussion.

The only contributions yet printed, emanating from such quarters, are two brief but terse postscripts from the pen of Mr. Flowers. "Deeds, not words," is a golden motto that it would be well for P. Q. to learn, not to reverse. P. Q., having got the better of his genteel scruples, writes, and finds his communication most readily admitted into the pages of the *Musical World*, as he might have known, by observation, that it would be; another proof that the Editor by no means desired to make the discussion one-sided. And now we come to the "business" of the letter. P. Q. "fully expected that the correspondence on this subject would take the course it has taken."—(many, very many, had anticipated that so soon as the numerous claims advanced in favour of the Gregorian Chants came to be fairly discussed, their cause would be somewhat damaged.)—the controversy has become more and more virulent, (hard words, but harmless in this instance; for they neither impeach the truth, still less the justness, of the Anglican defence) "in the midst of which the simple question is entirely lost sight of." P. Q. then informs us that "it is for the purpose of calling correspondents back to the point from which they started," that he writes; and this good-natured office he believes he fulfils when he puts a question that had not before been even so much as mooted in the *Musical World*, much less discussed; and which, therefore, could not have been lost sight of, if it had never been viewed at all. He considers the real question to have been, "What is the true value of the Gregorian Chants in the service of the Church?" whereas the discussion really has been confined chiefly, if not entirely, to an examination of the claim so absurdly brought forward by the Gregorian priests, in behalf of their favorite chants, to the "seeds" of the finest music in the world; and to a consideration of the "tracing" test by which it has been sought to establish that claim, and failed. The difference (and by consequence P. Q.'s mistake) is not a slight one.

P. Q. means not to offend, and asserts that it is neither the more musician nor the mere priest that is competent to answer the question; and most certainly, the mere player of an organ can have, if possible, still less pretension to be loco or dictatorial on such a matter. Here, we have the very essence of fashionable Gregorianism, judging of things not from their merits or demerits, but according to dates or names. In the first place, P. Q. takes it for granted that because I have adopted the title of one of the two classes despised by Gregorinism, that I must necessarily be an organ player by profession; and that, therefore, nothing coming from such a quarter can be fit to be trusted. This intelligent and charitable mode of forming an opinion indicates rather strongly the kind of schooling P. Q. has had in music. Now if there is one signature more than another that I should glory in adopting, it is that of "Organist," and simply because of the "set" that has been made at that class of musicians. But surely neither the diction nor the signature (supposing both to be perfectly dreadful) can affect

the correctness, or otherwise, of the substance of the letters. That, P. Q. does not question, nor oppose by the slightest argument, which is a very important matter; and since he has nothing better to say, nothing that is more to the purpose, I rest but too well satisfied with his simply designating me "a mere player of an organ" and I would have beg P. Q. to recollect that his party were the first to deal hard blows, to become virulent and dictatorial, and to falsely into the bargain.

It may have been my peculiar misfortune, but I confess I have never once met with, nor even heard, of the "accomplished criticism" to which P. Q. refers, and which he says "must" decide the question. It is precisely the kind of article I have been seeking for so long, in vain. Will P. Q. do me the really great favour to inform me, through the medium of the *Musical World*, where I can meet with it.

P. Q. next speaks of the "associations" connected with the Gregorian Chants. But what have they to do with the discussion of the "true value" of the Gregorians—P. Q.'s "real question"? He is surely aware that what is of little real worth in itself may be highly prized on account of the associations that may surround it, without enhancing its "true value" one atom. So with the Gregorian Chants. And if the Chants "emanated from minds devoted to worship—from minds constantly directed to producing reverential enthusiasm," so also did the churches of the same period; but is this a good reason for carrying architecture back? No. Then why so for music? In many respects the churches and chants of the period resembled each other—solid, dull, simple, stiff, rugged. And if the churches of the pointed period are less heavy in character than those of earlier date, they are more graceful. And such precisely is the advantage that the Anglican Chants have over the Gregorian. It will be quite time to return to the Gregorian Chants when churches are built as plainly and inelegant as possible; in the mean time do not foster architecture and degrade music. "Associations" alike warrant the degradation of both, or neither.

But I must hasten onwards. P. Q. prefers the Gregorian Chants unharmonised, thinks them best so, and says, "In support of this opinion I ask, was not Haydn affected to tears on hearing the plain psalm-singing of the children in St. Paul's?" Yes. And whose chant was it that moved Haydn's heart?—was approved by him—and slightly altered at his suggestion? *Jones's*, the composition of the "valgar accompanist" of the Cathedral. So that Haydn, having wept with emotion on hearing an Anglican, double-harmonised Chant sung, supports P. Q.'s opinion that the Gregorian, single, unharmonised Chants are best. This is P. Q.'s logic.

By way of illustrating the absurdity of talking of a "return" to certain music, and then giving it with subsequent additions, I referred to Handel's score of the *Messiah*, with Mozart's accompaniments. P. Q. tries to disprove my position by informing us that "he likes the *Messiah* best without the additions." What has that to do with the question? Lastly, P. Q. asks correspondents to reflect upon his ideas. They must find them first. The question of the Gregorian Chants belong now "far from settled" indicates progress. A few months ago it was supposed to be all but settled against the Anglicans.—Yours sincerely,

July 19th, 1850.

AN ORGANIST.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

Sir,—You have inserted in your last a letter signed "P. Q." which I think ought not to be passed over without remark. He complains that the Gregorian discussion has left the simple question—"What is the true value of Gregorian Chants in the service of the Church?" Now, most competent and impartial judges (and much do I regret that we cannot include the clergy amongst the number, and I fear it will be some time before we can, because if a University man, at least an Oxford man, wishes to hear his professor lecture, he must come up to London to the Polytechnic Institution), those who have a proper feeling for harmony, melody, and rhythm, &c., would, I apprehend, answer, "None whatever: they are not adapted to the language in which the Church of England has ordained that her services shall be sung or said; they are deficient in the above requisites—melody, harmony, and rhythm; and our great English Church composers, knowing this,

have left us an ample number of chants deficient in neither." Answer Gregoriansers so, and they will immediately tell you they question whether Tallis or Farrant and others ever put bars to their chants—that Anglican Chants are pretty tunes, which sacrifice the words to the music, &c., &c., &c., &c. If this be the case, and assuredly there is abundant evidence to prove it, how can "P. Q." complain of "Organist" and others taking the pains to show up the fallacies of their (the Gregoriansers') argument? The first part of the second paragraph of "P. Q.'s" letter, about "the mere musician, the mere priest, the mere player of an organ," is, I think, too absurd to require an answer; and that which follows, as to "the antiquity of Gregorian Chants," is almost equally so: They so doubt "emanated from minds devoted to worship," and that they did their best for the music is equally certain; but since their day we have learned to do better. Let "P. Q." recollect what Mr. Monk says in the admirable preface to his little work, "In religious doctrine the highest antiquity is of golden value—in music, it is curious, but worthless." Again, says "P. Q."—"Was not Haydn affected to tears on hearing the plain psalm-singing of the children in St. Paul's?" It is reported that he was; but "plain psalm-singing" is not singing Gregorian Chants. Is this question of "P. Q.'s" relevant?

With your permission, Sir, I will say a few words as to the congregational character of Gregorian music, for it is said that Anglican music is too difficult for the mass of the people to sing, that Gregorian does not present this difficulty, and consequently, the congregation join more. A clergyman (himself a lover of Gregorians) told me that, being in the country, he was anxious to get the people to sing at church, and therefore selected (as he supposed) the most *simple* music (Gregorian); he tried it for a year but it failed, not a note of it would the people sing. In opposition to this, mark how the dissenters sing, and they select the most florid, trashy, and difficult music; but you never hear the congregation in a church, where Gregorian music is the order of the day, singing so "lustily" and with such "good courage" as you do in one of their conventicles. Again, I am an organist, and have to teach children to sing: some time since, (in order to satisfy a few of the congregation that it was not practicable) I endeavoured to get the children to sing some of this dry and unearthly (but not heavenly) music, but in vain, they would sing half a tone under the organ, and why? because they have no sympathy with it; it is Greek to them, and therefore fails to interest them; but give them one of the church composer's chants, and they sing it with animation and correctness of intonation. This is, I think, an additional reason, if any be necessary, why Gregorian rubbish should be repudiated by all who wish to see the music of our church and congregational singing flourish.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

G. R. C.

July 18th, 1850.

P.S. Let me remind Mr. French Flowers that sneering about "Puseyite Ministers" will never accomplish the object we have in view, viz: the extermination of Gregorian chants.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

Sir,—I have been much pleased with the correspondence respecting the Gregorian and Anglican Chants, and from the good temper displayed by your correspondents, with the exception of "J. M. X." He, after giving us a preface of nothings, and throwing out hints about organisations and asses—(which, by the bye, I think him the greatest one)—tells us, "that in the course of his occupation, he has frequently met with incipient clergymen who have warmly pressed the Gregorian Chants upon his attention for a favourable regard." Now, Mr. Editor, does "J. M. X." think that his favourable regard will either condemn or exalt the Gregorian Chants in the opinion of the *Musical World*, or that his refusing to give a favourable notice of their religious character will make any difference in the minds of well-disposed Churchmen. I hope that he has not the vanity to think that it will. I, as an organist, am not aware that, by introducing into the service of the Church the Gregorian Chants, I am a backslider into demonism, or that I debase the service of God by so doing. I am surprised that "J. M. X." does not feel more respect for the members of

the Profession, and the Clergy of the Church, than by speaking of them as he does. Thus, in one part of his letter he says, "The half-way house affair of having one note only to one syllable is simply exemplified by a set of Eighty Chorales, published in a certain town (does he mean Liverpool?) The Editor was too ignorant of counterpoint to arrange his harmonical accompaniments accordingly, and Providence so guided his unartful pen as to force him into the most dismal corners." And again, "but if the overseers (the Episcopos of the Anglican Church) be too hard worked in their temporal matters to attend to the pastoral concerns in respect to the integrity and safety of their sacred trust, they ought, at their own expense, to appoint assistant overseers for this important purpose." So "J. M. X." summons up with a bit of advice, and a hint to the clergy, "who are too hard worked in temporal matters," that he is looking out for a job in the organisation of a choir, and would, I have no doubt, except of another situation at the annual sum of seventy pounds, to do next and to worse than nothing. I am sorry to trespass so long upon your time and patience, but after reading "J. M. X." letter, I could not but feel that it was written by one evidently smarting under some recent disappointment, and burning to vent his womanly spleen upon a rival in his profession, and upon clergymen who may admire the Gregorian Chants in their simple and unpretending style, to that of any other.

Should you think this worthy of a place in your columns, by its insertion you will much oblige your obedient and humble servant,

A PARISH ORGANIST.

P.S.—If I am not mistaken, "J. M. X." is one of your old correspondents, who wrote a great deal about the Enharmonic Scale. I also think he published a large volume of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, which he dedicated to the Bishop of Chester. If so, he has no occasion to find fault with the harmonical accompaniments in the eighty chorales published in a certain town, as his own arrangement of the Old 100th, and other tunes which I now forget, are not of the first-rate order. It strikes me very forcibly that "J. M. X." held a situation at a public institution in a certain town, and which is now held by the talented and clever Editor of the Eighty Chorales. If I am wrong, I dare say "J. M. X." will have the kindness to put me right.

ITALIAN OPERA AT PLYMOUTH.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—The letters of myself and the tenor of the *troupe ambulante*, now singing at Manchester with such success, and to such full houses, can be anything but amusing to your readers, and I beg to assure you that, until it becomes me as your correspondent to remark on Signor Leonardi or Paglieri's performances whenever I may chance to witness them, I shall, with this answer to his last communication, say, farewell. I never, under any circumstances, am guided by the local press, but give my own unbiased opinion on artists; and why I am to make extracts from a criticism I differ in opinion from, I am at a loss to conceive. The part I did agree with I gave, which was, that Signor Leonardi was "nervous." In speaking of the ordeal necessary to be gone through to prevent a director having misrepresentations made him as to the talent of parties he is about engaging, I spoke in reference to "The Scala," "Royal Italian Opera," "Her Majesty's Theatre," or the "Italian Opera" at Paris. At Naples, there are theatres not larger altogether than the stage of the Dublin Theatre, where Signor Leonardi created such a sensation at Venice, too, and in Milan, there are more than one theatre.—For that matter, a tenor might have made a successful debut at any of the cafés in the above-named towns.

A circumstance that fills me with surprise and astonishment is that a tenor of such *repute* in the principal towns of Italy as Signor Leonardi appears to have been, should, on arriving in England, change his name, sometimes singing as Paglieri, and at others as Leonardi. I should have imagined that *artistes* who have made great success and been favoured with the eulogistic smiles of the public, would retain the same name which gained them their laurels, but the *prima tenore assoluto* seems to differ in opinion with me on this point, as much as on his capabilities as a singer. I very much regret to read in an extract you give from the *Manchester Examiner*, that the stage manager thought it necessary to make an

apology for Signor Leonardi, in consequence of his having a cold, and hope that it may not last all the year.

In referring to Signor Leonardi's letter a second time, I see that he attaches the same consequence to having sung with "the greatest artists, both male and female, now living," as he did on a former occasion to being anointed. Is it necessary that a man must be a good singer because he has played the confident Flauto, for example, to Signor Leonardi's Pollio. Would an actor, coming from the country, be the more thought of because he happened to deliver a message in a piece in which Mr. Tilbury, of the Haymarket Theatre, had a prominent part?—Your obedient servant,

CHARLES DE M—

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I have resided in this town for twenty years, and since there has been a correspondent who notices the musical entertainments given at Plymouth in your valuable journal, I have been a subscriber to it. Under these circumstances, may I be allowed to remark on a letter signed "Onorato Leonardi," in the *Musical World* of the 20th inst. I attend with my family every concert and operatic entertainment which holds forth for any temptation. Consequently, on seeing Lucia di Lammermoor announced to be given by some Italian singers, I did not lose the opportunity offered me of being present, as I had hoped they might have been equal to those of last year. The performance was certainly not worthy the theatre in which it took place. Such, at least, was the opinion of all who sat around me, and I must confess that I am not greatly surprised at your correspondent's stating, that Signor Leonardi was a failure, though the term was not parliamentary. In short, the whole opera was given in so wretched and incomplete a manner, that I did not enter the theatre again during the time of the Italian company's singing in it. I will not trouble you with more than saying, I think that the remarks of your correspondent were given with truth and justice.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

AMATEUR SITHAX.

Stonehouse, July 23rd, 1850.

ANCIENT HARMONY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In a number of the *Musical World*, a few years ago (I forget the date), when published in octavo, was inserted a woodcut, containing the musical harmony mentioned by Dr. Barneby, and alluded to in your last week's number, page 453. It was taken from the *Archæology of Wales*—a valuable work published many years ago by the patriotic Owen Jones, of Thames Street, in three volumes, quarto, at an expense of two thousand pounds. The third volume contains several pages, two specimens of the musical notation of the Britons in the eleventh century.

The notes or lines and spaces were represented by the old bardic characters.

AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

P.S.—Pray don't let us have any more of the trash sent you by M.M. Aspull and Flowers. Yours, &c.,
British Museum, July 22, 1850.

THE POPULAR PERFORMANCE OF THE "MESSIAH" AT LEICESTER.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In consequence of three different letters having appeared in your journal of Saturday last, the 20th, wherein the promoters of the Leicester Monthly Concerts are accused of writing the communication (*From a Correspondent*), giving an account of the manner in which (according to his opinion) the *Messiah* had been got up on Monday, the 8th. We, in justice to ourselves, consider it right distinctly to deny having had anything whatever to do with the paragraph in question.

With this assurance (as we have no spleen to gratify, or desire to gain notoriety by any controversy) we should feel disposed to close our remarks; but since they, Messrs. Smallfield, Oldershaw, and Ewan, have laboured so very hard to draw a favourable comparison for themselves, between the two performances of the same work which have recently taken place in this town, allow us to add, we think it very judicious of Mr. Smallfield to shelter himself under the opinion given by Mr. Gardiner as to the superiority of an harmonium over wind instruments in accom-

paying the *Messiah*. But what will musical men say of such an opinion? And again, Mr. Oldershaw may think what he pleases of his own performances, and may even have the presumption to talk of courting a comparison with men possessing finer voices and acknowledged talent; but how far is he capable of justifying such a pretension, the public, who have chanced to hear him, can form a fair estimate. Mr. M. Ewan, in his letter, honestly admits the performance generally was by no means complete, and he evidently does not consider Mr. Oldershaw quite so perfect as he (Mr. O.) very modestly speaks of himself.

Wishing to apologise for taking up so much space in your valuable paper, we remain, Sir, yours very truly,

CHARLES MAYNE.
HENRY RICHARDSON.
SAMUEL WYKE.
THOMAS WESTON.

Leicester, July 23rd, 1850.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—I certainly did not expect that my notice of the "popular performance of the *Messiah*," at Leicester, would have provoked such angry replies from the gentlemen who figure away at such length in last week's *World*. As, however, they have thought proper to call in question the correctness of my remarks, will you permit me to trouble you with a few extracts from their letters, which, in fact, confirm all these gentlemen have attempted to ignore.

With respect to the "efficiency and completeness" of the band, Mr. Smallfield says that it was "large enough for the accompaniments written by Handel (who ought to have known his own mind!)" Are we to understand by this that Handel scored the *Messiah* for stringed instruments and a "big orchestra?" Limited as the original instrumentation of the *Messiah* is, in comparison with the additions by Mozart, now generally used, if Mr. S. had had a better knowledge of musical matters, he would scarcely have ventured such an assertion, especially with one of the best known songs in the oratorio,—"The trumpet shall sound," a most unmistakable obligato starring him in the face. "The absence of the wind instruments was supplied by the harmonicon;" "that instrument compensated for our unavoidable deficiency in wind instruments;" "there was no noisy brass in the orchestra, and it was not desirable there should be," &c., &c., &c. These extracts prove that in one respect, at least, the *efficiency and completeness* of the band was not carried out. And I must say that, if it be true, as the bills stated, "the principal local talent" was included, Leicester has not much reason to boast of its orchestra, when even the sole term their leader can find for the performers is "a heterogeneous mass."

Mr. Oldershaw's apologetic praise of the other solo vocalists needs no comment, "but in his 'self-glorification.'" In addition to the other qualifications, might have been added the possession of a harsh and extremely disagreeable voice, with little flexibility; at times rather faulty intonation, and a taste which leads to the perpetration of such atrocities as that which wound up the song "Every valley," and which his colleagues mention as "a *cadenza*, conceived in questionable taste," and "at variance with true Handelian taste." If Mr. O. is not puffed up with conceit, and does not imagine he has nothing to learn, he will not "perpetrate these imperfections," and will avoid, for the present at least, "comparison with any tenor," as it might prove too "odorous," as his *cathedral* experience might be now have taught him. This gentleman affirms that the choruses were not unsteady; his colleagues, however, say the reverse; and I may recall to his memory, as one glaring instance, the close of "His eye is easy," where one part of the orchestra ended three or four bars before the remainder. As all three gentlemen confirm the fact of the omission of certain important pieces in the oratorio, I need not again particularise. As to the comparisons made between this and the previous performance of the *Messiah*, not having been present at the first one, I am not in a position to judge, but will merely say that it is doubtful whether this could be the "best of the two," inasmuch as the former had the advantage of a professional tenor and bass, who were really capable of doing justice to the music, and who are not unknown in London—Messrs. Benson and Lawler, while the orchestra and chorus, in addition to the

present section, comprised all the best amateur and professional musicians in the town, who on the last occasion were absent.

The truth being so distasteful to your correspondents, they have endeavoured to make it appear that my first communication to you was "concocted by a clique, at a certain public-house." I beg to assure them of my complete independence of any clique or party in this town; and, should I find it necessary to "gently apply the lash" at any future concert, I shall not fail to do so, whenever be the givers, as I agree with Mr. Oldershaw, that "criticism should be as free as the winds," &c., and it would be a difficult matter to get an impartial notice inserted in a local paper, where, as in this instance, the real clique—Messrs. Gardiner, Oldershaw, and Smallfield—cook up, for the readers of the *Journal*, *Chronicle*, and *Mercury*, whatever they think may best advance their own interests.

Allow me to subscribe myself, with a thousand apologies for the length of my letter, your correspondent,
Leicester, July 22, 1850.

P.S.—In justice to Mr. Lohr, an able professor, I must say he did his best with the Harmonicon, "meagre though it be," as one of our friends has it, and only failed in his endeavours from the impracticable nature of the instrument.

A MONTH AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

By ALBERT SMITH.*

(From the Times.)

THE ingenious and lively author of *The Natural History of a Fair* quitted England on his travels in thoroughly characteristic fashion. His packages consisted of a solitary knapsack (price 12s., four inches deep, 13 broad, and 12 long, and his baggage was composed of the following stock:—A coat, waistcoat, and trousers of this black tweed for state occasions; one white shirt for ditto, four coloured shirts for ordinary wear, four pocket handkerchiefs, two black silk neckties, four pair of lambswool socks, comb and brushes; a housewife with pins and needles, scissors, thread, and buttons; a few Sedlitz powders, some laudanum, a box of Brokeford's compressed soda; a dozen steel pens, inkstand, writing paper, water colours, note books, string, and lucifer matches. Thus equipped, and attired in a blue blouse and a broad-brimmed felt hat, the adventurous Londoner took the bus to London-bridge, and so went on till he found himself in the Golden Horn, and face to face with the gents at Stamboul. Just one month the traveller remained in Constantinople, and returning once more to the city that he loves—we say it to his praise—he does not publish a comic account of his Eastern adventures.

On the contrary, the little volume before us abounds with good sense, useful information, sprightly pictures of Oriental life, and is free from exaggeration of every kind. To say that it reveals to our somewhat satiated public new facts, or exhibits Constantinople in any other aspect than that with which the English reader is by this time as familiar as with the statue of King Charles at Charing-cross, would be to do glaring injustice to a country whose chief glory consists in its matchless power of resisting civilization, and of defying the humanizing influences of time—omnipotent elsewhere. We all know how lovely Constantinople looks when she bursts for the first time upon the traveller's astonished vision, and how tawdry and filthy the Queen of Cities actually presents herself to a close inspection. The innumerable dogs that laze every quarter of the city, the interminable graveyards that adorn and degrade it with their tall cypress trees, broken tombs, and neglected alleys; the rascally dervishes who dance, and their hypocritical brethren who simply howl; the wonderful bazaars with their wonderfully stoical and independent shopkeepers, models for our Regent-street "assistants" with white neckties and oppressive manners; the frivolity and ignorance of Turkish beauties, eating sweetmeats and talking scandal in the Valley of Sweet Waters; the wilderness of narrow, dirty streets; the living evidences of continually recurring fires; the slave market and the mosques; the eternal clamour for Baksheesh; the reformers with the modern fez; the good old Tories with the time-honoured turban—are matters that were

* *A Month at Constantinople*, By Albert Smith, London, Bogue, Fleet Street, 1850.

communicated by the tourists who wrote for our infancy, and will be repeated by the writer who publishes his Oriental experience in our declining age. There are few proverbs which have not broken down since the hour of their invention. "Nothing new under the sun" still holds good of Constantinople and the Turks.

After Hahn-Hahn, Kingslake, and Thackeray, it would seem unnecessary to dilate upon an unvarying topic already very cleverly and successfully handled. Without pretending to rival his predecessors, Mr. Smith communicates his impressions in so simple and unaffected a style, and with so graphic a pen, that we should have been sorry to miss his little contribution to the bulky store. In one respect, indeed, *A Month at Constantinople* has a decided advantage over every one of its numerous competitors. It gives the feelings of a man who seems to look open any one section of the globe in the spirit of a cosmopolitan, and who carries with him, let him travel whither he may, a conscientious regard for the land of his birth, and above all for the great city in which he has achieved his highest triumphs. Mr. Albert Smith during his East suffered his beard to grow, and otherwise disguised himself. He might have saved himself the trouble. There is no mistaking his birthplace or losing sight for a single instant of his old associations. Dr. Johnson is not more identified with Fleet-street, the Mitre, the coffee-house, and the club, than Mr. Smith with Baker-street assemblies, minor theatre entertainments, casino dissipations, and pale ale recreations. The clever illustrations of which his volume is full reveal the man. He was evidently not very happy so far away from Astley's and Cremorne, and we will not say how glad he is to hear his boots once more safely treading the comfortable old flagstones of the Strand. If our entertaining friend is amused or put out—if he lights upon a luxury or is annoyed by a temporary inconvenience, it is delightful to find him at all times acting and suffering with the inveterate prepossessions of the modern Londoner. Mr. Smith was in Constantinople during the height of the Hungarian panic; but his casual soul is much more distressed at seeing so public clocks like that at the Horse Guards, no post-office regulations like those at St. Martin's-le-Grand, no names of streets like those that meet his own familiar eye at every turn from Oxford-street to Mile-end-road, and no advertisements like those which he peruses in our columns as often as he takes his breakfast, than concerned about Ben and Kosuth, the claims of Russia, and the hospitable courage of the Turk. Had the literary traveller found favour with the Sultan, Abdul Medjid would have had nothing to fear from the political tendencies of Smith Bey. The new Minister would certainly have introduced the polka into the harem, possibly private theatricals into the divan; the social delights of the British metropolis he would have transplanted en masse. Its Parliament House he would have left, as he leaves it now he is at home again, to take what care it can of itself.

The Daguerrotype impressions which London seems to have left upon the vivacious mind of our author are very curious. They are evident from the moment he quits his native shore until he sets foot on it again. At Smyrna the engines of the steamer stop, and the boat is at once surrounded by light caïques, containing none but Turks. "Some were Custom-house officials, others brought off fresh fruits, others meat, and some of the boats only held solemn old gentlemen of the real *rhubarb-selling* race." At Smyrna, too, Mr. Smith sees his first Oriental bazaar. Quitting it, he arrives at a large enclosure with a fountain in the centre, which appeared to be the rendezvous of all the caravan camels. The traveller immediately calls to mind the "consumptive, dull-eyed, jagged beast," which has figured in every procession at Astley's and bowed to an admiring audience even in the *Battle of Waterloo*. Two Turks on board ship spread their carpets towards Mecca, and begin praying. Their movements remained the observer, of boys "when their arms are put back over a stick to play at cock fighting, which *this certainly beats*." The first sight of Constantinople affected Mr. Smith most powerfully. He tells us that he had never been so strangely moved before but once—and that was, hear it, reader!—"when he looked down on London—by night—from a balloon." Landing immediately afterwards at Topkapé stairs, his eyes fall upon five or six women veiled up to their eyes, and "looking very like the nuns in the incantation scene of *Robert the Devil* before they throw off their dresses." Then appear sellers

of fruit and cakes carrying their little tables, for all the world like "what the pea and thimble men used to carry at the races." Proceeding through the streets, Mr. Smith, whilst struck with a shyness through over shipping and jostling, remarks the odd kind of silence caused by the absence of carriages. He thinks forthwith of "a great London thoroughfare where the pavement has been taken up." He stops at a burying ground for a cup of sherbet. "It is precisely the *cherryade* of our evening parties, into which a lamp of compressed snow is put." The terrors of the Constantinople bath are almost as bad as "that frightful journey down a steep beach in a bathing machine," known to the adventurous citizens who have travelled as far as Gravesend and Margate. At the Mosque of Sultan Bajazet, the still air trembles with the flight of hundreds upon hundreds of tame pigeons—sacred birds maintained at public cost. What can Mr. Smith think of at this moment but pigeon pies, of which the innumerable flock before him would have made enough for the suppers of a hundred lives?

There is no end to this species of illustration. London and the vicinity are indented in the traveller's heart, and whatever he hears, feels, or sees, stands or falls by the comparison made with the standard always carried along with him. If our author is jocose, the grotesque exhibitions of London give salt to his humor. If he be sentimental and sad, "he bubbles of green fields." He is leaning over against the railings of the burial ground of Pera, watching with a friend a magnificent sunset behind Stamboul. "I would sooner see a sunset," said the friend, "than the *Criceters* at Chertsey." "My feelings," adds Mr. Smith, "were the same precisely." The vaunted mosque of St. Sophia did not in any way excite Mr. Smith's astonishment. "The floor was covered with fine matting, and hung about on lines were thousands of lamps, which certainly, when lighted, must eclipse *Venus* itself." Scores of people were at prayers. The ceremony was not original. Mr. Smith "had seen Chinese acrobats at a circus commence a gymnastic dance in a somewhat similar manner." The mosque of Heglerbey, by the way, stands in the same relation and bearing to St. Sophia, "as Rochester Church does to St. Paul's."

"There is a poor hotel at Therapia, the greatest recommendation of which is that it is over a general shop, where you can procure any quantity of pale ale—an inestimable blessing!" Leaving Constantinople for a short cruise, Mr. Smith could not tear his eyes from the lovely city, in which he had beheld so much that was striking and new. There was the Scragio—there were the picturesque tum-bledown houses of Galata—there were the countless domes and minarets—"there the noble Genoese tower above Stampa's shop—there the hills over which we had such famous gallops and enjoyed such good spirits—and there was the Bosphorus, and the site of the little *café* in the extreme distance, where the pickles were served with the bottled beer." The drinks of his darling metropolis are remembered with unchanging affection to the last. In quarantine Mr. Smith suffered less from confinement and fifth than from the absence of his cherished beverages. "As the host traveller dying of thirst in the desert has only visions of enormous lakes of water, so could I think of nothing but cyder, *ale*, and Badminton, and Westminster ice."

Mr. Smith, who touches at Alexandria on his way home, thinks very little of Cleopatra's Needle, and is not very deeply affected by Pompey's pillar. He tried hard, he informs us, to feel as other writers have felt—when, as they have declared, the names of Herodotus, Ptolemy, and other ancients rose up before them as they gazed at the pillar—but he could not. The only names suggested to his practical and patriotic mind were those of *G. B. Dutton* and *W. Thompson*, of *Sunderland*, painted upon it in enormous letters a foot high and visible at a quarter of a mile's distance. A far more lasting impression was made upon our traveller by a visit to the *Gran Circo Olimpico*, "an equestrian entertainment in a vast circle tent on a piece of open ground up in Pera." "I don't know," says Mr. Smith, apologetically, "whether great writers of eastern travel would have gone to the circus; but yet it was a strange sight. For against that one could tell, we were about to see all the misdeeds of Billy Botton's journey to Brestford, represented in their discomfit upon the shores of the Bosphorus, and within range of the sunset glow from the minarets of St. Sophia." Wherefore suffer even the most transient blush of modest shame to sweep across thy wholesome London face, honest Mr.

Smith? We envy you the real enjoyment you must have found that night at the *Gran Olimpico*. We can understand and see your visible emotion as "a real clown, a perfect Mr. *Merriman* of the arena, jumped into the ring, and cried out in perfect English, "Here we are, again, all of a lump. How are you?" We know what your sympathy for that buffoon must have been when no response came to his salutation, and the poor clown looked as if he would have given up his salary for a boy to have called *Hot Collins*. "I looked at the bill," says Mr. Smith, "and found him described as the *Gratioso Ingles*, Whittayne. I did not recognise him in connexion with the annals of Astley's, but he was a clever fellow notwithstanding; and when he addressed the master of the ring and observed, "If you please, Mr. Guillaume, he says that you said that I said that they said that nobody had said nothing to anybody," it was with a drollery of manner that at last agitated the *fesses* like poppies in the wind, although the meaning of the speech was still like a sealed book to them." Faithful to his mission, and obeying the kindly impulses of his generous heart, Mr. Smith resolved to make up to Mr. Whittayne for all that he lost through the pitiable ignorance of his uneducated audience. He patiently waited for the performance of Madalena Guillaume, "a very handsome girl with a fine *Gitan* face and exquisite figure." He saw her cling to a horse *dressed en liberty*, with merely a strap hung to its side. He watched her flying round the ring, leaping with the horse over poles and gates, and hanging on apparently by nothing, until the *fesses* were in a quiver of delight, and then he withdrew to his lodging to do justice by the neglected, and to console as he might the pains of unappreciated genius! Mr. Smith actually wrote an account of the performance, which in the course of three weeks duly appeared in a London newspaper "contributed to the theatrical reports by 'our own correspondent'."

We have said sufficient to show that a Month in Constantinople may be read with peculiar pleasure, by gentlemen familiar with London life and manners. It may also be read by all Eastern travellers with great advantage. It contains an appendix full of practical information, and it supplies the reader with an account of Mr. Smith's expenditure from London to Constantinople, and from the latter city to Cairo. As a pleasant sketch book, simply and naturally written, the volume is not without value; as an auxiliary to the *Hand Book*, it should find a place among the articles which some future London tourist will have to stow into his knapsack.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CARLOTTA GRISI.—A droll anecdote is told of the Neapolean ambassador now in London. At Mr. Lumley's grand *fete*, he asked to be introduced to Carlotta Grisi, with whose dancing he had been enchanted at the opera-house. The lady was presented, and the prince made some remark, which, on being translated, was found to be, that "He did not know her with her clothes on!"

MOLLE. CHARTON and M. DEMEUR, her *caro sposo*, leave London for Brussels to-morrow morning.

MOLLE. RACHEL starts to-night for Berlin, by way of Ostend.

MRS. W. CLIFFORD.—We have great pleasure in stating that the report of the death of this admirable and popular actress has been contradicted. Mrs. Clifford has been dangerously ill, but is now, happily, recovering. May she live a thousand years!

MISS SARA REEVES.—It is currently reported that the popular English tenor is about to lead Miss Lucombe to the Hymeneal altar.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Bolton, formerly lessee of this elegant little theatre, opens it for a short campaign on Monday.

MR. BRANDUS, the well-known and liberal music publisher at Paris, proprietor of the works of Meyerbeer and Halévy, has arrived in London to assist at the performance of *La Juive*, at the Royal Italian Opera.

A VERY BAD POOR.—A gentleman at a musical party, where the lady was very particular not to have the concord of sweet sounds interrupted, was treating under the performance of a long concerted piece, and seeing that the fire was going out, asked a friend in a whisper, "How he should stir the fire without interrupting the music?" "Between the bars," replied the friend.

MR. FRED. OSBORNE WILLIAMS.—This rising pianist gives a concert at the "Horns," Kensington, on Monday evening next, July 20th, at which the eminent violinist Herr Ernst will perform

for the last time this season in England. Had the concert no other attractions, this last-mentioned circumstance ought of itself to ensure a crowded attendance, but when we take into consideration that the programme includes the names of Mendelssohn, Sims, Reeves, Miss Day, the pianiste, Miss Poole, Mr. T. Williams, Signor Bottura, &c., &c., there is no doubt as to what the result of the speculation ought to be, the more so, as we have seldom heard more attractive or more judiciously selected *concerts* than those which constitute the programme of Mr. F. O. Williams's concert.

MR. W. T. BRAY, organist to the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, performed on Monday evening on the new organ built for the church at Lee, in Kent. The selection was from the works of Handel, Bach, Spohr, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Weber, Rinck, &c., &c., and were played with Mr. Bray's accustomed talent. The following is the description of the organ:—Three complete sets of keys from CC to F in alt. Great organ—open diapason, stopped diapason, German flute, principal, twelfth, fifteenth, sesquialtra, mixture, trumpet. Choir—open diapason, dulciana, stopped diapason, principal, flute, fifteenth, Cremona, Viol di Gamba. Swell—bourdon bass, tenoroon, open diapason, stopped diapason, principal, twelfth, fifteenth, sesquialtra, horn, hautboy. Pedals 2 octaves—open diapason 16 feet, stopped diapason 8 feet, coupler to choir organ, ditto to great organ, ditto to swell, ditto to connect swell to choir, ditto ditto swell to great, ditto ditto choir to great. Seven composition pedals—2 to great organ, 4 to swell.

MR. GEORGE COOPER.—This distinguished organist performed the following selection of classical pieces on the magnificent organ at St. Sepulchre's Church, on Thursday evening, the 27th ult. —: Prelude varied, 3. Section: Adagio, Spohr; Quod in orbe, Hummel; Wie glauben all an einen Gott (3 Clav. & Ped. dop.), J. S. Bach; Fugue in D minor (*The Giant*), J. S. Bach; Aria, "O rest in the Lord" (*Elisak*), Mendelssohn; Christ unser Herr zum Jordan kam (*Canto fermo in F*), J. S. Bach; Duet, Miss A. Loder and Mr. Cooper, Adagio from third symphony (arranged expressly for this occasion), Mendelssohn; Chorus, "Fixed in His everlasting seat," Handel.

Prelude and fugue in A minor, J. S. Bach; Larghetto from symphony in D, Beethoven; Aria, "In native wrath," Haydn; No. 4 of Canonic Variations (*Canto fermo in F*), J. S. Bach; Orchestral adagio; Aria, "But the Lord is mindful of His own," Mendelssohn; Chorus, "How lovely are the messengers," Mendelssohn; Chorus, "He rebuked the Red Sea," Handel.

The organ in St. Sepulchre's Church, which has been recently enlarged through the liberality of the parish and a few private friends, by Messrs. Gray and Davison, may now be fairly considered the largest and finest organ in the metropolis; and the pedal organ, which consists of ten stops, or 14 ranks of pipes throughout, is superior to anything of the kind yet erected in this country.

Although the compass of the manuals remains GG, yet the whole of the new work is in every respect conformable to the German plan, the pedal organ being from CCC 16 ft. to F, two octaves and a half. The following is a description of the instrument:—Three complete rows of keys or manuals from GG to E, and pedals from CCC to F. The stops are—great organ, open diapason No. 1; open diapason No. 2; stopp'd diapason throughout; clarabella; principal No. 1; principal No. 2; twelfth; fifteenth; tierce; larigot; sesquialtra 3 ranks; mixture 2 do.; furniture 2 do.; trumpet; clarion; swell organ, double diapason bass; open diapason; stopp'd diapason; principal; fifteenth; sesquialtra 3 ranks; horn; trumpet; hautboy; clarinet; Choir Organ stopp'd diapason; dulciana; keraulophon; principal; flute; fifteenth; clarinet.—Pedal organ, grand open diapason (wood) 16 ft. 1. do, viola (metal) 16 ft. 1. do. bourdon 16 ft. 1. do. principal 8 ft. 2; twelfth 8 ft. 1; fifteenth 4 ft. 1; mixture 3 ranks; posanne 16 ft. 1; trumpet 8 ft. 1; clarion 4 ft. 1.—Couplers, great manual to pedals (GG); great manual to pedals (CC); choir manual to pedals (CC) swell; manual to pedals (GG) swell to great manual; swell to choir manual; choir sub-octave to great manual; great to swell manual (*sforzando coupler*).

There are two pair of bellows, one for the manuals, the other for the pedal organ, seven composition pedals for changing the stops, and a pedal to act on the *sforzando coupler*. The work recently done by Messrs. Gray and Davison comprises the pedal organ (in furtherance of which the parish is much indebted to the liberality of a gentleman), new manuals or key boards, the keraulophon, clarinet in the choir organ, all the coupling stops, the extension of the swell double diapason, and some other alterations, one of which has rendered the swell much more effective.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. FITZBALL.—The address of this gentleman is No. 1, George Street, Southampton Place, Boston Square.
 MR. BRIDGES FARMER.—The address of this gentleman is No. 33, Duke Street, Bloomsbury.
 A number of concert reviews and other articles of interest are unavoidably postponed till our next.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

It is respectfully announced that a **GRAND EXTRA NIGHT** will take place on

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1850.
 When will be presented the highly successful New Grand Opera,
LA TEMPESTA.

In consequence of the approaching termination of **Mdlle. CARLOTTA GRISI's** Engagement, this is the **LAST TIME** but One that "**La Tempesta**" can possibly be given.

Alfonso (King of Naples)	Sig. LORENZO.
Prospero (Duke of Milan)	Sig. COLETTI.
Antonio (his Brother, the Usurper)	Sig. F. LABLACHE.
Ferdinand (Prince of Naples)	Sig. BAUCARDE.
Stephano	Mdlle. PARODI.
Byronax	Mdlle. IDA BERTRAND.
Spirit of the Air	Madame GIULIANI.
Ariel	Mdlle. CARLOTTA GRISI.
Caliban	Sig. LABLACHE.
and	
Miranda	Madame SONTAG.

With OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS, in which

Madame FREZZOLINI,
 Signor GARDONI,
 and Signor CALZOLARI,
 Will appear.

Director of the Music and Conductor, Mr. BALFE.

Ballet Department,

Combining the talents of
 Mdlle. CARLOTTA GRISI,
 Mdlle. AMALIA FERRARIS.

Mdlles. JULIEN, ROSA, LAMOREUX, AUBANDON,
 MM. GOURIKT, DI MATTIA, VERNARA, &c.

To conclude with the revived admired Ballet *Divertissement Epique*, entitled

LA PRIMA BALLERINA;

Ou, L'EMBUSCADE

Doors open at Seven; the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.
 Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-Office of the Theatre

MESSRS. COCKS'

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

LA JUIVE.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, JULY 30,

Will be performed, for the Third Time,
 WITH NEW SCENERY, COSTUMES, AND DECORATIONS,
 The Grand Opera,

LA JUIVE.

THE LIBRETTO BY M. SCRIBE.

THE MUSIC BY M. HALEVY.

Rachels	(The Jewess)	Madame VIARDOT.
Eudossia		Mademoiselle YERA.
Leopoldo		Signor TAMBERLIN.
Ruggiero		M. MASSOL.
Alberto		Signor POLOMINI.
Exécuteur della Justizia		Signor KACHE.
Citizens	Sig. ROMMI, Sig. GREGORIO, and Sig. SOLDI.	
Cardinal de Broni		Herr FORMES.
AND		
Lasaro	(a Goldsmith)	Signor MARIO.

In the

GRAND BACCHANALIAN CHORUS,

In the First Act, the DOUBLE QUARTETTE will be sung by
 Signor MARAZZI, Signor SOLDI, Signor MEI, Signor ROMMI,
 M. ZELGER, &c., &c.

THE PAS DES BUEURS

In the First Act, will be danced by Mdlle. LOUISE TAGLIONI
 and M. ALEXANDER.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

EXTRA NIGHT.

ON THURSDAY NEXT, AUGUST 1,

THE

FOURTH REPRESENTATION OF LA JUIVE

Will take place.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven, and the Performance
 COMMENCE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had at the Box-
 office of the Theatre, and at the principal Musiccellars and Librarians.

MR. CRIVELLI

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that a THIRD EDITION of
THE ART OF SINGING,
 enlarged and newly arranged in the form of a Grammatical System of Rules
 for the Cultivation of the Voice, may be had at his Residence, 71, UPPER
 NORTON STREET, and at all the principal Musiccellars.

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The Musical World.

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No. 31.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1850.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE
STAMPED FOURPENCE

VIVIER.

The accomplished and witty and humorous and mischievous *virtuoso*—the cornist à quatre bouches—is gone to Wiesbaden, where Madlle. Jenny Lind has kindly proposed to sing at a concert for his benefit. Vivier left London, by the mail train, for Dover, on Saturday night, in company with Madlle. Rachel and the French comedians. It is to be feared that Melpomene may be metamorphosed into Thalia in the course of the journey, and that the tears which stream down the cheeks of the incomparable tragedian, for a week to come, may be tears of mirth instead of sorrow. Had we been lucky enough to be near Madlle. Rachel on the occasion we should have whispered in her ear—*CAVE VIVIEREM!* It would hardly befit the fame and dignity of the "black-browed Queen of Night" to be caught laughing in one of the most terrible scenes of *Phédre*, or smiling in the midst of Hermione's denunciation of Orestes. But if she comes much in contact with Vivier on the road we will not guarantee her from some such mishap. Luckily the irresistible Frenchman was seated by the side of M. Raphael and the General Gudianoff*, in the mail train, while Rachel was in an adjacent carriage. But then there was still the danger of the steamboat, and Vivier is rarely affected with the *mal de mer*. However, as Rachel was bound for Berlin, and Vivier for Wiesbaden, they must perforce have parted company at Cologne, which is some consolation. Let us hope that Vivier will be satisfied with two victims, and that M. Raphael and the General Gudianoff may alone be sacrificed on the altar of the god of laughter. For his own sake, moreover, we sincerely trust that Vivier may spare the cheeks of Rachel; for if—of which there cannot be much doubt—he succeeds in extorting a smile, we will not answer for his peace of mind hereafter. Terrible as is Rachel's frown, it is much less dangerous than her smile.

RACHEL.

The soul of tragedy has taken wing. The great actress has left us. She started on Saturday night for Berlin, and by this time, no doubt, will have made her first appearance in the Prussian capital. Although the Opera, one of the largest theatres in Europe, has been appointed as the arena for her performances, so intense is public curiosity to see Rachel, that every place has been secured for many nights in advance. She will remain a month at Berlin, and thence proceed to Vienna. That a triumph awaits her in both cities may be reasonably predicted.

Of Rachel's five visits to England, perhaps the most successful was the last. Confident of appreciation from the outset, she exerted more than her usual energy to astonish and delight her audience. The result has been a series of

representations that must for ever remain graven on the memory of those who had the good luck to witness them. The genius of the actress seemed to expand as the time for departure drew nigh, and her desire of pleasing to increase as the occasions became rarer for indulging it. Her three final performances were transcendent. Rachel, who has long surpassed all others, surpassed herself.

We spoke of *Marie Stuart* in our last; and enough has been said of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*—that marvellous exhibition of bistionian art, by which Rachel convinced every one who saw M. Scribe's play, that, in the sinuous paths of the modern drama, she was as much at her ease, and as much beyond the reach of competition, as in the loftier walk of classical tragedy. Further allusion to these would be superfluous. But of Camille, which was Rachel's last performance, we could speak for ever, were not language too poor to do it homage. It was one of those ebullitions of genius, rarely witnessed, impossible to be forgotten, which are referred to in after life. Who saw it, without coming away better, if not wiser, is to be pitted.

The love of country is sublime—the love of species beautiful; the one a noble sacrifice, the other a passionate affection. Corneille, who knew the human heart, never more aptly showed his science than in drawing the character of Camille—his masterpiece, and one of the masterpieces of dramatic poetry. Shakspeare himself would have been proud of such a creation. Camille shines not only by her own intrinsic light, but by contrast with the mistaken beings who surround her. She is a glorious piece of nature, in a world of artificial pride and imaginary self-sacrifice—all the more lovely from her great unlikeness to her companions. How old Horace—the frigid incarnation of a Roman virtue, with his love of country and indifference to kin—fades away into a pale abstraction by the side of that young maiden, whose soft bosom is corroded, whose gentle soul inflamed, by circumstances over which she has no control! Of all the personages in the drama, Camille alone speaks from the heart—Camille alone is true and single-minded. Horace and his son are statues, set in motion by a machinery which has been nick-named patriotism, strutting mechanically under a bloody standard. They have no feeling, but prostrate themselves before a name, and set up a stone to a blind idol. Their god is VANITY. It sees not distinctions, and like the Indian Juggernaut, crushes, in its eyeless course, the hopes and passions of humanity. Camille, who knows no sophistry, and only learns the Baal worship of power and carnage to despise it—Camille is the tender flower, whose scattered petals and broken stem remain, as emblems of a fierce and bloody contest: Ambition has triumphed over love, and the fragile maiden, whose soft smile threw a radiance on the dark home of the Roman savages, is trampled under foot. But the prophecy of her madness was fulfilled. Rome became a prey to barbarians, and the curse that fled from those gentle lips, under the fatal impulse of despair, was afterwards terribly accomplished.

* Director of the Imperial Italian Opera at St. Petersburg.

Camille is the real heroine of the play. No one cares for old Horace and his homicidal son. But who among us does not weep for Camille and her lost love? Who—when with foolish pride, his sword reeking with the gore of Curia, young Horace insolently claims his sister's sympathy—who does not, heart and soul, make cause with Camille, and word by word, with inward tongue, echo her fierce disdain and withering reproaches?

And yet we have seen the play acted in such a manner that our interest was all for Horace. But Rachel did not play Camille. The divine fire was not in the Roman maiden; her frame did not quiver with intense emotion; her lips did not tremble with the words of an oracle. We felt for Camille, and pitied her; but we admired Horace, and applauded his heroic son, stained with the blood of his oldest and most intimate companions, whom he had slaughtered for a quibble. Whether the name should be Rome or Alba, was the question. The sword decided it—and a heart was broken and a roof made desolate. The truth is, until we saw Rachel, we did not half appreciate the value of Camille. It is not only that she delivers the speeches, which Corneille has put into the mouth of the young girl, with more point and eloquence than any one else could deliver them; but it is the finished art with which she brings before you the actual personage, instead of the mere preacher of sentiments, that astonishes and delights you. Before Camille has a single declamatory phrase to utter, Rachel has told you her character, and laid her heart bare before you. By her most expressive by-play she lets you fully into her secret, and you are able to observe that Camille is not an unmoved anticipator of the deeds about to be perpetrated, "for the glory and good of Rome." From the very first her interest is excited, and in the speaking looks and gestures of Rachel, her silent watchfulness becomes the engrossing feature of the play. That Corneille intended this we are inclined to believe; but, until Rachel appeared as his interpreter, his meaning was half hidden from the audience.

We have spoken of the voice of Rachel; we have said that it was "music;" and truly, in the earlier scenes of *Les Horaces*, before the march of events has developed the character of Camille, aroused her inert faculties, and expanded her from a huddled quiet patience into a fiery rose of passion, there is a charm in the simple parlance of Rachel which no melody can excel—a grateful softness of tone, a rich variety of modulation, conveying every accent to the heart. The voice of Rachel is a deep well of sound, from which the soul can drink of sorrow or content, according as she wills it; it flows ever on and on, like the ocean, which rests not in sunshine or in darkness; as to the song of the syren, all must stop and listen; none can resist its influence.

We have said that Rachel wears the Greek and Roman costume more naturally than any other woman. A nymph from the elisiad of Phydias, warmed into life by the breath of an unseen spirit, could not more happily become the flowing robes, that hang from her sloping shoulders like the branches from the willow. But Rachel is more graceful than the willow. The aspirations of her gentle spirit are not earthward, like the tree, but heavenward, like the dove. True, she is the sybil with the drooping brow; but the labrets, which half conceal the beauty of her eyes, are the sentinels that guard the world from catching fire. The dress of the Roman virgin fits her as though it were a part of herself; its folds appear to sympathise with every movement of her person, and the drapery elings to her as with the close embrace of love. In the first scenes, to which we have alluded, there

is a great and irresistible attraction in this marriage of a voice, harmonious as the breeze, to gestures that speak a language of their own, and are, as it were, the accompaniment to the melody; for Camille has little to say, in which force or showy declamation is required, until the third act.

But when the contest is announced, when the three sons of Horace, her own brothers, are drawn up, in armed battle, against the three Curiatii, her friends—one of whom is her lover and betrothed husband—the energetic part of the character of Camille begins gradually to unfold itself. Leaning on the back of a chair, like a tender lily on its ozier band, as the incidents, one by one, are narrated by the messenger of death, the changing play of features, which Rachel has at such marvellous command, plainly indicates the effect that every word produces upon Camille. The death of her two brothers is a fearful blow, and the brief exclamation, "O mes freres!", falls from her lips like audible tears. A gleam of hope passes over her countenance as she learns of the feigned flight of Horace; but when she hears that the retreat was but a stratagem, that two of the Curiatii have been slain by the younger Horace, and that the sole remaining combatants are her brother and her lover, the agony of her feelings almost turns her into stone. With locked hands and wild looks, she can but stand still and listen. Every word and gesture of the messenger seems to touch some particular nerve, and cause her whole frame to thrill with prophetic pain. She fears for Horace, but she hopes for Curia. The dreadful truth at length is told. The fatal blow has been dealt, which decides the fate of Rome and of Camille. Her brother has killed her lover. As though suddenly deprived of sight, Rachel reeled towards the chair, and with wandering hands, endeavors to find the resting place which is destined to receive her prostrate and unconscious form. After many changes of position—the convulsive movements of one in whom mental anguish assumes the guise of bodily pain—she awakes from her trance. Nature now assumes its empire, and her pent up feelings are let loose in a flood of tears and sobs, which are but the big drops of rain that precede the thunder storm. Grief dies in the arms of despair, and weeping gives way to rage. The explosion is gradual, but terrific. The manner in which Rachel shows the paroxysm accumulating in intensity, step by step, through every passage of the touching soliloquy in which she recapitulates the history of her love, until her feelings worked up to frenzy, she resolves on stinging her brother to the quick by contemptuous reproaches, is a masterstroke of genius and art, that perhaps no dramatic effort has ever approached.

The climax is appalling. Camille, now erect and menacing, uses her tongue as a whip, and lashes her brother into fury, until the avalanche of irony and hatred, hurled at him in the famous curse on Rome, exceeds the limits of endurance, and he kills her with his sword. It is not merely the power with which Rachel delivers this burning prophecy—commencing in a whisper on the word, "Rome!"; as if rage had suddenly deprived her of speech, and she sickened to utter its detested sound—that gives it its terrible effect. Stricken with sudden madness, waving her arms with sublime and threatening attitudes, yet tottering, half-exhausted under the weight of her overwhelming passion, Rachel is the avenging fiend, already come to chastise Rome for its iniquities. Her shriek is frightful, when Horace plunges his sword into her breast; and the semblance of instantaneous death, wonderfully put on, closes a scene which could not be endured one instant longer.

This is but a poor attempt to convey an impression of so extraordinary a performance as the Camille of Rachel, which to be appreciated must be seen. On Friday night, whether,

because it was the occasion of her farewell, the last of a succession of twelve brilliant triumphs—or whether, wrought upon by that strong identification with the character, which when Rachel acts, makes her wholly forget herself, and is one of the great secrets of the effect she produces—the superb tragedian found her physical force redoubled, we cannot pretend to say; but most certainly we never recollect her so amazing, nor did we ever see an audience so intensely excited, even by one of her own performances. She was indeed inspired. Her voice was as a thunderbolt in the grander passages, while in the softer it fell upon the ear like

"The voice of one's own soul heard in the calm of thought."

But Rachel has left us, to weep for her loss. What can replace her? Nothing! So much power and majesty, in a form so slight, is scarcely credible; and until you have had a long look at her face you cannot believe it possible. But from that wondrous countenance—that lofty forehead—those infinite eyes, burning with the fire of genius in their recesses—that fine incomparable mouth, so intensely and variously expressive—the whole truth flashes like inspiration, and you own the presence of the Goddess of Tragedy—which is but another and a feebler name for RACHEL.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

La Figlia del Reggimento was repeated on Saturday, and Madame Sontag came out stronger than ever as Maria. The public had not anticipated such an extraordinary display of spirit and vivacity from the charming singer, who in many respects even surpasses Jeany Lind in one of her best parts. Madame Sontag omits the *adagio* in the grand air of the second act, but, *en revanche*, she sings the *adagio* in the first *finale* to perfection. Gardoni's Tonio is one of his most delightful assumptions. The accomplished tenor has never been in better voice, has never sung more gracefully, and has never exhibited more intelligence as an actor, than since his return from St. Petersburg. F. Lablache is the best Sulpizio we have seen, either in England or on the Continent.

On Tuesday, there was an excellent performance of *Don Giovanni*. The Zerlina of Madame Sontag improves on intimate acquaintance. We must also strongly commend the manner in which Madame Giuliani sang the difficult aria, in E flat, of Elvira, and, indeed, all the music of that part. The other characters were as before; and Balfe, as usual, exhibited his best generalship in the conduct of this, his favourite opera. But why does the talented director allow the splendid scene of the statue, the greatest inspiration of Mozart, to be so shamefully cut? It is little short of blasphemous to meddle with such incomparable music. Balfe should set his face against it.

On Thursday, after the *Tempesta*—about which the language has been exhausted—Madame Frezzolini gave one of her best scenes from *L'Elisir*. She was in fine voice and sang with great brilliancy and animation. Mlle. Amalia Ferraris also made a decided hit in *La Prima Ballerina*, a favourite diversion of Tagliioni, which was played last year for Rosati, and was revived on Thursday, expressly for Mr. Lumley's new *dansereuse*.

To night, *La Tempesta* will be given for the last time; and on Thursday the unparalleled Carlotta Grisi takes her benefit, her renewed engagement being near its conclusion. The opera season, by the way, is rapidly drawing to an end.

MADAME MONTENEGRO.—This favourite *cantatrice*, with Signor and Signora Sanlago, continue to attract crowded houses at Mar-seille, in spite of the immense heat. Lucrezia Borgia has created a *furore* equal to *Norma*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

La Juive has held possession of the Royal Italian Opera boards during the week, although circumstances occurred which might have stopped its progress in full career. Mario's illness on the first night was a great drawback to the success of the new opera, but his recovery on the second night, when *La Juive* was represented for the second time, was almost neutralised by the sudden indisposition of Formes, and the substitution in the Cardinal, of Zelger, who played the part at a very short notice. A cloud was thus thrown over the two first performances, which it will take some time to dissipate. Nor had Mario entirely recovered on Saturday. He sang beautifully, but he was afraid to abandon his voice to his impulses, and in consequence failed to produce the startling effects which were so confidently anticipated. The glorious tenor, however, took ample revenge on Tuesday, and sang and acted with astonishing vigour and truthfulness. The great scene in the second act was powerfully given, and was received with thunders of applause. The *romanza* in the last act was a splendid vocal effort.

Formes was able to sing on Tuesday, and to repeat his triumph of the previous Thursday. The Cardinal of Herr Formes is a grand conception, and is certainly one of the most complete characters in which he has yet appeared. His last scene was exceedingly fine.

We have already paid a just tribute to the superb singing and powerful acting of Madame Viardot. We think, nevertheless, that the part of Rachel, vocally speaking, is an ungrateful one for the artist. She has no brilliant melody nor striking phrases to sing. The music given to Rachel is almost entirely melodramatic. To how much greater advantage does Madame Viardot appear in Valentine, or Fides—not because her acting and singing are superior, but because the music is of a more impressive, characteristic, and captivating nature. For this reason we cannot anticipate as great a success for Madame Viardot in Rachel as in Fides. The artist, undoubtedly, has done everything for the part of the Jewess; but the greatest amount of genius could not render the music entirely intelligible to unaccustomed ears.

It need hardly be told how much better the opera now goes than it did at the two first performances. Mario has recovered, and Formes has resumed his post, and both have fine parts—as far as the acting is concerned,—and the chorus has gained by practice, and the audiences appear to understand the music a little better, and everything wears an air of improvement.

If *La Juive* were worth hearing the first night, it is ten times more worth hearing now.

We are delighted to announce that *Fidelio* will be brought out on Thursday week. That indeed will be, or ought to be, a feast of the soul.

THE PUBLIC GRANT TO THE PRIVATE ACADEMY IN TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.

"The Institution of the Royal Academy of Arts is not a public but private one, founded by the Sovereign, and supported either by the means of the Sovereign or by its own, if it have or can acquire any. . . . It is in no way under public or Government control; but the Government may be said to be indebted to the Sovereign for an institution for the promotion of fine art without being the smallest expense to the nation."—*Jones's Life of Sir F. Chantrey.*

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—When first established in 1768, the Royal Academy was not intended to be what it has since had the credit of being—a great national establishment. The "instrument of

institution" was therefore framed in strict accordance with its own particular mercantile interests, or supposed interests, as a private society trafficking for profit, competing with another private society—the "Incorporated Artists;" and these laws are still in force, to the serious injury of other societies of artists, and the destruction of all free competition. The most important privilege possessed by the Royal Academy is the power of conferring diplomas in art, but conventional titles, it is true, imposing only on the ignorant and vulgar, nevertheless frequently conferring social rank and precedence on persons who have no other claim to public consideration than that of having a "friend at Court"—the modern euphemism for corrupt influence. It is the possession of this power and of Court patronage (the ear of royalty, in fact) which has empowered the Royal Academy to enforce its exclusive regulations. In a free country the existence of such an institution is a complete anomaly, and it has been tolerated only because the artistic body possess neither wealth nor political power; but is that a reason for supporting this petty despotism? If the cruel injustice thus inflicted on a large number of deserving persons were fairly laid before her Majesty, it is scarcely possible to believe that she would refuse to give the whole question her attentive consideration—especially when her Majesty learns that by her sign manual, she is in fact signing away the independence, and frequently the sole means of subsistence possessed by many of her loyal and faithful subjects.

In addition to these privileges, the President of the Royal Academy, in all transactions with the Government, is treated as the representative of the arts. He is, *ex-officio*, trustee of the National Gallery of the British Museum (which stands equally in need of reform), and member of the British Institution. He receives the honour of knighthood, and now enjoys a pension from Government of £300 a year. Moreover, all lucrative appointments connected with the arts are given to Royal Academicians; the guardianship (!) of all the national and royal Galleries—royal commissionships—without the slightest regard to capacity or fitness for the office; and to such an extent is this partiality carried, that in the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, where a system of free competition was originally adopted, while the successful prizemen, Messrs. Armitage and Watts, have been entirely passed over, *unsuccessful* academic competitors have received large commissions; and, as a climax to this novel mode of encouraging artists and cultivating the *fine arts*, an academic animal painter, who never entered the arena as a competitor, has been commissioned to decorate the refectory room of the House of Lords with three thousand guinea pictures of the traditional sports and pastimes of the Peers, and immortalise their lordships' prowess in the (turnip) field—an act of glaring injustice, a national breach of faith, which even the antecrats of Trafalgar-square will find it difficult to palliate.

One of the most objectionable privileges of the Royal Academicians is the power of rejecting and condemning the works of their rivals and competitors, who are compelled to submit to their decisions, or be excluded from all chance of obtaining the diploma of "R.A.," which confers the rank of esquire on its possessor, and on his eldest son; while the unprivileged artists whose works are accepted have the mortification of knowing that at the academic dinner—an auction dinner, in fact—their pictures alone remain undusted, untouched, and unvarnished, unless, as in the instance of Mr. John Martin's "undusted" picture of "Clytie," over which some friendly academicians spilled a glittering stream of mastic, which he had no means of removing "until the doors were opened to the public. The cost of this dinner, £300, is de-

frayed by the "shillings." After the exhibition is over, the unprivileged exhibitors are invited to dinner (this is a *charity dinner*) as a favour, and the tickets are charged to the exhibitors one pound one "shilling," as a favour. I pass over a number of invidious academic privileges which are denied to other artists, and which (as for instance, the right of importing works of art from abroad duty free) the Royal Academicians refuse to exercise in behalf of their brother artists, yet which this *private* society enjoys at the expense of the *public* revenue.

The royal academicians still occupy, upon sufferance only (tenure they have none, except vague promises, as reported by themselves), a portion of the National Gallery; but, as a private society, they must give way to public convenience, nay, to public justice—justice to the great body of British artists—and be either converted into a responsible national institution or deprived of all peculiar privileges.

Such is the private character of this society, into whose revenues the state has no right to make inquiry, but which comes before the public in *formid pauperis*, with £120,000 in the funds, begging for a grant, a site in Westminster Cloisters, or some other central situation, where respectability may shed its refreshing and showery shillings in sufficient abundance. But let the Royal Academy be speedily served with a warning to quit its present locality; let it be abolished as a public nuisance, as a deadly incubus on the arts and artists of Great Britain; and let us, at the same time, give a timely hint to export themselves to the gang of low foreign adventurers who have been foisted on us as *leaders*, but whom we distinctly repudiate, even as *followers*.

I have the honour to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM CONINGHAM.

THE VERNON GALLERY IN MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

THE opening of a public gallery exclusively devoted to the works of the chief painters of England, from the last century down to the present time, is an event of more than common interest, not only to the artists whose works may here find an indestructible niche in the Temple of Fame, but to the entire public of every rank and class throughout this metropolis, who may henceforth at their leisure make themselves acquainted with many of the finest productions of their countrymen. Marlborough house was opened yesterday for the first time, by cards of admission, to a private view of the English pictures forming part of the national collection, and including the whole of the late Mr. Vernon's munificent present to the nation. On Monday next, the 5th instant, the public will be admitted on the same liberal conditions which now permit the unrestricted access of all classes to the gallery in Trafalgar-square, and we have no doubt that this English collection of paintings is destined to become one of the most attractive and agreeable places of resort in London. The distribution of these pictures in the positions they now occupy on the ground floor of Marlborough-house, is a vast improvement on the denial of space and light by which they suffered in the lateral closets or the subterranean regions of the building in Trafalgar-square. We acknowledge the desire which the Government has shown to place these pictures in a situation more worthy of the liberality of their donor and of their own excellence, and on this occasion the Sovereign has shown her wonted zeal in promoting the pleasures and cultivating the taste of the people. But we already observe that Marlborough-house is inadequate to the due exhibition of even this part of the national collec-

tion. The rooms are most of them inconveniently small for any public purpose, and will be found, when crowded, to be ill ventilated. The light is in almost all instances bad, but especially in the eastern and western rooms of the suite, the windows being narrow and placed low down in the walls, so that all the larger paintings are lit from below. In the front rooms the light is somewhat stronger, but of course it serves only for the side walls. In short, while this change serves to show how much the effect of the collection may be increased even by a partial amelioration, it reminds us more forcibly than ever that the time is come when an ample and appropriate edifice is more than ever required to meet the just expectations both of our artists and of the public.

The collection, as it is now placed, fills eight rooms on the ground floor of Marlborough house. The first two rooms on the right hand of the principal entrance (passing by Gibson's marble group of "Hylas surprised by the Naiads," which stands in the hall) are filled with English pictures, 44 in number, which are for the most part familiar to the public, as forming part of the National Gallery, not of Mr. Vernon's collection. These works consist of all the pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hogarth, Gainsborough, West, Wilkie, Lawrence, Constable, and Copley, heretofore in the small rooms of Trafalgar Square. As is always the case in changes of position, some of these pictures have gained and some have lost by the move. Wilkie's "Village Festival," Constable's "Corn-field," and the "Marriage à la Mode," are seen with extreme force and increased interest in their present position; and we think Copley's picture of the "Death of Lord Chatham," may be said to have gained; but the larger Sir Joshua's and the Gainsborough's are considerably impaired by the dark heights they have attained; and Lawrence's fine "Portrait of Mrs. Siddons," recently presented to the gallery by Mrs. Fitzhugh, and forming a suitable companion to the "Kemble in Hamlet," is literally extinguished between the windows.

The Vernon collection begins at the third room turning on the left to that suite of apartments which runs along the front of the mansion. We enter at once on Hart's "Synagogue," finely lighted, Wilkie's "Piper," and the largest, though not, perhaps, the most effective of Turner's works in this collection, "The Fates and the Golden Bough." Mr. Leslie's "Sancho Panza in the apartment of the Duchess" is certainly one of the happiest and most powerful specimens of his humorous and natural manner. The centre of the room is worthily filled by an incomparable work of Sir Joshua's—"The Age of Innocence"—one of the happiest specimens of a face now grown as familiar to Englishmen as their domestic affections; and beyond we find Sir Edwin Landseer's "Peace" and "War," two Elys, and a "Lake of Como" by Stanfield. The fourth room contains one of Newton's charming "window" figures, a small and inadequate specimen of Bonington, studies by Hilton, and Mr. J. Ward's large picture, "The Council of Horses," which would seem to have forced its way very undeservedly into good company. Hard by hangs a "Venice," by Turner, of matchless transparency, with a companion picture, by the same artist, of more sobriety and heaviness of manner, and between them Mr. Eastlake's "Christ mourning over Jerusalem"—a work in which devotional feeling and delicacy of treatment supply in part the want of vigour and brilliancy. In these latter qualities Mr. Webster's handling of a very different subject—the humour of a "Dance School"—presents a forcible contrast to its spiritual neighbour.

The fifth room brings us to Newton's "Yorick and the

Grisette," and two of the large but least powerful landscapes of Sir A. Callcott, painted in a manner which has in our time been still further diluted by his successors. Turner's fine specimen of "The Landing of William of Orange at Torbay," hangs opposite the light, and Roberts' "St. Paul's Church at Antwerp" is in the style of ecclesiastical interiors a performance of first-rate excellence. Mr. Uwins has found a good position for his "Vine-gatherers of the Gironde," and we do him the justice to say that the picture well deserves it.

The sixth room is the largest of the suite, and perhaps the best filled—at least, with the works of recent artists. It begins with Wilkie's "Ear-ring"—a picture which marked the early stage of transition to his second manner; and this is followed by one of the most graceful of Elys's compositions, "Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm." On the left hand of the doorway, on entering this room, the visitor will find Sir Augustus Callcott's "Old Pier, Little Hampton"—a picture of extraordinary power and grandeur, painted with a breadth of light and shade and simplicity not unworthy of Rembrandt himself, and highly characteristic of a manner which Callcott unfortunately abandoned for the feebler charms of a softer school. By the side of this work hangs Stothard's "Grecian Vintage"—one of the most finished and vigorous works of that painter, who felt the qualities of antique beauty with the intensity of a Nicolas Poussin. Hilton's large picture of "Edith discovering the dead body of Harold" fills the centre of the room, and eclipses Gainsborough's somewhat uninteresting "Musidora." Goodall's "Village Festival" deserves to be noticed at the further end.

The seventh room contains a specimen of Wilkie's style in the "Peep-o-day-Boy's Cabin" after the great master of the domestic scenes of England had sacrificed his first manner to a streaky imitation of the Spanish artists, whose force he hardly ever reached. We have then Mr. E. Ward's clever and characteristic works, "Change-alley," and "Dr. Johnson in the ante-room of Lord Chesterfield," and Macrae's powerful, ingenious, but somewhat repulsive picture of "The play scene in Hamlet." Stanfield's "Entrance to the Zuyder Sea," and Landseer's "Low life and high life," are also placed in this apartment. A small cabinet or closet, in which Constable's "Valley farm" shines out with great effect by the side of Goodall's "Tired soldier," and two richly coloured Elys, completes the suite of rooms and the Vernon collection of 155 pictures.

Without any pretension to convert this succinct survey of the Marlborough-house gallery into a critical review, or even a complete list of its treasures, our readers will perceive that this collection presents to them a considerable number of the works of modern artists which are already established favourites of the national taste. We could wish in some few instances that in such a collection none but the very best specimens of each artist had been admitted, for their own sake as well as for the credit of the country, and that the artists themselves who are honoured by a place on these walls should have attained a position in their profession which posterity will not dispute or condemn. But with proper encouragement, we have no doubt that this collection will steadily advance far beyond its present degree of excellence, not only by an increase of the number of pictures it contains, but, what is of more importance, by the possession of the best works of the best English masters. As a gallery entirely produced in less than one century of the history of art in this country, and brought together almost exclusively by the personal liberality of a few patriotic and judicious patrons of our national painters, these pictures present a pleasing and creditable proof

of what has been done amongst ourselves. A more strict selection and more ample opportunities might have procured, in some instances, more perfect specimens of the English painters, which time will probably supply; but in the mean time we congratulate the public on their speedy access to a new pleasure which is in every sense their own.

RACHEL.

(From a Contemporary.)

WHILE the English theatres have been almost at a stand still, some being shut, others producing the least possible amount of novelty, Mr. Mitchell's establishment has been flourishing with great glory. Madlle. Rachel, whose engagement nearly comprises the month of July, without passing the limits, has gone through a most brilliant series of performances. Never since her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre has Madlle. Rachel made so decided an impression on the English public as during this, her last engagement. She had not appeared since 1847, and thus the interval since we had last seen her was just long enough to stimulate curiosity, without being sufficiently long to obliterate reminiscences. That Madlle. Rachel was a glorious creature, a great mistress of declamation, an organ of genuine passion, an instinctive penetrator into all the secrets of human emotion, was perfectly known to every one who had passed through five years of play-going existence. This was felt and admitted when she last departed from us; but by degrees the living impression fades into the dead proposition, and a living presence is wanted to bring with it a new life. Thus the prayer uttered by the devotee is learned by rote, and from being a pure emanation of the heart becomes a mere utterance of the lips.

The task which Madlle. Rachel had to perform in London in the year 1850 was not to establish her reputation—for that had been established long ago—but to give new animation to those expressions of admiration which through her absence had lost somewhat of their force. Her performances have constituted one career of triumph. Most of the characters have indeed been seen already with her interpretation; but so excellent is every quality she possesses that all she does appears entirely new, and we are astonished to find her delineations so admirable. The passion of Phédre, which works from the heart upon the external frame, which first quietly undermines the health, and then bursts out into the confession, long withheld, of its own existence—the vindictive temperament of Roxane, enabling the actress to use that cutting scythe of irony which seems to be her birthright—the wounded pride and unextinguished love of Hermione, swelling into rage, and softening from rage into grief—the rightful anger and calm resignation of Marie Stuart—the maiden like grief and rage of Camille,—all these are things acknowledged as admirable by every one who had seen the great French *tragedienne*; but once more brought before us, how wonderful do they appear! It seems as though Rachel revealed to us a world of which we had some faint reminiscence, and which startles us when it rises upon our sight in all its perspicuity.

Two new characters have been introduced to the English public during the engagement of Madlle. Rachel—one is the Polyucte of Pierre Corneille, a tragedy having for its subject a Christian martyrdom, and long prohibited from the London stage—not on account of profanity, but from the general prejudice against a theatrical representation of religious subjects. The poor stage!—what is it to do? If it eschews all connection with religion it is frivolous and worldly—if it shows a predilection for a saint or a prophet, it is told with a frown that it must not meddle with sacred matters. But to drop abstract-

tions and return to Madlle. Rachel. Pauline, in *Polyucte*, is a Pagan wife, who without a strong previous affection for her husband, is so much struck by his constancy in enduring martyrdom for the sake of Christianity that she at once becomes a convert to the new faith. She has, perhaps, wavered a little beforehand; but the full conviction that Christianity is divine has been forced upon her by no reasoning process, by no gradual conviction, but by the aspect of her husband's decapitated corpse. The realisation of this idea by Madlle. Rachel is the sublime of histrionic excellence. We feel that she is obeying no ordinary impulse of human passion; her frame is animated by a new spirit, over which she has no control; she is not merely a soul rescued from the peril of unbelief, but a soul already anticipating heavenly bliss. Her figure was that of an antique saint, represented by an old master of the most ideal school. The audience seemed as if they scarcely knew whether to applaud or to adore, and shrank as from the presence of a superior power. In her previous characters, Madlle. Rachel seemed as though she had gone through the whole cycle of human emotion. Pauline showed her as an expessor of those mysterious feelings which connect the human with the divine.

The other new character is Adrienne Lecouvreur, in Messrs. Scribe and Gouvé's play of that name—a play which has been the most popular of any produced during Madlle. Rachel's engagement. Its popularity is to be attributed not to its superiority over the other plays, or its better capability for displaying Madlle. Rachel's talent, but to the fact that it is developed more by action than by dialogue, and is therefore more consonant to English notions. Then the utterance of prose dialogue by Madlle. Rachel is a novelty, and the death by poison, which with its terrible details occupies nearly an entire act, is one of those awful realities which almost render an audience ill with excitement. Nevertheless, with all the merits of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*—and it is certainly a very clever comedy of intrigue, with a tragic ending—we still feel that Madlle. Rachel is performing an act of condescension when she plays the heroine.

Madlle. Rachel is essentially a high-art actress, and her mission is especially to teach the disbelievers in high art that there are means of producing the greatest excitement in a public without the infusion of melo-dramatic realism. Except in the instances where the actress recites speeches from the tragedians, as in the fourth and fifth acts, we feel that Madlle. Rachel is withholding from us the exhibition of one of her most precious talents—that of declamation. What is called natural dialogue satisfies in the mouth of inferior artists; but what is elevated with others is natural with Madlle. Rachel. The French Alexandrine, though our own ears may not be attuned to it, seems the element through which her noble soul soars along, and the rhythm gains new music from the impassioned modulations of her voice. Talk not of the formality of Racine and Corneille, when they are capable of being warmed into full free life by the breath of Rachel. Had it not been for this illustrious artist the past theatrical month would have been dull indeed, but through her it has been one of the brightest lustre.

Mr. Mitchell's season has been highly successful; it has lasted altogether seven months; the glorious career of Madlle. Rachel brought it to a triumphant close.

MR. T. W. MURK.—This distinguished musician is in London for a short time. We understand it is his intention to give a *matinée d'inspiration*, at which he will play some of his latest compositions.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

OLYMPIC.

The opening of this house, after it had remained closed for several months, created on Monday night some sensation in Wych Street. The present season, which is to last for six nights only, is under the auspices of Mr. George Bolton, who seems to entertain a great notion of John Marston's *Malcontent*—an old play, well known to every reader of Dodsley's collection. Now, this is just one of the many old plays which furnish some *piquant* extracts, as for instance, the caustic sayings uttered by the *Malcontent* himself, but which are totally without the interest or closeness of construction requisite to make a piece popular in the present day. The house was crowded on Monday night, and it is possible that, as a dramatic curiosity, the *Malcontent* may draw for six nights or so, but as for its becoming a piece of the *repertoire*, it is out of the question.

FRENCH PLAYS.—RACHEL.—On Friday week last, this eminent actress took her departure after a series of performances which have scarcely been equalled on the boards of any theatre. In referring to the different parts in which Mdlle. Rachel has appeared, we have endeavoured to point out what we considered the most prominent features of her impersonations; but such meagre details can give no more idea of her acting than a rough sketch in chalk of one of Raphael's masterpieces. No one can picture to himself Rachel who has not seen her; and the greatest praise that we can bestow is, that she excels and has supplanted the ideal of our fancy, and so embodied the creations of the classical drama as entirely to identify herself with them. The beings whom Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, and Scribe have called into existence—Camille, Phédre, Marie Stuart, Roxane, Hermione, Adrienne Lecouvreur—Monime, Aeménide, Jeanne d'Arc, Agrippine or Pauline—Chimène, the Cid's daughter, or Virginie, the Roman maiden—can never henceforth be separated from Rachel in the minds of those who have seen her in those parts. The hold which she has thus taken on the imagination of the public is the grandest proof of her transcendent genius. How often have we read *Les Horaces*, and how often have we slighted the short part of Camille! We certainly always thought the malediction on Rome a very fine tirade; but there was so little of it, and the part was so simple, so unobtrusive, that we had no idea it contained the materials of a lofty and sublime conception. Now, however, when we read the play, we dwell on all those passages with exquisite pleasure—we feel the full force of the most insignificant exclamation. In the word "*Hélas!*" pronounced as Rachel alone can pronounce it, we have a whole tale of sorrow and suffering. Such monosyllables convey more, from her lips, than whole volumes of words; for anguish needs no rhetoric to give it intenance, and heartfelt grief is never expansive in its wallings. In Polyseucte again, when with arms erect and upturned forehead, her eyes flashing fire, her frame quivering with the ecstasy of revealed truth, hurling defiance at the imperial decrees, courting the crown of martyrdom, the newly converted proselyte to Christianity exclaims, "*Je crois!*"—not another syllable is necessary. In that one word, in that one look, we have the full confession of the faith that moves Pauline, the willing victim of despotic cruelty, glowing with ardour, and courting the agony of the cross, the tongue of the flame, or the fangs of savage hearts. In the play of *Marie Stuart*, how interesting and captivating is Mdlle. Rachel's impersonation of the unfortunate Scottish Queen!—how touching and pathetic her whole conception of the part!—how dignified her sorrow!—

how glorious her revenge on the heartless Elizabeth! "*O ma sœur!*" she exclaims, in answer to the vile calumnies of the English Queen,—and the words are uttered more in sorrow than in anger; yet what a world of anguish is conveyed by this simple exclamation! The parts of Phédre and Hermione, in Mdlle. Rachel's hands, abound in passages equally felicitous, which we have already pointed out as they occurred to our notice. In the new piece of *Adrienne Lecouvreur* we were presented with a spectacle which we consider beyond the pale of legitimate tragedy, and better adapted to the horrors of the *Porte St. Martin* than to the stage of the *Théâtre Français*. We confess that the death scene, in the fifth act, was a masterpiece of histrionic art, and that the actress performed her part throughout with prodigious talent; but the exhibition was of a most painful nature, with no grand moral lesson to elevate the mind and relieve the horror of the situation. These remarks, however, apply to the authors, and not to the actress.

In snatching up the events of the theatrical season of the French plays, we may be allowed to remark that Mdlle. Rachel has been its most prominent and successful feature; indeed, she has been the one great star of the season. The most eminent members of the world of letters and fashion have done homage to her genius and assisted at her triumphs. She has departed from us with all the honours due to the greatest tragedienne of modern times. Her engagement has been a source of unbounded gratification to those who have had the good fortune to witness her performances, and of keen disappointment to numbers who were excluded on account of the limited size of the theatre.

The season of the French plays being now over, we have only to record our gratification at the pleasure we have derived during its progress. The tact and discrimination of the spirited lessee, his strict adherence to the terms of his prospectus, and his liberality in matters of detail, are too universally acknowledged to require comment. The entertainments have been on a magnificent scale. The operatic portion of the season was worthy of all praise. The latest new operas were produced, amongst others of older date, hitherto unknown to the English public. *Le Val d'Andorre*, by M. Halévy; *Zampa*, by Hérold; *Le Caid*, by Thomas; *Le Roi d'Yvetot* and *Postillon de Lonjumeau*, by Adolphe Adam; *L'Esclave de Camécé*, by Van der Does; *Le Moçon*, by Auber; besides *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, *Le Domino Noir*, *Ne touchez pas à la Reine*, &c., &c., were successively performed by those popular and excellent artistes,—Mesdames Charton and Guichard; MM. Chollet, Chateaufort, &c., &c. In comedy and vaudeville, the same attempt at completeness has been observable. The best plays of the modern *repertoire* have been produced, besides several entirely new to the English public, such as *Gabrielle*, *Louison*, *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*, *Un Caprice*, and one of Scribe's best comedies, *La Camaraderie*. This last piece was put on the stage in a manner which deserves particular mention—the parts being played by Mdlles. Denain and Nathalie, Messrs. Samson and Regnier. The *vaudeville* was mainly supported by M. Lafont. We conclude by hoping that Mr. Mitchell, to whom the public owes a debt of deep gratitude, has reason to be content with the general result of a season thus brought to a close in so brilliant and satisfactory a manner.

Mademoiselle Rachel having terminated her engagement on Friday evening, the theatre was devoted on Monday night to the first—this season—of Mrs. Fanny A. Kemble's Shaksperian readings. The play was *The Tempest*, which she read with excellent elocution, and an effective discrimination

of character that made the performance approximate to acting. She seemed to be well appreciated by her audience. The play selected for the second reading, on Wednesday, was *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. J. DE C—.

REVIEWS.

"*Chants for Four Voices*," with Organ Accompaniment, edited by W. T. BEST. NOVELLO.

A collection of eighty-five single and double chants by various authors, the best of which are decidedly not the Gregorian specimens which have found their way into the volume. Among several by the editor, our attention is directed to number 61, double chant in E major, which may be taken, not only as a good specimen of Mr. Best's talent, but as a fair example of the average merit of the collection. Many of the eighty-five chants are well known; others are less known; but most of them, once known, are likely to become better known. The book is handsomely got up, and may be recommended as strongly for its exterior as its interior decorations.

"*Eighty Chorales*," by W. T. BEST. NOVELLO.

These chorales are gathered from various sources, and among their authors we find the names of several of the most celebrated musicians. From the title-page we learn that they are newly harmonised by the editor, in four parts. Perhaps, however, Number 10, which we find attributed to *Handel*, and Number 12, attributed to *Glück*, would have been better had the original harmonies of those illustrious composers been preserved, by which several inaccuracies of style, that we have not time nor space at present to particularize, might have been eschewed. At the same time, let us add, that there are many points of harmony which, if not entirely new, denote both good taste and research; but space and time are equally wanting to point out the beauties as the weaknesses of Mr. Best's collection. Should the occasion, however, present itself, time, and space permitting, we may possibly devote a column to the examination of both Mr. Best's works.

1. "*The Monte-Christo Polka*." 2. "*Echo Polka*." 3. "*Catalan Polka*." 4. "*Fleur de Marie Polka*." 5. "*The Strathmore Qua drilles*." 6. "*The Court Waltzes*."—REV. REV.

No. 1, in C, was evidently inspired by reading the popular romance of Alexander Dumas. The introduction is in C major, and the transition to A flat may be regarded as a musical illustration of poor Dantes' unexpected imprisonment in the dungeons of If. The progression to A major, by an enharmonic change, strongly suggests his equally unexpected escape in the sack of the Abbé Faria, when, plunged by the sturdy gaolers into the depths of the bay of Marseilles, he is miraculously saved by the boat of his friend the pirate—exemplified by his return to the original key. The polka itself is sparkling, especially the trio in A minor, which we think, however, ought not to end in the relative major.

No. 2, in D, is remarkable for the absence of the vulgar expedient of an echo, which, though suggested by the title-page, only appears in the introduction, the shortest and least interesting part of the Polka. The Polka itself is sparkling, especially the Coda, though the passages of double notes are rather difficult for players of dance music; in addition to this, by the way, there is a short echo of four bars in the last two lines of the last page (5), to which, but for its inobtrusiveness, we might possibly object.

No. 3, in A, is evidently suggested by the same romance of Dumas as No. 1. It is more lively, but less ambitious, there being nothing particular in the way of progression, except an

unexpected transition to F, and an equally unexpected return to the original key. The Polka is sparkling, especially the trio in D, a vivacious solo for the cornet.

No. 4, in D, has evidently been inspired by the *Mystère de Paris* of Eugene Sue. The introduction, *con spirito*, calls for no remark; but the Polka is sparkling, and the cornet and clarinet are liberally employed.

No. 5 is the best set of quadrilles we have seen from the pen of Rust. The figures are all lively, especially No. 3, Poule, and No. 5, Finale, both in B flat.

No. 6 begins with an introduction *agitato*, in A minor, of two lines in unison; followed by an *andante sostenuto* for the cornet, which would also be in A minor, but that it passes through a variety of keys, and ends in A major. The waltz is animated, and by varying the rhythm, Rust has avoided monotony in the various figures.

To conclude, we can recommend this dance music as being quite suited to the purpose,—brilliant without being difficult, and exceedingly well arranged for the pianoforte.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

Some weeks ago a French aeronaut, attempted, and, if we may believe the accounts given, achieved, a balloon ascent on horseback, thus redeeming from the regions of classic fable the wondrous story of Perseus and his Pegasus. Malicious tongues reported that the Frenchman's Pegasus was a blind pony; but still the exhibition proved a popular one, and as what answers on one side of the Channel is generally sure to have a run upon the other, it was natural that the British public should expect to see their Greens and their Gales bestriding chargers in the air, and curmudgeoning amidst "the lazy placid clouds." As our theatres have lived upon the dramatic fertility of our neighbours, what more natural than that Vauxhall should follow in the beaten track of imitation? Accordingly it was announced that "the veteran Green" would on Wednesday evening, at half-past 7 o'clock, "take an airing" on horseback with the Victoria balloon. The inhabitants of this metropolis are partial to aerostation. What secret influences lead them in such crowds to exhibitions of the kind it is needless to inquire. Perhaps the same motives that induced a gentleman for many successive nights to attend Van Amburgh's show of wild beasts. However this may be, the fit was strong upon them on Wednesday night. The up-river boats were crammed with passengers to the gardens; every point whence a view of the ascent could be commanded was crowded; the roads were thronged with people, and even within the gardens, underterred by the half-crown entrance fee, and another half-crown for admission to the balloon ground, a goodly number of the curious spectators had collected. In the centre of the grounds, whence the fireworks are usually discharged, the balloon was placed, and preparations were busily made for the daring ascent. The inflation was complete, the ballast all in readiness, and every thing else ready. Mr. Green himself was there, fastening and unloosing cords, arranging the paraphernalia of his car, and otherwise getting in trim for his airy flight. Still the promised Pegasus was not forthcoming, and as the anxious spectators watched the proceedings they expected every moment to be startled by the neigh of some great charger, and to see him come prancing forward. Judge, therefore, their astonishment, when from among the feet of some half-dozen workmen, who had up to the last moment surrounded the balloon, a diminutive little animal, not larger than an under-sized Newfoundland dog, and smaller than the smallest breed of Shetland ponies, was taken and placed in the car. This dwarf quadruped, the Tom Thumb of its species, which must have been stunted in its growth by potatoes of gin, and could never have seen corn or grass, was bedecked with velvet and tinsel, after the fashion of an "infant phenomenon"; and the whisper ran round, though for its accuracy we do not vouch, that it was the same sagacious pony which at Astley's Theatre, hard-by, fires a pistol, drinks beer with the clown, and smokes a clay pipe, to the infinite amusement of the spectators. The poor little creature's evident terror at the new "role" it was about to play might well have excited some commiseration, and

certainly justified the humane application made on Tuesday, with reference to this subject, at the Lambeth Police-court. Placed in the car, its feet were fastened to certain sockets in which they were placed. Its eyes were carefully bandaged, and as if the strength of the Mammoth horse was concentrated in its diminutive frame, a hundred cords were in requisition to insure its quiescence. Over the whole arrangements the "intrepid" aeronaut himself presided, at one moment carefully binding the pony's limbs, and at the next gently soothing him with his hand. At last, everything was ready, and Mr. Green proceeded to mount his charger.

The spectacle hardly recalled the story of Alexander and Bucephalus. A pile of sand-bags placed on either side of the pony sustained the weight of the aeronaut, which the poor animal itself was evidently unable to bear. Thus mounted, Mr. Green took his departure and was soon at a distance which defied the best vision to follow. Wherever he alights, it is to be hoped that his steed will have gained in size and strength ere it again touches *terra firma*, and that the veteran aeronaut, when he next promises an ascent on horseback, will really go up riding on a horse, and not on the most diminutive of ponies.

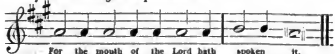
The exhibition would have been far more effective, as far as the spectators were concerned, and far less obnoxious to the Humane Society, if Mr. Green had "gone up aloft" on a good substantial rocking or dummy horse, borrowed for the occasion from some toy-shop or saddler's warehouse.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—There is a passage in the quotations given week before last, from the *Christian Remembrancer*, which may not perhaps to some appear quite intelligible. It is the following: "Must we go to Exeter Hall to hear the lost echoes of the Church's glory?" It is as well, therefore, to observe, that the writer in the periodical just named, had previously modestly set forth that Handel's *Messiah* (among other of his oratorios) "abounds in features of the ancient Church song," because it contains certain little "ups and downs" that are as simple as Gregorian Chants, and which are *universal* property. And after doing so, he grandiloquently exclaims, "What matters it that Westminster Abbey has forgotten its eighth tone?" Is it not yet after your sung in the Hanover Square Rooms for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians? Who is there that has not heard the first chorus of the *Messiah*, "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed;" and who that has once heard it from the Quire of the Sacred Harmonic Society, can ever forget the proclamation?



For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

It will be observed that Handel's rhythm is destroyed to forward this party view. A very good and sufficient reply to the above somewhat pompous declaration is to be found in the last part of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, which contains a paper entitled *Notes on Music*, in which occurs the following observations: "All nations sing; and in the lowest state of civilization are found rudiments of the harmonious art in the form of air or tune. Among mere savages these are generally monotonous. A missionary mentions that he heard a native of New Guinea sing for upwards of an hour the praises of his deceased chief, but the air was entirely composed of two notes, A and B."

Another chorus that is said to be founded on the same eighth tone, is Handel's; "They now contract."

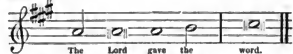


They now con - tract their boi's'trous pride and

shalt with I - die rage the laugh - ing strand

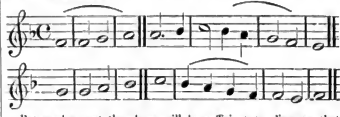
and it is said to be for no better reason than because it commences with an accent of a whole tone, and is followed by a return. Nothing is said about the remaining and florid part of the subject, which would have disproved the party view of the *Christian Remembrancer*.

The writer then proceeds to say, "If it were possible to imagine the most impossible of all impossible things—the lasting oblivion of the ancient chants in our services, the mighty Handel has himself rendered their destruction a thing beyond human power to accomplish. Let the Quire of St. Paul's continue to neglect the first tone, Handel echoes it in their ears from the 200 men of Exeter Hall, in the chorus."



The Lord gave the word.

All this reads very magnificently; but is it not fine verbiage rather than correct reasoning? This will be the best discovered by observing the writer's line of argument when speaking of the Anglican Chants. He brings forward Soaper's, among others, all of which he designates as "imitations of the merry trolls sung by our low Churchmen."



But a glance at the above will be sufficient to discover that Soaper's Chant opens with the *self-same* progression as Handel's chorus. "The Lord gave the word;" the second and fourth parts are "little else than the Peregrine;" and the third and only remaining portion is almost identical with the first. Now what becomes of the insinuation of the *Christian Remembrancer*, that the Quire of St. Paul's neglects the first tone (or the Peregrine either) if it retains the use of Soaper's Chant, as I understand it does? It is mere trifling. The fact is, the "tracing" system, which seems to have originated with the *Christian Remembrancer* as far back as 1846, and has since been followed by most of the High Church periodicals from that time to this, is just the very worst and weakest device that could have been hit upon wherewith to prop up a weak and fanciful cause; for in effect it brings back, admits, and even authorises the retention of all that which Gregorian party spirit would fain have extirpated; and what is really unfortunate, receives, as we have seen, the bad alike with the good.

But there is a question that arises out of the Gregorian "tracing system" which may here, I think, be most seasonably brought forward. Why should the Gregorian chants be set up as a standard wherewith to test church music at all? Why should a resemblance or otherwise, in regard to them, be counted either as a merit or a demerit? Did they originate from a pure source, that they are to be elevated in such a manner? The melodies which St. Ambrose and Gregory improved, were those sung by the Greek church in the tragedies—old theatrical tunes, in fact—and if we trace them back still further, we find them used in the service of the Pagan temples. So that it is not, after all, when the real merits of the case come to be considered, half so clear that Anglican chants and Handel's choruses are taken from the Gregorian chants, as that the Gregorian chants are themselves taken from ancient secular and Pagan tunes. Under such circumstances as these, surely it would have been much more becoming had their advocates exaggerated their importance and "real merits" less coolly than they have done. As it is, the inordinate praise lavished on them only throws out the following piece of inconsistency—gross enough in itself—in still stronger relief than it would otherwise appear. Because a desire exists in a certain quarter to return to the use of these "Pagan tunes" (as a writer in the *Athenaeum* frankly terms them), they are vowed to be the very perfection of Christian church chants; but inasmuch as the *architecture* of the Pagan temples,

which forms the groundwork of most of the churches of Inigo Jones, Sir Christopher Wren, and others, is such as the same party does not desire to see retained, it declares *that* to be totally unfit for church purposes, and that no amount of modification or development—corresponding with what was done by St. Ambrose and Gregory for the music sung in the same temples—would make it so. Correct taste and artistic feeling, indeed, are to be allowed to guide the judgment in regard to church architecture; but are to be denied even so much as a bearing in the cause of church music.

But to return. The "tracing system," on which so much has been said, has involved its originators in a most uncomfortable dilemma. One of the two following points they are bound to admit; either, that the specimens which their publications have put forth are *false* from beginning to end, or those produced *per contra* are *true*; and the choice of position may, I think be left to themselves, with the selection of either of which we shall all feel satisfied.

And now, before I close, will your correspondent "Anglican-Gregorian" allow me to correct a misapprehension under which I fancy he labours? From the following passage in his letter,—"Supposing them (the Gregorians) in that form (harmonised) to be good, which I in good faith think they are, why condemn them merely for the sake of party spirit?"—I imagine him to have concluded that I am opposed to the harmonisation of the Gregorian chants; whereas, the reverse is the case, as he will gather from my letter in No. 27, and will be more fully shown in a subsequent communication. My own impression entirely coincides with his in this matter. What I have objected to is, people availing themselves of the harmonies that were added to the Gregorian chants by the early church "organists and quiremen," and profiting from the models which the best Anglican chants present; and yet abusing the very men and music from whom and which they have learned and profited so much. This I do consider to be most unjust and discreditable; nor can I persuade myself to think it an exhibition of "party spirit" to say so.

One word more. The letter of "G. R. C." is most important, in many respects, and particularly so as proving that the Gregorian chants are not quite so easy as some would have them supposed to be. Next week I hope to give one of the many reasons why this should be the case. Until then, I beg to remain yours very sincerely,

AN ORGANIST.

July 30, 1850.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—I wish to express my thanks to "An Organist" for his information respecting the date at which the so-called Gregorian notation came first into use. This name for it is chronologically a hoax. The application of Gregorian to the tuning which contrived the attainment of variety by making unnatural key-notes from all the notes of the hexachord, is a musical hoax. When arrived at the necessity to cover the nakedness of these distortions called "Tones or Modes," with harmony, or Anglicism, the concealment of the want of skill to do so, except by means of arbitrary dominants and subdominants adapted to each of them, is a humbug. The attempt to retrograde into the antemusical and unrhymical Gregorian Chant, in which the people cannot join, although it is, in pure affectation, called the "People's Song," is a humbug. The attempt to decry the peculiarly fascinating, rhythmical Anglican Chant, in which the people do easily join, is a humbug. The assumption of a multitude of names, for one or two persons, who has, or who have written criticisms deprecatory of Mr. Monk's Anglican Chants in particular, is a humbug. The affectation of persons writing fine ecclesiastical music, inasmuch as it imitates the uncountness of the Gregorian Chants and ecclesiastical modes, is an especial humbug. The imitation of the ancient and the mediæval architecture, constructed when the science of building was thoroughly known, is not a humbug.

I perceive that my last correspondence has stirred up one of the "metamorphosed descendants" to cock up his ears and to open his mouth. All that I have to advise is, "Let the galled jade wince; our withers are unwrung."

What I have had to say in respect of Gregorianism, I have written in sincerity, and, if I may take the evidence of "A Church-

man," in truth, all that "A Parish Organist" has written, except his quotations, has been asserted with much earnestness, but, in all respects, without one word of truth. He has mistaken the character of his man. He has thrown a strong light upon his own capabilities.

P.S. By the way, as plain-thinking churchgoers are becoming more and more attached to simplicity and truth, how may the mediæval introductions of your correspondent affect injuriously his parish church income? Perhaps "A Parish Organist" may have the kindness to say whether or not his parish church is fully attended.—Yours truly,

J. M. X.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I hardly know how to thank you sufficiently for giving publicity to the numerous temperate letters you have laid before your readers, on the subject of the Gregorian Chants.

The controversy is one that must have commanded the deepest attention from all musicians and churchmen, who have the welfare of the English Congregational Music at heart. My precise object, however, in now writing to you, is to offer a suggestion which I feel satisfied must have occurred to many of your subscribers, viz.—that the correspondence, so far as it has yet gone, be collected and printed in the form of a pamphlet. The importance of doing so I will explain in as few words as possible. In the first place: let the circulation of the *Musical World* be what it may, the letters cannot have come under the consideration of one fiftieth part of those who ought to see them. The discussion must be of equal interest to all classes; to those who take opposite views of the matter; to the Clergy, Organists, and Quiremen; and the Laity, in general,—and I scarcely can see how they can be circulated to the desired extent in any other way than that I have just proposed, considering that many of the numbers are not now to be had.

If my suggestion should meet with favourable consideration, I would add, that as much of the controversy should be included in a "Sixpenny Part," as conveniently can be, and a 2nd Part issued as soon as sufficient materials have appeared to form the same, and so on. If so much has already appeared, as will form two parts, so much the better.

And now, as an earnest of my good faith, I beg to forward my name for two dozen copies, with the hope, Sir, that the encouragement I offer may be the least that you may receive from any of your subscribers. I remain, Sir, your faithful servant,

Z. Z.

July 31st, 1850.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR.—Can you inform your readers what has become of Dr. Claudius? As one of that numerous body, I may be allowed to express myself particularly indebted to that gentleman for having opened the present controversy in your pages concerning Gregorian Chants,—a discussion, I may observe, that promises to be attended with such important and good results to the cause of genuine English Church music. His sudden and unexpected retirement from the field, on his statements being questioned, being likely to be taken for a desertion of his own cause, must be my apology for thus troubling you.—Very truly yours,

X. K. Q.

Will the learned doctor answer for himself?—Ed. M. W.]

THE POPULAR PERFORMANCE OF THE "MESSIAH" AT LEICESTER.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I am glad to find that I hoped rightly, viz.—that no Leicester professor penned the musical notice to which I replied the other week. But how is it that your four correspondents, who give their names, overlook the fact that the communications to which they reply were provoked by the malicious attack of the person who now signs himself "Anti-Hamburg," in whose freedom from *cliqueism*, &c., &c., I will believe when you furnish me with his *real name and address*, or the name and address furnished to you. I am only sorry, for the sake of your professional correspondents, (to advance whose interests I have done more in my humble way, than I did in this instance for the Mechanics' Institute,) that

the second letter of "Anti-Humbug" should have appeared concurrently with their own note, which also contains an ill-judged and undeserved sarcasm as to the abilities, natural and acquired, of a resident board professor. Heaven help provincial professors and performances, if all were criticized in the same spirit! The only other remark I think it necessary to make is, that Mr. McEwan, when speaking of the Harmonium as "negre," meant in comparison with the organ; and that his phrase "heterogeneous mass" is the counterpart of what I have heard from him when speaking of other choral performances in which *amateurs* necessarily composed the major part of the orchestra. I am, Sir, with good wishes for the prosperity of the whole profession, your obedient servant,

GEOFFREY SMALLFIELD.

Mercury Office.

P.S.—Mr. Gardiner wishes me to state, that your anonymous correspondent needs a cloak, when he can so unobtrusively make such wilful mis-statements as he does; but that, if that person will throw off his cloak, and give his name, as an honest man telling the truth need never be ashamed to do, he (Mr. Gardiner) is quite prepared to defend the short notice he wrote for the journal. It is only an act of justice to Mr. Gardiner to add, that he was in no way concerned in getting up the performance; that he went as a simple visitor; that his writing that notice was purely one of those impulsive, kind actions he has often performed with a view to promote the appreciation and study of music in Leicester;—and seeing that Mr. Gardiner was present at both performances, he surely is more entitled to credence than a person who says he was not present at the first performance, while his positive mis-statements render it certain that he was either present at the second, or else that he does not know how to speak the truth.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I am sorry to be again compelled to trouble you on a disagreeable subject, but as four gentlemen have fitted upon their own heads the cap contained in the letters which appeared in answer to the pseudo-critique on the *Messiah*, as performed here on July 6, although neither their names, nor "the promoters of the Leicester Mootly Concerts," were mentioned in those letters, nor, indeed, any other persons, except as identified by certain actions, which any professional parties ought to be deeply ashamed of acknowledging as pointing out themselves; and as those gentlemen have thought fit to indulge in some uncalled-for personal remarks upon myself, I feel bound to reply.

With respect to their denial of the paragraph reflecting upon the performance, I believe one of them to be too proud and too much a man of honour to be guilty of such a meanness; but you, Mr. Editor, must know, that there are many ways of getting up a communication, besides putting pen to paper, or even dictating for the purpose, and circumstances which have come to my knowledge, in addition to the reply of the paragraph writer, leads me to a belief of a very close connection, if not absolute identity, of that person with some of the party who so vary "distinctly deny" the imputation in question.

I, like those gentlemen, "have no spleen to gratify," &c., and therefore I do not think it necessary to enter into a discussion of what, in my opinion, is a very debatable question, Mozart's accompaniments to the *Messiah*; but I say that those gentlemen ought to have had the candour to have seen that what I might say apparently in praise of myself, was said under protest, and in my defence against the scurrility of *their own correspondent*; and I may further say, that if I had a still higher opinion of myself than I have, it would not be equal to that which every man among them entertains, and perhaps justly, of himself, though he has fortunately not been compelled to commit it to writing.

I cannot stoop to bandy words with your anonymous correspondent "Anti-Humbug," who takes advantage of his mask to deal out falsehoods which he dares not repeat openly, and which he well knows in his conscience to be untrue. I, however, warn him that he has said enough to show who he is, and I do not hesitate to state my thorough conviction, that this cowardly backbiter, who dares not sign his name to his letter, never heard a note of the performance which he has taken upon himself to vilify.

As to the insinuation that Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Smallfield, and myself, form the *real clique*, it is but just to Mr. Gardiner to say, that he is a perfectly independent person, and not so liberal of his praise as to render it worthless. Mr. Smallfield also occupies a position totally distinct from music, and has had nothing to do with this or any other late musical speculation; and as to myself, "the very head and front of my offending" has been, that in my professional capacity, and as Secretary of the Mechanics' Institute, having judged it proper, in conjunction with others, to give a performance of the *Messiah*, I persevered to the end, notwithstanding an unwise, and, to me, an extremely ill-natured opposition.

I am, Mr. Editor, yours truly,

Leicester, July 30, 1850.

C. OLDFIELD.

BROWN V. FLOWERS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I write to deprecate the introduction of such letters as the one inserted in last week's number of the *Musical World* from Mr. French Flowers. It is most disgraceful to the writer, be he who he may. I am happy to say I claim no sort of acquaintance with one so perfectly ignorant of all good breeding or restraint, or even the common usages of society. Mr. Aspull is quite a stranger to me, but certain I am that in all he has written he has had no other object in view than that of exposing an unseemly desire on the part of Mr. Flowers to get into notice, no matter how, when, or by what means. This I take to be the only cause of his writing, saving a certainly yet graver wish to uphold the dignity of art and artists. His defence of John Barnett was admirable; not that John Barnett needs any defender, he wields a trenchant pen of his own. Still it was pleasing to see his merit known and appreciated, and protected against a malice none could be blind to. The absorption of the *Musical World* by Mr. Flowers deserved some reproof, it has been given in a happy strain of irony, not unaccompanied with a certain good nature always shown in Mr. Aspull's letters. I doubt the policy of such letters, whether as regards the interests of the writers, or the journal itself. Mr. Aspull is bound to defend himself from the gross and somewhat unfeeling attack made upon him. After that, I trust we may have no more personal recriminations. What matter is it, I ask, to your readers, whether Mr. Flowers is disagreeable or not in appearance; whether he looks as if all the bile under heaven had found its way into his complexion, and all the infernal irony of a Mephistopheles into his turned-up nose and insolently curled lip? The objects named in Mr. Aspull's letter are not touched upon. No argument is met fairly, and the whole letter of F. F.'s appears to be a vehicle of disappointed imitation—a feeble effort to wound personal feelings, where argument and common sense fail him. With all his wrath, I cannot think Mr. Flowers to be what all seem to think—a revengeful man. It is really painful to witness men of acknowledged merit, talent, virtue, and worth, thus unmercifully pulling one another to pieces, and either exciting the pity, or furnishing amusement to the bystanders and spectators who, generally speaking, care not a farthing about the matter in dispute between them. If Mr. Flowers would write on the grammar and Mr. Aspull on the philosophy, of the art, much good might be done; both seem eminently qualified to give a series of highly instructive communications; let them urge their respective grievances into a goodly race like this. It will, I am sure, oblige your readers, among whom, I claim that of being a most constant one.—I am yours, &c.,

HENRY BROWN.

Sunderland, July 22nd, 1850.

Lines from the "LOTOS-EATERS."

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies."

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

On Saturday evening last we were attracted by the announcement that two Italian tenors were to sing at a concert given at the Cosmorama now exhibiting at the Free Trade Hall—one of them the tenor who is so jealous of being criticised, Signor Onorato Leonardi (*adina Paglieri*), the other a Signor Ferrari. In justice to the chief proprietor and projector of the Cosmorama—H. B. Peacock, Esq.,—we must first allude to the exhibition, to which the little Italian concert was a mere adjunct. We were certainly amazed on entering the Hall to see what a wonderful metamorphosis had been made of the interior. We well knew Mr. Peacock's perseverance, energy, and talent, but he has proved himself a very Hercules in his cleansing and purifying that Augean stable yclept "The Free Trade Hall." What with "Jullien's monster concert," "Concerts for the people," "religious and political meetings," "Franconi's French Circus," &c., &c., the Hall had got in a most filthy condition, and was greatly in need of the thorough cleansing it has undergone. Many do say that, the condition and want of respectability in the locale had much to do with the falling off in subscribers to, and consequent suspension of, "The Hargreaves Choral Society." Be that as it may, our opinion is that "The Hargreaves Society" ought to have a more fitting hall of their own; and we look in vain for a resuscitation of that admirable institution, until a proper place be built in which to hold its meetings.

The Free Trade Hall now is less adapted for a choral society concert room than ever; but as a delightful and elegant lounge these warm summer evenings, we can imagine nothing more desirable. Except the Colosseum in London, we know no exhibition to surpass it. The appearance of the Hall is very much changed by the sort of piazza being carried out into the space in front of the original galleries, along each side, and across the end of the Hall opposite the platform. Along the floor in front of this piazza runs a low neat balustrade, similar to what did decorate the front of the Hargreaves orchestra; and each recess or alcove has at its inner extremity a fine painting framed, as it were, with the piazza, the light being thrown on the picture without being seen by the spectator, in the same manner as at the Colosseum in the Regent's Park, the views of London and of Paris, whether by day or by night, are seen by the looker-on without his seeing whence the light comes that is thrown upon the picture. This is admirably contrived at the Free Trade Hall. In this manner are shown ten beautiful paintings—five on each side—one large one at the end, and another larger one at the end of the gallery itself. The ten consists of, on the first side, "The Bay of Naples," "The Fort of Gubuznee," "The City of Rouen," "The Valley of Oberwassel, on the Rhine" (moonlight), and "The Forum at Rome;" then on the opposite side, "The Falls of Terni," "Buda, Pesth" (winter scene), "The City of Jerusalem," "The Rock of Gibraltar," and "Constantinople." The large one at the end below being "The Temple of Medinet-Ahoun," the one above the gallery, Guide's "Aurora," copied by Mr. McCallum, one of the masters of the School of Design. The entire work of the rest of the paintings and decorations of the Hall has been admirably executed by Mr. J. A. Hammersley, principal of the Manchester School of Design, and his pupils. On the pediment and pilasters, over and on each side of the pictures, there are appropriate designs and ornaments in keeping with the subject of the picture. The whole is in exquisite taste, and would form an exhibition of itself; but in addition, there are some tasteful arrangements of sculpture casts in niches at the corner of the hall, lined with deep red drapery, and a large mirror on each side of the end picture. There are two splendid casts, each seven feet high, of the Apollo Belvidere—and Diana la Biche—in appropriate niches, (lined as at the other end of the Hall,) on each side the proscenium. The drop scene is a distant view of Rome, seen through an opened curtain, the work of the same artist, assisted by Mr. Adams, of Drury Lane Theatre. And in the centre of the hall rises a most elegant fountain, designed and executed by Mr. Jackson of this town. Having mentioned all this we have still left out the chief features of the Exhibition—a Dioramic Scene of the Valley of the Sacramento, and

a large Dioramic Picture, by Danson and Son of London, of "The Church of St. Peter's at Rome." The effect of the latter must be felt—it cannot be described. The immense interior is first seen by moonlight, with only here and there a group of two or three persons; the scene gradually changes to day and bright sunlight, then changes as it were by magic to the effect produced on the evening of Good Friday, when the vast space is lighted solely by an immense crowd of brilliant lamps, suspended under the dome, and the before vacant nave and aisles are seen thronged with countless spectators. The effect is much heightened by the accompaniment of the organ, at the back of the picture—at first in low and solemn tones, until the change to the thronged and lighted interior, when the full power of the organ is brought out with excellent and thrilling sensation. But where all this time are the Italian singers and their concert? Immediately on the fall of the drop curtain, after the fine exhibition of St. Peter's, (above so very imperfectly and inadequately described,) a grand pianoforte was wheeled in front of the platform, and Signor Balini made his bow. He was set down for "Forse in quel cor," from (Roberto Devereux), Donizetti, but he gave us Bellini's "Vi ravviso" instead. We did not like him so well as in Doctor Bartolo, at the Saturday proceedings. "Vi ravviso" is too high for Bellini's voice, which is not a baritone, and when he raises or attempts to raise his voice, it becomes hard, and shouting, not singing. Signor Ferrari next appeared in one of Verdi's inanities from *Ernani*, "Come rugiada." The Signor appears to be gifted with a fine voice, and sings like an artist of a certain school, which school, be it understood, we do not approve, viz., the alternate shouting and whispering, impassioned until it becomes a scream, and then dying away; the exaggerated school, in short, of which Mr. Sims Reeves is the head and front amongst our English singers. The school has numerous admirers, we are aware, some most enthusiastic ones amongst the writers for the press; still we cannot bring ourselves to like it; having formed our taste from listening to such singers as Braham, Donizetti, Curioni, Tschetatsk, and later of Mario, Gardoni, Roger, Calzolari, &c., we prefer the sostenuto to the florid, and the tender to the extravagant. Signora Normani and Signor Montelli next came on, and pleased us very much by their clever singing, although their duet was the eternal and everlasting "Dunque io son." Some gentleman next made no sensation, by giving "Land of my birth" who he was did not appear. Signora Amato was to have given "I dream that I dwell in marble halls," but she did not show. As the exhibition was the more important part of the affair, we suppose we must not be too particular about the concert programme being strictly fulfilled. Mr. Reed played one of De Beriot's solos in good style on the violin; he has no great power of tone, but his execution was very precise. Signora Normani then gave the "Ah non giungo" in such style as to receive an encore. She is decidedly more at home at a concert at present than on the stage; still we would advise her to persevere. We were rather disappointed at not seeing Madame Montrel's name in the programme, as we should have liked to have heard her again; by the way we were made to say last week, that Madame Montrel gave us "a taste of her *generality*" in singing the "Il segreto per esser felice"—we intended to say, "a taste of her *quality*"—as *central* singer. Signor Ferrari then gave the "Fra poco," from *Zucchi*, with intense energy certainly, and exaggerated feeling, which was him the marked plaudits of Signor Paltoni and Madame Montrel, who were in the room, but made us sigh for the impassioned tenderness of Roger in the same scene. The only other vocalists calling for remark was a solista given by Signor Onorato Leonardi, entitled "Me sola andra," by one Sanelli. Who's he? Signor Leonardi did not impress us so powerfully as from his own showing, in his letters to the *Musical World*, he ought to have done. His voice appears to us very unequal and deficient; in the middle tones a tendency to shakiness; too much use of the falsetto, and an adherence to the exaggerated school we have been condemning just now. On the whole, we must agree with your Plymouth Correspondent, that the company this year is not equal to the Montenegro *troupe* of last summer. Madame herself being a host, of course, but Normani into the shade, both as an actress and a singer; and we very much prefer Santiago to Leonardi or Paglieri, whichever it may be. This week the Italian

company migrate elsewhere, and new attractions will have to be heard at the Cosmorama. We doubt not the spirited director will supply a constant succession of novelties in keeping with the elegant character of the room. The ceiling we omitted to notice, perhaps because we thought it the least successful; it is chiefly ornamented with lattice work, with vines and bunches of grapes, &c., intertwined. It did not strike us as being so good either in design or effect as the rest of the Hall; but, at any rate, it is a world in advance upon the red carpet pattern which before disfigured the roof. We ought to mention, that cosmorama and concert cost only one shilling!

AMUSEMENTS AT MANCHESTER.

(From a Correspondent.)

ALTHOUGH hitherto your correspondence from this place has chiefly been confined to musical doings, it may be, your provincial readers may feel some interest in knowing what is going on among us in the world of amusements generally; it is, therefore, we take up our "metallic" first to speak of the Cosmorama Exhibition, at present open in our great Free Trade Hall. One of our German writers has somewhere said, that for the proper enjoyment of life, "one ought every day to hear a little music, to read a little poetry, to see a good picture, and, if it were possible, to say a few reasonable words." In this age of utilitarianism, we much question the practicability of our good natured friend's doctrine; however, our townsman, the indefatigable and enterprising caterer for the public appetite, Mr. Peacock, ever ready to provide all that is really good and legitimate in art, has afforded us one of the most refined and agreeable exhibitions it has ever been our good fortune to enjoy. Here we find painting and sculpture harmoniously blending with their twin sister of "early Greece." Threading our way round graceful groups of statuary; surrounded by lovely pictures of hill, dale, wood, and sky; cooling fountains gushing forth refreshing jets; and all enlivened by the seductive tones of most exquisite music, discoursed by those clever artists, Messrs. Elwood, Royal, and Co., render this altogether one of the most charming lounges for the summer months. The spirited director is anxious to "smell a grace within the reach of art," have this week, in addition to the other attractions, engaged that famed of English warblers, Mrs. Sunderland, who has each evening been received with marked approbation. We may here just add our meed of thanks to the untiring chef, Mr. H. B. Peacock, whose efforts on all occasions deserve our praise for bringing into available exercise our native talent wherever it can be found; he alone it was who established and so successfully carried out the two past lengthened series of cheap "Concerts for the People," thereby giving employment to musical artists, choral and otherwise, who, in the absence of which, might have probably had to "waste their sweetness on the desert air." To Mr. Peacock, also, in the present instance, are we indebted for having concentrated and put into practical working the talent now germinating in our local school of design. The Cosmorama Exhibition, which is throughout executed in a most creditable manner, being almost solely the productions of students and others in connection with this school, may be viewed as a most pleasing and satisfactory evidence of the direction art education is taking among us.

In musical hemispheres, matters are somewhat dull with us; we expect the eager conductor of the weekly concerts, Mr. D. W. Banks, is cramming his wallet with choice dainties for the ensuing season, which report says, opens in October next. Rumour, with her hundred tongues, has also informed us, we are not to give up all hopes of once more hearing the "Nightingale" previous to her flight, despite the strong and reiterated opinion of your Liverpool correspondent to the contrary—we are not to be frightened out of a good thing so easily. We understand, Mario and troupe also intend us a flying visit during the recess at our Theatre Royal. You will be glad to hear, our clever townsman, Mr. Glover, has now published his "Enmanuel," a copy having been put in his hands to-day, we may soon have an opportunity of fairly judging of its merits. Talking of our oratorio composers, it may not be uninteresting to know, there be "two Richmonds in the field." Horsley tells us, he has in his portfolio an oratorio to be called

"David," the writer has just dropped across a young composer of considerable promise, a Mr. Henry Hiles, from the neighbourhood of Sunderland, who has also ready, in manuscript, an oratorio on the same subject, and to take the same title. As one of old somewhat pointedly exclaimed once, "Thou art the man!" we cannot now determine which shall be the man when the works come before the world; we heard a rehearsal of Mr. Hiles's work the other day, and consider it a clever production—in short, it is not improbable we may be favoured with a public performance of it some few months hence if Mr. Banks can only lay hold of it; he withholds nothing good from the people. Jullien, on his garden tour, has just hovered over us, but dropped down to leave us a little "sound and fury;" truly he is a wizard—all the towns went out to hear him.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE great provincial musical "event" of the year 1850 is fast approaching; and, on a small scale, we shall soon have another attack of the Jenny Lind fever, as nothing now is talked of here but her concerts at our Philharmonic Hall, which have excited a great interest throughout the whole of the empire. Even now almost every ticket is taken, and in a few days they will, I expect, fetch an enormous premium, and perhaps induce some one to act in the manner of the Russian *fanatic* mentioned in your admirably written sketch respecting him, which lately appeared in the *Musical World*. The demand for tickets has been enormous; and parties from London, Dublin, Edinburgh, &c., many of these coming under the denomination of "aristocratic," have secured places. The galleries are already bought up, and it is now decided by the committee to add five hundred seats to the accommodation of the hall—thus making the hall available together for 2800 persons. At least, therefore, the speculation will "pay."

What was at first only proposed is now settled—that the *Messiah* will be given on the 19th; and this being the third oratorio in which Jenny Lind has appeared, (the others being *Elijah* and the *Creation*), the interest will be considerably greater than if she limited herself to the usual round of hackneyed operatic extracts. She will sing all the solo soprano music. The programme of the first concert has been drawn up by Mr. Benedict, for Jenny Lind's approval, and has been forwarded to Germany for her inspection. The plan is as follows:—

PART I.

Overture.—"Flauto Magico".....	Mozart.
Chorus.—"All hail, Victoria".....	Mozart.
Duetto.—"Bella imagine."—Miss M. Williams and Signor Belletti (<i>Semiramide</i>).....	Rossini.
Aria.—"Qui a voce."—Mdlle. Jenny Lind (<i>Parisi</i>).....	Belini.
Barcarola.—"Sulla poppa del mio Bruck" (<i>Le Frigione</i>).....	Ricci.
Ballad.—Miss Andrews.....	
Duetto.—"Per piacer alla Signora."—Mdlle. Jenny Lind and Signor Belletti (<i>Il Turco in Italia</i>).....	Rossini.
Andante and Chase for three real parts (introducing his novel effects: First time of performance.—M. Vivier.....	Ficier.
Cavatina.—"Und ob die Wolke."—Mdlle. Jenny Lind (<i>Freischütz</i>).....	C. F. Weber.

PART II.

Overture.—"Jesonda".....	Spohr.
Part Song.—Miss Andrews and Miss M. Williams.....	Mendelssohn.
Ballad.—"Take this Lute." Composed for Mdlle. Jenny Lind;—first time of performance in Liverpool—Mdlle. Jenny Lind.....	Benedict.
Chorus.....	
Tarantella.—Signor Belletti.....	Rossini.
Aria.—"Non parentar."—Mdlle. Jenny Lind—(<i>Flauto Magico</i>).....	Mozart.
Ballad.—Miss M. Williams.....	
Chorus.....	
Swedish Song.—Mdlle. Jenny Lind.....	
March (<i>Albala</i>), or (<i>Wedding March</i>).....	Mendelssohn.

The following facts respecting her transatlantic trip. I copy from a local contemporary:—"The final arrangements have been completed for the departure of Jenny Lind, by the Atlantic steamer,

which sails from Liverpool for New York on the 21st August. The gentleman to whom the important mission of completing the arrangement has been confided, and who will officiate as Madlle. Lind's secretary during her American tour, has received from Messrs. Baring a letter, stating their perfect satisfaction with the securities deposited with them for the fulfilment of the engagement, and he has left England for Germany, to receive the Nightingale's final instructions. She will arrive in England early in the ensuing month. In Madlle. Lind's American engagement it is specially agreed that she is not to sing in opera, but simply in concert, at two hundred of which she is engaged, at two hundred and fifty pounds each concert, with additional profits, after the receipts of a certain sum by the manager; all her travelling expenses, by sea and land, are to be paid, as well as those of her household, servants, carriages, &c. Signor Belletti, from her Majesty's Theatre, has also been engaged to sing at the same concerts, on the most liberal terms, and Mr. Bendict is to receive five thousand guineas to conduct the series. Baruum is building a Moarte Concert-hall in New York expressly for the occasion, and so great is the *furor* her anticipated arrival has created, that tickets for Madlle. Lind's concert are already at a premium, and it is expected to realise the enormous sum of *twenty-five thousand dollars*. Preparations are also making to give her a triumphal reception on landing, where she will be greeted with a procession, in which forty young ladies of the first families in New York will appear dressed in white, and she will be conveyed to her hotel in an elegant carriage, drawn by four milk-white steeds. Nor is the excitement in this town less intense; nearly every berth has been engaged in 'The Jenny Lind boat,' so eager is the desire of the Americans who are returning home to be her travelling companions.

Judging from the reception the Yankees gave to Fanny Ellsler, all our European madness will be eclipsed by the "go-ahead" sons of America, whose enthusiasm, when once aroused, is on a par with all around them—"gigantic," in fact. The Philharmonic Society had also intended to have engaged Sontag for a concert, but being like almost all "prima doonas," *rougher* whimsical, their urbane secretary, whose triumph in securing the services of Jenny Lind has so astonished the Londoners, could not bring her to terms; and so, for the present, it is doubtful if we shall this year hear her in Liverpool.

At the Amphitheatre Mr. Anderson, Mr. Cuthbert, and Mr. Emery have been playing in the former gentleman's translated tragedy of *Fiesco* with considerable success. The piece was well got up, and, though heavy, it was so admirably acted that it created quite a *furor*.

Mr. Cope land, our active manager, has succeeded in inducing Miss Cushman, who is at present on a visit to her sister, now a resident in Liverpool, to appear at the Amphitheatre for one night only. Miss Cushman, it appears, having had occasion to visit England for a short period upon business of a domestic nature only, had declined all arrangements for appearing in public, either in London or in the provinces; but, in compliance with the request of the numerous friends and admirers of this highly talented lady, Mr. Cope land has prevailed upon her to play, on Monday, the 12th instant, Meg Merrilies, in *Guy Rimering*.

M. Julien gave a concert at the Zoological Gardens last Friday; but as it rained all the evening, only a select 2000, who managed to squeeze into the great concert hall, could hear him. Several other thousands who were disappointed, hope to have better luck next Monday, when the "gran maestro" of wondrous orchestral effects gives another "monstre fete musicale." That I "may be there to see" is the devout wish of yours, &c.

Liverpool, August 1, 1850.

J. H. N.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JENNY LIND is at Wiesbaden. She was to sing at a concert yesterday.

MADLE. SONTAG is engaged at the Gloucester Festival in September.

ALFONSO has been singing at Nantes. She is engaged for three months at Madrid, for the winter season.

MADAME FASZOLINI is engaged for the winter at Madrid. An engagement has also been offered to Formes.

RACHEL was to make her first appearance at Berlin on Thursday.

ERNEST.—This celebrated violinist leaves London on Tuesday for Paris. He is engaged, at enormous terms, for a provincial tour in the month of January, by Mr. Beale.

STEPHEN HELLER, the eminent composer and pianist, will leave London for Paris on Tuesday.

M. BRANDUS, the eminent music-publisher, returned to Paris on Sunday, came back to London on Thursday to hear *La Tempesta*, and again left on Friday.

MONTARD.—In the list of mortality comes poor "little Munday," of the Adelphe, one of the few new actors who might incidentally be pronounced a "rising man." He had a quality, and that a great one—which is not always possessed by more elevated members of his profession; he was a thorough artist—that is to say, he could modify himself to suit the peculiarities of a character, and he was not obliged to mould the character according to his own idiosyncrasy.—*London Review*.

FRANCK PLAYS.—Mr. Mitchell's French season has been successful beyond precedent, and distinguished more than usual by his well-known spirit. During the operatic portion he produced, besides established works, Halévy's *Val d'Andorre*. Herold's *Zampa*, Adam's *Roi d'Yvetot* and *Postillon de Longjumeau*, and Thomas's *Caid*. His comedy season was marked by the simultaneous engagement of M. Samson, M. Regnier, Mademoiselle Deshayes, and Mademoiselle Nathalie, who all appeared together in Scriba's admirable comedy of *Le Camarade*. The comedy of *Gabriele*, by M. Emile Augier, the last Parisian production of importance, was likewise given, and the management of M. Lafont caused the revival of several favourite works. To this successful series of performances the triumphant career of Mademoiselle Rachel, which raised all London to enthusiasm, has been a worthy climax.—*Times*.

MR. FRED. OSBORNE WILLIAMS'S EVENING CONCERT, HORNS ASSEMBLY ROOMS, KENNINGTON.—We feel no hesitation in saying that this concert was one of the best of its class we ever attended. Everything connected with it was on a very superior scale, while the numerous and fashionable audience it attracted, forms a convincing proof that a liberal and judicious speculation is never—even in the days of musical excess—undervalued or unappreciated by the public. Mr. F. O. Williams had secured for the occasion the talents of Herr Ernst, Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Poole, Miss Ellen Day (the pianist), Miss Fanny Huddart, Madame Mortier de Fontaine, Mr. G. Perren, Signor Bottura, and Mr. Thomas Williams. The circumstance that at this concert Herr Ernst was to make his last appearance in England for a considerable period, invested the entertainment with an unusual degree of interest. The programme was admirably selected, comprising several *morceaux*, which, to those accustomed to the hackneyed items which generally constitute the bill of fare of an English concert, must have been refreshing,—we need only instance, among others, the beautiful quartet for male voices, from the "Comte Ory," (excellently delivered by Mr. F. O. Williams, Mr. G. Perren, Mr. Thomas Williams, and Signor Bottura); a quartet from Auber's *Sirene*, executed by the same gentlemen; and Beethoven's "Adelaide," most expressively rendered by Mr. Sims Reeves. We have often lamented the impotency of words to express the sensations arising from the hearing of music of the highest order, but never did we so deeply feel their sterile inadequacy in this respect as on Monday evening, while listening to Herr Ernst's magnificent performance of his fantasia on *Otello*. Never was the plaintive melancholy of the "Willow Song" so beautifully interpreted as by this poet of the violin. It is needless to say that the audience were most enthusiastic in their appreciation of the greatest violinist of our times. Mr. Sims Reeves was in glorious voice, and, in addition to "Adelaide," already mentioned, sang Balfé's "In this old chair," and the "Torch of Nelson." Miss Ellen Day performed Thalberg's "Il Don Giovanni," with her usual firmness and brilliancy. Of Miss Poole's three songs, two were encored. We never see or hear this lady without thinking what an acquisition her fresh voice, distinct articulation, and earnest natural manners, would have proved to French Opera Comique. A word of praise is due to the bass singing of Signor Bottura, whose rendering of "Non più Andrai" was very much applauded. Madame Mortier de Fontaine sang "In questo semplece" with great taste and neatness. The same eulogium must be conferred on Mr. G. Perren, a

rising tenor, who sang two English ballads with considerable feeling. In concluding our notice of this entertainment, we must express our regret that Mr. Fred. O. Williams, whose previous pianoforte performances in public have proved him to possess talent as a pianist of no mean order, did not on this occasion perform a solo himself (his own lively and spirited fantasia on the *Fuglia del Reggimento*, for instance); but we presume the numerous responsibilities devolving on his office of conductor rendered this impossible. *Enfin*, we can only express our hope that this concert has proved as productive to its giver as it was delightful to the large audience who attended it.—(From a Correspondent.)

HEER HERMANN and SIGNOR RICHELMI gave a joint *matinée musicale*, at the residence of R. Keats, Esq., 11, Hertford Street, May Fair, on Monday week. Herr Hermann, as his complimentary prefix implies, is a German. He is an excellent violinist, with a fine correct tone and speedy execution. Signor Richelmi is a singer of much talent. The violinist and the singer were assisted by Miss Masson, Miss Ransford, Mademoiselle Nau, Signor Salvatore Tamburini, Signor Ciabatta, Signor Gardoni, and Mr. Drayton, as vocalists; and Signor Piatti (violinello), and Mr. Osborne (pianoforte), as instrumentalists. Herr Hermann was encased in a fantasia on *Norma*, which he played with great brilliancy and effect. Messrs. Frelon and Schimon, and Signor Fossi, were the conductors.

MADMOISELLE IDA BERTRAND.—The talented artiste, who fills the part of *prima contralto* at Her Majesty's Theatre, treated her friends and admirers to a vocal *fête* on Monday morning, July the 22nd, at the new Concert-room, 27, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square. Mademoiselle Ida Bertrand was supported by a host of talent, including the *dûte* of Her Majesty's Theatre—Mesdames Sontag, Freszolini, and Giuliani, Mademoiselle Parodi, Signori Coletti, Lorenzo, Gardoni, Lablache, &c. &c. Vivier played the *corno obbligato* accompaniments to a romance sung by Gardoni. The room was well attended, and Halse, Eckert, Biletta and Frelon presided, by turns, at the pianoforte.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.—A concert took place at the above institution, in Aldersgate Street, on Friday, the 20th ult. The singers were,—Miss Felton, Miss Stewart, Miss Clari Fraser, Mr. D. Williams, Mr. Tedder, and Mr. T. J. Horne. An efficient band was provided, who played the overtures to *Agnes*, *Oberon*, the *Nozze di Figaro*, and Romberg's in D. Mons. Prospero performed a solo on the ophicleide. Mr. Patey was the leader, Mr. Smith the director, and Mr. Cornish presided at the piano.

SIGNOR CRO PINOZZI, an Italian performer on the pianoforte, in thorough request in fashionable circles, gave a *matinée musicale*, at 27, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, on Wednesday, the 17th ult. The programme presented a strong array of talent, and was made up of the usual reminiscences, operatic and popular. The vocalists were Signor Marchesi, Mr. Whitworth, Signor Ciabatta, Signor Brizzi, Signor Tamburini, Signor Ronconi, Mademoiselle Charton, and Mademoiselle de Meric. Signor Piatti and Mons. Demeur assisted Signor Pinozzi in the instrumental line. Ronconi sang the "Largo al factotum" in his happiest manner, and Mdlle. Charton the favourite aria from *L'Ambasciadore* in her happiest manner, and both were greatly applauded. The accompanist department was shared between Signori Alary, Vera, Pinuini, Biletta, Bellini, &c. &c.; in fact, nearly every separate piece had a separate conductor—a peculiarity in the concert which, perhaps, was not weighed at its full value by the audience.

EXTRAORDINARY TRIUMPHANT MUSIC.—At one of the principal churches in Pesh, recently, the performance of *The Messiah* was appointed for a charitable purpose. On the morning of the day appointed for the oratorio to be executed, it was discovered that the organ had been tuned exactly a semi-tone too high. This, as might naturally be supposed, would greatly distress some of the principal singers; but how it was to be remedied no one could tell until the organist, a Bohemian by birth, suggested that he should play the whole one half note lower, and which he actually effected. Only thorough musicians can appreciate the difficulty of such a task, and the surprise was still greater at the facility of the performance.—*La Monde Musicale*.

BRISTOL.—On Wednesday evening week, a concert of Sacred Music was given at the Royal Gloucester Hotel, by amateurs of

Bristol. Mr. A. Denning presided at the pianoforte. The choruses were well sustained by about a hundred performers. The concert, which was patronised by his Worship the Mayor, seemed to give general satisfaction to a highly respectable audience.—*Felix Farley*.

THE HIPPOPTAMUS'S BED-FELLOW.—During the voyage "our fat friend" attached himself yet more strongly to his attendant and interpreter, Hamet; indeed, the devotion to his person which this assiduous and thoughtful person had manifested from his first promotion to the office had been of a kind to secure such a result from any one at all accessible to kindly affections. Hamet had commenced by sleeping side by side with his charge in the house at Cairo, and adopted the same arrangement for the night during the first week of the voyage to England. Finding, however, as the weather grew warmer, and the hippopotamus bigger and bigger, that this was attended with some inconvenience, Hamet had a hammock slung from the beams immediately over the place where he used to sleep—in fact, just over his side of the bed—by which means he was raised two or three feet above his usual position. Into this hammock got Hamet, and having assured the hippopotamus, both by his voice, and by extending one arm over the side, so as to touch him, that he was there as usual at his side, and "all was right," he presently fell asleep. How long he slept Hamet does not know, but he was awake by the sensation of a jerk and a hoist, and found himself lying on the bed in his old place, close beside our fat friend. Hamet tried the experiment once more; but the same thing again occurred. No sooner was he asleep than the hippopotamus got up—raised his broad nose beneath the heaviest part of the hammock that swung lowest, and by an easy and adroit toss, pitched Hamet clean out. After this, Hamet, acting on his rule of never thwarting his charge in anything reasonable, abandoned the attempt of a separate bed, and took up his nightly quarters by his side as before.—*Dickens's Household Words*.

A LITERARY LOPEZ.—A new literary enterprise has just been started in New York, which illustrates the working of the system by which English literature is made to enrich American publishers. This is a monthly magazine by the Harpers, the well known baronial house in Cliffe-street, who have amassed an immense fortune, principally by their sagacious selection of current English books for the American market. This magazine consists of selections from the whole compass of British periodical literature, including popular extracts from favourite English books, which they receive in advance of their publication in London. The plan is not altogether new in this country, but this differs from any that have preceded it in its extent and cheapness. For instance, the forthcoming July number will contain the cream of all the June periodicals, with copious specimens of new books that will scarcely have made their public appearance in London at that time, like Leigh Hunt's charming autobiography, and other works of similar interest. This plan keeps curiosity alive, and with the contents of the magazine it will be abundantly gratified, each number containing as much matter as a volume of *Macaulay's History of England*, and sold at the ridiculously low price of 25 cents. The sale of this work amounted to 20,000 copies within the first fortnight of its publication, and will probably run up to 50,000 before the close of the year. This certainly shows the popularity of English literature in this country, whatever inference may be drawn as to American justice.—*Manchester Examiner*.

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No. 32.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1850.

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NOTICE.

It is respectfully requested that Subscribers will pay their subscriptions up to September. Orders to be made payable to WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, Post-office, Charing Cross.

ASPULL v. FLOWERS.

No further letters on this personal controversy can be inserted, except as advertisements.

VIVIER.

THE concert given by Jenny Lind for the famous cornist was to come off on Tuesday the 6th, at Baden Baden, instead of Wiesbaden. The sagacious "nightingale" rightly conjectured that Baden Baden, being the largest and most populous resort, the concert would be likely to prove more advantageous to her project. By a communication received from a correspondent, who further promises us an account of the concert, it appears that all the tickets were sold on the day the programme was published, and that Vivier, having nothing else to do, has filled up his leisure time by blowing soap-bubbles from the windows of his bed-room, much to the gratification of the Baden-Badenites, who thronged the precincts of the hotel to such an extent that it was almost impossible to go in or out without getting inconveniently squeezed.

Friday Night.—Since writing the above, we have received the following from our correspondent:—"I have just time to write you a few lines. The concert of Vivier came off last night (Tuesday). Every ticket had been sold, at the prices of ten and twenty francs. The room (the largest in the place) was crammed full. The receipts exceeded 15,000 francs. Jenny Lind came directly, from Schlagenbad, upwards of 100 miles, expressly to sing for Vivier. Among the audience was all the aristocracy of this fashionable town, including, among other distinguished personages, the King of Wurtemberg, the Grand Duchess of Baden, the Dowager Grand Duchess Stephanie, the Duke of Nassau, the son of the Prince of Prussia, the Prince of Furstenberg, Count Nesselrode, Viscount Sidney, and hundreds of the most fascinating beauties of the *voisinage*.

"I have only time to add that Vivier never played so wonderfully, and never produced so great an effect; and that Jenny Lind, who is in better voice and in better health and spirits than she has been for a long time, sang most magnificently. Her reception beggars all description. Even Jenny Lind, to whom enthusiasm is a matter of course wherever she goes, was almost overcome by it. The concert was under the admirable direction of Benedict, who came from Stuttgart for the purpose, and is, as you know, going with Jenny Lind to Liverpool, and thence to America, almost immediately. Vivier, Benedict, and Jenny Lind have already left for England. I am bound at present for Berlin. If I have time I will send you a detailed

account of the concert for your next number. At all events I will give you some notice of the Rachel performances in the Prussian capital. Till then, adieu—in great haste.—Yours, T. E. B.

MADAME FIORENTINI.

THIS celebrated young *prima donna*, who is to make her *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday next, was born at Seville. She made her first appearance on any stage at Berlin, on the 27th of October, 1849, as Norma, with the most triumphant success; and, during a season of six months, performed Donna Anna, in *Don Giovanni*; Agatha, in *Der Freischütz*; Amina, in *Sonnambula*; Alice, in *Roberto il Diavolo*; Carolina, in *Matrimonio Segreto*; Desdemona, in *Otello*; Ninetta, in *La Gazza Ladra*; Lucrezia, in *Lucresia Borgia*; Leonora, in *La Favorita*; and other characters of a tragic cast; in all of which difficult *roles* she performed with so much artistic excellence that the German journals and the German public were loud in her praises. After the Berlin season, Madame Fiorentini went with the Italian company to Dresden for one month, and subsequently to Hamburg, where she was equally successful. When the Italian company of Berlin left Hamburg, she performed with the German company in Italian, at the request of the public at Hamburg. A month after Madame Fiorentini appeared at Berlin the King of Prussia commanded her to go to Potsdam, and perform in *Norma*. Madame Fiorentini's voice is a high *soprano*, of a lovely, fresh, and powerful quality, and was compared in Germany to that of Madame Mulder, who was acknowledged to have possessed the most beautiful voice ever heard in that country.

Madame Fiorentini is very young; has a handsome, expressive face, and graceful figure; and was called at Berlin "La Stella di Seviglia."

SIGNOR ONORATO-LEONARDI-PAGLIERI.

ALTHOUGH, we must confess, somewhat tired of this matter—in which, by the way, we are not by any means concerned, never having ventured an opinion about "the vexed tenor," *pour ou contre*—we cannot refuse insertion to the following communication, which, however, shall be the last. Any other letters or paragraphs on the subject must henceforth be paid for as advertisements:—

SIGNOR.—L'altro giorno il Signor Leonardi lesse nel vostro giornale il *Musical World*, che si parlava ancora contro di lui e ingiustamente, e accento che andò in tutte le furie, giurando di partire all'istante lasciando tutti per venire a romperti la testa, ma a forza di piangere di notte lo abbiamo impedito di partire, cosicché, vi preveggo per vostra buona regola di finirlo a parlare contro d'un artista come il Signor Leonardi, il quale per tutte le ragioni a un merito reale, egli a tutte le qualità d'un grande artista, e voi avete gran torto parlarne male

giurdi, per vostra buona norma vi ho avvertito onde riparare, ad un forte danno-sapiate, che con questo giovane non ce troppo da scherzare —non credete che le leggi d'Inghilterra gli facessero paura—anzi ride e dice che vuol dare un esempio. Vi ho scritto il potete riparare a tutti i disordini che potrebbero accadere. Vi mando gli articoli di due giornali per forti vedere, quand'è asino quel vostro corrispondente di Plymouth, che, qual è lui quando il Leonardi andava la quello son certo che, povero lui, la passava ben male, vedo preveggo pel vostro e suo bene, siete ancora a tempo di riparare a tutto. Io conosco assai bene questo famiglia; egli è molto educato e di nobile famiglia, ma quasi colui che lo insulta ingiustamente come avete fatte voi due. Infine io ve lo avvertito pel bene di tutti, ma non è questa la maniera di progredire un artista di merito. Salutandovi distintamente mi rassegno.

J. D. S.

P.S.—Vi fo noto che quando è andato in scena si era molto disturbato la mattina con il giornale pure a stentato un successo strepitoso; perché non solo canta assai bene ma a una voce di tenor serio assai potente; più è anche in disparte col Montelli il quale lo fa sempre cantare; siccome andò in scena la Lucia col tenor Ferrari, il quale è assai infelice come potrà verificare dalla Signora Normani (la quale, abita Bath Hotel, Piccadilly), che è ritornata a Londra, a degno in cantare sempre il Leonardi, e anche lo opera non adatto al suo genere di voce come *Il Barbiere*, ma quando ricetto il vostro giornale vedro cosa dite di lui e vi darò altri dettagli.

Birmingham, 8 Agosto, 1860.

The writer of the above letter adds his name in full. Never having offended Signor Leonardi we are not at all afraid of the menaces of his advocate on his behalf. We subjoin the two notices from the provincial journals, the names of which our correspondent has neglected to specify:—

ITALIAN OPERA.—On Wednesday evening Bellini's beautiful opera *La Sonnambula*, was presented to a Birmingham audience by a portion of the Italian company, who recently appeared on the boards of this theatre, in *Il Barbiere di Sereglio*. The Signora Normani, the prima donna, sustained the arduous character of Amina with a power and efficiency which was indicative of noble genius, pure taste, high talent, and deep feeling. There was a truth, a fullness of nature, and a depth of womanliness in the performance, which, independently of the vocal powers of the lady, evinced the finest conception of the character, and an histrionic capability of the rarest order. We have before given an opinion of this lady's vocalisation. She has a voice of immense power, great sweetness, and wonderful flexibility; and exquisitely did she render the thrilling music of this interesting opera on Wednesday evening. It will be long before we see anything in Birmingham equal to the chamber scene, which was sustained with a pathos and a power perfectly overwhelming; and never shall we forget the manner in which the latter part of the concluding act was rendered, the very *aria poetica* seemed to breathe in the form, and tremble in the voice of the fair executant. The applause—far, unhappily so small an audience—was tremendous, and exhibited the pure taste and high enjoyment of the party assembled. The Elvino of Signor Leonardi was a fine piece of acting, but by no means equal in its entirety. Occasionally there were bursts of living poetry, which stamps this gentleman as no mean performer. He has an excellent tenor voice, of great volume, considerable capability of inflection, and good, though not extreme compass. His falsetto is neither clear, sweet, nor musical, but this might have arisen from hoarseness and cold, and not have been a normal defect. Rodolpho was well personated by Signor Montelli, whose fine baritone voice was heard to considerable advantage; albeit we prefer his Figaro in *Il Barbiere di Sereglio*, the comic being evidently his forte. The remaining characters were well sustained, and the whole affair passed off with the greatest *éclat*. The "Ah non giungo" of Signora Normani was enthusiastically encoored, and both she and Signor Leonardi received the honour of a call before the curtain, after the second act of the opera.

Wednesday.—A company of Italian singers—no, rather, of singers of Italian, for, too evidently, they were not all natives of *la bella patria*, though the terminal *i*'s to nearly all their names would lead people to infer it—made their appearance here for, we believe, the second time on Wednesday. The opera selected for performance was the *Sonnambula*; and, it must be confessed, that in individual parts, it had considerable justice done it. Signora Normani, the Amina, has a good voice well cultivated. To this she adds a graceful figure and a pleasing face, quite at her command in the expression of the most varied emotions. Her impersonation of the arduous character she had undertaken was throughout highly effective, and left a favourable impression of her powers on a rather discriminating audience. The tenor, Signor Leonardi,

has a desirable chest voice of considerable range and power, but called to huskiness, either by a natural or accidental hoarseness. In passages requiring intense feeling this singer was very effective, and contrabasted much to the success of the opera. The Rodolpho was barely passable, and the other vocalists, chorus and all, fell below criticism. We regretted to find the house rather thinly attended; for lovers of music would find much to gratify them in these representations, which have the singular merit of not exhausting the patience of the audience—the performance commencing at eight and terminating at half-past ten.

It is to be hoped that the unnamed gentleman who played Rodolpho, with "the other vocalists, chorus and all," will not, in their turn, call us to account for the atrocities of the Birmingham paper. We should be in a sad plight with so many assailants. To conclude, we add the following letter which reached our office simultaneously, with that of J. D. S.:

SIGNOR LEONARDI; alias, FAGLIERI.
(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Being an ardent lover of music, I watch with considerable interest the indications which your columns afford of the success or failure of any new aspirant to the no less onerous than honourable post of "first tenor." I heard Signor Leonardi some time ago at a London concert, and I was so much pleased with his voice, that when I lately learned that he had joined an operatic company in the provinces, I fully expected to see my opinion of his merits confirmed by your notice of his success. But your correspondents so puzzled me by the tone of their remarks that I could only account for their treatment of Signor Leonardi by supposing that for some reason, good or bad, they had a personal dislike towards him; and so I went to Birmingham to judge for myself. Signor Montelli does not appear to me to be qualified to take the direction of what your Plymouth correspondent calls a *troupe ambulante*. I ascertained from some of the chorus at Birmingham, that they had only one book to learn their parts from, and little more than one day for preparation. The rehearsals, too, appear, to be carried on almost up to the hour for the evening performance, and so the artists are tired before the opera begins. But in spite of this, the *Sonnambula* went off very well, and both Signor Normani and Signor Leonardi were loudly and deservedly applauded. In the bed-room scene especially they did full justice to the beautiful music in which Bellini has expressed the agony endured by the young maiden and her lover. I am anxious to see whether your Birmingham correspondent will notice this opera, or whether he will take the cue from your Plymouth and Manchester correspondents, and choose some evening when, owing to fatigue or some *contretemps*, he would have some excuse for decrying Signor Leonardi. As the newspapers was announced for the following evening, and as the newspapers and bills had stated that there would be an interval of a day between the opera, and the company and chorus were to sing all day to get ready for the unexpected performance, it is probable that there was a favourable opportunity for punishing the unfortunate tenor, especially as he never sang the part of Count Almaviva before, and ought, indeed, to confuse himself to serious opera. I have only to say, in conclusion, that I believe that Signor Leonardi's merits will, ere long, be more fully appreciated, and I am sure that if you, sir, were to hear him, you would say that he ought to be rather encouraged than crushed.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

AN AMATEUR.

We are not disposed to the "crushing" system, even had we the power to exert it. Not having heard Sig. Leonardi, we have no opinion about him. When we have the opportunity of hearing him we shall speak the truth to the best of our ability—and that without prejudice to the terrible threats of J. D. S. In the meantime, let us assure both the Signor and his pugnacious friend, that we would much rather on all occasions be able to praise than to censure. But, were praise indiscriminate, the press would be a nonentity.

SIGNOR ALIAT has gone to Paris to compose an opera for the *Theatre Italien*, for which purpose he has been engaged by Signor Ronconi.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND ITS PROFESSOR OF PAINTING.

"As you have not been taught to flatter us, do not learn to flatter yourselves."—SIR JOHN A. REYNOLDS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—The following extract from the letter of an artist educated in the Royal Academy appears to me satisfactorily to account for the utter worthlessness of academic instruction, and its pernicious influence upon the fine arts. The writer says:—

"I can from experience state that the schools of the Royal Academy, during the whole period of my term there, from 1823 to 1833, afforded no real instruction to the pupils. I look back with dismay to the time I spent there; for I never heard a single principle of art explained by any of the body entitled Royal Academicians in any of the schools, the Antique, the Life, or the School of Painting. Nor does it appear to be much improved at the present time; for when lately conversing with the attendant professor in the School of Painting, that gentleman ridiculed the application of *principles* to the guidance of the pupil in his pursuit of art."

This disregard of all general rules, this no-principle principle is the reason why the royal academic schools of art have proved a signal failure. Hence the constant succession of monthly visitors, the landscape painter inculcating on the student attention to colour only, the painter of history dwelling chiefly on the importance of outline, one visitor refusing to sanction the use of white lead, while another is all for lead. Hence also the regulations which prevent the student in the Antique from studying in the Life School until he have made a drawing in the former approved by the Council; whereas, without an accurate knowledge of the living form, how can the student learn to distinguish the different substances which he has to imitate—bone, muscle, flesh? He should, moreover, make the knife go with the pencil, and study anatomy, if he can, in frequent dissections; for no young artist without this knowledge is capable of comprehending the peculiar beauty of the antique models, nor of appreciating the character of the antique, which consists in a particular classification of the parts of the body, and in a perfect comprehension of the essential as distinguished from the accidental forms of nature. The Academic student seldom or never returns to the Antique after once entering the Life School—not having, in the first instance, learned to appreciate the works of art which were there presented to him for study; and thus, after eighty years' trial of the Academic system, we find ourselves in a worse position than before.

The lecture delivered by the present Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy, on the late W. Etty, R.A., as reported in the *Athenæum* of the 30th March, singularly illustrates the Royal Academic no-principle principle. It appears, from the prefatory observations to the lecture, that, on the last anniversary of the Academy, the students heard from the lips of the Keeper, who is neither "an able painter of history" nor "sculptor," "a just eulogy" on Mr. Etty. He exhorted them to imitate "the unwearied perseverance" which so much contributed to his success, rather than "attempt to copy that facility of hand which he only attained after years of patient labour," and which must and can only be attained by patient labour. Facility of hand cannot be "copied," though it may be acquired.

We are told by the Professor of Painting, that, in 1821, William Etty, at the age of thirty-four, in the full development of his faculties, after his pictures had been rejected "year after year," both at the Royal Academy and at the British Gallery—after having exhibited several pictures to no purpose for nine successive years, the "Coral Fishers" the year before—"one

morning, nearly thirty years ago, 'awoke famous'"—which means that the Royal Academicians were at last awakened. Our professor quotes an *Eclectic* reviewer as an authority in support of his opinion that Mr. Etty's pictures are "great in deed or manner;" and then he has a fling at the "painful trifling" of Van Huyssum—a first-rate painter in his particular line—a workman who was perfect master of his tools; and again the reviewer is brought to the rescue, to prove that Mr. Etty "must rank hereafter among the greatest colourists the world has yet seen, often rivaling Rubens and the great Venetians on their own ground; and, moreover, having developed power peculiar to himself." That is to say, Mr. Etty is as great a colourist as Titian and Rubens, "with power peculiar to himself," regardless of the fact that there is a wide difference between the colouring of Titian and Rubens, Titian painting in broad, unbroken masses of colour, while Rubens breaks up his colours with white. His colouring, called *tinted*, as Reynolds observes, "is totally different from that of Titian, Correggio, or any of the great colourists." As a fitting climax to this kind of criticism, the professor asserts that "it is a proud thing for English art to be able to say *this*, which cannot be said of any painter out of England since the death of Watteau," the clever "*genre Versailles*" painter. That is to say, that Mr. Etty is as great a colourist, nay, a greater, than Titian and Rubens, and that this cannot be said of any painter out of England (that is, it can be said of English painters?) except Watteau; therefore, Watteau is also as great, nay, a greater colourist than Titian and Rubens. Reynolds, who classes Watteau with Borgognone and other inferior artists, says these painters have the same right, in different degrees, to the name of painter, which a satirist, an epigrammatist, a sonneteer, a writer of pastorals, has to a poet.

The professor is of opinion that West pursued high art (small art?) "on a large scale, with fame and profit"—i.e., with Court patronage and £1500 a year—and that Barry's "art," though profitless, attracted "quite as much attention as it deserved." What! Barry, the friend of Edmund Burke, who ranks, and "must hereafter rank" with our most distinguished British artists—whose lectures are now given as prizes to the students of the Academy, yet who found great difficulty in obtaining even £50 from the Society of Arts in the Adelphi to pay for the necessary models—(he was then *gratuitously* decorating the great room of that society)—and who died the object of a public subscription, of which he never lived to receive a farthing. The works of Barry received as much attention as they deserved! Truly, that is an Academic kick at the dead lion—at the earnest, heroic Barry, expelled from the Royal Academy for not having graduated in the school of gennine flunkysystem. We are then told that the works of Stothart "are of the highest order;" and that "in time" John Constable will take his place among "the greatest of landscape painters"—the professor prudently sticking to the prophetic vein. We then encounter some curious contradictions. The professor says that he has "no other recollection of the first pictures he (Etty) exhibited, than as black colourless attempts at ideal subjects;" but he afterwards discovers that "in Etty, after his powers were fully developed, we scarcely observe any change, certainly no change of principle; for from the first, he was right." Therefore, the Academy was wrong in ever rejecting his pictures. Again, "I scarcely remember a female face by Etty in which the expression is inpure." Contradiction: "It cannot be doubted that the voluptuous treatment of his subjects, in very many instances, recommended them more powerfully than their admirable art." The critic who classes Titian, Rubens, and Watteau in the same category,

naturally "thinks it not profane to speak of Etty and Correggio together," and then again favours us with a "Ruskinian" quotation from the *Electric*. "Drawing and colouring cannot in fact be given in equal proportions of perfection in art, because not actually so occurring in nature herself." If this were true in nature, which I deny, unless an artist possessed the power of combining and abstracting he would produce only uninteresting trifles; and without an accurate knowledge of forms, the power of combination and abstraction would be useless.

It appears that Mr. Etty painted in the house of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and that "the contemplation and copying the works of that eminent man," (who first introduced that free use of white lead since carried to its utmost perfection in the Academy, where the exhibitors seem to outvie one another in crudity) "could not but in some degree affect his style, and indeed, the art of Lawrence had so much fascination in it as to maintain a widely-spread influence over the rising talent of the day, and gradually to undermine till it almost superseded the taste imparted by Reynolds and Gainsborough to English portraiture." This is precisely what I have all along maintained, that the Royal Academicians—Lawrence at their head—have systematically, and, alas! too successfully, lowered the public taste to the level of their own capacity. The lecturer himself is compelled to acknowledge that "the school of the great portrait painter was certainly not one of colour;" and he states that "Mr. Etty's first impressions of harmony were derived from Fuseli!"

With respect to Mr. Etty's fame as a colourist, so far from believing that "hereafter" his works will rise in the market, (the modern test of merit), I am convinced that they are already too highly estimated. The Academicians who neglected him when unpatronised would now, to forward their own views, exalt him as the successful rival of the unrivalled Venetian colourists; but they will only succeed in proving to the world that, both in their public conduct as an "unincorporated" body, as well as in their public capacity as lecturers upon art, they are guided by no sure principle whatever, unless indeed it be the no-principle principle.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

Kemp Town.

WILLIAM CONINGHAM

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

NEW YORK.—Mrs. Bishop arrived in this city from her grand tour on the 24th of last month.—Some original fellow in San Francisco offered Henri Héra, previous to his departure on his musical tour through Mexico, two thousand dollars per month, to stop at Francisco and play in one of the gambling-houses of that place.—The Havana Opera Company terminated their engagement at the Castle Garden on the 25th ult. It was expected that the house would have proved too large for the powers of the artists. All doubts were triumphantly dissipated at the first performance. The Opera Company were never heard to greater advantage. Marini, Salvi, and Stedani were the great guns. The next destination of this company is Boston.

REVIEW.

"Grand March of the Protectionists." JAMES DICE, of Colchester Wessell and Co.

A BRIEF introduction leads to a dashing march movement in C major, with a *trio* in F, that from its flowing character contrasts very well with the preceding. This march is brilliant without being difficult, and will suit pianists of ordinary strength. It is appropriately dedicated to Lord John Manners, M.P., a great patron of the Colchester musicians.

CARLOTTA GRISI'S ARIEL.

(From the Sunday Times.)

THE close of the final engagement of Carlotta Grisi has compelled the management to announce the last night of the *Tempesta* (Saturday the 3rd inst.), which, as at present arranged, will not be repeated this season.

The volatile Ariel is as graceful as ever; and the spectacle, as a whole, is once to see and not to forget. As for Carlotta, she is unsurpassable. Whether dancing joyously by the sea-waves—we cannot conceive them "sad" while she is near—whether flickering over the ruinous vessel or luring the bewildered prince into the domains of enchantment, Carlotta is ever the informing presence of the scene. She infuses into her acting—for acting of the best sort it is—an air of real appreciation of her position in the drama, of exultation in her preternatural power over element and spirit, which dispels all the idea of a mere dancer's personation of the poetic character, and invests it with an art-significance of a notable kind. There could be no difficulty in filling this part by one of the clever pantomimists with whom our stage is rich; but where would a manager look for the commingled grace and poetry which Carlotta Grisi throws into the personation?—qualifications which no teacher can impart, but which (*pace* Mr. Locke) must be of the nature of innate ideas; and therefore, when Mr. Lumley remarks in his *offices* that, in consequence of the termination of Carlotta's engagement, *La Tempesta* cannot again be performed, we are reluctantly compelled to admit that such is the necessity of the case.

CARLOTTA GRISI'S GISELLE.

(From the Times.)

MRS. CARLOTTA GRISI'S benefit, which took place last Thursday night, was distinguished by a revival of the second act of *Giselle*—a most delightful ballet, which derives a peculiar charm from the talent and exquisite feeling of its inimitable *danseuse*. There is no artist in her profession who equals Carlotta in that intelligence of which she makes her finished movements the graceful expression. She seizes at once on the significance of a character, penetrates into all its complicated sentiments, and reproduces them to perfection. The awaking of Giselle from her grave, the half-mourning gaiety which belongs to her nature as a "Will-o'-the-wisp" for her lover, with, perhaps, a little tinge of mischief gathered from an affinity with the "fairy tribe," are all profoundly conceived as they are beautifully executed.

(From the Morning Herald.)

THE performances of last night were for the benefit of Carlotta Grisi. The fascinating beneficiaree did not dance so much as might have been expected, but the revival of the second act of the *Giselle*, a ballet of all others the most delicate and fanciful, was well chosen to display that peculiar intelligence and ideality belonging so exclusively to her. This accomplished *danseuse* has, we apprehend, done more to elevate the character of the salutory art than any other; and her portrayal of the shadowy Giselle is one of the most striking examples of Terpsichorean ability, in its poetical greatness, that the age has produced.

CARLOTTA GRISI'S BENEFIT.

(From the Sun.)

THE enchanting Carlotta Grisi took her benefit at Her Majesty's Theatre last evening, and appeared on that occasion in two of her most fascinating characters, Giselle and Esmeralda. The last act of *Giselle* was alone represented,

in which Carlotta appears as a "Will," and so exquisitely did she dance, so beautiful and expressive was her pantomime, that we could not but regret that the ballet had not been given entire. Her Esmeralda also was merely a fragment, but a delightful fragment. She danced the renowned "Tuaudaise" with M. Charles, if possible, with more exquisite *finesse* and irresistible *capriciosité* than ever.

THE TWO ITALIAN OPERAS.

Now that the Royal Italian Opera has all but accomplished its fourth season, the following lengthy article, which appeared in the columns of a contemporary on the 4th of October, 1846, will not be perused without interest. We reproduce it as a curiosity, and as such it amply merits preservation. In after times it may be referred to as a singular example of mistaken calculation and prophecy unfulfilled.

"THE NEW ITALIAN OPERA."

"The project of a new Italian Opera House, or rather the conversion of Covent Garden Theatre into an Opera House, has engaged the attention of all who have at once the interest of the drama and of music at heart. We are free-traders to the utmost extent, but in free-trade there should be reciprocity. We have a complete foreign company at the Queen's Theatre, another at the St. James's, a third, with very few exceptions, at Drury Lane. Our concerts are overrun with German and Italian artists. Does France, Prussia, or Germany permit one English theatre? No. We are not for the exclusion of any man for his colour or his country. Germany has the world for its home—it is cosmopolitan in its nature—but public performance must be controlled by political necessities or conventions, and when we remember English women pelted on a Parisian stage—English actors denied the use of a theatre in Germany—we are compelled to question the right of the proprietors of Covent Garden to open their house for foreigners, to the total exclusion of the English drama and the English artist. To examine this question in all its bearings, it will be necessary to run briefly through the history of the Italian Opera, or rather the history of the introductions of foreigners in the English market."

"The desire of the wealthier classes to draw a line of demarcation between themselves and the people—the wish of patrician porcelain to avoid collision with plebeian delf—has been the peculiarity of the rich vulgar and the titled ignorant for centuries. Christianity—*professed* Christianity—has never succeeded in teaching the people with kindness to their names the truth of the natural equality of man. Exclusiveness induced the titled ones to long for a theatre to themselves, conducted in a language which, though they did not perfectly understand, they yet had a smattering of, and the Italian Opera exactly answered this purpose."

"Music, the universal language, will make its way; and the middle and many of the poorer classes are as good, if not better, judges of art as their aristocratic neighbours. The masses, however, desire to have the finest music married to English verse. As to the outcry that English *no* be adapted to airs already composed, we turn to Moore's melodies—some, such as "How dear to me the hour," and "By the hope within us springing," of most intricate construction—to the efforts of Logan, Soane, Planché, and others in this department of constructive poetical adaptation: it can be done, it has been done. Leave, then, to the aristocrats, who, by the aid of Baretti and the lovely translations of the operas, make out Italian, their Opera House, but let the masses, if they must have operas, have them executed in our native tongue by native artists."

"We agree with all the world in saying that our Italian Opera is as perfect as any establishment of that kind in Europe. Can we obtain two such companies? If we could, do we require them? Is not the present management the first that ever regularly paid proprietors, performers, and lessee? and is it not regarded almost a miracle that with such enormous expenses that could be effected?"

To answer this question fairly, let us take a glance at

"THE ITALIAN OPERA IN ENGLAND."

"A stately theatre in the Haymarket was built by Sir John Van-

brugh, 'to enable the veteran actors to regain their lost ground in public estimation.' It was called the Queen's Theatre, and opened on the 9th April, 1705, with a translated opera, styled *The Triumph of Love*. The opera failed, and *Love for Love* was substituted. *The Conjuror* and other comedies were afterwards played."

"A great room in York-buildings, Strand, was opened for the purpose of grafting Italian music upon English words. Valentini was the first that gave the words in their native garb. He sang his part, Turno, in *Camilla*, entirely in his own language, whilst every other part in the piece was sung or recited in English."

"Colley Cibber says, 'The Italian opera began to steal into England, but in as rude a disguise, and as unlike itself, as possible.' Nicolini and Valentini were the opera attractions, but with these were our best English actors—Brettton, Cibber, Doggett, Wilkes, Mrs. Oldfield, &c. After this Handel had the musical conduct of the theatre, at which tragedy, comedy, and opera were variously presented."

"In 1720 a fund of 50,000*l.* was raised, George I. giving 10,000*l.* The Opera, re-christened the King's Theatre, was placed under the direction of the governor, deputy-governor, and twenty directors of the Royal Academy of Music. Haedel, Aillio, and Buononcini were engaged as composers."

"In 1734-5 Farinelli had 1500 guineas and a free benefit for this season. This was the first instance of that enormous system of over-payment that has tended to enrich individuals and impoverish art. Handel died in 1759. Many were the lessees and conductors until June 17, 1789, when the house was burnt down. It was rebuilt in 1790, by Novoselski. Wm. Taylor became lessee."

"Whilst the house was rebuilding, the opera performances took place at the Pantheon, under a Mr. O'Reilly, who obtained a license through the then Duke of Bedford. (We request our readers to note this, as it was made a ground to commence the cry for a second Opera House.)"

"When the new Opera House, Haymarket, was finished, a license was refused. It opened, under the pretence of a rehearsal, March 26, 1791—the entertainments: A concert, one act comic in Italian, a divertissement, a concert, one act comic in Italian, and *Orpheus and Eurydice*, a ballet. Such performances went on until July 18, the Pantheon being open, under the Bedford license, with regular operas."

"On Jan. 14, 1792, the Pantheon was burnt to the ground, supposed to be the work of an incendiary. A vast deal of discussion ensued as to the vested rights of Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Opera House; and at length, by arbitration, matters were settled. This was called 'The Final Arrangement'; was sanctioned by George III., George IV. (then Prince of Wales), the Marquis of Salisbury (chamberlain), and by the Duke of Bedford (ground landlord of the two patent theatres). The King's Theatre paid 30,000*l.* towards the losses of the Pantheon."

"Mr. Gould, who had assisted Taylor, found the affairs of the King's Theatre in an awful state. The losses in 1805, 6, 7, and 8, amounted to 15,261*l.* 3*l.* 9*d.* Increased subscriptions were the consequence; and in 1816 the property was sold to Mr. Waters, under an order of the Court of Chancery, for 70,150*l.*

"The Commissioners for the Improvement of London granted Mr. Holloway, of Chancery Lane, the late ground landlord of the King's Theatre, a renewal, on condition that 'the building be finished so as to form an imposing feature in the metropolis, with a covered way round the whole.' Mr. Holloway died; but his executors fulfilled the conditions, at an expense of 50,000*l.* Nash and Hepton being the architects."

"The wars between Waters and Taylor, the lessee, were interminable."

"In 1810, the British public were seized with a dramatic furor, and they succeeded in passing a sort of theatrical Reform Bill, known by the name of the O. P. Row. The epidemic spread to the Opera House. Mr. Taylor issued a circular, requiring an increase in the price of subscription. Thereupon a meeting was called, Lord Bruce in the chair. Mr. T.'s circular was declared gross and impertinent, and the demand of sixty guineas extra extorted. A committee was appointed, consisting of the Marquis of Douglas, Earl Gower, and nineteen others. On the 11th of January, 1811, the committee sat again. Colonel Greville

said he had been pointed out as an improper person to sit on the committee, 'as he held the license of another theatre in his pocket.' This he only indirectly denied. One of the resolutions arrived at was as follows:

"That it be recommended to those ladies in whose names the boxes are held to make a tender at the Opera office of the amount of their several subscriptions, as paid for last season; and in case of such tender being rejected, they are advised to withdraw their patronage from the Opera while it continues under the present management."

"Mr. Bonner stated the accounts for 1809-10, thus—

"Subscriptions (some of which appear to be unpaid) £37,345 17 6
"Nightly receipts, benefit rents, &c..... 36,711 8 11
"Disbursements..... 534 8 7"

"(During this time the insurance had not been paid—a perilous neglect). Taylor said, 'My loss for the three years past has been 17,184. 6s. 2d.'"

"The ladies responded to the call made upon them; declared Taylor's circular to be highly offensive and improper; and that they had determined to resist any augmentation of price, and to withdraw their patronage from Mr. Taylor. Twenty of the fair flowers of our aristocracy signed this declaration of rights.

"Colonel Greville published a letter, in which he says, 'Taylor had a licence, and you (the subscribers) had a security that your boxes should never cost you more than 180 guineas; that fashion should always be preferred when boxes were vacant.' (Keep out the citizens by all means.) In 1792 Mr. T. was allowed to sell boxes and silver tickets to the amount of 80,000*l.*, and which, had they not been sold, reckoning each box at 180*l.*, and each ticket at 20*l.* a year, would have produced an annual increase to the Opera receipts of 11,800*l.* "This enormous advantage," continues the Colonel, "Mr. Taylor obtained, together with the promise that his theatre should be a monopoly."

"In seventeen years Mr. T., having paid off the incumbrances, and the boxes 66 having become vacant, treated the trust deed as waste parchment. It was then proposed to build a new theatre, by a subscription of from 60,000*l.* to 80,000*l.*

"Taylor was a most improvident and obstinate man, almost always in prison, or out of the way for fear of being sent there, and incessantly at variance with the subscribers. He delegated to Mr. H. W. Masterton all the monetary affairs of the theatre. When he wanted money—and when did he not?—Mr. Ebers, the bookseller, advanced it. One night Catalani refused to appear, unless her arrears, upwards of 1000*l.*, were paid there and then. Mr. E. paid it. These scenes were of incessant occurrence.

"Colonel Greville had taken the Argyll Rooms in 1808, and, with Naldi, got up some comic operas. They quarrelled, and a lawsuit was the consequence, Naldi recovering 400*l.* Then there were pamphlets and replies without number. All this was deemed sufficient to show the colonel's determination to create a second Opera House.

"Colonel G., at a public meeting, stated 'he had got, as subscribers to the Pantheon, thirty or forty ladies—five or six were duchesses, and eight or nine marchionesses.'

"On the 8th August, 1811, a meeting took place at the Pantheon, convened by Colonel Greville, 'to put for public consideration the propriety of entering into a project for converting the Pantheon into a theatre.'"

"The resolutions will be read now by the real lovers of music and the drama with great interest—

"Resolved, on the motion of Colonel O'Kelly, that to convert the Pantheon into a theatre for Italian operas and foreign dancers, ought not to be countenanced or encouraged, for the following reasons—

"Because there is already in the metropolis one of the largest theatres in Europe exclusively devoted to performances of that description.

"Because the public ought not to be unprovided with national theatrical entertainments."

"Mr. Greville repudiated the meeting, and put forth his plan. Subscribers, 1000*l.* each, and to receive 11*l.* 10s. per cent. After all this he made out that his annual profits would be 8868*l.* It was a capital scheme upon paper.

"The New Opera House scheme now assumed a new phase.

It was to be for 'comic Italian operas, with music and dancing; and in the winter months performances similar to those given at the Lyceum in the summer.'

"Mr. Joseph Kemp, Doctor of Music, wrote a letter, in which he says, 'We are called on to subscribe to an exhibition of foreigners; and are told that 22,000*l.* has been voted for the importation of singers and dancers from the continent.'

"Captain John Forbes, one of the proprietors of Covent Garden, so far from thinking that that theatre had a right to perform foreign operas, actually thought they should not be permitted at all.

"CAPTAIN JOHN FORBES CALLED AND EXAMINED. 25TH JUNE, 1822.

"Q. 1801. Do you complain of the Lord Chamberlain licensing Italian and French operas at present at the King's Theatre.—A. I do not recollect that we have made formal complaint of that; but I think we have reason to complain of it."

"On the 15th December, 1811, Taylor published an advertisement, wherein he stated that a most extraordinary enterprise, in the shape of an operatic establishment, had been set up at the Pantheon. "That the Lord Chamberlain had declared that, in granting Mr. Greville a licence for the Pantheon, he never meant to interfere or interfere at all with the King's Theatre, nor would he ever have consented to any licence of that kind. The words music and dancing did not authorise ballets."

"Taylor triumphed, but he was still immersed in difficulties. Amid mortgages, quarrels, law-suits, pamphlets, and paragraphs, he struggled on, Mr. Ebers, who had a strong interest in the letting boxes, &c., acting as his friend and banker. At last, the debt became so heavy that, in self-defence, he slipped into Mr. T.'s shoes, with great misgivings, and on the express condition that Mr. Ayrton undertook the musical direction.

"Mr. Ebers, on the 21st December, 1821, became lessee for one year. Taylor had saddled the house with the following engagements—

Agnesani..... 600 <i>gs.</i>	Zara (scene painter) .. 180 <i>gs.</i>
Romero..... 410 "	Spagnoli..... 250 "
Camporossi..... 1550 "	Dragonetti..... 150 "
Rent..... 23180 13s.	

"The season commenced March 10, with 1822, with *La Gazza Lupa*. On the fourth night, George IV. came to the Opera, with York, Clarence, Wellington, &c.

"This successful season (or half season) Ebers lost 7000*l.*, thus—receipts, 32,223*l.*; expenses, 39,204*l.*

"Season 1823 was remarkable for one circumstance. Mr. Chambers, the mortgagee of the house, agreed to purchase Mr. Waters' interest for 80,000*l.*, and thus became sole proprietor. He demanded of Mr. E. a yearly rent of 10,000*l.* On this Waters wanted to rescind the sale, and thus began the Chancery suit, Waters v. Chambers. Cross bills were filed, and ultimately Chambers became a bankrupt. The melancholy story of these transactions, the enormous sums made by attorneys, and by them only, is a reproach to the laws of this country that is continually harped upon abroad.

"Amid the salaries of the season (1823) were—Camporossi, 1350*l.*; Curioni, 900*l.*; De Bognis (Signor and Madame), 1800*l.*; Piacci, 800*l.*; Albert, 1200*l.*; Anatole, 1800*l.*; Paul, 1200*l.*; Mercandotti, 800*l.*; Vestris (Mons. C. and Madame), 1200*l.*

"In 1824 Madame de Bognis alone received 1400*l.*, the Signor 800*l.*; Pasta had 1450*l.*; Rossini's wife, 1500*l.*; Aumer and Albort, 1000*l.* each; M. Vestris, 900*l.*; M. Rozzi Vestris, 1000*l.* In 1827 Pasta had 2865*l.*

"In the last-named year, Mr. Ebers sustained the least seasonal loss he ever encountered, only dropping 2974*l.* The receipts of the season had actually been 43,399*l.* Mr. E.'s losses, on *total*, exceeded 20,000*l.*

"Laporte and Laurent succeeded; then Laporte reigned alone. Again we had embarrasments, disappointments, and complaints.

"About 1832, M. Laporte took Covent Garden Theatre. In the same year, the select committee on dramatic literature were sitting.

"27TH JUNE, 1832.—PETER FRANCIS LAPORTE CALLED IN AND EXAMINED.

"Q. 2,154. If you had the power of playing Italian operas (at

Covent Garden), would you have given more for that theatre than you have done? A. Perhaps I would.

"Q. Would you like to have the option of playing Italian opera?—A. Yes."

"(We quote this to show that up to this period it was perfectly understood that Italian opera could not be performed at Covent Garden Theatre.)

He then quotes the seventh article of the final arrangement, as follows:—

"It is to be understood as a part of the settlement *bona fide* between the three theatres, that the patents of Drury Lane and Covent Garden shall NEVER BE EXERCISED FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF ITALIAN OPERAS, and that the Haymarket (*i.e.* King's) Theatre and patent shall be for the Italian opera only."

"Q. 1,813. If you had the power of performing Italian opera you could let the theatre for £3,000 or £4,000 more.—A. That is so.

"Again, they are to perform such tragedies, plays, operas, and entertainments of the stage only as have already, and shall hereafter, be licensed by the Lord Chamberlain. Are Italian opera licensed?—No. They are played under the general permission of the King's Theatre 'to have Italian operas and ballets of action, and no other species of entertainment whatever.'"

"Thus stood the case when Mr. Lumley assumed the reins: Since that period a great change has taken place in the management of the Italian Opera House. Discord has given way to harmony. The disappointments, the distraction, that disquieted all connected with that establishment have ceased to exist; the best available talent has been obtained at all hazards; all claims on the theatre have been honourably and regularly liquidated; and this in despite of an opposition of foreign talent engaged at Drury, which, especially in the ballet department, has for seasons attempted to rival the King's Theatre.

"The new scheme will divide the talent of Europe, and we shall have two bad opera companies, instead of one great one. The same effort was made in 1790, and the projectors lost 30,000*l.* It was proposed in 1811, but never carried out. Putting all this aside, what is to become of our native professors? Are all our dramatic and musical professors to starve, because the lady of a Parisian banker, a disappointed *prima donna*, and a would-be composer, enter into a combination to injure the existing, and produce a new foreign company? We protest against it as illegal—as uncalled for, if legal—as an insult to the talent of the nation—and as truckling to other nations that will not encourage our artists in return.

"This article has already extended far beyond the limits we intended to assign it. We shall return to the subject, which involves public taste and public rights. Meantime we beg our readers to look at this list:—

"Lessons and directors of the Italian Opera House, Haymarket, from the commencement in 1706.

MacSwiney	Yates	Trunchard
Cullier	Gordon	Taylor
Aaron Hill	Hon. J. Hobart	Goold
Hodder	Brookes	Waters
Handel	O'Reilly	Ebers
Earl of Middlesex	Le Texier	Benelli
Signora Venici	Sir John Gallini	Laporte
Crawford		

"All these persons failed, were either unable to fulfil their engagements, or did fulfil them at immense losses. Mr. Lumley has fulfilled all engagements, and, we believe, realised a handsome profit."

Although by no means ingenious, the above history of the progress of the Italian Opera in England, and the disasters of

"The license really granted was in the following words:—'I do hereby give leave and license to H. S. Greville, Esq., to have ballets, music, and dancing; also, dramatic entertainments, by children under the age of seventeen years, from the 30th July next to the 30th July, 1812, at the Pantheon in Oxford-street, within the liberties of Westminster.'—The application to the Chamberlain was made originally under the cloak of forming a dramatic seminary; hence the restriction as to age."

the various managers, is exceedingly interesting and suggestive. But we are somewhat surprised to observe, that the careful compiler has omitted all mention of Mr. Monck Mason, one of the most spirited and one of the most punished of all the directors of her Majesty's theatre. It was Monck Mason who brought out *Robert le Diable*, with the original French cast; it was Monck Mason who introduced the German Opera in England; and it was Monck Mason who first travelled across the channel in a balloon.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

STRAND.

THE new drama produced on Monday night at this house, under the title of *The Daughter of the Stars*, is founded on a very good idea. An unsuspecting gipsy girl is used by a crafty lawyer as an instrument in a stratagem practised against a testy old gentleman, who shuts his door against his nephew, and looks out for another relative. The gipsy, who has been rescued by the nephew from a ruffianly farmer, and who, moreover, conceives a secret passion for him, joyfully asserts her supposed claim to the family estates, in the hope of ultimately restoring them. Her devotion is ill rewarded. The governess who is employed to cultivate her mind, and on whom she has bestowed her friendship, turns out to be the wife of the man she loves, and the very person whose name she has been forced to assume, while the rascally lawyer who has contrived the plot proves to be her father. Notwithstanding the painful impression produced by the circumstance that a completely innocent person is reduced to a situation of intense misery without any possibility of relief, the situation of the "daughter of the stars," which resembles that of Roxane in Racine's *Bajazet*, is highly interesting.

The dialogue is written with exceeding smartness, the genuine wit of the author sometimes misleading him to forget the position of the personages who utter the repartees—the old failing of Congreve. The goodness of the idea would be better shown were there more closeness in the treatment—a fact which becomes especially prominent in the catastrophe.

The principal character, that of Miriam, the "daughter of the stars," is assigned to Mrs. Stirling, who effectively contrasts the rudeness of the gipsy girl in the first act with the refined and pathetic being of the second. The scene between Miriam and the wife of the man she loves, in which the latter—not the former—sees the true state of their mutual position, she manages with great tact and delicacy, and is well supported by Mrs. Leigh Murray, an actress who shows real artistic feeling in all she undertakes. The lawyer who contrives the scheme, and who is a sort of Silky, is admirably played by Mr. Cooke, who does not leave one bald place in the surface of hypocrisy. Mr. W. Farren completely looks the selfish uncle he is intended to portray; and a vinous butler is well made up by Mr. Compton.

The audience applauded loudly at the end. Mrs. Stirling received a bouquet; and Mr. Shirley Brooks, being universally unmannered, appeared before the curtain.

MR. BROWN at the LITERARY INSTITUTION, LEEDS.—The enterprising ex-manager of Drury Lane Theatre delivered his popular Shaksperian lecture at these rooms on Wednesday, to one of the greatest crowds ever assembled within the walls. His reception was so enthusiastic that he has been re-engaged by the directors to give another of his amusing and instructive entertainments.

Our Scrap Book.

[We shall be obliged to any kind friends who may be able and willing to contribute to our Scrap Book.—Ed.]

A KING AT A MASQUERADE.—It happened in the reign of Charles the Sixth, that masked it to a marriage at the hostell of St. Paul's, in Paris, being attired like wild horses, covered with loose flax dangling down like hair—all bedaubed with grease, for the fitter hanging thereof, and fast bound one to another; and in this guise entered the hall, dancing with torches before them. But behold, suddenly their plaie turned to a tragedie, for a spark of one of their torches fell into the greasie flax of his neighbour, and set it immediately on fire, so that in the turning of a hand they were all on flame: Then gave they out a most terrible outcry. One of them threw himself headlong into a tubb of water, provided to rease their drinking cups and goblets, and upon that occasion stabling not farre off; two were burned to death without stirring one from the plaice. The bastarde Foix and the Earl of Jouy escaped indeed from presente death, but being conveyed to their lodgings they survived not two days. The King himself being one of the sixe, was saved by the Duchesse of Berry, that, covering him with her loose and wide garments, quenched the fire before it could seage upon the flesh. Teroysard, the reporter of this tragedie, saith that the next morrow every man could say that this was a wonderfull signe and advertisement sent by God to the King to warn him to renounce all such fond and foolish devices which he delighted too much in, and more than it became a King of France to do, and this was the event of that gallant masque.—*Theatre of God's Judgement* (1663).

HISTORIC PIRATES.—The Edinburgh company of comedians, having embarked on board a ship, on Wednesday, August 13, in order to exhibit at Aberdeen during the vacation, were taken by an American privateer, and carried into Nantz.—*Gentlemen's Magazine*, 1777.

GLUCK.—The following letter was addressed to this great dramatic composer by the *Académie Royale de Musique*, of Paris, in 1771:—"Monsieur: You are aware that our first wish was to see your talents united to our efforts to sustain with éclat the spectacle of the opera, which the minister has kindly confided to our care. He has this day been graciously pleased to add to his bounties, by authorising us to offer you the sum of 6000*fr.* per annum so long as you shall continue to labour for the theatre of the *Académie Royale de Musique*, upon condition that you produce at least one new opera a year; and a gratuity of 2000*fr.* when your opera shall have exceeded forty representations; and this without prejudice to the author's fees, which shall be paid to you in accordance with the rule of the King. The minister has also authorised us to promise you a pension of 2000*fr.*, reversible to Madame Gluck, after the success of five new operas. The minister still further adds to the marks of his kindness with which he has honoured us, by permitting us to assure you that he will cause to be paid to you annually the sum of four thousand *livres*. We now only wait, for our entire satisfaction, your acceptance of the proposal which the minister has authorised us to make to you.—We have the honour, &c., DAUVERGNE, GOSSEC, LÉROS, DURANT, GARDEL, DAUBERVAL, NOYRRE." (Gossec was one of the first who developed the form of the orchestral symphony.)

JERRY LIND.—The "Swedish Nightingale," as she is termed, was born at Stockholm, on the 8th of February, 1820. Her parents kept a school. "Her voice," says a journalist, in October, 1846, "is of an extraordinary compass, and the upper notes are quite delicious, as clear as a bell; and she warbles like a nightingale. We fear that there is but little chance of her visiting England—at least for some time to come; for she does not like to sing even in Italian, much less English." The critic was more of a connoisseur than of a prophet.

THE LEXICOGRAPHER AND THE ACTRESS.—Mrs. Siddons having occasion to call on Dr. Johnson, and his servant not immediately bringing her a chair, the learned Doctor observed, "You see, madam, wherever you go, how difficult it is to procure a seat." And yet the great master of sesquipedalians was known to have said that "a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket." Certainly the Doctor's pun was not a good one—which may stand as his defense.

SKETCHING FROM LIFE.—The father of Ariosto being one day exceedingly angry with him, reprimanded him in unmeasured terms. The young poet listened, not only with patience, but with profound attention—not offering a single word in his defence—but, on the contrary, seemed to wish that the lecture might be prolonged. A friend, who was present, asked him, after his father had retired, the meaning of his behaviour. Ariosto replied, "That he had been for some days at work upon a comedy, and was much perplexed how to write a scene of an angry father reproving his son; that at the moment his father opened his mouth it struck him as an admirable opportunity to study his manner, so that he might paint his picture as close as possible after nature; he being absorbed in thought, he had only noticed the voice, face, and action of his father, without paying the least attention to the truth or falsehood of the charge."

AN EXAMPLE FOR FOREIGN ARTISTS.—Grist and Mario are life subscribers of ten guineas each to the Royal Society of Musicians.

A GIANTIC STATUE.—A Frankfort journal states that the colossal statue of Bavaria, by Schwanthaler, which is to be placed on the hill of Sendling, surpasses by proportions all the works of the moderns. It will have to be removed in pieces from the foundry where it is cast to its place of destination, and each piece will require sixteen horses to draw it. The great toes are each half a metre in length. In the head two persons could dance a polka very conveniently, while the nose might lodge the musician. The thickness of the robe—which forms a rich drapery descending to the ankles—is about six inches, and its circumference at the bottom about two hundred metres. The crown of Victory which the figure holds in her hands weighs one hundred quintals (one hundred hundred weight).—*Manchester Examiner*.

GREAT GENIUS OFTEN SHORT-LIVED.—Mozart, Raphael, Byron, and Mendelssohn, all died about the same age—namely, thirty-seven. Shelley was drowned in his thirtieth year. Keats died at twenty-four. Pinto, an English composer of extraordinary promise, died at twenty one. Many other interesting examples of short-lived genius could be produced.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

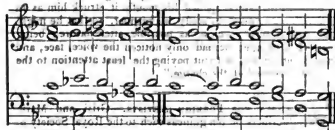
(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—We are told that Gregorian chants possess, among other "real merits," that of being "unfettered by the shackles of bars." And the laity are wished to believe that the power of singing together in large numbers, with the unanimity of one voice, is more easily to be attained *without* the assistance of the modern "time measurers" than with. This very antiquarian view of the matter, however, is not only unsupported by facts, but is actually contradicted by the circumstances of every-day experience, as is at once apparent if we refer for parallels to other occasions than church assemblings, where a large concourse of persons have to think and act together. For instance, in a ball-room, would the people dance together better to anti-rhythical music? or, soldiers "keep step" better to out-of-time music? or, would sailors "weigh the anchor" more successfully if the boatswain's signal were to be rendered uncertain? "Common sense" would say not. Yet, in spite of every atom of evidence and experience being against them, the Gregorianisers will persevere in asserting the contrary—that large numbers can progress together better without a strong guide than with.

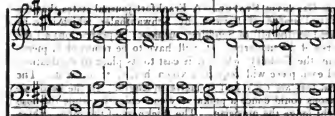
It will be seen that I have not said a word about the present improved system of rhythmical musical education, all the very powerful arguments concerning which are, in addition to the above, arranged against the Gregorianisers.

One of the anti-rhythmical Gregorian chants I will now give (with the added harmonies of Thomas Morley), and one of the rhythmical Anglican chants, by Dr. Croft; and the reader can try to which he can sing the *Gloria Patri* the most easily.

The Spanish Gregorian Chant—Melody in the Tenor.



Anglican Single Chant.



I would now ask, what class of choral musical composition is found to be the most difficult of correct performance? The distinctly phrased? No; but the anti-rhythmical. The same choral band that will sing the "Hallelujah" "Worthy is the lamb," "Horse and his rider," "The monster Polypheme," and hundreds of other elaborate choruses of first-class musical difficulty, with the greatest precision and effect, will often in the recitative phrases in the *Elijah*, *Antigone*, &c., which do not present one-fourth part of the executive difficulty, betray symptoms of distrust and undecidedness. Why is this? Simply because they have not a musical rhythm to help them on and guide them.

Yet, in the very teeth of this, the Gregorianisers will insist that the anti-rhythmicality of a chant will be an assistance to the choir.

ing of the Psalms by a large congregation; and the adoption of phrased chants a positive hindrance.—Yours, very sincerely,

AN ORGANIST.

August 7, 1880.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Many and various are the good effects arising from free and temperate controversy. On its greater and more important effects I wish not, at present, to touch; I merely wish to show that you having encouraged the letters upon the Gregorian Chants, we are not only enabled to obtain a clear view of the case, but, in my case, have had a misconception corrected. Your valued correspondent, "Organist," has corrected me, it is true, in the sentence he quotes. I meant not, nor even thought of, the slightest allusion to him, but I have now the satisfaction of knowing, what before I was rather doubtful of, that I can include him among those who think with me concerning these much-talked-of Chants; and, further, what he says in another letter concerning your "usual," &c., &c.

There is a point which the promoters of the Anglican Chants urge, and I think with too great importance, that the Gregorians are more difficult to sing. With this I cannot agree. One says the singers having no interest in them consequently render them difficult; but your correspondent should bear in mind that it is as improper to force singers to perform what appears to them unnatural as it is that we should be compelled, without exception, to adopt the miserable, unharmonised Gregorian—a proceeding as nearly allied to freezing as anything short of frost can be. Let singers be engaged, unprejudiced, and such as can discern the beauties of properly-harmonised Gregorians, and the best of our Anglicans; and, if such cannot sing both equally well, I give up my position. I say so much upon this point, that it should not be said we resort to so ridiculous a shift as the difficulty of a few simple notes, which are generally allowed to be the simplest of the simple, in order to exalt our legitimate chants.

There is another fact—the occasional finding fragments of the Gregorians in the streets and elsewhere. Such is but a poor argument. How many other besides Gregorian fragments are to be found there? It may be said that, for one favouring the Anglican Chants, I am saying a very great deal too much in favour of the others; in reply to such I would merely say, let it be borne in mind I am favourable to both, should the latter appear in a Christian-like form, and, wishing it to appear so, I would fain support it as much as possible. Any other proceeding would be but a poor return.

Wishing rather to learn than to teach by this controversy, but also wishing to offer you the above suggestions, and to offer my poor approval of the course your principal correspondent ("Organist") takes, believe me to be, Sir, your's very respectfully,

ANGELICAN-GREGORIAN.

SOCIAL POSITION OF MUSICAL PROFESSORS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—Let me entreat both Messrs. Aspull and Flowers to abstain from any further personalities, which are neither an evidence of good taste nor artistic feeling. Let me suggest, that they employ their pens and their talents in forwarding the interest of our divine art by the endeavour to improve the taste of the public for music of a classical and elevated character, which will redound infinitely more to their fame than "ludicrous" in the expression of acrimonious feelings.

There is a much more honourable field unoccupied for a display of their talent and energy, one in which their powers may be usefully and honourably displayed; and which indeed demands of all sound and intellectual musicians their warmest co-operation. In this field, there are so many points to attack as to afford them full occupation for the use of that very keen and powerful weapon, the pen. I allude to the circumstance, that the musical profession is not advancing its position in the social scale; indeed, I almost fear it is losing ground. Where is the encouragement for the production of the intellectual, classical, and scientific musician? Shall he

look to the public? Shall he look to the Church? Shall he look to the music-publisher for encouragement? Alas! I fear, if he looks to either, that disappointment will be his portion. I, at least, will not be the person who will "speak the word of promise to the ear," lest it should be broken to the hope. And although the musician of the character now before us can luxuriate in melody, he cannot exist on air; and, therefore, he is compelled to take upon himself the office of the teacher. And where is his encouragement here? Boarding-school misses find Mozart and Beethoven and Mendelssohn too dry, or too difficult, and must, therefore, learn quadrilles, or polkas, or some of the hundred and one orders of this class of music, which those much below mediocrity can teach; and, therefore, you have ladies, young and old, who are able to tell you the names of the keys of the pianoforte, and can manage to play a waltz or polka, springing up like mushrooms, and underskating to teach all they know, and all they do not know of music. You have fond papas and doting mammae, who believe that young ladies are now so wondrously clever, that they can not only teach music to perfection, but also all the arts and sciences in existence, in addition to every known language, living or dead. You have also plenty of gentlemen, who, however deficient they may be in musical knowledge, are not at all so in the tact and knowledge of the world necessary to turn the ignorance and bad taste of the multitude to their own advantage. You have also, amongst almost innumerable principals of schools, numbers also ready to take advantage of this ignorance by employing, at a cheap rate, incompetent and inefficient—might I not say, ignorant?—persons as teachers. Indeed, on all sides is the real and sterling musician vigorously attacked in his resources, and unless he puts forth his whole energy, he is doomed, for a time at least, to be driven before his competitors, as surely as the North American Indian is driven before the pale faces of his hemiphere.

But, what, will be asked, is the remedy for this state of things? I have no doubt that your numerous and talented correspondents, when they have their attention directed to the subject, will be able to point out many remedies for the disease which affects the body musical.

In the mean time—seeing that the honourable profession of the law have their Inns of Court, the medical profession have their colleges of physicians and surgeons, the arts of painting, of sculpture, and architecture, have their Royal Academy, and even the dispensing chemist has his Pharmaceutical Society—I would ask, why should not the educated and sterling musician have his association? We all acknowledge the axiom, "that union is strength;" then why should not musicians combine for their own protection? It has been said, that musicians have so large a portion of discord inherent in their nature as to prevent any continued union amongst them. I have no doubt but that most of my readers will readily confess their love of such discords as suspensions, or dominant and diminished sevenths. But that musicians of the present day—men who adore their art, have such petty jealousies, such quarrelsome dispositions and tempers as to prevent a combination for their own protection, and for the advance of their art, I will not believe; and I therefore call upon all true musicians to think seriously of this proposition for a musical association, which, well and carefully organized and directed, might be of the utmost advantage. But as I have already taken up so large a portion of your space, Mr. Editor, I shall defer to a future opportunity to lay before you more fully my plan. In the mean time, I have the pleasure to subscribe myself, your very obedient servant,

EDWARD DEARLY.

THE SYMPHONIES &c., OF THE GREAT COMPOSERS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I shall feel obliged by your informing me, in your very useful paper, what has given rise here to some discussion, viz., How many perfect symphonies were composed respectively by Haydn, Beethoven, and Mozart, and whether there have been any other respectable symphonists? (Mendelssohn excepted.) Also, How many sonatas were written by each respectively?—sonatas, I conclude, for violin and pianoforte. Apologizing for the trouble, I remain, your old subscriber,

MARSH.

May I ask, thirdly—Was secular music, such as symphonies, &c., at all written or studied before the days of Haydn?

[Beethoven wrote nine grand symphonies; Mozart seven. No doubt both of these masters composed others which have not been published. Several small symphonies of Mozart have lately been printed, as piano duets, by Ewer and Co. The genuineness of these has been disputed—we think unreasonably, since they bear indisputable evidence of Mozart's manner and workmanship. Haydn wrote a vast number of symphonies, but the exact amount we are unable to give. There are many other symphony composers besides those and Mendelssohn, among whom the most distinguished is Spohr. The others are too numerous to mention. Nor can we state the precise number of sonatas written by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Before Haydn's time the symphony was not developed to its present form. Those of Vanhall, Gossec, Kotzawa, and others, though in several movements, are very brief and sketchy.—Ed.]

FRENCH FLOWERS V. THE "WE"

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I did not say that a composition of Mozart's "tended to repress the flow of soul." Why, then, the musical *We* of the *Literary Gazette* should address me as one of his "monomaniacs" in Bedlam, I cannot understand. It should have been his place to set up an argument showing scientifically (being on the *Literary Gazette*!) his right to condemn a justly-admired composition; it should have been far more dignified than striking a *tit-for-tat* blow at me. My knowledge of counterpoint may be pleasant to *We*, but this is an reason why *We* should not have tried to defend himself shyly. The weakest work of Mozart is worth more than all the fashionable, feverish language *We* bestows on the comparatively small composers.

I suppose *We* thought the composition in question "tended to repress the flow of soul," because it was written for a musical clock; but had Mozart written for an unmusical Jew's-harp, the composition would be worthy of a critic's praise; so *We* need not be shy in awarding it on all occasions, if Mozart be the theme! Lastly, I hope *We* will remember that a critic who sneers at counterpoint is very likely to make many mistakes. Now, if "it is a pity when charming woken talk of things they don't understand," what can they say of moultached men who are in the same predicament? Perhaps they would begin, by way of retort, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."—I am, sir, yours obliged,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

PS.—My next letter will be on "The effect of Church Music on different minds."

Be so kind, Mr. Editor, to add to my letter the following remarks in answer to two PSS, which appeared in your last impression:—

PS. 2.—Being more acquainted, from my youth up, even till now, with the clergy, as a body, than any other class of men, I am at liberty to form my own opinion relative to the close connection between the Puseyite and the Gregorian movements, which together did and do unnecessarily disturb the peace of the church.

PS. 3.—I regret that "An Old Subscriber" should deem self-defence "trash," and associate my name with a defamer's—it shows a want of judgment and kindness, which imply superficiality and ill-breeding; the force of which he would feel if he were maltreated. No one can be more sorry than myself to be obliged to write on uninteresting topics, but in allow falsehood to go unnoticed would tacitly encourage the pernicious practice of it.

FRENCH FLOWERS.

ANTHILL D. FLOWERS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I have waited in the hope that some one would come forward to rectify the pages of the *Musical World* from the state which the pen of Mr. Flowers had placed them in. I have not waited in vain. My thanks are due to Mr. Brown for a letter, teeming with ability and good sense, in my favour; and feeling that some reply is necessary to the coarse, unfeeling, and un-

gentlemanly letter which Mr. Flowers has thought proper to inflict on the feelings and patience of your numerous readers, I will at once briefly state that the "conversations" are so garbled, mis-quoted, and twisted, that they are unworthy the belief of even the most credulous. I also assert, broadly and openly, that the pertion alluding to "guilty quivering lips, and whitened face," is a gross and wilful perversion of the truth, having no basis but that of a most wicked invention, and as fallacious as are his attempts to construct a *canto fermo* to work a decent fugue upon! I also beg to state that I was, for some years, the friend and the pupil, by correspondence, in a series of lessons on counterpoint, of the late Dr. Kinch of Darmstadt; and, as those letters, in which I am titled with the gratifying appellations named will soon be in the course of publication, I cannot but consider the sneers and doubts of Mr. Flowers to be otherwise than that of a piece of gross impudence, unworthy a man of honour and a gentleman. In the error of mis-naming the long-expected but never-to-be-forthcoming work on sequence, and never-to-be-dedicated to the "famous Dr. Spohr," I humbly apologise, assuring him that no one will more readily acknowledge an error than his humble servant myself. To conclude, I have yet to learn why those things should be reviled which, even in the lowest class, claim and command a sympathy Mr. Flowers is devoid of. Fiel sei Mr. French Flowers—he upon't! this at least is ungenerous and unmanly. I am, it is true, older—yes, a few years thy elder—nay, have gray hairs, even almost white, far beyond my years would warrant, Mr. Editor. But why these should be lugged in as unworthy adjuncts for abuse and contumely needs no comment. It is plainly a "weak invention of the enemy." But I beg lastly to state, that I have no personal animus against Mr. Flowers, *per se*. His inextinguishable abuse of actors and musicians so infinitely his superior—in his conceived and avowed assumption of powers and talents which neither nature or art ever did or can produce in him—his vulgar and ill-considered criticism on singing, singers, and local professors, and the gross ignorance betrayed, provoked an indignation which vented itself in the letters I had the honour of sending to the *Musical World*. Who could restrain it when out came a declaration that it was only till "very lately" that he had paid particular attention to singing? Yet in that "very lately" had he arrived at such consummate hardness as to gravely tell the world that "three months" were sufficient to produce that which every honest master knows would take as many years to accomplish? "Cannot a common voice," says Mr. F., "be taught the proper way of pouring forth sounds, which, when issuing from the feeblest voice, must produce an irresistible charm?" Was ever greater nonsense ever written? It is this and nothing above of others I have urged war against; how successfully I leave to the unbiased minds of all who read your valuable journal: I am no advocate for keeping up the spirit of recrimination; and were Mr. Flowers to read my letters rightly, he would see a purer spirit of rivalry than abuse of even his intolerable puffery and self-conceit.—Apologising for so much intrusion, believe me faithfully yours, (no. 11) W. ASKILL.

DEATH OF MR. GEORGE BUDD.

(From a Correspondent.)

This gentleman, who has been for many years well and favourably known by the musical profession, died on the last instant, at his residence in Pall Mall, aged forty-two, after a long and painful illness, leaving a wife and seven children to lament his loss.

Mr. Budd was secretary to the Philharmonic, also treasurer and secretary to the Western Madrigal Society, for many years, and highly esteemed by both societies. He composed some clever glees and madrigals, and was a good performer of vocal music in parts, of which he possessed a most valuable collection.

Mr. Budd was of the firm of Calkin and Budd, booksellers, Pall Mall. His wife was a daughter of the late Mr. Williams, the well-known clarinet player.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT UXBRIDGE.

(From a Correspondent.)

Our quiet town received a new impetus in its existence on Wednesday evening, when the annual concert of Mr. J. T. Birch took place at the Public Rooms. There was a good gathering of fashionables present; and of amateurs and the middle sort there was no lack.

A very small band was provided by Mr. J. T. Birch, but all true men, and stout of hand. The overture to *Guillaume Tell* was entrusted to two violins, one viola, one violoncello, one flute, and one piano—the executives being Messrs. V. Collins, J. Collins, G. Collins, W. H. Birch, Richardson, and J. T. Birch. That the overture to *Guillaume Tell* was, in consequence, shorn of its beams and strength, may be readily surmised; but this does not preclude the bestowal of a valuable amount of praise upon the exertions of each individual concerned. For instance, the one violoncello did his best for the opening bit; Richardson was at home in the flute obligato to the Swiss *andante*; the piano did what it could to supply the place of the clarinet and the oboe; and everybody made as much noise as it was possible to agitate a respectable storm. If Rossini's effects were not produced it was no fault of the performers, unless blame could be attributed to each man for not making a multiple of himself. This was the only orchestral *marceau* attempted, and I think the concert would not have suffered had it been omitted.

The vocal section of the performance was decidedly good, as you must allow, when I inform you we had Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss M. Williams, and Mr. Bridge Frodsham among the singers. Besides these, there were Mr. Drayton, the baritone, Miss L. Stuart, Miss Elvina Collins, and Miss Modora Collins.

The instrumentalists comprised Richardson (flute); Mr. Viotti Collins and Mr. Isaac Collins (violins); Mr. George Collins (violinello); Mr. W. H. Birch (concertina); and Mr. J. T. Birch (pianoforte).

The concert commenced with a trio by Cherubini, sung by Mrs. A. Newton, Miss L. Stuart, and Miss M. Williams; it was followed by Alexander Lee's song, "I'll be no submissive wife," sung by Miss Eliza Collins. Neither of these pieces appeared to afford any extraordinary satisfaction. The former might have been a trifle too classical, the latter a trifle too common, for the unsophisticated ears polite of an Uxbridge auditory. What came next was better appreciated. Everybody knows the scene from *Semiramide*, "As I view those scenes." Mr. Drayton delivered it with a sonorous power of lungs that made the near-listeners in the covered seats wish themselves more remote. It was sung with graphic energy, and was loudly applauded. The three subsequent pieces were encored—Mr. Richardson, in a flute fantasia, by Nicholson; Miss M. Williams, in Gluck's everlasting but never-tiring "The fare," and Mr. Bridge Frodsham, in the "Irish Emigrant." The last-named gentleman substituted the "Lass o' Gowrie," which I truly conceive to be an undonible improvement; for I cannot well fancy anything more lugubrious than the "Irish Emigrant," and few national ballads, I am sure, are more beautiful than the "Lass o' Gowrie." Mr. Bridge Frodsham gave both his songs with excellent feeling and taste.

By the way, the next singer in the next *marceau* was also an encore, and a unanimous one—it was Mrs. Alexander Newton, in the favourite cavatina, on polacca, as the bills call it, from *Ernani* by Chomouss. It was a most brilliant performance. The fair artist gave instead, Bishop's "Lo, hear the gentle lark," which was still more prized. Mrs. Newton has a charming soprano voice, and is a most finished artist. She created a great sensation on Wednesday night.

I am sure you will dispense with my entering into details. There were three more encores in the first part, and two in the second. Ten encores in the first part were awarded to Miss L. Stuart, in "Come off to the moors," to Mr. Isaac Collins, in a *Pagalini* solo on one string; and to Mr. A. Newton, in a new ballad by Mr. J. T. Birch; and in the second part to Miss Modora Collins, in "Smiling faces," and to Mr. Bridge Frodsham, in the "Death of Nelson." To sum up, the concert was a most pleasing one, and Mr. J. T. Birch has no reason to find fault with the consequences.

MADAME SONTAG AND DON GIOVANNI.

THE following very judicious remarks appeared in an article on Her Majesty's Theatre, in the *Sunday Times*:—"On Tuesday *Don Giovanni* was performed for the last time, and to the votary of music of the highest order, the evening's entertainment presented a remarkable charm. How gloriously sound the melodies of Mozart after the insanities of one half of the composers of the day, and the braten noise of the other half. But we have no space to do more than thank the manager of this establishment for giving us these occasional gleams of art amid the haziness and mock thunder of the compositions, which, in accordance with the present demand of fashion, he is compelled to produce, and which he does produce in a form of excellence which often defrauds us of our admiration. For our own part, we would sooner hear Sontag's exquisitely-finished voice warbling the rural eclogues of Zerlina, than in the most impossible aria in which a composer ever made her fresh and delicious organ run an unfair race with the machinisms of the orchestra. Why should so superb a voice be asked to do feats when, if allowed fair play, it will do a greater feat than all—the complete fascination of a house, comprising, at once, the most fastidious and the most easily pleased of listeners. We fear, and it is with reluctance that we pen the fear, that Sontag's voice is being over-worked; and although we know perfectly well that this is occasioned by the exercise of her loyalty to the management and her dauntless courage, we protest against her being allowed to do what she likes with herself. Why do not the hundreds of members of parliament, her admirers, insist on carrying a short-time act in her favour. Sontag has been singing throughout the week, and, after what we have said, we need not linger over her performance, pleasant as it would be to do so. She performs Amina on Thursday, for the farewell of Carlotta Grisi; and even with all our recollections of Lind in that part strong upon us—when can time ever weaken them?—Sontag's Amina will not suffer. What highest praise can be afforded?"

With every word of which we heartily concur.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

La Tempesta was given for the last time on Friday, and was followed by *La Prima Ballerina*, in which the clever pantomime and admirable dancing of Mdlle. Amalia Ferraris again elicited the enthusiastic approval of the audience.

On Tuesday *Le Nozze di Figaro* was performed. We have nothing new to say of the manner in which this chef d'œuvre of musical comedy is rendered at Her Majesty's Theatre, except that the Susanna of Madame Sontag improves on every hearing. Her singing is quite Mozartean, and her acting without ever bordering on vulgarity, has enough of the *soubrette* to preserve the idea of Desumarchais; and this can hardly be said of the Susanna of Mdlle. Lind, which with all its vocal perfection, wanted the liveliness which Madame Sontag imparts to the character.

On Thursday the entertainments were of a varied kind. The occasion was Carlotta Grisi's benefit, and the house was one of the fullest of the season. The operatic entertainments comprised *La Sonnambula*, in which Madame Sontag and Mr. Sims Reeves sustained the parts of Amina and Elvino; with their accustomed success; and the last scene of *Ernani*; with the trio, which Mdlle. Parodi, Signora Gardoni and Belletti executed so finely as to win a loud encore from the audience. The dramatic fire of Mdlle. Parodi was never more remarkable, while Gardoni, who sang the music for the first time, appeared to such great advantage; that, for the sake of hearing

this accomplished and graceful tenor, we could even muster up the courage to listen to "Young Verdi's masterpiece," from beginning to end—that is for once in a way.

But as it was the benefit of Carlotta Grisi, the chief interest of the evening's proceedings was of course concentrated in the performances of that most consummate of dancers. One act of *Giselle*, containing the famous *Pas de deux*, and one scene from *Emeralda*, introducing the piquant *Travandaise*, were selected for the occasion. Carlotta danced and acted divinely in both those celebrated scenes, and never more irresistibly claimed her prerogative as *Reine absolue de la danse*. She was applauded to the echo, and unanimously recalled on each occasion.

Mademoiselle Rosa is making further advances. The Queen of the Willis has some very difficult steps and poses, all of which she executed with extreme ease and a certain abandon, to which her youthful and comely form lent additional grace. Mdlle. Rosa was warmly applauded and very deservedly so. She has only to persist to become a first-rate dancer. Of M. Charles it is enough to say that he is the legitimate successor of Perrot. The *Académie Royale de Musique et de Danse* has not his equal at the present moment. He has uncommon *legereté*, great aplomb, grace, agility, and surprising strength, with youth in his favor. His *pas de deux* with Carlotta, in *Giselle*, was perfect. His *Gringoire* in *La Travandaise* was also very good, although a little exaggerated.

On Tuesday Madame Fiorentini, a singer of distinguished talent and reputation from Berlin, will appear, for the first time, at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the opera of *Norma*. Great things are anticipated.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

La Juive has been laid aside *pro tem*. For how long we cannot say. Its success has not been tantamount to what was anticipated—why, it is difficult to guess, since the east was nothing short of first-rate, the band and choros undeniable, the scenery, dresses, and appurtenances, the theme of universal praise. Yet *La Juive* has not had a triumphant success. Perhaps English audiences require still closer familiarity before they can enter into the spirit of M. Halévy's music! If so, it is a pity the opera was not performed a few nights earlier. A work of such reputation as *La Juive* should have been accorded every fair chance of popularity. The grand talent of Madame Viardot alone ought to have secured a run for it.

The Huguenots was given on Saturday. It was a splendid performance throughout, Grisi and Formes being in great force, while Mario surpassed himself. The house was very full.

Grisi was again in the ascendant on Tuesday. *Norma* was played. Tambril's Pollio was another even. He was loudly applauded in his first song, and the duet in the last scene was a grand display between him and Grisi. Of Grisi's *Norma* it would be superfluous to speak. The effect she produced throughout her performance has not been surpassed in our recollection.

After *Norma*, the second and third acts of *Masaniello* were given. It is much to be lamented that the opera could not be given entire. One last performance for the season of this masterpiece of the French school would certainly prove attractive.

On Thursday, the *Prophète* was performed, and attracted one of the most crowded and fashionable audiences of the season. This is the eighth or ninth time Meyerbeer's great work has been given this year; and, judging from the course assembled, and the effect produced on Thursday night,

we may fairly conclude the *Prophète* has proved one of the most successful productions at Covent Garden since the reign of Italian opera,—if not, indeed, the most successful.

Fidelio is in active rehearsal, and will be brought out on Thursday week. Costa, with his band and chorus, will find ample employment in the interpretation of this glorious *chef-d'œuvre*; while the principal artists will have parts assigned to them which bring into play all the resources of their art, lyric and histrionic.

JENNY LIND.

THE Swedish Nightingale has inspired the pens and pencils of poets and painters *ad infinitum*. Sonnets and sketches in her honor have been as numerous as gnat showers. We doubt, however, if the Lind herself has ever been the object of a more original apostrophe than the following acoustic, which has been transmitted us for insertion, and which we insert *verbatim et literatim*:—

ACROSTIC.

(TO THAT GEM OF GENIUS—(SI VIS.)

Music gushes from thy Sweet Soul of light
And round thee Sheds a halo pure and bright
Delightful joys enchant us as you Sing
Ever refreshing as a desert Spring
Melody lives enthron'd within thy Soul
Of every charm giving it rare control
Inspired by Geniuses revelations high
Song seems to have lighted on thee from the Sky
Love, fondness, goodness, pureness, tenderness,
Ever round thee like tending Angels bless
Jenny Lind, purest name and highest now
Enshrined in history's page of dawning light
No'er was proud chaplet waved o'er fairer brow
Ne'er o'er the path be shade of Sorrows Night
You're young, good, guileless, beautiful, blest, and bright,
Love light thy path, may Earth's flowers strew thy way
Thy life, may yours be joy and peace and rest
Near may one care-cloud o'er thy bright path stray
Death may it join your Song to Seraphs blest

or ROBERT.

Death—lead your soul to Sing midst Seraphs blest.

Utum horum Mavis acipe."

The "Utum horum" is good; but as we would fain not lose one line of the Acrostic, we eagerly accept both. We have adhered to the integrity of Robert's copy, even to the orthography, punctuation, and typical distinctions—capitals, italics, &c. We wish, however, Robert would add one more E and one more L to "Mademoiselle," and subtract an L from "hallo." He might then add two lines to Strophe 1st, and we should be two lines the richer.

LEDA AND THE SWAN.

THE following appeared last week in the *Liverpool Mail*:—

"A very beautiful and valuable picture is at present on view at No. 28, Bold Street. It has been obtained by Mr. Gregg expressly for the inspection of the connoisseurs of Liverpool and the vicinity; and is none other than the celebrated *chef d'œuvre* of Leonardo da Vinci, entitled *Leda and the Swan*. It has been strongly recommended as worthy of a place in the National Gallery; and it is estimated to be worth six thousand guineas. The following account of the picture is given in the prospectus:—"In 1792, during the French revolution, the picture disappeared from the Palace of Fontainebleau, and passed into the hands of the celebrated Barberé, President of the Revolutionary Assembly, in whose possession it remained until 1814, when, upon the restoration of the Bourbons, he disposed of it to Signor di Levis, with whom it remained concealed till 1830. It was then brought to England, and purchased by its present proprietor. The story told in the

Heathen Mythology is depicted with all that modesty and grace for which this master was so remarkable. The principal figure is one of the finest conceptions that the skill of an artist ever gave to the world. The drawing is faultless; the expression of the face almost divine; and the colouring is so true to nature, that we are almost led to believe that we are gazing upon nature itself. The limbs are so finely rounded, and the outline so admirably managed, that even to the ordinary observer the figure appears to stand out from the canvas. The elegance of form and attitude, the sweetness of expression, aerial mistiness of outline, depth combined with solidity and transparency of colour, all produce an effect which bid defiance to criticism. The swan, in which form Jupiter is said to have wooed the lovely Leda, although a secondary object in the picture, is beautifully portrayed; perfect in representation as a bird, yet inspired by a sentiment of mingled passion, expressive of the feelings of the god or man inhabiting its feathered frame. The arching of the neck indicates a power of passion; delicate in affection and overmastered by love. There is nothing impure in this picture; nothing that can shock the most modest eye; in every respect—composition, drawing, colouring, feeling, genius—it is perfect."

From the above will at once be recognised a picture which was exhibited in Newman Street, and afterwards in Regent Street, about fifteen years ago. This picture, though undoubtedly a fine work, is not a *Da Vinci*, as was unanimously decided by a commission of artists, deputed by Government to examine it.

DON JUAN IN THE THEATRE.

THE legend of the libertine of Seville, borne away by demons, was known in Spain for two centuries and a half before any one thought of giving it a theatrical shape. However, this legend is so exceedingly meagre that the first dramatist had to give it not only form, but substance, and therefore may be considered the creator rather than the adapter of the story which is now current. Don Juan, according to the commonest report, was a member of a high Spanish family named Tesorio, and an intimate friend of King Pedro the Cruel of Castile. A piece of an old statue is said to be still visible in Seville, and to be connected with Don Juan, under the name of *The Stone Guest*. Others talk of Don Juan de Marana, whom Dumas has made the hero of a play, as the real libertine. Others again, point to Alphonso VI., King of Portugal. However, our business here is not to investigate the old legend, but to trace the progress of the story in a dramatised form from its first production in Spain in the seventeenth century, to its arrangement in the operatic *libretto* for Mozart's music.

Gabriel Téllez, a preaching monk, who lived from about 1570 to 1650, and who is well known in the history of the Spanish stage by the sobriquet of *Tirso de Molina*, was the first to give Don Juan a dramatic shape; and his play, which has all the complication of Spanish intrigue, may be considered the material from which all subsequent versions have been taken. We say the material, not the germ, for the work of subsequent dramatists has been rather one of reduction than of development; and as far as incidents are concerned, the story is more elaborated by Tirso de Molina than by any one of his successors. This piece is so important for our history that we give a tolerably minute account of the plot and treatment.

El Burlador de Sevilla y Convidado de Piedra (The Ribald of Seville and Stone Guest), as Molina's play is called, falls, as is generally the case with Spanish dramas, into three acts, each of which comprises the incidents of a day, consistently with the name *Jornada*. The first act opens in Seville. The Duchess Isabella,

daughter to the king, has appointed an interview with Duke Octavio, in the place of whom Don Juan introduces himself. When she discovers the imposture, she calls the watch, and escapes on the approach of her father. Don Pedro, the governor, at the king's command, imprisons Don Juan, but recognising him as his nephew, allows him to escape over the wall, and tells the king that Octavio has been with Isabella. The duchess is imprisoned, and search is made for Don Octavio, that he may be compelled to marry her. Don Pedro, at the head of the guard, finds him; but counsels flight. The scene changes to the sea-shore, on which Don Juan and his servant Catalino are cast. Catalino consigns his master to the care of Tisbea, a fishing-girl, and then brings two fishermen, who offer the Don a place in their cottage. The scene changes to Castile, where the king has an interview with Don Gonzalo, to whose daughter, Donna Anna, he wishes to marry Don Juan. When these have left the stage, Don Juan enters with his servant, who reproaches him with evil designs against Tisbea. The Don, who has Tisbea with him, promises to marry her, and leads her into a wood. She is sought by her lover, Afriso, and other fishermen, and at last makes her appearance in despair, and exhorts her friends to pursue Don Juan.

In the second act the scene is still in Castile. Don Diego, Juan's father, tells the King of his son's adventure with Isabella, and, in consequence of this information, the project is abandoned of marrying Anna to Juan, who is banished from Castile; while Anna's hand is offered by the King to Octavio. A billet flung by a female servant of Donna Anna's out of window, for her lover, falls into the hands of Don Juan, who counsels his friend, the Marquis de la Mota, to post himself at the door at the hour mentioned in the note. The marquis follows his advice, but soon comes back, saying he is watched by spies; upon which Juan borrows his cloak, and goes to the spot under the pretence of reconnoitring. Entering the house, and passing himself for the marquis, Juan encounters the father of Donna Anna, and kills him in single combat. As he escapes, he meets the marquis with a party of serenaders, and returns the cloak. The unfortunate marquis is taken for the real murderer, and is at once condemned to death by the King. The act closes with a rustic merry-making, to celebrate the marriage of Patricio and Aminta. Don Juan wins the heart of the bride, and carries her off.

In the third act, Don Juan conspires the young bride, and promises to marry her if Patricio casts her aside. Then our two old friends, Donna Isabella and Tisbea, make their appearance, and indulge in complaints at the libertine's conduct. The scene changes to the tomb of Don Gonzalo, whose statue Don Juan insolently invites to supper. Then comes the supper scene in Don Juan's house. The Statue, who has accepted the invitation, enters and takes his seat at table by the side of Don Juan, who jestingly asks him whether the other world is a fine country, and whether people like poetry there. In the modern treatment of the story, the libertine's doom is settled at the supper in his house; but such is not the case in the old Spanish play. The Statue invites Don Juan to sup with him in return; and the latter, though afraid, accepts the invitation, that he may not be accused of cowardice. In a scene at court, the King orders Isabella to be brought from the convent in which she is confined, with the intention of making Don Juan marry her; and her father gives Don Octavio the permission of challenging the seducer to a duel. When Don Juan and his servant Catalino enter the churchyard, the Statue comes in, accompanied by two Fiends, and Don Juan sinks into the earth. The destruction of the

libertine reconciles the differences between the other characters; and in the concluding scene, which is laid at court, the Marquis marries Donna Anna, whose reputation is cleared; while Octavio consents to espouse Isabella, whom he can now regard as Don Juan's widow.

This play, which was first printed in 1634, afterwards became a rarity. Now, however, it is reprinted in the *Teatro Espanol*, edited by Don Eugenio de Ochoa, and recently published by M. Baudry, of Paris.

The first version from the Spanish language was into the Italian. A troop of Italian actors were so pleased with Molina's play, that they had an adaptation made into their own tongue, in which the incidents in the original were closely followed, although the play was divided into five acts. Don Juan's servant was here made the Italian Arlecchino, who was more elaborated than his predecessor Catalino.

The Italian piece, which was represented in one of the suburbs in Paris, found favour in the eyes of the Parisians; and a French version, in three acts, written by one Villiers, was produced in 1569, at the Hotel de Burgoyne, under the title of *Le Fratin de Pierre; ou, le Fils Criminel*. This version is so far remarkable that the interchange of dress by the libertine and his servant which occurs in the opera is found in it for the first time.

Of far more literary importance is the five-act play written by Molière, and produced at the Palais Royal, in 1665, as *Don Juan; ou, le Festin de Pierre*. However, this piece, while it is immortalised by some masterly dialogue, is far less carefully constructed than its predecessors. The intrigue is far less complicated, and only one high-born heroine appears, who is called Donna Elvira, and closely resembles the Elvira of the opera. The servant is here Sganarelle, the traditional comic character of the old French stage.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

ERNEST.—This great violinist, whose performances have been among the brilliant features of the season just expired, left for Paris by the mail train, *via* Calais, on Wednesday. Ernest will return to England in November.

STEPHEN HELLER.—This admirable pianist and composer left London on Wednesday in company with Ernest. Stephen Heller's first visit to England has stamped his reputation among us as one of the most original and intellectual of living musicians. That he may soon pay us another visit is the unanimous wish.

CARLOTTA GRISL.—In announcing the benefit of this great artist, the *Sunday Times* of last week says:—"The universal popularity of Carlotta Grisl, and her justly acquired fame as the first dancer in Europe, would be sufficient of itself to attract a brilliant audience on Thursday night, which is fixed for her benefit, and positively her last appearance this season. To prove her mastery of all styles of the choreographic art, she will present specimens from *Giulie*, *Emerald*, and other ballets which she has rendered famous. Thursday will, therefore, be a great night for the art in which the beneficiary is 'high throned all beight above' the announcement of the ballet performances being of such variegated description."

LEOPOLD DE MEYER is at Vienna.

JENNY LIRD is daily expected in London, on her road to Liverpool. The concerts of the Philharmonic Society, at which the "Nightingale" is engaged to sing, takes place on Friday the 16th, and Monday the 19th. Every place is already secured.

MAD. SONTAG will be the vocal star at the forthcoming Gloucester festival. The great vocalist is balancing between offers of engagement for the winter between Paris and St. Petersburg.

ALBERT SMITH is giving his *Overland Mail* all over the land, with a success which may be safely termed preposterous. *Tant mieux*.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The Adelphi company, on Monday night, commenced their performance at the Haymarket, which will continue while their own house undergoes some repairs. The theatre was well attended.

There is much talk as to the opening of Drury Lane Theatre for the legitimate drama after Christmas. A gentleman of large fortune is said to have taken it for that purpose.

MESSRS. SMITH have engaged Sontag, Parodi, Miss Emily Newcombe, Calzolari, &c., for a concert at Exeter, on the 30th.

MR. CABLE, a tragedian of great provincial celebrity, has become lessee of the York, Leeds, and Hull Theatres.

MADAME MONTENEGRO, on the last night of her performance at the Montpelier Theatre, was presented with a magnificent gold tiara. The theatre was crowded in every part on the occasion.

MR. NEWCOMB, of the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, opens the Exeter Theatre on Monday evening, with the *Jewess*.

MR. WALLER is engaged at Sadler's Wells Theatre as juvenile tragedian.

MADAME BISHOP has been giving concerts at New York with great success.

This Strasbourg Theatre opens with unusual brilliancy in October, three millions of francs having been left by an eccentric for its support. There is to be an entire operatic, dramatic, and ballet company.

MR. BENEDETTI.—This accomplished musician has returned to London. He will only remain a few days, being engaged to conduct the Jenny Lind concerts at Liverpool.

NEW INVENTION.—We hear that the new patent for silvering glass is about to be applied to the keys of pianos, which will be additionally embossed and coloured according to circumstances. From the resources of this discovery, and the ingenuity displayed in their application, we may expect to see many portions of musical instruments receiving additional decoration by its means. The patent has hitherto been carried out with much spirit, as the large collection at Mr. Hale Thompson's, of 48, Berners Street, will testify, to which assemblage we cordially recommend our readers as one which will amply repay a visit.

VAXHALL GARDENS.—Mr. Wardell, the director of this establishment, took his benefit last night, and provided an ample and varied entertainment. The great novelty was the engagement of Julien, who presided; over four bands united in one, viz., his own, the Coldstream band, the band of the Second Life Guards, and Grattan Cooke's band. In addition to the regular hands in the vocal and solo-instrumental time, the enterprising director obtained the services of Madame Il Nero Malibran, and the Dona Clebra, the famous guitarists. Mr. Green made a night ascent in his balloon. The gardens were well attended, although the weather might have been more propitious.

VAXHALL.—The "Baf Masqué" was attended by the usual votaries of amusements of this sort, and by a large number of persons as spectators of the sports. The great influx of "characters" was at 12 o'clock, when the groups of Highlanders, couriers, brigands, rustics, and sylphs, mustered in good force. The dancing was incessant for some hours, the heat of the weather and the density of the atmosphere seeming to invigorate rather than relax the sinews and muscles of the performers. The efforts of the monster band excited the dancers to almost uncontrollable agility, and their movements were certainly more vigorous than elegant. Mr. Benjamin Barnett, the indefatigable, talented, and gentlemanly manager of the gardens, and a dozen or two assistants, kept order and made proper arrangements to prevent confusion. The supper tables and the saloon were crowded with parties, some in the disguise of masks and dominoes, and some in the happy state of exhilaration which no disguise can conceal. Everything, however, was well conducted, and though a good deal of repartee was exchanged, there was sufficient decorum preserved to restrain, without extinguishing, the exuberance of mirth inseparable from these occasions.

MAIDSTONE.—Our enterprising and successful manager, Mr. Holmes, keeps the theatre every night during the assizes, and from his acknowledged ability in catering for the public, a succession of first-rate performances is ensured. The high sheriff, (M. Bell, Esq.), patronised the entertainment this evening, and the house was full to overflowing. —*Maidstone Gazette.*

MR. AND MRS. W. H. SAGGIN have returned to Town from Paris.

PAUL JULIEN.—A youthful violinist of this name has—it appears from an article of M. Oscar Comettant, in the *feuilleton* of the *Sicile*—highly distinguished himself at the *concerts of the Conservatoire de Musique*. Young Paul learned the violin at Lyons, from his father, who plays upon the flute. He has been six months at the *Conservatoire*, and executes the fantasias of Ernst and Do Beriot quite as well as the concertos of Viotti. His present master is the well-known Allard, "and," says M. Oscar Comettant, "the great pianists, Wieniawski and Planté, are quite in the right, when they call him a great artist." The italics are the italics of M. Comettant. We further learn, from a private communication, that Paul Julien is in his tenth year; and that Allard, having heard him accidentally, was so struck with his talent that he volunteered to adopt him as a pupil, and helped him to obtain admission into the *Conservatoire*, where he has already made remarkable progress.

MILIE ANGLI, the admirable and spirited *contralto*, is still in London. It is to be hoped she may be engaged at the Gloucester Festival. If not, so much the worse for the Festival.

MME. SONTAG.—After the opera season, this accomplished *contralto* will proceed on a short *tournee* in the provinces, with Calzolari and other members of Mr. Lumley's troupe.

Marie will go alone to St. Petersburg this season, Madame Grial being prevented from undertaking the journey by an interesting circumstance.

PERROT has been some time at St. Petersburg, preparing for the arrival of Carlotta Grial. Pugini, the clever ballet-composer of Her Majesty's Theatre, who is also engaged, has already started to join his spiritual *cofrère*, and Carlotta herself will follow in about a month. Her triumph in the capital of the Autocrat will no doubt be *éclatant*.

SIGNOR MONTELLI, director of the Italian company, which has been recently performing with great success in the provinces, has arrived in London, for the purpose of forming a new company and engaging fresh artists to complete his troupe. Among others Signor Montelli has engaged a new *prima donna* of distinguished talent. We shall be able to give full particulars in our next. —(From a Correspondent.)

MISS EMILY NEWCOMB.—This successful *débütante* has engaged Sontag, Parodi, and other artists of Her Majesty's Theatre, for a concert at the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, on the 29th inst.

MR. JAMES BROWN, formerly the light comedian of our Liverpool Theatre Royal, who, during his sojourn in America, was an immense favourite, has been offered a life annuity of six guineas a week, if he will return and play as long as his health permits. —*Liverpool Mail.*

Mrs. GLOVER.—The remains of this renowned actress were interred on Friday, the 19th ult., at the Church of St. George the Martyr, Queen's Square. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Leigh Murray, H. Farren, W. Farren, Junior, and Dr. Poynter; and around the grave stood several well-known actors and literary men, who came to mark their respect for the great departed.

M. MARCET SCHLESINGER.—Having retired from business, M. Schlesinger, late head of the great firm of Schlesinger, now Brandus and Co., began to travel through Italy and Germany. Last year he made a stay at Berlin; one evening, while walking in one of the public gardens, he found himself mixed up with a group of individuals who were canvassing the political events of the day. The musical traveller, forgetting that there was a police in Berlin, as well as everywhere else, ventured to observe that the King had broken faith with regard to the promised constitution; scarcely had he got back to his hotel when the police arrested him, and he found himself safely lodged in durance vile. After a fortnight's imprisonment, he was brought before a magistrate, who communicated to him an accusation of high treason, based upon the denunciation of a lady of the court, who, having heard his offensive expression respecting the king, deemed it her duty to denounce him to the authorities, and was ready to give evidence against him. M. Schlesinger made the best defence he could, and finally obtained his liberty on condition of depositing 25,000*fr.* as security for his future appearance. He then quitted Prussia, and returned to Paris. The preliminary proceedings being now completed, he has received a summons to make his appearance, and has just started for Berlin to take his trial. —*Constitutionnel.*

MANCHESTER.—Throughout the week Mr. Webster, the lessee of the Haymarket, London, has been performing a round of characters at the Theatre Royal, many of them written or adapted from the French, by himself and for himself. Perhaps the great part for which his present appearance will be remembered is that of Lavater, in the comedy of that name. His rendering of the *blasé* lord in *Used Up* was a fine piece of acting, and his assumption of the character of a country lad, in the same piece, remarkable for a fine perception of the *gaucheries* which one in his position would commit. The houses have been good, though not equal to what they should have been with so clever an actor to supply the inducement for attendance. Mr. Buckstone and Mrs. Fitzwilliam will appear on Monday night for a short engagement, and some of their most laughter-moving pieces are already announced, in addition to a new novelty.—*Manchester Courier*.

GLOUCESTER.—The Gloucester Musical Festival is fixed for the 17th September and three following days. Among the *artistes* who are engaged, the names of the celebrated Madame Sontag, the graceful Castellan, and the magnificent bass singer, Herr Formes, appears; and we feel confident that the forthcoming festival will reflect great honour on those who have undertaken the management, and be a source of gratification to all those lovers of music who are so fortunate as to attend. Mr. Amott will be the conductor. Such an array of talent as that secured for the forthcoming festival has not been brought together at these triennial meetings for many years; and we cordially trust that the spirit and liberality which the stewards have exhibited in their engagements with the leading singers, as well as that of a highly select and numerous band and chorus, will be met by a corresponding feeling on the part of the public.—*Felix Farley*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

It is respectfully announced that a **GRAND EXTRA NIGHT** will take place on

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15th,

When will be presented **MORAY'S** Celebrated Opera of

D O N G I O V A N N I.

The Scenery by Mr. CHARLES MARSHALL.

Don Giovanni . . .	Signor COLETTI.
Don Ottavio . . .	Signor CALZOLARI.
Masetto . . .	Signor F. LABLACHE.
Leporello . . .	Signor LABLACHE.
Donna Anna . . .	Madame FIORENTINI.
	(Her Second appearance.)
Donna Elvira . . .	Madame GIULIANI.
Zerlina . . .	AND
	Madame SONTAG.

[With various entertainments in the
BALLET DEPARTMENT,

Combining the talents of

Mademoiselle **AMALIA FERRARIS,**

Madame **PETIT STEPHAN,**

Mdles. **JULIEN, ROSA, LAMOREUX, AUBANDON, M. CHARLES,**
&c. &c.

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COVENT



GARDEN.

LE PROPHETE.

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LE PROPHETE.

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NOTICE.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

CARLOTTA GRISI'S FAREWELL.—MADAME FIORENTINI'S DEBUT.

On Saturday the performances were for the final appearance of Carlotta Grisi. The opera was *Don Pasquale*, the ballet the last act of *Giselle*. The Norina of Madame Sontag has already been duly apostrophised in these pages, as the very essence of genteel *espionnerie*. The final *rondo* was, as usual, a display of neat and brilliant *bravura* singing which no vocalist could surpass. The *Don Pasquale* of Lablache, perhaps, next to Dr. Bartolo, his richest piece of comedy, did not fail to keep the audience in a roar, while Calzolari in Ernesto and Belletti in Dr. Malatesta, exhibited their accustomed judgment and correctness. The opera went off exceedingly well, and at the conclusion there was the never-failing "ovation" to Madame Sontag. "Ovation" is the term now in use. It is better than "kissation."

Carlotta Grisi seemed resolved to impress the audience with a lively memory of her last evening previous to her departure for St. Petersburg. Never was the ethereal *dansereuse* more graceful, nimble, and fascinating. She was air itself, and seemed to float along the stage; so noiseless was her step, snow could not have fallen lighter; yet snow has little weight and makes less bruit. We are tired of saying that Carlotta is as much a poet as a dancer; yet every successive performance brings the "truth" so vividly before us, that in writing of her it inconspicuously slips into our ink, and thence glides from our pen on to the paper. The exquisite *Giselle*, a creation worthy of any imaginative pericranium, in, if a preference must be made, the part in which Carlotta most lavishly displays those gifts with which nature has so richly endowed her. (That is, it would be, if it were not for Esmeralda—innocent Esmeralda!) So consummate is the art, and yet so artfully is the artistry made to look artless in the eyes of the admiring spectators, that while Carlotta is accomplishing, with an ease peculiar to herself, steps, the quickness and intricacy of which completely baffle the eye, and *tour de force* which declare the most astounding and unlimited *vis executive*, it would seem that which she did were little more difficult than running across the stage, or tripping up to the foot-lamps; and but for the particular grace and charm of style which distinguish Carlotta from her competers, the eye would scarcely be admonished of the presence of a wonder. Her acting, on Saturday, was of the most intellectual and touching. The spirit of poor *Giselle*, vainly working to start back into life at the sight of her lover, was bodily and ghostly before us. The *grand pas de deux* (with the agile and eager Charles), a masterpiece of chore-

graphic ingenuity, one of the happiest compositions of Perrot, involved almost every grace of Terpsichore, almost every possible foot-fest, and almost every impossible—all effected to the nicety of a hair's breadth. In her *posse*, as in all else she does, the originality of Carlotta is remarkable. We need merely instance that, where, standing on the point of one foot, she raises her arms above her head, like one of the classic Mœnads; nothing can be more pretty and statuesque: the best of the Greek sculptors never imagined a happier, a wilder, a more vigorous and breathing attitude. Of course, Carlotta was feted by the audience according to her deserts, and of course her leave-taking was hearty and affectionate. Never did greater favourite say, "Adieu!—à revoir!" to a loving and indulgent public—never more loving and indulgent public took a last wistful look at a universal favourite. Carlotta has found out the secret to be in every one's good graces, before and behind the curtain; and, as her coming is a general festival, so her going is a general mourning.

An immense acquisition has been made by Mr. Lumley, in the person of Madame Fiorentini, the new singer, whose debut was announced by us last week. In addition to the short memoir already published, we are enabled to give some few particulars of the *debutante* which her great and deserved success will render generally interesting. Madame Fiorentini is the daughter (by a Spanish lady) of J. B. Williams, Esq., English Consul at Seville, in which famous city she was born. When very young she married R. B. Jennings, Esq., late of the 23rd Fusilier Guards, an officer in Her Majesty's service. Her musical education was begun and completed under the well-known Crivelli, to whose admirable instructions so many of our most popular vocalists are indebted for their excellence. Madame Fiorentini was heard last year by Mr. Lumley and Mr. Balfe, both of whom, though enchanted with her voice and style of singing, recommended her to make her first appearance at some continental theatre, in order to acquire ease and experience on the stage. She was fortunate enough to receive an offer for the Italian Opera at Berlin, which she accepted. Here she fulfilled the situation of *prima donna assoluta*, so much to the content of the public and the direction, that Meyerbeer went expressly to hear her, and offered her an engagement for the Grand Opera at Paris. On the night in question she performed in *Robert le Diable*, and the celebrated composer expressed his entire satisfaction in the warmest terms. Although she has been something less than a twelvemonth before the public, her rapid progress, and her brilliant success at Berlin, led to the engagement which brought her, on Tuesday night, before the difficult tribunal of Her Majesty's Theatre, where she made an impression that at once stamped her as, in the opinion of the audience, a vocalist of first-rate endowments.

The announcement of a new singer, who, without any anticipatory flourish of trumpets, was going to undertake the arduous character of Norma, brought an excellent house, and

among the audience were observed a number of connoisseurs, who are only attracted to the theatre on extraordinary occasions. The appearance of the *debutante* at once interested the audience in her favour. Very young, with a fine person and handsome features—a physiognomy both striking and characteristic, though perhaps more adapted to Thalia than Melpomene—there was something in the *premier coup d'œil* that commanded sympathy and bespoke indulgence. The first recitative, delivered somewhat feebly, under the evident influence of nervousness, did little more than show a voice of exceeding sweetness, a pure *soprano* in quality, but somewhat deficient in flexibility. The *cadenza*, however, terminating with the long sustained note—*filé*, as the technical term is, with excellent art—brought down a burst of applause, encouraged by which demonstration in her favour, long before the *cavatina* was over, Madame Fiorentini had established herself in general esteem as a vocalist of no ordinary accomplishments. The *adagio*, "Casta diva," was sung with extreme gracefulness, while there was still an apparent deficiency of power; but in the *cabaletta* the higher notes of the voice came out with bell-like clearness, and ensured a unanimous recall for the singer. The duet with Adalgisa and the grand trio with Adalgisa and Pollio, which constitutes the *finale* to Act I., brought out Madame Fiorentini's resources with continually increasing effect, and nothing could be more decided than her triumph at the fall of the curtain, which was followed by a double recall, the genuine heartiness of which admitted of no question. The second act was an unbroken chain of successes for Madame Fiorentini, who in the "Deh con te," with Adalgisa, the duet with Pollio, the recitative in which Norma confesses her guilt, and the passionate appeal to Oroveso at the end, exhibited extraordinary skill as a vocalist and the utmost feeling as an actress. Her reception was enthusiastic from first to last, and at the conclusion of the opera Madame Fiorentini was compelled to appear no less than three times, to receive the congratulations of the audience.

With such advantages as Madame Fiorentini possesses—extreme youth, remarkable beauty, and a legitimate *soprano* voice of more than two octaves in compass, combining brilliancy and clearness with the mellow fulness that appertains to the *mezzo soprano*—it is strange if Madame Fiorentini does not speedily reach the highest excellence in her art. She has evident enthusiasm, and has already attained those inestimable acquirements, equality and truth of intonation, upon which all the rest are naturally founded. Every note in her compass is good; her attack is sure and pointed, her *portamento* easy and natural, and her intonation faultless. Moreover, she pronounces the Italian language to singular perfection for a foreigner, and articulates with great distinctness. What she wants at present is a little more flexibility in the execution of florid divisions, a little more fire and passion in the *bravura* and in passages of energy. In the recitatives, moreover, she is occasionally too subdued, and does not give a fair chance to the beauty of her middle and lower tones. Her acting is highly intelligent, graceful, and full of feeling, and only requires ease of carriage and a greater variety of gesture to make it irreproachable; but a continual habit of alternately sinking and raising her person becomes monotonous, and should be at once corrected. Time, however, can hardly fail to bring about all the desired perfections, which once acquired, will make Madame Fiorentini one of the greatest living ornaments of the lyric stage.

The opera was admirably played; Madame Giuliani, except Corbari, is the best singing Adalgisa we ever saw. Lablache's

Oroveso is inimitable, and Gardoni's Pollio in the highest degree graceful and prepossessing. Balfe never conducted better, and never placed a singer more perfectly at ease than the *debutante* on this occasion by extreme and unremitting attention. The choruses went admirably, and the band was all that could be desired.

The ballet was *La Prima Ballerina*, in which the clever and characteristic pantomime, the finished dancing, and wonderful *tour de force* of Mlle. Amalia Ferraris, brought down the loudest applause, and sent the audience home, at a reasonable hour, in the best possible good humour.

On Thursday *Don Giovanni* was performed, with Madame Fiorentini in the character of Donna Anna. The heroine in Mozart's opera is more exacting and, perhaps, less easy than Norma to render interesting, and hence none but the most practised artist, and a vocalist gifted with extraordinary power and self-possession, can do it full justice. Madame Fiorentini is not a practised artist, nor is she gifted with extraordinary power, consequently her Donna Anna fell somewhat short of her Norma. In both her singing and acting there were really great moments—such indeed as could not fail to impress us with the highest admiration for her talents—but there was a lack of sustaining grandeur and power, and an endeavour to produce effect, which deprived her acting of its reality, and which clearly demonstrated to us that the character of Donna Anna, one of the most difficult in the operatic *répertoire*, is as yet beyond the capabilities of Madame Fiorentini. The occasions on which she highly distinguished herself were in the passionate duet, "Fuggi, crudele," the beautiful aria "Non mi dir," and all the concerted music. Madame Fiorentini's singing in the popular trio, "Proteggia il giusto cielo," was perfect, and in the grand *sestet* the beauty of her voice and the silver clearness of its upper tones told with thrilling effect. In the quartet "Noa ti fidin"—one of the loveliest things in the opera—we greatly admired the fine phrasing and graceful finish of the fair artist's singing. Our entire impression of Madame Fiorentini in Donna Anna is, that, however triumphant a success she may have achieved in the performance on Thursday, and however splendidly she may have sung some of the music, the character is beyond her powers, both lyrical and vocal, and that she would have achieved a far greater triumph had she undertaken a part more in accordance with her capabilities. We are among the very warmest admirers of Madame Fiorentini, and should feel truly sorry should she be led away from the brilliant future that opens for her by extravagant and ill-directed praise, which, after all, is not praise, but fulsome adulation, founded on ignorance and prejudice. The talents of Madame Fiorentini are undeniable; but to become a grand lyric artist, of the Pasta and Grisi school, is not the accomplishment of a year or two, and is as much dependent on physical as mental attributes. Madame Fiorentini may read a good lesson in the refusal of Jenny Lind to appear in the highest order of tragic parts. By the advice of judicious (?) friends the Nightingale did appear in *Norma* in London, but she felt she was no longer Jenny Lind the incomparable, and gave up the part for ever.

With these remarks, made in perfect honesty of purpose, we have but to record the brilliant reception accorded to Madame Fiorentini on Thursday, in Donna Anna, which was hardly less enthusiastic than that awarded to her Norma. So great has been her success in the last-named part, that she will once more repeat it next week.

We are given to understand that Mr. Lumley has engaged Madame Fiorentini for three years.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE *Juive* was repeated for the fifth time on Saturday. The house was well attended. The chief point for notice in this performance was Mario's immense improvement. The apparent want of sympathy with his part and consequent absence of *abandon* in his performance, so observable the first night, had faded away entirely, and in no previous character had the great tenor displayed more energy and profound conception. His acting throughout, on Saturday, was transcendent, and his singing only fell short of his acting inasmuch as the music does not keep pace with the power and grandeur of the situations. When the occasion permitted, as, for instance, in the second finale, and the *romanza* in the last act, Mario sang as magnificently as ever.

The opera was well received, and created the utmost enthusiasm when the grand acting of Viardot and Mario drew the audiences from all comparative considerations, and raised them to a pitch of great excitement. Nor must Formes be overlooked in the effects produced in *La Juive*. In no other part, perhaps, except Leporello, has the German basso created a more powerful sensation than in the Cardinal, in Halévy's opera. It is a thoroughly artistic performance from beginning to end, and is entirely free from the tendencies to exaggeration which we have noticed in some of his former personations. In the last scene Herr Formes created an unusual impression, by his very fine acting and singing. M. Halévy is in no small degree indebted to the three artists above named for the success *La Juive* has obtained.

—The *Prophete* was given for the ninth time on Tuesday, and again, for the tenth time, on Thursday. On both occasions the theatre was crowded in every part. Verily, poor Mario must be made of no less enduring metal than steel, to be able to stand against French opera three times a week. Would that, as a refresher, and for the sake of preserving his "most miraculous organ," he would give us Mozart or Rossini one night out of the three, or even out of the six. But the public is a wilful animal, and a prejudiced; and, at this moment, their liking, or love, or preference, or taste, or feeling, or sympathy, or passion, or fashion, or what you will, runs all in favour of the grand opera of the French school, of which Meyerbeer is the presiding deity. Well, be it so: we entertain no profound veneration for the French so-called grand school—to which Aubert certainly does not belong—but we forgive much for the sake of M. Meyerbeer.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present on Thursday, as were also the Nepaulse Prince and suite. A large assemblage of rank and fashion also attended.

GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

(From a Correspondent.)

SIR,—Allow me to call the attention of your accomplished and earnest correspondent, Mr. W. Coningham, to the following article from *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*. The subject deeply concerns, not only every admirer of one of the noblest of the arts, but every lover of poetry and his country. If Mr. Coningham would use his powerful pen to excite public interest in the matter, I am certain good would accrue. Otherwise it is very possible that England may be forever deprived of one of its finest architectural relics, and the poor tourist of an object, which, in picturesque grandeur and in variety of historic associations, is not surpassed by any of the crumbling monuments that mark the step of time or tell the tale of bigotry and war.

"SALE OF NATIONAL MONUMENTS."

"NAPOLEON in his malice once described us as 'a nation of shopkeepers,' by which he intended not to compliment us on our commercial activity, but to brand us with ignominy, as a people among whom everything was venal, whether sacred or profane. There are some things, however, which we thought too human being would have regarded as an exchangeable commodity—not even the lowest barbarians of the Gold Coast or of the Stock Exchange—and those are the bones of their ancestors of the greatest renown, and the most precious monuments of antiquity that illustrate their national glory. Such things belong to the State to preserve, if there be anything more than a worthless fiction in the idea of a community, retaining its identity from one generation to another, or any connection between ourselves and the founders of civilisation.

"If there be any spot in the three kingdoms more sacred than another to the mind of an Englishman, one would have supposed it to be the undoubted grave of that King Arthur, who, with every deduction for poetic embellishments, remains the historic chieftain—the most famous warrior, of our early ages,—the undisputed residence of that St. Patrick whom even Protestants venerate as the Apostle of Ireland,—and the place that was the very cradle of that Christianity which tradition informs us was disseminated from one point within the first century of the Roman dominion. That spot is Glastonbury, indicated by nature as the proper scene for venerable monuments of ecclesiastical or baronial grandeur,—a solitary conical hill, rising from a vast plain, the richest perhaps in England—bounded on the one hand by the Mendip Hills, and on the other by the Bristol Channel stretching far away to the Welsh mountains and the Atlantic. On the summit of this hill are the ruins of the most gigantic edifices reared in these islands, and in the purest styles of the Norman and subsequent ages; all of them identified with the greatest events in the history of England, and a part, as we supposed, of that national inheritance which distinguishes this country from the last settlement that was founded in Caffraia or New Zealand. But all this, with the remains of the abbey, extending over a longer space than St. Paul's Cathedral, the Chapel of Joseph of Arimathea, the site of the Holy Tomb, and a hundred other objects dear to the heart, not only of Patriotism, but of civilisation itself, are now advertised to be sold by auction, and on the 14th of August next, are to be knocked down to the highest bidder, by Mr. Chinnock, at the Mart in the City of London!

"This, we confess, is the first intimation we ever had that Glastonbury Abbey was private property, and we were as much startled by the announcement as we should have been if it had been of the intended sale of Westminster Abbey or York Minster. Such national monuments ought not to remain the property of any individuals, whose avarice or caprice or mere barbarism may, at any moment, inflict upon them, and upon civilisation itself, the most irreparable injuries. It was only the other day that there was talk of selling the tomb of Alfred at Winchester; and we all remember the story of the savage who pulled down the house that had been erected by Shakespeare, and in which the poet lived, to save himself the trouble of showing it to strangers. Into whose hands, then, is Glastonbury to fall? To what base uses may it come at last? Perhaps, in these utilitarian days, it may be pulled down to furnish materials to mend the roads with; or it may be repaired with brickwork or lath and plaster, to be used as a Union Workhouse or a Lunatic Asylum; or at least may fall into the possession of some proud and vulgar person, who may exclude the public from a sight of it. This is what we really apprehend will be the case, when we look at the very elegant and tasteful fascicules published by Mr. Blackhouse, of Wells, compiled by Mr. Chinnock, with all the artistic skill, without any of the florid vulgarity of George Robins, informing us, to our extreme vexation, that the whole mass and group of antiquities is included within the grounds of a habitable "mansion in the Tudor style, replete," &c., &c., and, above all, coupled with the insinuation, which we fear is too true, that the fortunate purchaser will, in all probability, walk into a certain House, &c., &c., on the strength, &c., &c., all which we read, as antiquaries, with perfect horror and consternation.

"One report says that the Roman Catholics are going to buy it, for the purpose of commencing a new mission for the re-conversion of England. Another statement is that a party of Americans are determined to purchase it, and to transmit all the

ornamental parts to America, as a genuine sample of European antiquities. At all events, a great archeological treasure is in peril, and the Government ought to see to it, before it is too late. In France they order these things better. A Commission presides over all historic monuments, which are bought up and taken care of by the State. Parliament would not grudge the money to save Glastonbury from the spoiler. The nation would be satisfied, and the bones of her most illustrious saint and hero would rest in peace. As the arrangement stands at present, both Joseph of Arimathea and King Arthur will be 'knocked down to the highest bidder, by the hammer of the auctioneer, on the 14th of August next, in Bartholomew-lane, London.'

"In the meantime, we call the attention of antiquaries, and even of statesmen, to the subject, in the hope that something may be done to secure the inviolability of these precious remains. If no public provision can be made for the purpose, our next hope will be that this magnificent estate may fall into the hands of a purchaser who will save it from desecration, whether by Vandalism on the one hand, or Superstition on the other,—one who would faithfully and proudly discharge the trust imposed upon him by science and religion, and prove himself worthy of the distinction which such a possession would reflect upon its owner."

I need say no more. Felix Farley himself pleads eloquently in the cause, and if Mr. Coningham will put his shoulder to the wheel, there may be some hope of saving the remains of Glastonbury Abbey from the besom of vulgar barter, which would sweep away a beautiful ruin and the bare walls of a Methodist conventicle with equal indifference. Trade knows no distinctions; its ear is deaf to the lyre of romance, its heart is dead to the appeal of distant ages. That the venerable remains of Glastonbury may be rescued from its gripe, however, is the ardent wish of yours,

A KNIGHT OF THE TABLE ROUND.

Bristol, August 15.

MARRIAGE OF JENNY LIND.

THE following article, which appeared in a provincial paper, and was reproduced by almost every journal in Europe, about two years ago, deserves to be preserved as a monument of veridical penny-a-lining and editorial credulity:—

"MARRIAGE OF JENNY LIND AT BATH.—This event (respecting which there have been so many conjectures and so many rumours) we are informed, on the best authority, took place last week, and with such privacy was the ceremony conducted that many of our readers will be surprised to learn that the marriage of the Swedish nightingale was performed, by special licence, on Thursday week, at the residence of the bridegroom's family, No. 40, ——— Street, Bath. The engagement of Jenny Lind with Mr. ———, has long been publicly announced and commented upon by the daily and weekly journals; and so strict a record has been kept of the movements of the fair *cantatrice*, that it is somewhat surprising the announcement of her marriage should have escaped our larger London contemporaries. Such, however, is the fact. Jenny Lind is married—married in Bath—to a native of Bath; and henceforth, we understand, she will retire into the privacy of domestic life; she will become one of our residents, and will shed over the circle in which she moves those graces which have made her such an idol with the public. The history of Jenny Lind, both before and since her appearance in this country—her extraordinary triumph as a vocalist—her unbounded benevolence—are themes on which the journalists and periodical writers of the day have dilated *ad nauseam*. But some particulars respecting the 'fortunate youth' who has wooed and won the enchanting *nocturnist* may not be unacceptable. Mr. ——— is the son of the late Mr. ———, of 40, ——— Street, Bath, and is, we understand, related to the Bishop of Norwich. His early educational studies were pursued at ——— college, in his native city, where he greatly distinguished himself as a classical and mathematical scholar. His engagement with Mdlle. Lind has led to her retirement from the stage, and although, to use the well-known quotation, 'we shall never look upon her like again,' as

an exponent of the lyric drama, and her withdrawal from the public will create a blank in our amusements not to be easily filled up, yet, amidst all the regrets which will be thus occasioned, sure we are that there is no heart so selfish as not to join with us in the aspiration that many, many years of that domestic happiness, which has been said to be 'the only bliss that has survived the Fall,' may be in store for her in this the country of her adoption; and that if we are no more to be charmed by the magic notes of Jenny Lind, we shall, by many an act of that unbounded and expansive charity which has equalled her vocal fame, be often reminded of her existence as the no longer apocryphal character—Mrs. ———.—*Bath Looker-on.*

The enterprising Mr. Barnum will probably start at the first glance at the heading prefixed to the above; but he has nothing to fear, as he will see further down.

FIORENTINI.

HAVING predicated the success of the charming pupil of the intelligent and amiable Crivelli, we are glad to cite the testimony of the morning papers in favour of our own high opinion of her merits. To begin with the cautious but discriminating *Times*:—

"Just as the season is drawing to its close it receives a new impulse from the very successful *début* of a young and interesting vocalist, Madame Fiorentini, who made her first appearance in London last night. Highly laudatory accounts of her performance in Berlin, and before the Court at Potsdam, are contained in the German papers, and in some measure prepared the public for a display of superior talent; but, considering the many failures that have followed, brilliant anticipations, and the arduous character she attempted—that of *Norma*—so striking a success as that of last night could hardly have been expected.

"Madame Fiorentini has a *soprano* voice, reaching from C to D in alt., of admirable quality. Her notes are remarkably equal throughout the register, the lower and middle tones being full and mellow, while the higher are singularly clear, sweet, and ringing. Owing to extreme nervousness, she was somewhat restrained in the opening part of the recitative to 'Casta Diva,' but the firmness and strength with which she sustained the long A flat in the *cadenza*, gradually increasing in volume and power, with the ease and skill of a practised artist, at once showed that her resources were of an uncommon kind, and drew down the loudest applause. The *adagio* of the *cavatina* was sung with graceful expression, and the *cabaletta* brought out her powers with still more brilliant effect, so that a loud rattle followed the conclusion. On the grand trio with Pollio and Adalgisa she displayed a thorough command of the bravura style, and gave the utmost force and point to all the passages of energy. Her success was now established beyond controversy, and a double recall at the fall of the curtain was the natural consequence. In the famous duet, 'Deh con te' in which she was ably seconded by the clever Madame Giuliani, Madame Fiorentini, divested of all nervousness by the warmth of her reception, gave full play to her voice, developing increased sweetness and charm in the delivery of *cavatina* passages. What she chiefly wants is flexibility in the execution of florid divisions, and passion in situations where the music demands intense expression. These are, however, but few deficiencies belonging to the early part of a career, and she needs nothing but the careful cultivation of her natural gifts to become a vocalist of the very first order. She has already that most valuable of requisitions, faultless intonation, and this can rarely be said of so young a beginner. As an actress, Madame Fiorentini is graceful and expressive without extravagance, and her very beautiful person is a constant charm in the eyes of her audience. Couming with the combined advantages of youth, beauty, and an excellent organ well disciplined, she can hardly fail to create a great sensation, even at this late period of the year. At the end of the opera she was repeatedly called with the warmest enthusiasm."

The *Daily News*, more heavily but not less just, writes of Madame Fiorentini as follows:—

"A new star has appeared on our operatic horizon—a star, too, which promises to be of the first magnitude. Madame Fiorentini, who appeared last night in *Norma*, produced a sensation such as we have not often witnessed in Her Majesty's Theatre. She is, it seems, a Spaniard by birth, but the wife of an English officer. Her musical education has been received here, her instructor having been Crivelli. She went last year to Berlin, where she made her first public appearance, and performed the principal characters of the Italian stage

during the season with very great success. Her career, however, though brilliant, had been so very short that her name had been scarcely heard of here, and her splendid appearance last evening took the audience completely by surprise. Her performance has shown that, though very young, she is already, as a singer, a consummate artist, and that she is so highly gifted, both in person and mind, that she cannot fail, with a little more experience of the stage, to be a great actress. She is beautiful in face and figure, with fine Spanish features, illumined by eyes of singular brightness and power of expression. Her action is full of impulse and feeling, and yet it has still to gain that graceful ease which practice only can bestow. Like all young performers, she has fallen into habits of which she must get rid, especially a way of swaying her body backwards and forwards, and of alternately stooping and drawing herself up as if her stature were constantly changing. She has two or three habitual gestures, such as clasping her hands together before her breast; very expressive as an attitude of supplication, and beautiful when she was singing 'Casta diva,' but not to be used except on such occasions. With her personal advantages, however, these faults of inexperience will easily be removed. As a singer, she is already of the highest class. A more charming voice is not to be heard anywhere. It has every quality—power, sweetness, flexibility, and equality of tone throughout an immense compass, rising, without the slightest credit or harshness, to the very highest region of the soprano. Her articulation is perfect, her intonation as true as the finest instrument, and the beautiful roundness and finish of her phrases is in the highest style of art. Though not a native Italian, her elocution is pure, and her declamation remarkably fine. Her noble and impressive delivery of Norma's opening address to the turbulent multitude, 'Sediziosa roci,' at once settled her position with the audience. Her whole conception of the character was admirable, though she was more successful in pointing its soft than its terrible features. There was, however, one grand burst of passion scarcely surpassed by Orisi herself; when Norma, in her phrensy of outraged feeling, tells her betrayer to tremble—

Trema per me, felloso,
Per tuo figlio, per te!

"The pathos of some of the softer passages has never, we are convinced, been exceeded by any one; at least we can say, for ourselves, that the heart-touching appeal in the closing scene, 'Qual cor tradisti?' seemed as more deeply than it ever moved us before."

"Madame Fiorentini's reception was enthusiastic in the highest degree. Several of the most striking scenes closed amid thunders of applause, which lasted till she reappeared to make her acknowledgments; and at the end of the opera she had to come three times before the curtain in compliance with the acclamations which resounded from every part of the house. She can only appear once again, as the theatre is on the eve of closing, but we must surely have her next season."

We next cite the *Morning Post*, who, in a flood of eloquent impetuosity, thus comments upon the gifts and acquirements of the new *cantatrice*:—

"It is a and thing to reflect that the public critic is frequently doomed to be the shadow which tracks the 'flight of fire' of artistic aspirants—to become the stern monitor who must warn them to descend from their fairy car—who must tell them that their fiery couriers are not strong enough for an upward flight, and, perchance, too impetuous for a level one—who must roughly awaken them from their blissful dreams and dissipate their illusions, and, in short, must tell them to be kind." On the present occasion, however, we have no such unpleasant duty to perform, for the fair lady under notice was triumphantly successful, and most happy are we in being enabled to musically baptize her in our editorial ink, and bid the public hail her as a member of the remarkably small family of heaven-born artists. Nature has indeed been exceedingly bountiful to her, not only in the gift of personal beauty, but also in voice and intelligence. Her native worth is very great, and when increased skill and more experienced judgment shall have matured the ripening artistic fire, and perfected all that which is within her, we doubt not that she will reach the highest professional honours. She possesses every natural requisite for the stage—a highly expressive countenance, symmetrical figure, a voice brimful of music, rich, full, and sympathetic in quality, and perfectly equal in all the registers; its pure and healthy tones come upon the spirit with the freshness of a May morning. There are no audible *fausses*—nothing made up; it is one fine, sound piece of material, capable of every thing worth attaining, if properly managed. Its available compass, judging from last night's performance, is something beyond two octaves, commencing from C below the line. Her delivery of the opening recitative was sufficient to

establish her at once in the good graces of the audience. The lovely voice once heard, murmurs of 'Beautiful!' 'Che bella voce!' 'Bello vo!' 'Schöne stimme!' became audible amongst Mr. Lumley's many-talented patrons. The sensation was immediate and universal, and the sustained A flat (which she held, swelling and diminishing the sound, for an almost incredible length of time) in the concluding bar excited general astonishment and delight. The 'Casta Diva' (which she sang in F) was on the whole beautifully rendered; the lady's voice told in it with exquisite effect, especially upon the syncope of A's on the words 'il bel sembiante,' which, together with the succeeding descending passage, she delivered most admirably. The wind instruments, however, which move in unison and octaves with the said descending passage, should have been much more subdued, and, in fact, had better be left out altogether on a future occasion, if the performers cannot contrive a better specimen of *cello* rose playing than they on this occasion afforded us. The performance of this *aria* would have been perfect on the part of the lady, but for a want of closeness and finish in the florid passages, and a style of phrasing, particularly in the *calesta*, not altogether irreproachable. We are willing, however, to attribute these shortcomings to the nervousness naturally attendant upon a first appearance before a strange audience. We are aware how timidity affects the vocal organ, especially in the execution of florid passages, and we are also aware how it influences the respiration; it may, therefore, easily be the cause of clumsy vocalism or false phrasing. Another hearing will, perhaps, prove to us that these imperfections were rather to be ascribed to want of courage than to want of skill.

"Her acting and singing in the last scene of the first act were in the first style of excellence. In the duet with Adalgisa, 'Io fui così,' she displayed all the sympathising tenderness which the situation requires, and in the subsequent tremendous burst of passionate reproach, 'Oh non, tremare, oh! perfido,' called forth by the treachery of her lover, was absolutely grand. Her rich and resonant voice told here with glorious effect, especially in the passage involving a leap of a twelfth (from F on the second space to C above the line) on the words 'trama per me felloso!' The C was struck with the utmost power, purity, and certainty of intonation. Her execution of this elicited an enthusiastic encore. In the concluding trio, 'Oh di qual sei tu vittima,' she was equally great, and the curtain here fell upon a decided and legitimate success. We have not space to particularise all her achievements in the second act, so we must content ourselves with a passing notice of the most salient features of this portion of her performance. In the duet with Adalgisa, 'Deh Conte,' the concluding movement of which was re-demanded with acclamations, she sang with great fervour and sweetness, and her rendering of the touching melodies, 'Qual cor tradisti,' 'Deh non volerli vittime,' and, in fact, the whole of the last *finale*, was characterised by a thrillingly fearful pathos, which went to all hearts. The conclusion of the opera was followed by a perfect storm of applause, in the midst of which the *débütante* was forced to present herself no less than three times in succession before her enraptured audience. A more complete triumph than this gifted lady last night achieved it has never fallen to our lot to record. Her great beauties are her own, the gifts of nature; her defects such as time or confidence may easily remedy. We have spoken of her as we found her, a *débütante*, but it must not be supposed that she is entirely new to the stage. On the contrary, she appeared last year in Berlin, and has since performed with much success in various German cities; but as the artistic gold, however pure it be, requires the London or Paris stamp before it can obtain general circulation, and as all artists, now-a-days, look to those mighty cities for enduring fame and ample pecuniary remuneration, a first appearance in either of them must be considered as the decisive point of artistic existence—as the *début par excellence*."

The *Morning Herald*, with its usual critical acumen and thorough impartiality, thus speaks of the fair *débütante*:—

"The performance of *Norma* introduced the new vocalist, Madame Fiorentini, under unusually auspicious circumstances. A paragraph which has been circulated touching her career informs us that she is a native of Spain, and we believe she is the wife of an English gentleman of the name of Jennings. As a pupil of Crivelli, she has recently been singing at Berlin with a more than ordinary degree of success. We place but little reliance upon these airily-coloured records of foreign triumphs; but, in the present case, we can easily believe that there is truth in the statements which have gone forth respecting her continental exploits. Madame Fiorentini possesses more than common advantages, and her ability is too decided not to establish the certainty of her being shortly placed among the brightest of the operatic stage. A deeper or more lovely soprano voice we have seldom heard; and her delivery of the slow movement of the 'Casta Diva' developed at once the fact of

its rare equality, its duty sonoroussness, and its uniform accuracy, the only physical defect being a certain faintness in its bottom register. The purity of its intonation is an inestimable virtue; and this is not disturbed when attacking and resting on phrases of the highest range—witness the ease and power with which she gave the critical holding note in the first recitative, which glided from her throat as clearly and as mellifluously as possible, few vocalists that we have heard producing the note so well, so fairly, and so sustainably. The absence of the dazzling showiness of her contemporaries does not militate against the satisfactory effect of her singing; but there is evidently a capacity to achieve anything, notwithstanding the present immature condition of the execution, which, in moments of emergency, is crude and laboured, and some occasional ill features of enunciation. The two duets with Adalgisa proved the worth of her general method, and the judiciousness of the counsels which had regulated her preparation for the lyrical stage; and the beauty of her cantabile was strikingly displayed in the last scene, when the unfortunate Druids so touchingly appeals to the sympathies and affections of her betrayer.

"The qualifications of Madame Fiorentini as an actress are not remarkable, at least not in such a part as Norma, which requires something more than the exercise of mere conventional rules to give it force and character. Grisi has provided us with a model, and other artists must be judged according to the standard which she has set up. The trio in the *duo* to the first act, viewed by this light, was a failure, though, compared with the attempt of any other person who has undertaken it, it was a triumph. There was a concentration of fire and passion, but the withering, demoniacal effort of Grisi we did not perceive—a certain sentiment of amiability pervading the denunciation of Madame Fiorentini, which destroyed the sincerity of the emotion, and deprived it almost wholly of its sting. Nevertheless the intention was good, and the encore which was bestowed upon this notable explosion of bitterness and wrath was fairly challenged. Regarded as a whole, the performance was one of the highest merit, and the audience was taken quite by surprise at the excellence they witnessed. The person and gifts of Madame Fiorentini are prepossessing. She is tall and well formed; her face is not handsome, but it is expressive, and when in repose as pretty as it is engaging. Her deportment is graceful and ladylike; and her attitudes always elegant, and at times classical. Altogether we have never been present at a more promising debut; and thanks to the advent of this lady, the season of 1850 is likely to close with unexpected interest and eclat.

"The audience were in raptures throughout the evening. Madame Fiorentini was called for after the first scene; again at the close of the act; and when the curtain finally fell, the congratulations which awaited her were immense. In short, no success was ever more genuine, more emphatic, or more decided."

The *Swan*, our evening cotemporary, writes thus hyper-enthusiastically:—

"Mr. Lumley has the rare taste of always working his season up to a climax at the conclusion. That which the advent of Jenny Lind did for the seasons of 1847 and 1848, that which the re-appearance of Madame Sontag, after an absence of twenty years, did for the season of 1849, the appearance of Madame Fiorentini has done for 1850. Madame Fiorentini made her *début* last evening, and, with the single exception of Jenny Lind, no *débutante* has in our time achieved such a well-deserved, such a genuine, and such an unmistakable success as Madame Fiorentini. We were prepared to expect great things from her; we knew that she had been the pupil of Orivelli, and therefore we knew that all that the most consummate perfection of musical teaching could do for her had been done; we knew that she had appeared with success at Berlin and Dresden, and that she had been commanded by the King of Prussia to sing at Potsdam, and therefore we knew she had satisfied the most acute critics of, perhaps, the most critical audiences in the world; but we remembered that she had not been yet twelve months on the stage, and therefore we expected to find her performance in parts somewhat crude. We were, however, most agreeably surprised to find that such was not the case; her performance of Norma, whether considered dramatically or lyrically, is a performance as nearly approaching the *beau idéal* of the character as possible. It is more pathetic, more womanly, than the Norma of Grisi; it is more majestic than the Norma of Jenny Lind; and, by a judicious blending of the peculiar characteristics of these two versions, Madame Fiorentini has succeeded in giving an original rendition of the part, and one more approaching to what we believe Bellini intended it to be than that of either of her predecessors. [By which we are to presume that Madame Fiorentini's Norma is less pathetic and womanly than Jenny Lind's, and less majestic than Grisi's. But why these comparisons, good *Swan*? Her figure is

commanding, her action majestic, her features beautiful exceedingly, and capable of every variety of expression, and her voice one of the freshest and clearest ever heard. It is a pure soprano, reaching from C to D in alt, and of the most delicious quality, the lower notes being rich and mellow, while the upper are deliciously sweet. Her intonation is perfection. She gave the "Casta Diva" most delightfully, and completely enraptured the audience by the firmness with which she held the long note in the *cadenza*. The applause at the conclusion was most enthusiastic. She was twice called on, and her career during the remainder of the opera was a succession of triumphs. The *terzetto*, "Oh! di qual sei tu vittima," was splendidly given. Her manner of reproaching Pollio with his perfidy was full of majesty and passion, yet there was plainly visible an under current of tenderness, which told with great effect. This passage was rapturously encored. The "Deh Conte," with Madame Giuliani, was deliciously rendered, the voices harmonising beautifully together. This also was, as a matter of course, honoured with an encore. The last scene was splendidly acted and sung. Never has the conflict of revenge, and hate, and love, all striving in the breast for mastery, been more powerfully or more pathetically delineated. The self-denunciation was one of the most pathetic pieces of acting ever seen; and at that moment every one must have felt inclined to re-echo Norma's own pathetic reproach to Pollio, "Quel cor tradisti." At the conclusion, she was called on four times. Madame Fiorentini has achieved a success unexampled (for Jenny Lind, when she had been only twelve months on the stage, had achieved no such success as that of Madame Fiorentini), and we predict for her a career of fame equal to that of any of her most gifted predecessors."

JENNY LIND.

"ROBERT" has transmitted us a revise of his acrostic, with a demand for its republication, on the grounds that the first M.S. was traced in a hurry, while conversing with a friend. That was "Robert's" fault—not ours. "Robert does not defend the punctuation, orthography, and typical display of the first edition of his acrostic; he sticks to 'Mademoiselle' although, in deference to our opinion (for which we feel grateful), he has adopted the more usual method of spelling the word.

ACROSTIC.

MUSIC gushes from thy sweet soul of light,
A nd round thee sheds a halo pure and bright;
D elightful joys enchant us as you sing,
E ver refreshing as a desert spring;
M elody flows untroubled within thy soul,
O f thy charm giving us more control;
I nspired by genius' ruminations high,
S ong seems to have lighted on thee from the sky;
E nshrined in thy pure heart it seeks its food,
L eaving in it no thought of meagre good;
L ove, fondness, sweetness, goodness, tenderness,
E nriching thee, like loquacious angels, bless.

Jenny Lind—a name of radiant lustre now—
E nshrined in history's page in dazzling light,
N'er may thy glory fade o'er thy fair brow,
N'er o'er thy path be shade of sorrow's night,
Y outh, gifted lastly, be you blest as bright.

L ove light thy path, may earth's flowers strew thy way;
I n life may yours be joy, and peace, and rest;
N'er may one care-cloud o'er thy bright path stray;
D eath—may't but join your soul with seraphs blest.

ROBERT.

Whether our readers will find the "revise" better than the first "slip" remains to be proved. For our parts, we own a sly preference for the original. We miss the "si vis" and "Utrum horum," which offered such triumphant evidence of "Robert's" Latinity. We shall be glad, however, of any hints for the further polishing and amendment of this acrostic, which we would fain have preserved as a bi-significative structure—a monument at once to Jenny Lind's genius and the intellectual endowments of the poet "Robert."

It was a happy idea, by the way, of admitting the maidenly

prefix, "Mademoiselle," to the acrostic, since, at any future period, should "Robert" feel inclined to apostrophise Mademoiselle Alboni, or Mademoiselle any one else, in poetic numbers, the larger half of his work is already done to his hands. It might even be let out on hire to other enamoured acrosticians, desirous of dedicating their muse to the glorification of singer or dancer. We advise "Robert" to take out a patent for it, without delay.

A MUSICAL PRODIGY.

We have been transmitting extracts from several provincial papers touching a certain youth, or child of nine years and a half or thereabout, called Heinrich Werner, a German, whose precocity of talent is laid down as something wonderful, even in the present age of juvenile phenomena. Provincial enthusiasm would go but a little way with us, and we should have overlooked the critics' high cries altogether, were we not assured by our correspondent—upon whose knowledge and faith we place much reliance—that the youthful German pianist is an astonishing performer for his years. We therefore willingly make room in our columns for the reports on this musical prodigy, wishing to give publicity to anything so extraordinary, and anxious to encourage the first soarings of genius—if there be real genius in the boy. *A priori* we must express our disbelief in youthful wonders of any kind, having never met with an instance of an infant phenomenon, who did not turn out a very moderate adult, or more frequently a forcible full-fledged example of downright stupidity. Too early teaching helps to enervate, if not utterly destroy the inventive as well as the recollective faculties. No brain—a child's brain is very delicate matter, the tender pap that nurtures Thought—can bear continued hammering; and no child will yield himself up with heart and soul to sufficient study to enable him to accomplish anything which will surprise without being forced to it. We speak not directly here of young Heinrich Werner, who may prove, for aught we know, an exception to the general rule.

We shall now append the extracts, and let the reader believe as much as he thinks proper.

The first extract, by the way, is from a London correspondent *Dublin World*. It is somewhat strange, that we of the Metropolitan press should have heard nothing of the musical prodigy:—

"A pianist, under ten years of age, named Heinrich Werner, a native of Saxony, has recently performed on the pianoforte at Buckingham Palace, and been honored by the warm eulogies of Her Majesty and Prince Albert. I heard him at a select *matinée*, attended by some of the most eminent members of the musical profession, and was equally astonished and delighted at his marvellous execution, the intensity of his feeling and expression, and the easy and graceful demeanour of the child while at the pianoforte. It is no exaggeration to say, that he appears to be under the influence of inspiration. The pieces I heard him play were of unusual difficulty, even for the finest performers of mature years. Among them were 'The Reminiscences of Norma,' by Liszt (as played by Liszt himself, from whom young Werner brings testimonials), and the soul-touching andante in F, by Beethoven, which was played with a perfect appreciation of the mighty master's meaning. At the conclusion of the piece, an eminent German musician, well known for the pure classicism of his taste, exclaimed, with rapture, '*Der Kleine Beethoven!*' 'Oh, wonderful! it is the spirit of Heaven animating the form of this little child!—a sentiment which was felt to be so applicable to the scene before us, that I cannot resist transcribing it. It will convey to the mind of the reader a better notion of the boy's great genius than any other words that could be employed. After exhibiting his talents in the interpretation of the works of the great master-minds of the world of music, he gave us a specimen of his own creative

powers, in the form of a 'Fantasia for the pianoforte, by Heinrich Werner, Op. 1.' I am thus particular in the title of the piece because the Fantasia is published this very day, and will itself justify the highest encomiums. The title-page of the Fantasia, bears a portrait of the author; the likeness is good—indeed there can be but little difficulty in portraying the resemblance of a head so truly remarkable for its extraordinary conformation. There is the broad expansive forehead, with eyes full of meaning, the indications in the cranium of Heinrich Werner giving a forcible argument in favour of the science of the Phrenologist. The world will soon have an opportunity of judging whether my opinions be founded in truth or not; but I feel convinced, that the exclamation above alluded to will find an echo in many a tongue, and that while the eye of the listener is moistened, in response to the feelings raised in his breast by one of earth's most gifted creatures, he will acknowledge, as applied to Heinrich Werner, the fitness of the appellation—*Der Kleine Beethoven!*"

The *Brighton Herald* thus apostrophises the boy-pianist, phrenologically, as well as eulogistically:—

"The grand attraction every evening was the really wonderful performance on the grand piano of Heinrich Werner. This very young gentleman—for he only reached his ninth year in January last,—is a musical phenomenon. His execution is as firm, brilliant, and decided as that of a mature performer, and he plays long and difficult compositions, of the first masters, with a degree of precision and taste that astonishes every musician who hears him, and delights a promiscuous audience. He has had the honour of performing before Her Majesty, and must excite admiration wherever he appears.

"Heinrich Werner is remarkably small for his age. A Saxon by birth, his countenance is strongly marked with the physiognomical character of his countrymen; but his head is the most extraordinary phrenological phenomenon we ever saw. It measures 12½ inches from the upper tip of one ear to the upper tip of the other, over the crown, which is a full inch more than that of ordinary persons of mature age. There is also an extraordinary development of the organs described by phrenologists to time and tune, whilst that of combativeness is, if possible, still more extraordinary, and perhaps accounts for the coolness and firmness he displays before a numerous, and many of them (in the select stalls) critical audience."

The *Brighton Guardian* is no less deeply impressed with the talents of Master Werner, and thus alludes to his performance at Mr. Kirchner's popular concerts:—

"On Thursday and Friday there appeared at these concerts a great musical wonder in the person of a little German boy named Werner, from Munich; and should his life be spared, he is, we believe, destined to make a noise in the musical world. He is a pianist, and, although only ten years of age, the effect he produces on the instrument is truly wonderful. He performs with apparent ease the most intricate pieces—and all from memory; and his tone—which he elicits is scarcely less or inferior to that for which Herr Döhler was so celebrated. His power is astonishing: let the listener shut his eyes, and he may fancy that an athletic man is playing. Time and firmness of touch are characteristics not to be overlooked in a pianist, and these the little phenomenon, Henri Werner, displays of the first order. We heard him on Friday in a Grand Concerto of Döhler's, which he executed with a vigour and finish calculated to excite wonder. The air played with the left hand while in the treble the right revelled in a continual flood of notes, was in point of truthfulness and precision one of the most exquisite things we ever heard in a concert room. This wonderful child is to appear again, we perceive, on Monday next, and we recommend our friends not to lose the opportunity of hearing him."

Next month, we are told, the boy-pianist will make his first *début* before a London audience; we shall then be enabled to inform our readers how much of the provincial eulogia may be referred to truth; how much to excitement, prejudice, or mistaken zeal. We trust that the praises lavished by the above writers may be justified by the performances of the youthful Heinrich Werner.

Our Scrap Book.

[We shall be obliged to any kind friends who may be able and willing to contribute to our Scrap Book.—Ed.]

NERO AND PHILIDOR.—It is probable that Nero, the most cruel of the Roman Emperors, was the first originator of public concerts. According to Suetonius, Nero, who pretended to excel both in vocal and instrumental music, took all kinds of drugs to preserve his larynx in good order. The *obligato* applause of the Roman courtiers, nevertheless, did not satisfy his avidity for praise, and he went through the various cities of Italy and Greece, giving concerts, at all of which he performed with brilliant success. Nero, however, had a powerful means of preventing his auditors from hissing; those who were heard to express disapprobation of his singing were taken away privately and executed. After Nero public concerts disappeared for many ages, and were not again heard of until Philidor, the famous chess-player, who was also a learned musician, gave one during Passion Week, at the Opera in Paris, in the year 1725. The annual privilege was granted to Philidor, for the sum of 10,000 francs towards the funds of the *Académie Royale de Musique*, and by the agreement it was stipulated that no concert enterprise could be undertaken by any other speculator.

CREKAT JUDÆUS!—A Greek manuscript, of the sixth century, has been discovered at Athens, which, besides a treatise on Byzantine painting, is said to contain an account of the Daguerreotype process and hints for the manufacture of gun-cotton. In this manuscript, the art of producing photographic pictures is called *Heliotype*.—*American Sun*.

WHAT IS A WILL?—There exists a legend in Slavonia of a nocturnal dance, under the name of "The Dance of the Willis." The wills are young maidens who, being betrothed, die before their wedding-day, and are supposed to find no rest in the tomb; for though life has fled, there remains to them an insatiable love of the dance. At midnight and in the bright moonlight, they rise in crowds, arrayed in their bridal dresses, wreathed with flowers and sparkling with jewels; their faces, though pale, have the beauty of youth, and winning smiles play upon their lips. Woe to the young man whose evil destiny leads him within the reach of their perfidious fascinations!—to struggle or to escape is hopeless!—he is compelled to join their wild orgies, and to dance till, from exhaustion, he sinks down and expires.—*Henry Heine*. [On this legend are founded the celebrated ballet of *Giselle*, and Loder's beautiful opera of *The Night Dancers*.—Ed.]

OPERA COSTUME.—The proper dress for gentlemen who visit the Opera consists of a dress coat, plain black or white neckcloth, and black or white trousers; waistcoats are left to the fancy of the wearer. It may be added, that, although white trousers are admitted, black are preferred.—*Opera Box*. [Although "waistcoats are left to the fancy of the wearer," white or black are preferred to fancy waistcoats.—Ed.]

VOLTAIRE'S OPINION OF MUSICIANS.—That Voltaire did not think highly of the intellectual capacity of musicians may be gathered from his short and pithy observation to Gretry, the French composer:—"Vous êtes musiciens, et vous avez de l'esprit!" But Voltaire, with all his brilliant wit, said many

things which were chiefly remarkable for their shallowness. Vivier would have answered him:—"Vous n'êtes pas musicien, et vous avez de l'esprit!"

AUBER.—This celebrated musician is passionately fond of riding, and composes the greater part of his operas on horseback. A morning seldom passes without a ride in the *Champs Elysées*, and a ride in the *Champs Elysées* is seldom accomplished without the invention and completion of a *morceau*, which, on returning home, Auber at once puts upon paper.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.—In the *Gazette* of Aug. 31, 1847, it was ordered that the authors, inventors, designers, &c., of any books, prints, sculptures, dramatic works, musical compositions, and other works of literature and the fine arts (in which the laws of Great Britain give any privilege of copyright to British subjects), first published within the dominions of the states forming the Thuringian Union, should, after the 15th day of July, have the privilege of copyright therein, in the same manner and for the same period as is enjoyed by British subjects, throughout Great Britain, subject to the same proviso as to registration. The same *Gazette* also contained an order in council, dated the 10th of August, 1847, by which the duty on books originally produced in the United Kingdom and republished at any place within the dominions of the said states was declared to be 2s. 10s. per cwt., and on books published or republished at any place within the states, not being books originally produced in the United Kingdom, 15s. per cwt. On prints and drawings, plain or coloured, published within the said states, single, each one halfpenny; bound or sewn, the dozen, three-halfpence duty.

HUMBURG PALACE.—Mr. BARNUM, the renowned exhibitor of General Tom Thumb in this country about three years ago, erected, near New York, a spacious palace in the eastern style, the piazzas filled with latticework, and the roof and eaves surmounted with turrets and minarets. The Americans named it "Shingle Palace." Mr. Barnum himself called it "Humburg Palace," in allusion to the means whereby he obtained his wealth. We trust that the result of his present speculation, with the celebrated Jenny Lind, will enable Mr. Barnum, eighteen months hence, to erect another palace, in the western style, which the Americans may call "Nightingale Palace," and Mr. Barnum himself the "Palace of Song," in allusion to the great artist by whom he will, in all probability, have acquired a second and more legitimate mine of wealth.

THE ABBEY CHURCH, SHERBORNE.—Three years ago the repair and restoration of this noble and venerable building was an object of great solicitude with the inhabitants of Sherborne, as was announced about to take place. The historical associations connected with this church enhance its other claims upon our veneration. It was here the seat was placed of the first bishop who presided over the church in the western counties—the parent see from which those of Sarum, Bristol, Wells, and Exeter derived their existence. It was founded in 704. Its first bishop was Aldhelm, a man of extraordinary learning, among whose successors was Asser, the tutor, friend and biographer of Alfred the Great. As a specimen of ecclesiastical architecture, the Abbey Church of Sherborne claims our highest admiration. Whether the repairs have been accomplished, we are unaware. Perhaps some of our Sherborne subscribers will inform us.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE EFFECT OF CHURCH MUSIC ON DIFFERENT MINDS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—It seems to be the desire of "A Layman," to defend Pope Gregory's melodies on religious grounds, finding that there is no possibility of doing so on musical footing. I will meet him on his own grounds, and hope to show that he understands little of the operation of the human mind, by holding that common musical effects are best calculated to inspire devotion and religious zeal.

There are three classes of worshippers—the *true*, the *obedient*, and the *bigot*. The true worshipper, echoing the Psalmist, cries, "Sing ye praises with the understanding;" he feels that God is as awful as He is a just Being; he loves the Church of Christ, and has the soul to enjoy elevated thoughts, whether in music or in prayer; the influences of his mind are raised by constantly living a pure and pious life. Yes, ye bigots! the tone of mind of such a worshipper is sound; and being so it appreciates that which is lofty even in music, and cannot substitute it for the mean, low, uninspiring strains, which represent to his mind false devotion and affected humility. He feels that God requires of us to dedicate our best talents to Him, and to worship Him in as intelligent a manner as frail man can devise.

The true worshipper knows that singing is an act more essentially of praise (except on solemn occasions) than a dull service of rendering thanks. He is enlightened, and therefore a supporter of all that tends to develop the human mind; he encourages the industrious and worthy, because he knows that God enjoins him to do so. He reasons like a man, not like a brute; he seeks no artifice to get up particular religious sects; it is not a selfish schemer to keep down the mind of man to serve interested ends; nor a dull pated singer of psalms and Pope Gregory's petty melodies. No, all such strokes of policy belong to the classes of worshippers I have to deal with. First, the *obedient* worshipper. He is one who blindly, good-naturedly, mixed with selfishness, follows the leaders of sectarianism; he does as they do; he prays as they pray; he sings as they sing. If he be wrong, he blames his leaders, and in their success he heartily rejoices; he is the very essence of politeness. He is, of all men, most dazzled by bigots, who play on his credulity, and thus, through him, maintain their power. But is such a worshipper capable of elevated thoughts? Is he to be the main prop of the Church of Christ? Will his mere cruciform appearance, and thoughtless adherence to Christianity, preserve the faith? Will his upish mind lead the wise? Is he to be put up as a model of piety, who in all, save outward signs, is a stranger to noble aspirations? No! the time is past when such a worshipper can play upon more intelligent men; for they have seen, by sad experience, that such a dupe is as capable of dishonest practices in the world, as he is to practise hypocrisy towards God himself. The Church of God must not be trusted, therefore, in such hands.

I now come to the *bigot* worshipper. He is the framer and supporter of sects, the lover of self, the oppressor of others, the friend of enmity, the enemy of education. Why does he prefer bad music to good? Why will he bear hearty children chanting in an almost laughable manner, without regret, nay, more, giving the filthy lingo to assist their senseless, irreverent jargon? Does he fancy that Christianity would, in some measure, lose its stronghold, if intelligent utterance, accompanied with noble music, were heard among the saints? Bigotry wears so mainly a guise, that the questions here put scarcely serve to shock the obedient, and bigot worshippers; but, nevertheless, the answers they involve are neither flattering to the profession nor professors of religion; so in all convenient speed, it would be much safer (to take it on no higher grounds) to court the opinions of the wise, rather than leave religion in the hands of the selfish and bigoted, who reason on the subject more like unbelievers than followers of Christ. It is madness to suppose that what charmed the ears of worshippers before music was developed as a science, can similarly effect us now. The ear is a part of the mind which admits of equal culture, and when cultivated rejects mean music. True, if we admit that we are a refined people, what excuse has the bigot for pressing upon us music which could only move the selfish and vulgar?

I hope I have shown that noble music is best calculated for noble

minds; and that noble minds are best calculated to maintain the Church of Christ.

I have not entered into the late inquiry of Pope Gregory's melodies, so ably discussed by "An Organist," because I know that the question is not so much a musical one as a Popish and political; but having treated it on these latter grounds, I will offer a word respecting the musical qualities of the above melodies. First of all, I do not think that the melodies are, properly speaking, Pope Gregory's, for three reasons—A melodic idea or strain is composed of certain progressive intervals, a fixed accent, and a given rhythm. If any of these be altered, the strain partakes of a new character, and may, indeed, be viewed as a new idea. Admitting that the first of these is retained (which is not quite certain) are not the more essential qualities constituting an idea entirely altered in these melodies to suit the English Church? Then why call new phraseology old, merely because a few notes (which without accent and rhythm are but vague sounds) were set down by a Pope? If the same license were generally allowed, the present composers would have little trouble in making past melodies present. As to the notion that the great masters founded their music on the Pope's melodies, it is a perfectly absurd one, inasmuch as they knew not the characteristic phraseology of any of them. This thoughtless notion arose from the fact of all great composers choosing few notes within an octave for their principal subjects; but their reason for so doing is a very different one from that which some surmise, being rather a necessity in the construction of harmony to avoid the parts crossing each other, and to preserve vocal part writing free from all needless difficulties and skips. Great composers look upon these subjects, or melodies, merely as (it were) the bricks to build up a mansion; but Pope Gregory's admirers, *alias* the Puseyite tools, *alias* the peace-breakers of the established and reformed Church, view them in the light of well-built and splendid mansions! Christian patriarchs should be above collecting such mean stuff as were put together in the darkest ages of popery and superstition; it were a worthier proceeding to encourage musicians of our day to write music for the Church, (for there is room left them to improve it,) and be more acceptable to God than censure false humility when singing His praise, or groaning out slow tunes to words of the very opposite character.—I am, Sir, your obliged,
FRENCH FLOWERS.

SOCIAL POSITION OF MUSICAL PROFESSORS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—The spirit as well as the wording of Dr. Dearle's letter does him infinite credit. The very thing he glances at is much wanted, and his proposition seems to come before us at that period most conducive to its success. The exaltation of the art of music, and also of musicians, as a body, is of paramount importance, and is everywhere felt by the right-minded professor, go where you will. There may be, and there will be, many diversities of opinion on the best mode by which the object sought for may be gained. Nature has not enacted any causes for the avoiding of diversities of opinion, and the establishment of consent touching matters that do not admit of sensible or mathematical demonstration. Let us hope then for a fair discussion upon a thing so vitally necessary to all. The proposition of Dr. Dearle's is anxiously looked for; and I, for one, hope it will lead to the result he seeks. There was a time when the mere player of this or that instrument could "set himself up" as a teacher. That time is among the past. The instructor of the present, requires a multitude of appliances in conjunction with mere playing. Experience proves that there can be no limit to systems or methods of instruction, whether in music or science. The manner of teaching will always be subject to modifications, though the principles, or facts, remain the same. The capacities of pupils are so varied, as well as their physical powers, and these lead to new modes of illustration, and become styled new systems of instruction; how great then the judgment, how fertile the brain of the master, who now ventures the part of the vocal or instrumental professor! How gifted in temper, as well as in that art, most difficult, of conveying one's ideas to another, with a view to improvement! The best method, after all, is that which the teacher has by study or invention made his own; for in proportion to his zeal or anxiety for the success of his system, will be

the pains he will take with his pupil. Here the most opposite plans are brought into play to arrive at the object desired. The reason is, says a most judicious critic, that the art of instruction depends to a very secondary extent upon method. The fact is, the secret lies in sympathy with the pupil, a thorough mastery of the subject, delight in the art, and extreme patience. To these add the very necessary adjuncts of the professor being a thorough gentleman, in education, manners, and habits, and you have a being well able to sustain his position, his rank in intellectual feeling, with that of the clergyman, the lawyer, or the medical man. Why then should not the educated and sterling musician (ask Dr. Dearle) have his association as other bodies have? Of all professions, that of music seems to produce sympathies in each other the most cold and leaden; hence arises the feeling that the amount of knowledge is small, and associations narrow. The critics in art, generally, do little or nothing to promote it, but opinions *ex-cathedra* they volunteer in abundance. When an artist proclaims the low state of art, there is this to be said for his consistency—that his own words generally furnish apt and indisputable evidence of the fact. Frenchmen generally feel a national pride in upholding and defending the arts of their own country. Yet many are ready to prove that their school of art is the only right school that has flourished since the beginning of the world. Englishmen, who, it must be confessed know little about the matter, seldom talk of the merits, but of the demerits, of their artists. Such are the opinions of one who knew the world well. In the cause which Dr. Dearle advocates, let all rush to support a proposition so well calculated to raise the professors of art divine on a pedestal commensurate with its importance in the social world, and sympathetic influences over everything civilised and refined, no matter the variety of principles, of constitutions, educations, tempers, and distempers (as Jeremy Taylor says), hopes, interests, and weaknesses, degrees of light, and degrees of understanding; it is impossible all should be of one mind, but in the proposition expounded by Dr. Dearle there will not, I feel, be a difference of opinion as regards its importance and influence in favor of music and musicians. The pages of the *Musical World* will never be more gracefully devoted than on this subject, and with best wishes for its success, I am, faithfully yours,

WM. ASPLIN.

ORGANISATION.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

DEAR SIR,—I think it unfortunate that the rise of a sham Parish Organist, to obviate the exposure of the Gregorian transgradation, and its purpose, by means of a personal and slanderous attack upon another subject, should have succeeded so well in your paper. I think I know who is the contriver. I am told that he is a sharebroker; and that he is the organist at a District Church at the north end of Liverpool.

As this sham Parish Organist leaves us in ignorance of his parish church, attendance, and income, I will kindly supply him with some other particulars. A fellow traveller in Belgium became so much enamoured with the beauty of some of the churches there, and with the splendour of the music and forms of worship therein performed, that his continual dream was to buy a handsome crucifix. Upon one of his business visits to Liverpool, he went to assist at a Tractarian morning service, at the Church-in-the-fields; and when he again met me, he expressed himself much displeased—he said it was too bad.

Like myself, my friend dissects from the Christianity of Mediaevalism; but we agree in our high respect for the very excellent priesthood, and the people of that religion, because they act in it by the force of their earliest impressions. And, like myself, my friend dissects from the propriety of a retrogradation of the Scriptural Church of England into that mediævalism, because the to-be-respected priesthood and the people of that church have had the advantage to have their earliest impressions made directly by the Holy Scriptures. Habitually I entertain a high respect for the Clergy; and more especially for those of our national Church, who act consistently with the intentions of the English Reformation. As for the musical professors, I think they have generally been misled by the influence of a certain learned Doctor, who appears under a variety of signatures for the purpose, to work out the musical retrogradation.

With regard to the "rival in my profession upon whom I would vent my unmanly spleen," the District Organist has done me complete injustice. I have ever thought and spoken of him as a very highly accomplished organist. But I neither think or say any further, except as to the ignorance which made him prone towards Gregorianism. With respect to the eighty chorales (vulgarily, psalm and hymn tunes) which were being introduced, to the exclusion of the previously superior harmony which had been used for the church service, I felt it my duty to write that "they are intricate for the choir, and impracticable for the congregation; that, Dogberry says that to read and to write comes, by nature; that the harmonising has most certainly the same origin—for I can find no trace of A.B.C. in that which has come within the scope of my observation; and that the harmony in the manuscript, and about forty of the published chorales, which I have perused, may be most aptly compared to that in certain quadrilles and waltzes, in respect of the eccentricity in the choice of its chords, and of their frequently unauthorised composition."

Since I wrote the above, I was induced by a professor of classing, to plod through all the eighty chorales of the friend of the Parish Organist, in the course of which I had, literally, my pains for my labour. When the work was first published, a friend offered me a copy for inspection. I tried to do as my friend requested; but in the course of the first three bars, I exclaimed to myself, "This man is not a musician!" and I closed the book.

In one of Webber's glees we have—

A generous friendship no cold medium knows—

Burns with ONE love—with ONE affection glows.

One should our interest—ONE our passion be!

My friend should HATE the man that injures me."

The Parish Organist, being about the only musical friend of the author of the chorales, was, perhaps, right to endeavour to vindicate him. He has, however, been monstrously unfortunate in his endeavour. The hundredth psalm tune, which he has quoted, is simply and artfully harmonised. I doubt that the Parish Organist has ever played the chorales, or he would not have been so unfortunate as to place the hundredth psalm tune in juxtaposition with the same tune (No. 35) of the chorales. Nay, even the author himself has considered it so impracticable, that he turned it into another form in which "providence has so guided his unartful pen" as to leave it entirely dismal and unartistic—your's truly,

J. M. X.

DON JUAN IN THE THEATRE

Concluded from our last.

In 1669, another French version, written by the actor Dumenil (who as a poet called himself "Rosomon"), was produced at the Theatre du Marais, under the title of *Le Festin de Pierre*; or, *l'Athée Foudroyé*. Here two of Don Juan's comrades in wickedness die at the supper table, and afterwards appear to him as warning spirits. The younger Corneille, who wrote a fourth French version, followed closely on the steps of Molière, and may almost be called a versifier of his work.

The four French plays seem all to have been known to our countryman, Thomas Shadwell, who produced an English version called the *Libertine*, which was produced at Dorset Gardens in 1676. Here, in addition to his other delinquencies, Don John (as he is called) caused his own father to be murdered; and when he is carried away by devils, two friends who have accompanied him to the churchyard have already been swallowed up by the yawning earth. The last lines, in which the unrepenting Don John defies the statue, are somewhat bombastic, but are not without power:—

"These things I see with wonder, but no fear.

Were all the elements to be confounded,

And shuffled all into their former chaos;

Were seas of sulphur flaming round about me,

And all mankind roaring within those fires,

I could not fear, nor feel the least remorse;

To the last instant I would dare thy power."

Although Shadwell seems to have been the first English writer who made the story of Don Juan the subject of an entire play, the incident of the libertine inviting the statue to supper was known and used here some years before—viz., in a play by Sir Aston Cokain, called *Ovid's Tragedy*, and published in 1669. Here one of the characters invites a corpse to supper.

About fifty years after he had been "used up" in French, he wandered back into the Italian language, and Goldoni, the celebrated writer of comedies, made him the hero of a five-act play, which, remembering his name, he entitled *Don Giovanni Tenorio*; *osia, il Dissoluto Punito*. This play so far approaches the original one by Molina that we find again the three female personages. Nevertheless, as the incident of the "stone guest" is omitted, the whole story loses its significance. The Italians, who took up the subject after Goldoni, felt this deficiency, and restored the statue to its accustomed niche in the story.

Don Juan had now figured as a hero in regular drama, melo-drame, and Ballet, for an entertainment of the last-mentioned kind was produced about 1765, and is interesting from the fact that music was composed for it by the great musician Glück. He next found his way into opera, and a musical drama called *Il Convitato di Pietra*; *osia, Il Dissoluto*, was composed by Vincenzia Righini, then about seventeen years of age, in 1777. In the *libretto* of this opera, there are again three women, Donna Anna, Donna Isabella (answering to Mozart's Elvira), and the Fisher Girl. The libertine is supposed to be a Neapolitan.

Righini's opera was soon forgotten, and the next version was the *chef d'œuvre* of Mozart, the *libretto* for which was written by Lorenzo da Ponte. This version of the story is too present to our readers to render any description necessary. The great deviation from the story, as treated by previous hands, consists in the omission of the return visit paid by Don Juan to the statue, the catastrophe being brought about in the supper scene.

In this country, long after Shadwell's play was forgotten, and long before Mozart's opera was produced, this story kept its place on the stage, as a pantomime of action, entitled *Don Juan*; or, *the Libertine Destroyed*. The character of the libertine was a well-known part of the celebrated John Palmer, and the servant, called Scaramouch, was represented by the clown, Delpini. The production of Mozart's great work was followed by an innumerable multitude of burlesques, of which *Giovanni in London*, once identified with Madame Vestris, proved the most permanent. We flatter ourselves that the above is a pretty accurate account of the dramatic career of *El Burlador de Sevilla*.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

(From a private letter.)

MAYENCE, 18th August.

DEAR —,—Pleading guilty, before being accused, saves a world of words in self-defence, and puts the culprit, at the same time, under the shelter of the *pity* generally bestowed on a "knocked-down man." I thus plead guilty. I forgot the *Musical World*, and the promised musical chat from Germany, altogether; when, lo! behold, B— walked in to my virtuous and humble retreat at the — Hotel to-day, and, after the first jovial exchange of boisterous salutes, shook—"not his gory head"—but the last number of the *World* before my bewildered eyes, whereupon my conscience began to thump, like Jullien's big "monster drum," and I would fain have liked rather the torture of another performance of the *Tempesta* than

to have thus suddenly been reminded of my "breach of promise."

N.B.—If there was anything that acted as balm to my wounded feelings, it was the two-lined judgment at the commencement, "in re," Aspall v. Flowers.

I copy from the *Mayence Zeitung* the judgment in re Schlesinger:—"Nuremberg, 16 July.—To-day the late music-seller of Paris, Maurice Schlesinger, appeared before the jury, and was condemned to three months' imprisonment, and costs, for having, on the 7th of September, 1849 (at the Hôtel at Kösen), uttered sundry speeches, which are judged to be offensive to his Majesty (Majestätsbeleidigungen), in presence of some of the ladies of the Countess of Liegnitz. Liszt was amongst the witnesses." Not knowing your principles about music on Sundays, letters, &c., &c., I add from the same paper a judgment (from the same town) against a highly-respected citizen, for having uttered sacrilegious speeches (!), of six months' imprisonment.

I took B— to see the gigantic establishment of the music-seller, Sebott; and, to heighten his astonishment at the *little city*, which is formed by the houses—one for printing; another for engraving; ditto for lithographing; ditto, type foundry; papermaking; ditto, pianoforte, &c., &c.—I told him that, in Mayence, there are music lessons given for 6 kreutzers (2d.), and the highest price amounts only to 1 florin (1s. 8d.), and yet there is an establishment for the publication of music which, for size, outdoes anything of which we have an idea in England.

There is a new manager for the Mayence Theatre, who has deposited a large sum of money, to give credit to his enterprise. There is to be a good opera, besides the drama; and the clever conductor of the orchestra, "Music director Fischer," is a valuable acquisition to the former. Why does Macfarren not take a trip to Germany, and bring his operas out? I am convinced that he would have success *here*. I played his overture to *Don Quixote*, and what I could else recollect of the airs of the same opera, at a musical *soirée*, where all the "Kenners" were assembled, and the effect was such as to warrant the above assertion. He would find an excellent translator for the *librettos* in Mr. Gollmick, at Frankfurt, who translated also Balfe's operas. I hope Macfarren may be persuaded; his merit ought to gain European fame.

There is a new law in Prussia, which forbids actors and singers to appear under an assumed name; and a poor actress was fined the other day at Berlin for the said offence. Aloys Schmitt, the staunch upholder of the good old school, has been presented by the King of Bavaria with the order of St. Michael, "pour le mérite," and by the University with the diploma of Doctor of Music. In June last there was a performance, at the Court at Munich, of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*; all the performers were amateurs of high life. Prince Adalbert of Bavaria sang and performed the chief bass part in an admirable manner. Saphir, the celebrated wit and critic, has established, under high protection, a school for actors at Vienna. If acceptable to your readers, I will send you some more scraps hereafter. Yours, &c., X.

MR. HONEY, the clever actor of eccentric comedy and burlesque, who lately shared with Flexmore the honours of the Christmas pantomimes at the Princess's Theatre, has been engaged to supply the place of the late Mr. Munyard, at the Adelphi Theatre.

CARL ECKERT.—This eminent musician, who has passed the season in London, has gone to Brighton, in order to devote himself with more tranquillity to the composition of some new works. In less than a month he will proceed to Paris.

MUSIC IN HUMBLE LIFE.

From Dickens's "Household Words."

MUSIC—that is, classical music—has of late years been gradually descending from the higher to the humbler classes. The Muse is changing her associates; she is taking up with the humble and needy, and leaves nothing better to her aristocratic friends than their much-loved Italian Opera. It is to the masses that she awards some of her choicest scientific gifts. She has of late years permeated and softened the hard existence of the artisan and the labourer.

It was not always thus. There was an 'olden time' in England when Music was more assiduously cultivated among the higher and educated classes than it has been in more modern days. In the sixteenth century, knowledge of music, and skill in its performance, were deemed indispensable to persons of condition. Queen Elizabeth, among her other vanities, was proud of her musical powers, and not a little jealous of her unhappy rival, the Queen of Scots, on account of her proficiency in this accomplishment. The favourite vocal music of that day consisted of the madrigals of the great Italian and English masters—those wonderful works of art, which, like the productions of ancient Grecian sculpture, have baffled all attempts at modern imitation. Yet every well-educated lady or gentleman was expected to take a part in those profound and complicated harmonies; and at a social meeting to decline doing so, on the score of inability, was regarded as a proof of rudeness and low-breeding. In Morley's very curious book, the "*Introduction to Practical Music*," a gentleman is represented as seeking musical instruction in consequence of a mortification of this kind. "Supper being ended," says he, "and musick books, according to the custom, being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfeignedly that I could not, everie one began to wonder, yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up."

Music declined in England along with manners. In the middle of the last century, a period rivaling the days of Charles the Second in moral profligacy, Lord Chesterfield, who of course expressed the fashionable feeling of the time, advised his son to eschew the practice of music, as unbecoming a gentleman. This feeling, we need scarcely say, has long passed away; some of our most accomplished amateurs of both sexes being found in the highest circles of society.

Traces, however, of the ancient and extensive cultivation of music were never entirely obliterated; and, as might be expected, they existed, along with more primitive manners, in the more remote districts of the country. In some of the northern counties, particularly Lancashire and Yorkshire, the inhabitants have from time immemorial been remarkable for skill in vocal harmony, and for their knowledge of the old part-music of the English school. As these districts have gradually become the seats of manufactures, the same musical habits have been kept up among the growing population; and so salutary have these habits been found—so conducive to order, temperance, and industry—that many great manufacturers have encouraged them by furnishing to their workpeople the means of musical instruction.

The Messrs. Strutt, of Derby, trained some of their brawny workmen into a band, and many of them could step from the forge into the orchestra, and perform some of the most complicated pieces, by English and foreign composers, in a creditable style.

Another set of harmonious blacksmiths awaken the echoes

of the remotest Welsh mountains. The correspondent of a London paper, while visiting Merthyr, was exceedingly puzzled by hearing boys in the Cyfarfilla works whistling airs rarely heard except in the fashionable ball-room, opera-house, or drawing-room. He afterwards discovered that the proprietor of the works, Mr. Robert Crawshaw, had established among his men a brass band, which practices once a week throughout the year. They have the good fortune to be led by a man (one of the 'roll-turners') who must have had somewhere a superior musical education. 'I had the pleasure of hearing them play, and was astonished at their proficiency. They number sixteen instruments. I heard them perform the overtures to *Zampa*, *The Caliph of Bagdad*, and *Fra Diavolo*, *Viei tu*, some concerted music from *Roberto*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Lucia*, with a quantity of waltzes, polkas, and dance music. The bandmaster had them under excellent control; he everywhere took the time well, and the instruments preserved it, each taking up his lead with spirit and accuracy; in short, I have seldom heard a regimental band more perfect than this handful of workmen, located (far from any place where they might command the benefit of hearing other bands) in the mountains of Wales. The great body of men at these works are extremely proud of their musical performances, and like to boast of them. I have been told it cost Mr. Crawshaw great pains and expense to bring this band to its present excellent condition. If so, he now has his reward. Besides this, he has shewn what the intellectual capacity of the workman is equal to; and, above all, he has provided a rational and refined amusement for classes whose leisure time would otherwise probably have been less creditably spent than in learning or listening to music."

The habits and manners of these men appear to have been decidedly improved by these softening influences. They are peaceful and simple. "During a stay of several weeks in the town," says the same authority, "I neither saw nor heard of altercations or fighting. The man, on his return from labour, usually washes (the colliers and miners invariably wash every day from head to foot), puts on another coat, and sits down to his meal of potatoes, meat, and tea, or broth, and bread, and cheese, as the case may be. His wife and children, comfortably clothed and cheerful, sit down with him. Afterwards he goes to a neighbour's house, or receives some friends of his own, when they discuss the news and light gossip affecting their class, or talk over the success or difficulties attending their work and their prospects as regards the future. Visiting many of their houses at night, I saw numbers of such groups; in one instance only I saw them drinking beer, and that was at a kind of house-warming, one of the body having that night taken possession of the neatly furnished house where I found them assembled."

These are, indeed, only insulated good effects wrought by private individuals; but their beneficial efforts have led to and helped on the systematic cultivation of music as a branch of popular education, under the direct sanction and authority of the Government; and the labours of Mr. Hullab, who was chosen as the agent in this good work, have been attended with a degree of success far beyond anything that could have been anticipated.

Mr. Hullab had turned his attention to the subject of popular instruction in music, before the matter was taken up by the Government, and had examined the methods of tuition adopted in various parts of the Continent. An investigation of the system of Wilhelm, which had been formally sanctioned by the French Government, induced him to attempt its introduction, in a modified form, into this country; and he had an opportunity of doing so by being appointed to instruct in vocal

music the pupils of the training-school at Battersea, then recently opened under the direction of the National Society. In February 1840, he gave his first lesson to a class of about twenty boys, and from this small beginning sprang the great movement which speedily extended over the kingdom. The success of these lessons attracted the notice of the Committee of the Privy Council, who undertook the publication of the work containing the adaptation of the Wilhelm system to English use; and under the sanction of the Committee, three classes were opened in Exeter Hall for schoolmasters or teachers in elementary schools, each class limited to one hundred persons; and a fourth class, of the same number, for female teachers. These classes were opened in February and March, 1841. Their expenses were defrayed partly from small payments made by the pupils themselves, and partly by a subscription raised among a few distinguished friends of education. It is worthy of particular notice (as an erroneous impression has existed on the subject) that the Government has never contributed a shilling to the support of any of Mr. Hullah's classes; though the official countenance and encouragement of the Committee of Council certainly contributed much to Mr. Hullah's success.

Many applications for similar instructions having been made by persons not engaged in teaching, the elementary classes were thrown open to the public; and in the spring of 1841 these applications became so numerous, that it was found necessary to engage the Great Room at Exeter Hall and several of the smaller rooms.

These first courses of elementary lessons being ended, an Upper School was opened, in December, 1841, for the practice of choral music, to enable those pupils who might desire it to keep up and increase the knowledge they had acquired. This class was joined by about 250 persons.

The first great choral meeting of Mr. Hullah's classes were held in April, 1842. About 1500 persons sang, of whom the majority were adults, who, a year before, had possessed no knowledge of music. During the year following, 861 persons joined the elementary classes, and 1465 became members of the Upper Schools, which were increased in number from one to three.

Of these Upper Schools, Mr. Hullah himself says—

"They consist of persons of both sexes, of nearly all ages, and nearly all ranks; for I think it would be difficult to name a class or calling, of which they do not include some representative. We have clergymen, lawyers, doctors, tradesmen, clerks, mechanics, soldiers, and, of course, many schoolmasters and schoolmistresses. The large number of females, besides distinguishing us broadly from those musical societies called Social Harmonists and Glorious Apollos and the like—relies of an age when men were not at all times fit company for women—besides producing that courteous and scrupulous tone which female influence must produce wherever it has fair play, removes the only objection which can reasonably be made to this kind of social recreation, that it carries individuals away from their homes, and breaks up family circles; for our meetings include many a family circle entire—husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, parents and children; and these in many instances, taught by one another."

When the singing classes were opened in Exeter Hall, other classes were also opened, also under the sanction of the Committee of Council, for totally different objects; instruction in Model Drawing, Writing, Arithmetic, and Chemistry. The receipts from the singing classes, during 1841, 1842, and 1843, realised a net surplus above expenditure, of £1221; but nearly the whole of this sum was employed in meeting the

losses on the other classes, in every one of which there was a deficit. From the very heavy rent, too, demanded for Exeter Hall, it was thought advisable to quit that place, and transfer the singing classes to the Apollonion Rooms in St. Martin's Lane, till the plan then formed, for the erection of a building at once less expensive and better fitted for the accommodation of the classes than Exeter Hall, could be carried into effect.

This plan has been accomplished by the erection of the edifice in Long Acre, called St. Martin's Hall. The funds for this purpose were raised by the persevering exertions of Mr. Hullah, aided by liberal advances made by private individuals, subscriptions, and contributions of the pupils, in testimony of their sense of the advantage they derived from the schools, and the profits of a series of great Choral Concerts given, for several seasons, in Exeter Hall. The first stone of the building was laid by the Earl of Carlisle on the 26th of June, 1847; and the first public meeting in the Great Hall was held on the 11th of February last. The edifice, though rendered fit for present use, is not yet fully completed, in consequence of a portion of the ground forming its site being still under an unexpired lease. When finished, the great concert-hall will be 120 feet long, 65 wide, and 40 high; and will afford accommodation for three thousand persons. There are also a lecture-room, which can hold five hundred persons, three spacious class-rooms, and a large room intended as a library of music and musical literature.

At St. Martin's Hall there are now about 1400 persons in various stages of instruction; about 450 in the first upper school, about 250 in the second, and the remainder in the elementary classes. The pupils belong to every class and calling; the highest ranks of the aristocracy, the members of almost every trade and profession, the industrious mechanic and workman; and they all mingle in one common pursuit, without regard to station or degree, and with the utmost harmony of feeling. There is a due admixture of the softer sex; and the meetings of the classes are characterised by such uniform propriety and decorum, that the most scrupulous parents allow their children, without hesitation, to attend them.

There are several other places in the Metropolis where Mr. Hullah's system of teaching is in operation. He has been appointed Professor of Vocal Music in King's College, in which seminary music forms a regular part of the Theological Course; a knowledge of this art being regarded as so conducive to the usefulness of a clergyman, that its acquirement, to a certain extent, is rendered imperative on the students of divinity. At the Charterhouse, a succession of singing-classes has been maintained for these five or six years.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. PARK.—A correspondent inquires whether this eminent sculptor ever made busts of the Earl of Dundonald (the hero of the Basque Roads), and Sir Harry Smith (the hero of Alivah)?—Yes, in 1847. They are among the best works of Mr. Andrew Park. We believe they are not at present in Glasgow.

HATMASTERY.—Her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert and suite honoured this theatre on Wednesday evening to witness the *Willow Copse* performed by the Adelphi company. The pieces were acted, by special desire, in the following order:—*The Double-bedded Room*, the *Hippopotamus*, and the *Willow Copse* last.

SIGNOR LABACHE.—We understand that this great artist has just given a new proof of his loyalty to the director of Her Majesty's Theatre, by signing a fresh engagement with that gentleman for a term of three years.—Sun.

SCOTT.—With far less classical learning, fewer images derived from travelling, inferior information on many historical subjects, and a mind of less impassioned and æthereal cast, our own Sir Walter is for more deeply read in that book which is ever the same—the human heart. This is his unequalled excellence: there he stands without a rival since the days of Shakespeare. It is to this cause that his astonishing success has been owing. We feel in his characters that it is not romance, but real life which is represented. Every word that is said, especially in the Scotch novels, is nature itself. Homer, Cervantes, Shakespeare, and Scott, alone have penetrated the deep substratum of character, which, however disguised by the varieties of climate and government, is at bottom everywhere the same; and thence they have a responsive echo in every human heart. Every man who reads these admirable works, from the North Cape to Cape Horn, feels that what the characters they contain are made to say, is just what would have occurred to themselves, or what they have heard said by others as long as they lived. Nor is it only in the delineation of character, and the knowledge of human nature that the Scottish novelist, like his great predecessors, is but for them without a rival. Powerful in his pathetic, admirable in his dialogue, unmatched in description, his writings captivate the mind by the powerful interest they maintain. He has carried romance out of the region of imagination and sensibility into the walks of actual life.—*Mr. Alison's Essays.*

THEODORE HOOK.—I remember one day, at Sydenham, and Mr. Theodore Hook coming in unexpectedly to dinner, and amusing us very much with his talent at extempore verse. He was then a youth, tall, dark, and of a good person, with small eyes, and features more round than weak—a face that had character and humour, but no refinement. His extempore verses were really surprising. It is easy enough to extemporise in Italian—one only wonders how, in a language in which everything conspires to render verse-making easy, and it is difficult to avoid rhyming, this talent should be so much cried up; but in English it is another matter. I have known but one other person besides Hook who could extemporise in English, and he wasted the confidence to do it to public. Of course, I speak of rhyming. Extempore blank verse, with a little practice, could be found as easy in English as rhyming is in Italian. In Hook the faculty was very unequivocal. He could not have been aware of all the visitors, still less of the subject of conversation, when he came in, and he talked his full share till called upon; yet he ran his jokes and his verses upon us all in the easiest manner, saying something characteristic of everybody, or avoiding it with a pun; and he introduced so agreeably a piece of village scandal, upon which the party had been rallying Campbell, that the poet, though not unjealous of his dignity, was, perhaps, the most pleased of us all. Theodore afterwards sat down to the piano-forte, and, enlarging upon this subject, made an extempore parody of a modern opera, introducing sailors and their clap-traps, rustics, &c., and making the poet and his supposed flame the hero and the heroine. He parodied music as well as words, giving us the most received cadences and flourishes, and calling to mind (not without some hazard to his falsetto) the common-places of the pastoral songs and duets of the last half-century; so that if Mr. Dignum, the Damon of Vauxhall, had been present, he would have doubted whether to take it as an affront or a compliment. Campbell certainly took the theme of the parody as a compliment; for, having drunk a little more wine than usual that evening, and happening to wear a wig on account of having lost his hair by a fever, he suddenly took off the wig, and dashed it at the head of the performer, exclaiming, "Yoo dog! I'll throw my laurels at you!"—*Autobiography of Leigh Hunt.*

EXETER.—We do not remember that such a spectacle has ever been presented to an Exeter audience as that which is produced in the drama of the *Jesuits*, now performing at the theatre. Mr. J. R. Newcombe richly merits the thanks and patronage of our fellow citizens for the enterprize which he has displayed in producing this piece: upwards of 150 auxiliaries are employed to give effect to the processions, and the gorgeous dresses and brilliant armour remind one of the splendour of Drury Lane during the season when the *Bohemian Girl*, the *Daughter of St. Mark*, &c., drew such crowded houses. The other attractions are also very great, and these include the performance of an excellent ballet company from Manchester. The entertainment was announced for four

nights only; but we sincerely trust that the spirited gentleman who has been instrumental in affording us the treat may have weighty reasons for postponing his departure.—*Exeter Post.*

JERRY LIND.—The *Builder* states that the erection of the Jenny Lind Hall, in New York, is rapidly progressing, about 160 men being variously employed in connection with it. The building will be 150 feet long by 50 broad, and 90 feet in height, and will cost about 80,000 dollars.

LOLA MONTES AGAIN.—We find the following in the *Assemblée Nationale*, copied from the *Bulletin de Paris*:—"The tranquil quarter of the Villa Beaujon was on Sunday thrown into agitation by one of the most striking incidents. Madame Lola Montes had taken for fifteen years the magnificent hotel of M. Rosa. She caused it to be furnished with extraordinary splendour. Turkey carpets of great value ornamented all the apartments during the winter season. The most curious and rare furniture was bought of a tradesman, who, seduced by the reputation of the great fortune of the romantic adventurer, had had sufficient confidence to give credit for six months. On Sunday, the day on which a large sum fell due, the furniture-man presented himself, but Madame Lola begged him to call again at the end of the week, on account of the absence of her husband, who had forgotten to leave the money. During this time, Madame Lola made preparations for leaving, and caused vehicles to be sent for to remove her goods. The upholsterer, informed of this, hastened to the Villa Beaujon, and found himself in the midst of the confusion caused by the removal of the furniture. A great uproar took place, and the commissary of police and some of the other creditors, who had been apprised of what was going on, arrived. Among the creditors was Mons. Jacquemard, a celebrated painter, to whom a large sum was due for portraits of the lady. Surprised in the midst of her preparations for flight, the lady was not disconcerted for a single instant; she pretended that she was disposed to pay, that her husband had sent her the money for that purpose, but that she had lost the key of her cash-box. She begged the creditors to wait a moment whilst she went for a locksmith—but neither lady nor locksmith appeared. Madame Lola had entered a vehicle which was waiting for her in the Avenue de Chateaubriand, near the Barrière de l'Etoile, and had disappeared like a shadow, without saying when she would return."

LAMARTINE.—M. de Lamartine has commenced the publication of a new volume of *Confidences*, in the *feuilleton* of the *Presse*, the sale of which, it would appear, has not had the effect he hoped for—the enabling him to prevent his rapacious creditors from selling his family mansion and estate. "I read, I heard in silence," says he, "all the ill-natured interpretations which were given of the act of publishing my secret confidences. I replied not; what indeed could I say? You (M. de Girardin, editor of the *Presse*), you alone knew that these notes had long existed, lodged in my rosewood box, with ten volumes of notes by my mother; that they were intended to be removed; that I had positively rejected the first idea of publishing them; that I had refused a king's ransom for these sheets, which were without any real value; but that at last one day—a day with which I reproach myself—constrained to choose falsely between the necessity of alienating my poor *Charmettes*, which are as dear, and more holy, than those of my 'Confessions,' or of publishing those pages, I preferred to cause pain to myself to causing pain to good and old servants by selling their roofs and their vines to strangers. I received with one hand the price of the *Confidences*, and I gave it immediately to others to purchase time. That was all my crime, and I expiate it. Well, let the critics rejoice until their vengeance be satisfied! The sacrifice has done no good! It is in vain that I have given to the wind these leaves, torn from the book of my most pious souvenirs; the time which the price of them enabled me to purchase has not sufficed to conduct me to the threshold of the residence in which we regret no more! My *Charmettes* are about to be sold! Let my critics be content. I have the shame of having published these *Confidences*, and I have not the joy of having saved my garden. Strangers will go to efface from it the footprints of my mother. But God is God. He sometimes orders the wind to uproot the oak of one hundred years, and man to uproot his own heart. The oak and the heart are his; they must be given up to him; and with them, in addition, justice, glory, and praises!"

THE LATE MR. MONTAGU.—Poor Montagu having been applied to by the editor of a dramatic contemporary for some particulars of his life, returned the following straightforward and simple account of his artistic career:—"Sir,—I compliance with your request, I beg to state that I was born on the 18th November, 1816, within the city of London, and should have completed my seven years in the law, had I not run from it three months before the expiration thereof. Opened at the Worthing Theatre in 1836, under Mr. Hoskins (now of Sadler's Wells), in St. Clair, *Founding of the Forest*—while here played low comedy, light comedy, juvenile tragedy, and comic singing, which gained me an engagement for the Barnstable circuit, under Mr. Davis, now at Newcastle—great success as first low comedian and comic singer—benefits great, frequently playing without dropping the curtain or raising a scene, the stage being entirely occupied by the audience. Next joined Mr. Smith, Norwich circuit, opening at Ipswich in *Adam Waterton and Splash (Young Widow)*, with two comic songs between—no mistake about the success! Left for Exeter (Mr. Hay), and back to Barnstable, and thence to Theatre Royal Manchester, under Mr. Roxby, now of the Lyceum—great favourite—till theatre burnt. Next joined Mr. Hooper, Brighton, and here received the offer from Mr. Webster, which caused me to open at the Adelphi, on the 25th November, 1844, in *Jammy Starling—Wreck Ashore*. Having been in the provinces about eight years, and although I risked everything by running away, I have never been, from that day to this, one hour without an engagement at my command, and never lost a shilling by theatres not paying—always doubling my salary by benefits—such is luck! I should have answered you before, but am so much engaged at the theatre, that I have scarcely time to sleep. Yours, most obediently, JAMES HENRY MONTAGU. 26, Park Walk, New Brompton.

THE WORDSWORTH MEMORIAL.—The committee have published a list, already considerable, though by no means complete, of the subscribers to the proposed monument to William Wordsworth. We take this opportunity of recalling the subject to public attention, for although the subscription already amounts to 800l., there must be many who would still desire to gratify their admiration for the poet, and show their gratitude for his influence on English literature, by a contribution to the monument which is to record his name among the poets of England in Westminster Abbey.—*Times*.

JENNY LIND.—The "divine songstress," in company with Benedict and Vivier, started for Liverpool at 10 o'clock on Thursday morning. Jenny arrived at Ramsgate from Ostend on Sunday, after a very bad passage, and slept at Ramsgate on the evening of her arrival. On Tuesday and Wednesday she slept at the Euston Hotel, near the Birmingham Railway Station.

GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.—*Felix Parley* missed last week, in regard to the Gloucester Festival, which will commence on the 10th, and not the 17th, of September, and for which the following artists have been engaged—Messdames Sonntag and Castellan; Misses Lucombe, M. Williams, and Dolly; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lockett, Lawler, H. Phillips, and Her. Formes. Leader, Mr. Blagrove. Conductor, Mr. Amott, organist of the cathedral. The festival was at first fixed to commence on the 17th, but when it was recollected that it would be Ember-week, it was changed to the 10th.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Farewell Concert of our townsman, Mr. W. C. Gough, who has been honoured with an appointment at Canterbury Cathedral, took place on Friday evening last, and was certainly the most brilliant of the season. The spirited *beneficiaire* provided a rich treat for the lovers of music, and an overflowing audience rewarded his exertions. The principal artists were:—Miss Lucombe, Miss A. Hill, Miss Collins, Sims Reeves, and Formes, who made his *début* here on the occasion, and electrified the audience with his powerful voice and magnificent singing. The great basso was most enthusiastically received, and encored in several pieces. He gave "The Wanderer," "In diesen heiligen Hallen," "Non pio andrai," and Weber's "Hochzeit's Ring," in first-rate style. Miss Lucombe sang Beethoven's "Ah Perfidie" charmingly, as also "Within a mile of Edinbro' (encored), and a MS. ballad, entitled "The Widow's Lullaby," by Mr. J. A. Baker. Sims Reeves was in fine voice, and, as usual, in high favour with the audience. This was his second appearance here within three weeks. He sang "In native worth," as Reeves alone can sing it.

With Miss Lucombe he sang the duo, "Sulla Tomba," which was a capital piece of vocalisation, and instantly redemanded by the delighted audience. This was the gem of the evening. The trio, "This magic-wore scarf," sung by Miss Lucombe, Sims Reeves, and Formes, was finely interpreted, and highly appreciated. Miss Amelia Hill, a pupil of Negrè's, has a voice of great purity. She sang Coppola's "Ah! no la rosa" and Feita's "My beloved one's fairy-like form," with great taste. The former was encored. Miss Collins, a contralto, from London, was received very favourably. Mr. Richard Blagrove delighted the audience with two of his popular concertina solos. Mr. Gough's voice told well in his favourite song "The Standard Bearer," and in the concerted music, in which Mr. Baker and Mr. Punsall (resident artistes) took part. Our townsman, Mr. J. A. Baker, officiated as conductor and so company. Although the concert was necessarily of great length most of the audience remained till the last note of the National Anthem (sung by all the principal artistes) was concluded.—(From a correspondent.)

JENNY LIND.—*Liverpool, Tuesday.*—As the readers of *The Times* will be aware, Mademoiselle Lind is to give two concerts in this town previous to her departure for America. The first takes place at the Philharmonic Hall, on Friday evening, and the second on Monday. On the following Wednesday the "Nightingale" will set forth on her Transatlantic trip, on board the new American steam-ship *Atlantic*, and many travellers have secured berths in order to accompany the popular songstress across the ocean. She is expected to arrive in this town from London by the express train on Thursday, and she will attend the rehearsal the same evening. Mr. Benedict, who was with Mademoiselle Lind at Baden, writing to the committee of the Philharmonic Society, says that he never heard her sing better than she did at the concert given in that town, for the benefit of M. Vivier, the celebrated horn player, on Tuesday last week. The enthusiasm was boundless, and the receipts 600l. The whole of the tickets for the Liverpool concerts have now been disposed of, and are selling at a premium. The speculators are in many cases realizing a profit of 50 per cent. It is estimated that there will be about 3600 persons present each evening, and many distinguished persons from a distance are expected.—*Times*.

CLAIMS OF THE BRITISH CHORUS.—*To Mr. Pencil.*—Considering, Sir, you frequently oblige the world with songs, we make bold to implore you to give us a little employment occasionally. At present we are in a state of destitution for want of an engagement. We have seen better days, and in good old English times were continually in requisition as Chorus. But now, we are sorry to say, we are entirely superseded by our foreign rivals, Tra La Lira La. We submit that they have no advantage of us whatever, either in respect of sound or sense, and are, Sir, your obedient humble Servants, TOTter ROX LOLL.—(From Pencil.)

JENNY LIND'S BROTHER.—John Lind, mariner, of Stockholm, son of Hans Lind, schoolmaster, and brother of Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," was married last week, in the register-office of this town, to Miss Mary Geo, of Pillgrenly. John had not seen his sister for many years, until he accidentally met with her the other day in Liverpool, on her professional visit to that place. Jenny presented him with a handful of pocket-money, but John, like his other two brothers, is able and willing to work for his bread, and if his sister were to offer him an annuity to exempt him from labour he would not accept of it. He spoke in the most affectionate terms of his sister, stating that she had supported her father and mother since she was 16 years of age.—*Brigwater Times*.

It is rumoured that Miss Harriet Reeves, a sister of our renowned English tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves, is about to make her *début* as a vocalist. Report also speaks favourably of her voice and talent. See.

EXETER HALL.—Great alterations are to be made in Exeter Hall, in order to render it better calculated for musical performances. The organ is to be thrown back, and all the pillars removed; also the roof to be arched, &c.—[We have already spoken of these alterations, in our notice of the last performance of the Sacred Harmonic Society.—Ed.]

SPANISH PICTURES.—A large number of easels of paintings have arrived in one of the docks by a vessel from Seville, consigned to an eminent metropolitan house.

ALFRED TENNYSON IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.—The interest of the lake district, lessened by the decease of the Poet Laureate, will be repaired by the genuine son of song, Tennyson, who is about to become a resident in that poetic region. That lodge, the residence of the late lamented Miss Smith, is now in course of preparation for the reception of the poet and his lady.—*Lancaster Guardian*.

THE RUDDLAN ROYAL EISTADDOD.—It is reported that there never have been so many compositions sent in for adjudication as to this Eisteddfod; many are most voluminous. The selected judges of the bardic compositions are the following gentlemen:—William Jones, Esq. (Gwrgant), London; Rev. John Jones (Tegid), Nevers; Ellis Owen, Esq., Cefnymeusydd, Carnarvonshire; Mr. Hugh Jones (Eryll), Chester; and the Rev. Evan Evans (Ieuan Glyn Geirionydd), are said to have declined to have anything to do with the chair prize, but had no objection to serve on the jury of the other bardic works. It is also reported that the Rev. William Rees, of Liverpool, would not consent to take any participation in this unenviable post. The selection, however, is highly creditable to the committee, and likely to give general satisfaction.—*Liverpool Advertiser*.

MISS ANDREWS, daughter of Mr. R. Andrews, professor of music at Manchester, is engaged to accompany the Jenny Lind party through the United States. Mr. Richard Hoffman Andrews, son of the same gentleman, will also join them in the course of the tour.—(From a correspondent.)

THE WORDSWORTH MEMORIAL.—The subscription towards a monument to record Wordsworth's name among the poets of England in Westminster Abbey, already amounts to 800*l*.

CHARLES KAWORTHY, a Manchester poet, died on the 31st ult., in the 77th year of his age.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. BEXLEY.—With many thanks we are obliged to decline the extract, but shall be happy of any original communications on the subject.

Several communications arrived too late for insertion. Correspondents are informed that for the future we shall go to press on Friday afternoon.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



TWO FAREWELL NIGHTS.

It is respectfully announced that the
FAREWELL AND CONCLUDING NIGHTS
OF THE SEASON

Will be given on **THURSDAY NEXT, August 22, and on**
SATURDAY, August 24, 1850.

BEETHOVEN'S TENA CON VARIAZIONI. Adapted and arranged for the celebrated "Septuor," and now published, for the first time in England, as a Solo for the Pianoforte. Arranged by R. ANDREW. London, R. ADDISON & Co.

PRIZE GLEE.—SECOND NOTICE.

THE GENTLEMEN of the HUDDERSFIELD GLEE CLUB hereby offer a **PREMIUM of TEN GUINEAS** for the best Original **SERIOUS GLEE** for **FOUR VOICES**, to be sent in, addressed "To the Huddersfield Glee Club, George Hotel, Huddersfield," on or before the 31st of August next.

Each Composition is to be distinguished by a Motto, and accompanied by a sealed Letter (containing the real name and address of the Composer), inclosed with a corresponding Motto.

The Manuscripts will be retained by the Club, but the Copyright will not be interfered with. The name of the successful Candidate will be announced immediately after the decision.

Huddersfield.

JOHN FREEMAN, President.
C. W. BROCK, Vice-President.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

LAST WEEK OF THE SEASON.

ON **TUESDAY NEXT, AUGUST 20th**,
The performance will commence with **ROSSINI'S Opera Seria**,

O T E L L O.

Desdemona	Madame GRISI.
Emilia	Mademoiselle COTTI.
Otello	Signor TAMBERLIX.
Rodrigo	Signor MARALTI.
Iago	Signor RONCONI.
Elmiro	Mons. ZELGER.
Dogo	Signor POLONINI.

To conclude with the First Act of **ROSSINI'S Opera Bufla**,
IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.
Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, **Mr. COSTA.**

FIRST NIGHT OF L'ELISIR D'AMORE.

THURSDAY NEXT, August 22nd,
A SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT.

The Directors have the honour to announce that, in compliance with the wish of many of the Subscribers, who are about to leave town, **NEXT THURSDAY, August 22nd**, will be given as a **SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT**, instead of Tuesday, August 27th. All licenses and tickets for the 27th will, therefore, be available on the 22nd. On this occasion, the First Act of Bellini's Opera, **NORMA**, will be performed; and, also, Donizetti's Opera Bufla,

L'ELISIR D'AMOUR,

(for the First Time these Three Years), with the following powerful Cast:—

Adina	Madame VIARDOT.
(Her First Appearance in that Character in England.)	
Giannetto	Mademoiselle COTTI.
Nemorino	Signor MARIO.
Belcore	Signor TAMBERLIX.
	AND
Dulcamara	Signor RONCONI
(His First Appearance in that Character in England.)	

The Entertainments will commence with the First Act of

NORMA.

Characters by

Madame GRISI,	
Mademoiselle VERA,	Mademoiselle COTTI,
Signor SOLDI,	Herr FORMER,
	AND
Signor TAMBERLIX.	

Doors open at Half-past Seven; commence at Eight o'clock.

N.B.—All Persons having Claims on the Royal Italian Opera, are requested to send in their Accounts immediately, and to apply on Saturday next, at Two o'clock, for payment.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by **WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON**, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in the County of Middlesex, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Parkes, Dean Street, Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, August 17th, 1850.

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1850.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE.
STAMPED FOURPENCE.

JENNY LIND AT LIVERPOOL.

(From a Special Reporter.)

JENNY LIND has taken her farewell for a time of England and of Europe. How long it may be ere we listen again to those silvery tones that have so often held vast crowds spell-bound in our concert-rooms and theatres it is impossible to say. Jenny Lind's engagement with Mr. Barnum is for one hundred and fifty concerts certain, and how far that may be afterwards extended remains to be seen. That her success with the Americans will be as great as with the Europeans we have not the slightest doubt. In all likelihood, Mr. Barnum will prevail upon her to remain for a longer period than he at first anticipated. We fear, therefore, that we must make up our minds to her absence for considerably more than a year—which, as her real well-wishers, great as will be the deprivation to her many and enthusiastic admirers in this country, we have no right to regret.

The whole press of London, and we may almost say of the Country has been filled, during last week, with accounts of Jenny Lind's last farewell to England, which was made at Liverpool, where she sang at two concerts of the Philharmonic Society. As we were present at the meeting, we are able to testify that, extravagant as the reports may appear, they in no way exceed the actual truth. We printed an account from a correspondent of the concert given by Vivier at Baden Baden, at which Madlle. Lind sang with her accustomed success; and it is known that she arrived in England shortly after, that she stayed but a few hours in London, and thence proceeded to Liverpool. As we shall elsewhere publish ample extracts from the local papers relative to the sensation caused by Jenny Lind's presence at Liverpool, and all the subordinate incidents, we may confine the present article to a notice of the two concerts at the Philharmonic Hall, which took place on the 16th and 19th instants, and must assuredly rank as the most memorable ever given in Liverpool. The first concert, on Friday evening, the 16th, was miscellaneous. The engagement of the accomplished Mr. Benedict (who has accompanied Madlle. Lind to America), as director of the whole arrangements, was a guarantee that the selection would be worthy of the occasion, and the following programme is enough to show that Mr. Benedict was as good as his name—

PART I.

Overture, <i>Die Zauberflöte</i>	Mozart.
Duet, "Bella Immago" Miss Williams and Sig. Belletti	Rossini.
Aria, Madlle. Lind, "Qui la voce"	Belini.
Barcarole, "Sulla poppa" Sig. Belletti	Ricci.
Duet, "Il Turco," Madlle. Lind and Signor Belletti	Rossini.
Solo, horn, "Andante," M. Vivier, with orchestral accompaniments	Vivier.
Cavatine, "Und ob die Wölke," Madlle. Lind	Wagner.

PART II.

Overture, <i>Jesumna</i>	Spohr.
Duet, "I would that my love," Miss Williams and Miss Andrews	Mendelssohn.

Ballad, "Take this lute," Madlle. Lind	Benedict.
Solo, horn, "La Chasse," M. Vivier	Vivier.
Part Song, "Sweet, lovely, chaante"—full chorus	Benedict.
"La Danza," Sig. Belletti	Rossini.
Aria, "Non paventare," Madlle. Lind	Mozart.
Ballad, Miss M. Williams, "I've sat in gilded palaces,"	T. Williams.
Madrigal, "Now 'tis the month of maying"	Morley, 1595.
Swedish Melodist, Madlle. Lind	
Wedding March, <i>A Midsummer Night's Dream</i>	Mendelssohn.

There was an audience which, with the members of the orchestra, fell little short of 3000, and the reception accorded to Jenny Lind, as she appeared upon the platform to sing "Qui la voce," surpassed everything in our remembrance. The whole audience stood up, as to pay homage to a queen, and one universal cheer rent the walls of the building. The sight at this moment was one of the most brilliant imaginable. We gave, last year, an elaborate description of the New Philharmonic Hall, one of the finest and most commodious in Europe; and we spoke of the peculiar method of lighting, by innumerable small jets of gas all round the roof, which produces such an equal diffusion of light, and is so much brighter than the method adopted in other music-halls and theatres. We need not, therefore, return to these subjects. The beauty of the appearance of the hall enhanced the excitement, and when the audience rose to welcome Jenny Lind, and gave full vent to their enthusiasm, the *coup d'œil* was really magnificent.

Every one remarked that Jenny Lind was looking much stouter and better in health than last year. She was dressed with the greatest simplicity. The pleasurable excitement raised by the warmth of her reception lent additional animation to her intelligent features, and she was really beautiful. Jenny Lind, by some common-place persons, whose notions of beauty are resolved into a shabby face, small, regular features, and pink cheeks, has been called plain. Be it so; but if Jenny Lind be plain we should like to know who is handsome. Jenny Lind, if you please, is not a symmetrical beauty; but, if intelligence and a most pleasing expression be not the chief ingredients of good looks, we will give up all opinion in the matter of female loveliness, of which we have hitherto esteemed ourselves pretty tolerable judges. We are no great admirers of Mr. Warman's pencil sketches, nor do we care for the faces we see in albums, and "books of beauty," as they are called; but we adore the women of Raphael, Correggio, and Titian—of Raphael especially—and we wager five pounds, with any body, that Raphael would have found Jenny Lind beautiful—although Titian, who was less ethereal in his taste, might not. But unfortunately there is no means of deciding the wager.

Our business at present, however, is not with Jenny Lind's face, but with her voice. About that, we believe, there cannot be two opinions.

After the first bars of the slow movement, which were claimed with a tremulousness resulting from evident emotion, Jenny Lind gave vent to her full powers, and the remainder

was sung with the utmost strength and purity. A cadence, introduced at the end appeared, to us one of the newest and most graceful we had heard for a long time, and the perfect manner in which it was executed brought down a storm of applause from the audience. The quick movement (or *cabaletta*) was more astonishing, and the higher notes rang through the hall like the piercing tones of a skylark; nevertheless, we preferred the *adagio*, though by no means insensible to the great merits of the other. The end of the *castrata* was followed by the loudest plaudits, and Jenny Lind was compelled to return to the orchestra, and salute the audience—which she did in such a winning manner that everybody in the room was enchanted—"the ladies especially, and the gentlemen still more so," as Paddy said.

The duet with Sig. Belletti, a very able singer, with a fine bass voice, was equally successful. In the quick movement Jenny Lind threw so much fire and spirit that it stirred up the hearts of those who had seen her on the stage, with memories cheerful and sad,—cheerful, because it told of things so delightful to remember; sad, because it recalled what was not likely to come again. Sig. Belletti sang admirably, and kept up the spirit of the duet. He accompanies Jenny Lind to America, as we stated recently. The duet was succeeded by another peal of applause, another recall, and another sweet salute.

We need not go into long details about the other pieces executed by Jenny Lind. Let it suffice that each was better received than its immediate predecessor, and that by the time the Swedish melodies had arrived at their turn, the enthusiasm had surpassed all bounds. The beautiful *aria* of Weber was sung to perfection, and even the false intonation of the violoncellos and some of the wind instruments could not spoil its effect. Benedict's ballad, a very graceful composition, was encored with rapture, and repeated. The immensely difficult *air* of Mozart was treated in the same manner. The audience would hear of no denial, and Mdle. Lind was compelled to sing the last movement again, which she did with amazing spirit. As for the Swedish melodies, we shall not trust ourselves to a description of the effect they produced. Frenzy would be too mild a term to apply to the demeanour of the public. The first melody was the "Shepherd's song," in which occurs the interval of the sharp seventh, illustrating the cry that summons the flocks together. The second was a Swedish love-song. The first was merry, the second wild and plaintive. Both were beautiful, and executed with graphic spirit. Mdle. Lind, who must have been fatigued with singing no less than nine times in succession, would fain have only given one of the Swedish songs. But the audience were of another mind, and called her back in a hurricane of applause. She was obliged to sing a second, or the tempest would never have subsided. She then took her departure, amidst such noisy demonstrations, that the opening of Mendelssohn's splendid march, with all its brazen chords, was completely smothered in the uproar. We never heard or saw anything like it. The audience were "dft."

Mademoiselle Lind accompanied herself on the piano in the melodies, and was accompanied by Benedict in the ballad, the English words of which, by the way, were pronounced with the utmost distinctness by the admirable songstress.

We can only give a few words to the remainder of the concert. Belletti, who sang in his very best style, obtained an encore in Rossini's delicious *tarantella* song, in which he was accompanied by Benedict in the most finished and masterly manner, the true *serse* of the Neapolitan dance being vigorously sustained both by singer and pianist. An encore was also

allotted to Miss Williams, who made her brother's pretty ballad still prettier by the prettiest singing imaginable.

Benedict's part song is a very original and beautiful composition, voiced with great skill, full of genuine melody, and infused with the spirit of the old madrigal composers. The chorus sang it exceedingly well, and it was loudly encored. Never was compliment more richly merited. The other vocal pieces were well rendered, especially Morley's quaint madrigal.

Vivier's performances call for a notice apart. Never did the ingenious cornist achieve a greater triumph. His first piece—the *andante* in E minor, which he introduced with such success at Benedict's concert in the summer—was greatly admired by the connoisseurs. In this *morceau* Vivier has shown a remarkable talent for composition, which was thoroughly appreciated at Liverpool. He played it to perfection. But what shall we say of *La Chasse*, in which two hunting-parties, lost in a wood, and seeking each other, are described upon one horn! Everybody has heard and been astonished by the harmonic effects which Vivier produces on the horn, but in *La Chasse* he has, for the first time, made them amenable to the laws and form of a regular composition. How much more acceptable, and how much more effective, they are, thus aiding a musical purpose, it is hardly necessary for us to say. The composition itself is full of character and hustle, and the music strongly suggests the intended scene to the mind of the hearer. Vivier's performance was astonishing. He produced the greatest variety of effect by unexpected modulations and the contrasts of *forte* and *piano*. His modulations did not interfere with his harmonies, of two, three, and even four notes,—which appear to be equally at his command in every key,—but were distributed with as much facility as judgment. He was listened to with marked attention throughout, and unanimously encored. He was admirably accompanied on the pianoforte by Benedict. This was certainly the greatest success ever achieved by Vivier, and it was the more noticeable, since, by the pure force of genius, he suspended, during the period of each of his performances, the marked impatience of the audience between the intervals of Jenny Lind's appearance.

The band was conducted in first-rate style by Benedict, and led by Mr. E. W. Thomas, who is a valuable acquisition to the Philharmonic Society. It is, nevertheless, a great pity that the wind instruments are not better in tune, and the stringed instruments (more particularly the basses) stronger and more numerous. Such a band is unworthy of a great musical society.

The attendance on Monday night, at the Philharmonic Hall, was, if possible, more crowded than at the miscellaneous concert. Independent of the never-failing attraction of *The Messiah*, the allotment of all the principal *soprano* recitatives and *airs* to Mdle. Jenny Lind, who was to sing them for the first time in England and in English, acted as a powerful stimulus to public curiosity. On taking her place in the orchestra, previous to the commencement of the overture, the popular songstress was honoured with the usual enthusiastic demonstrations. Although there were no less than nine pieces before the first *soprano* *air*, the audience listened to the performance with marked attention, encored the chorus, "For unto us a child is born," and evinced no visible signs of impatience. But, as Mdle. Lind remained the whole time at her place in the orchestra, those who went rather to look at the singer than to listen to Handel's music, were amply satisfied. As soon, however, as the "pastoral symphony," in soothing strains, announced the shepherds and their flocks, there was a general movement in the hall, which quickly

subsided into undisturbed silence, as the enchantress who had summoned together the multitude, now listening, as with one ear, to catch the first tones of her voice, stood up to declaim the recitative, "There were shepherds abiding in the field."

We never before heard the airs in the *Messiah* sung with so much power, simplicity, and earnestness. The "Rejoice greatly" was a splendid vocal effort—the real sacred *bravura*, if the junction of such terms be allowable. There was nothing small or unduly elaborate. It was a fine gust of melody, worthy of the text. "He shall feed his flock" was equally beautiful, in an opposite style. It was purity itself. Not a cadence or an ornament was interpolated, except the shake at the conclusion, which was consistent with Handel's intention, and was finished with marvellous skill. This was encored. "How beautiful are the feet" was nearly spoiled by the flautist, an amateur. Its beauty and tenderness, however, could not be wholly concealed. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was perfect. We never heard this fine religious melody executed with such fervid aspiration, such full and well sustained tone, such brightness in the upper notes, and such general roundness of phrasing. This, too, was encored. The last song, "God be with us," which ordinarily goes for nothing, became a new and admirable feature in the hands of Jenny Lind. In short, her first essay in the *Messiah* proved her greatest artistic triumph, and showed her capability to sing the highest style of music, where the mind and the vocalist's art are equally taxed, in such a manner as to satisfy the severest taste no less than to intoxicate the ear of the crowd. We never thought so much of Jenny Lind as on this occasion, and never more heartily shared in the general enthusiasm.

The general performance of the oratorio was highly creditable. The choruses were, for the most part, admirably executed. Signor Belletti sang the principal bass airs in many respects better than we have heard them executed by any other vocalist. In those passages, especially, where rapid articulation and a command of the florid style are in request, he was all that could be desired. His "Why do the nations" was a highly effective piece of vocalisation; the triplet passages were uttered with faultless accuracy, and the force and energy necessary to convey the proper spirit of this grand song were never wanting. Signor Belletti pronounced the English words so plainly that at times it was difficult to believe a foreigner was singing. His recitatives were declaimed with great point and emphasis. His reception was most flattering, and we trust will be influential in urging him to pursue his studies in this great school of vocal music. Signor Belletti is a better musician than the majority of singers, which was an important element in his success on this trying occasion. Miss Williams sang the *contralto* music with her accustomed ability, and was greatly applauded in "He was despised," her reading of which is exceedingly good. Mr. Benson was the tenor, and Miss Andrews the second *soprano*. The band was by no means what could have been desired, although the gentleman who played the trumpet—Mr. Elwood, from Manchester—highly distinguished himself in the very elaborate *obligato* accompaniment to "The trumpet shall sound," which Signor Belletti sang with great spirit. Mr. Benedict conducted the oratorio in a masterly manner.

At the conclusion of the *Messiah* there was a general call for the National Anthem, which was of course complied with. Miss Jenny Lind sang two of the verses with a power and enthusiasm that carried everything before her. To describe what followed is impossible. The whole audience rose; hats and sticks and handkerchiefs agitated the air in all directions,

and the hall rang with reiterated cheers that made the walls vibrate again. Showers of bouquets from the galleries, the stalls, and in short from all corners of the building, were rained upon the platform—some falling at the feet of the "Swedish Nightingale," some upon her head and shoulders, others among the chorus and instrumentalists, until it was almost impossible to walk from the orchestra into the retiring room. The whole scene was nothing short of preposterous; but it appeared perfectly genuine and spontaneous, nevertheless. A loud cheer was raised for Mr. Benedict as he aided Miss Lind to wade through the garden of bouquets and wreaths.

Between the parts of the oratorio an address was delivered to Miss Lind, on the part of the Philharmonic committee, of which the following is a copy:—

"TO MADAMEISELLE JENNY LIND.

"The committee of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society cannot allow Miss Lind to take her, they trust, temporary departure from a country where her talents have excited so enthusiastic a sensation, and the kindness of her heart has left so deep an impression, without assuring her of their best wishes for her health and prosperity during her sojourn in a distant land. Disappointed as they were that circumstances deprived them of her powerful assistance at the opening of the hall, they feel much gratified that it has at length been graced by her presence, and they cannot but think that it will be an agreeable reminiscence to Miss Lind, while floating on the Atlantic, to reflect that her last notes in Europe vibrated in a hall admitted to be as yet unequalled in its beauty, its capacity for sound, and the excellence of its general arrangements; and that her last exertions have been in behalf of a society unique in its composition and disinterested in its objects—a society composed solely of lovers of music, who have incurred much pecuniary sacrifice and considerable future responsibility without the least idea of profit, but with the sole desire of promoting their favourite science and cultivating the highest class of musical composition.

"The committee, with their best thanks to Miss Lind for her kindness on the present occasion, beg to assure her that they feel the warmest interest in her progress in America, which they are certain will be as triumphant as it has been in every country she has as yet visited; and they take their leave of her with the hope that, as they have had the pain of her departure, so she will give them the pleasure of being the first to welcome her return to England—a country where she is so highly honoured and esteemed.

"JOHN HAYWARD TURNER, Chairman.

"JOHN B. BRANCKER, Vice-Chairman.

"W. M. SODLOW, Hon. Sec.

"Liverpool, August 19, 1850."

This address was read by Mr. J. H. Turner, to whom Miss Lind made a brief and appropriate reply, much more distinguished by modesty, by the way, than the address itself, in which the committee pay themselves, their hall, and their society such high sounding compliments, which, if from other mouths than theirs might be deserved, should have been left to other mouths to utter.

At the head of the address, which was written on vellum, were the arms of Liverpool, and at the side the arms of Sweden, richly emblazoned. A handsome gold snuff-box, with a complimentary inscription, was also presented to Mr. Benedict. On leaving the hall the crowd was so dense that it was almost impossible for the carriages to move, and the excitement was further increased by a pelting shower of rain, which drenched the persevering mob to their heart's content, but, in another respect, was eminently serviceable—a natural supply of water aiding the artificial efforts of the firemen to extinguish a fire that was blazing, not far off, with prodigious fierceness. This fire was the second that had happened since Jenny Lind's arrival in Liverpool.

JENNY LIND AT LIVERPOOL.

As an appendix to the article of our special reporter, it may not be out of place to introduce a few extracts from the local papers, which will afford our readers some notion of the extraordinary excitement caused by Jenny Lind's short stay at Liverpool, on her way to the United States.

It would appear from several accounts that, previous to singing in the *Messiah*, Jenny Lind thought it advisable to consult one of our oldest and most experienced musicians. The *Liverpool Mercury* gives the following statement:—

"The veteran musical conductor, Sir George Smart, is acknowledged to be the best living depository of the traditional style of executing Handel's music. The singer who is ambitious of making a public appearance at sacred concerts, frequently seeks his instruction; but oftentimes his assistance is required by the greatest singers of the day, and it is the fact that Jenny Lind and Sontag have both resorted to him for the benefit of his experience and advice. On Tuesday last the Swedish Nightingale paid the professor a visit at his residence at Adlestone, and was engaged three whole hours in going over the sacred music she was to sing at the Liverpool Festival. Such was the power of voice, and the energy of her practice, that she was heard at a considerable distance by some ladies, who, attracted by the beauty of the voice, and without being aware of the visit of its celebrated owner, hovered round the house and enjoyed a gratuitous concert of a delightful kind. The next day the fair cantatrice started for Liverpool to fulfil her engagement, and then to pay a visit to Brother Jonathan."

This is by no means the first instance Jenny Lind has given of modesty and good taste combined. Her application to Sir George Smart reflects equal credit on that able professor and herself.

Besides endless chit chat and anecdotes relating to the "Swedish Nightingale," the *Liverpool papers* went so far as even to dedicate leading articles to her. The following appeared among the political leaders of the *Liverpool Courier*:—

"To some of our readers it may seem strange that we should choose such a subject as Jenny Lind for an article in a portion of our paper, which is, by custom, devoted to the discussion of politics, or social questions, or local grievances, or, at all events, to polemics of some sort or other. But we are not altogether without precedents for such proceedings. We remember that when Jenny Lind first approached the shores of England, her advent was heralded by a long and most eloquently-written leading article in one of the first metropolitan daily journals; and the example was speedily followed by many others."

In truth, however, we demand no precedent. The mere fact that Jenny Lind, in performance of a promise made with a view to benefit an institution which certainly confers honour on Liverpool, should have arrested her flight to America for the purpose of singing here, when she had refused the most flattering offers and the warmest appeals to her feelings to exhibit her talents on a larger, if not on a more important field, is alone enough to call for some notice more special and marked than that which we give in a special report elsewhere, with a critical notice of the musical performances, written purposely for our columns.

But Jenny Lind has claims of her own, peculiar to herself, which entitle her to be distinguished from even the most talented and respectable of her artistic contemporaries. There can be no doubt that music is one of the most important agents of human civilisation. Men who are deaf to all other appeals may be touched by its power; and the romance of history is full of instances of sanguinary tyrants, and even of monarchical monarchs, who could be restrained and subdued by its spells.

Of late years, music has been much employed in this country, as an assistant in the education of children, and even of the youth of both sexes. In the northern counties, and in Cornwall and Devonshire, music, chiefly of a sacred character, is cultivated as a matter

of course; and many an enterprising manager, searching for a new "star," would be astonished to find power of voice and purity of style in those remote regions for which, in the west and blast south, he searches in vain. The investigating commissioner of the *Morning Chronicle*, in his recent researches in Wales, found that music, and that too of no common order, was practised among the miners. Every great town has its Choral Society; every village its little band of humble chorists, attesting, by the patient earnestness of their labours, that a devotion to music as an art is by no means so great an impossibility with the English as the sneering foreigner assumes. If we want a larger example, let us point to the singing classes and grand choral performances under the care and guidance of Mr. Hullah—performances which have gained a world-wide fame, and which are patronised by the dignitaries of the church, because of the practical good they are known to work.

"Now, by no person has the influence of music been more signally exemplified than by Jenny Lind. In her own personal character it affords a most noble proof of what may be done by the constant contemplation of its attractive and purifying charms. Jenny Lind is in very real an artist. Music has with her an influence supreme over all other influences, except those of devotion. To her religious feelings—which in her are strong to an extent rarely found even among the most devout in society—the gift of her extraordinary voice and art are alone subordinate. Those who have heard her sing sacred music, as she did on Monday night, will be aware how deeply the religious feeling must be seated in her heart. It is this which makes her the most pure and perfect singer of sacred music there now is in the world."

"The same influence that has refined her soul and perfected her taste has also acted as a perpetual stimulant to her moral feelings. We need scarcely remind our readers how often, and how generously Jenny Lind sings in the cause of charity, and with what discrimination she usually chooses the objects of her kindness. She has set an example to all artists, that the gifts by which they are enabled to attract and enchain the admiration and regard of mankind are not given for themselves alone, but that they too must set apart their time in the service and for the cause of benevolence and charity."

"It is not, therefore, alone because Jenny Lind is a great singer, or that she has sung for the benefit of a local institution, that we thus call special attention to her and her proceedings. It is because she is herself a character which might be held up as a pattern for society generally; it is because she has set such an example to her sex and to her artistic brethren, of purity of life, of generosity, of amiability of manners, of modesty and humility under the intoxicating assaults of an adulation and homage such as is only rendered to kings, and queens, and princes; it is because, in fine, she has elevated the position of the teachers and professors, and executants of music, by attracting the admiration and respect of all mankind towards her and her art, that we thus break through custom for the purpose of bidding her farewell,—on a voyage which, ere these lines will have been read, is already commenced, and at the end of which, as we do believe, now and unprecedented triumphs await her."

The *European Times* (of Wilmers and Smith) published among its leaders, the following significant piece of eloquence:—

"The great Swedish vocalist gave her concert last night to one of the most brilliant audiences ever assembled in Liverpool. The Philharmonic Hall is yet young in such gatherings, and it is happy for the committee that a nightingale exists who can replenish their exchequer. This is not the time to discuss the management of the new undertaking. It is sufficient to know that the erection of a pile so splendid has been attended with an enormous pecuniary outlay, and that a heavy debt has been incurred, which the Swedish vocalist, although her highest efforts cannot cancel, may yet be the means of lessening. A contribution of 2000*l.* or 2500*l.* from any other quarter can hardly be looked for, but this handsome sum, raised by her present exertions, will still leave behind a debt sufficient to appal any nerves less strong than those which direct the policy of the Philharmonic."

"The reception of Miss Lind has been in the highest degree flattering. She has been staying at the Adelphi Hotel since her

arrival. So great was the anxiety on the part of the public to get a glimpse of the fair vocalist, that a large crowd assembled on Thursday evening in Hope-street and Myrtle-street, whose prolonged cheering, as she proceeded to and from her carriage, was an enthusiastic attestation of her popularity. The simple, unaffected character of Jenny Lind was displayed at the rehearsal, where she mingled with the group, and indulged in all the innocent freaks of a guileless heart. The starchiness assumed by prima donnas seems to be foreign to her nature; she has no idea of enshrouding herself in the cold formality and lofty dignity which artists infinitely less gifted so frequently ape.

"This, perhaps, is the place to throw out suggestion to which the generous nature of Jenny Lind will readily respond. An impression has prevailed in Liverpool, for several months past, that the Swedish nightingale would sing before she left the town on behalf of the Sailors' Home, one of the noblest and most praiseworthy institutions in this or any other country. How far this impression received countenance from the young lady herself we have no means of knowing; but it is certain that, at the time the Philharmonic people announced her engagement in Liverpool, Mr. Jas. Aikin, and the other philanthropic gentlemen who have been foremost in labouring for the Sailors' Home, were under the impression that Miss Lind would give her gratuitous services at a concert in aid of its funds. We know that such an impression existed, and that tangible reasons could be adduced for its being entertained. In all probability, circumstances which neither Miss Lind nor her friends could control, prevented the fulfilment, on the present occasion, of an intention so praiseworthy. Nevertheless, no reason can exist why it should not be carried out on her next visit to Liverpool. The goodness of her heart may be inferred from a circumstance we are about to mention, and we mention it here because it is creditable to all the parties concerned. When the young lady was engaged by Mr. Barnum, of New York, she stipulated that during her sojourn in the United States she should reserve to herself the right of singing for the benefit of any charity she deemed proper; and Mr. Barnum, appreciating the feeling which prompted the suggestion, assented, notwithstanding the serious pecuniary drawback which the concession might entail upon him. Now, when such was the feeling of Miss Lind twelve months back—such her noble desire to serve the charitable institutions of a land in which she is yet a stranger, how much stronger will be her desire to render the greatest possible service to an institution founded for the benefit of the hardy mariners—a class of men every way entitled to sympathy."

The above is neither more nor less than a genteel begging-letter, circulated through the respectable medium of the press, but so barefaced that even its unusual form will scarcely enable it to pass current.

Among the paragraphs that have been circulated in the Liverpool press, through Yankee agency, take the following, which, to their shame be it spoken, found its way into all the papers:—

"Mr. Barnum, of New York, has boasted often, with great justice, that he has a pretty considerable knowledge of the human race, and not only does he know mankind in a mass, but he has an unerring instinct in the management of individuals. A story has reached us which will immensely enhance his character for cleverness. Mr. Barnum has devoted himself to supplying the people of America with amusements; and as the chief element of success in such a pursuit, he is in perpetual search of variety. Thus, when his celebrated 'mermaid' was at the height of her popularity, he did not neglect the chance of securing Tom Thumb; and when the General's charms still appealed powerfully to the enlightened Americans, he turned aside to console the declining years of 'Washington's nurse.' And though, after all his labours, and with a museum which occupies a whole street in New York—crowded to the ceiling with the most piquant curiosities—he might have reposed upon his laurels, and given his entire attention to reading the papers containing the last news from California, we find him climaxing his energetic career by buying up Jenny Lind, and hiding her for services above the heads of all his European competitors. How he did this is worth relating. Mr. Barnum sent an agent

over to England, at the close of the last London Opera season, with complete instructions as to those inducements which might probably operate in gaining Mdlle. Lind's consent to gratify that New World, to whom her name was already so familiar, and who, according to Mr. Barnum's account, were suspending all business until they got a positive yes or no to their invitation, as conveyed by Mr. Barnum's plenipotentiary. The peculiarity in these instructions was that, though caution in progressive offers was desirable, money was to be no consideration; and that the agent was not to give up merely because of the heaviness of the sum which might be finally demanded by Mdlle. Lind. Several parties were in the field, eager to engage her for an American trip, to which it was made known that she had no objection; but it so happened that Mr. Barnum was the only American competing, and, as will be seen, he had hinted how his agent was to avail himself of this circumstance. Mdlle. Lind received the proposals in due form, and wrote polite notes in reply to each inquirer; and, in the course of this correspondence, she contrived to find out, as to the pecuniary proofs, which were her most ardent admirers. Ultimately she found reason to fix her attention upon two gentlemen, Mr. Knowles, of Manchester, and Mr. Barnum of New York. Mr. Knowles offered high, Mr. Barnum's agent a little higher; for he was acting discreetly. Now Mdlle. was puzzled. In fairness to herself and to him, she ought to have closed with Mr. Barnum; but then Mr. Barnum's name is associated, in both hemispheres, with mermaids and dwarfs, Tom Thumbs and venerable negroesses, &c., &c.; and it would be decidedly 'much gentler' to travel under the care of so very gentlemanly a man as Mr. Knowles. Mr. Barnum's agent was on the watch, betraying that strong aversion to some complacency which is the characteristic of Mr. Barnum's *complots*. He found that the consideration as to Mr. Barnum's antecedents was operating powerfully with Mdlle.; and it was now necessary to act boldly and promptly. At this time he was in London, in consultation with a well-known manager, of whom Mdlle. Lind is no favourite; and, on a calculation, Mr. Barnum's agent came to the conclusion that though, as a last resource, he might offer more, he had already offered quite enough. However, there was no time to be lost; he resolved to see the Nightingale himself. He went to Berlin and obtained an interview. He was most respectful, and most emphatically 'spoke as a friend.' He assured Mdlle. Lind, that America was a free and independent country, and that republican institutions had a tendency to make people 'rile'; that to prevent the enlightened citizens of the States were well disposed to bear Miss Lind sing, and to pay considerably well, too, for that gratification; but, that their partiality for that very remarkable individual, Mr. Barnum, was so strong, that the steam would be excessively blown off if this gentleman did not act as master of the ceremonies in introducing her to their unequalled theatres and concert rooms. They had, he went on to say, an immense admiration for foreign artists, but they really could not bide any one but an American engaging such artists and taking their theatres; and that, in short, a refusal of Mr. Barnum's offer, that offer being as good as any Britisher's, would be regarded as an insult to the whole free and enlightened nation—and would be treated 'as such.' Mdlle. Lind listened to all this, and the diplomatist became more emphatic; he hinted to her that there had been a very unpleasant affair, recently, at a New York theatre, on the appearance of Mr. Macready—the free and independent citizens having resolved to pull the house down at the promulgation of the news that Mr. Macready thought himself a better actor than Mr. Forrest; and the scene on that occasion might suggest to Mdlle. Lind that republican institutions might similarly rife, if it became known that she had not dealt well with that dreadfully popular citizen—Mr. Barnum. There was much conversation after this; but it is remarkable that Mr. Barnum's agent returned to London with papers in his possession bearing the signature of Mdlle. Lind, and the autographs of trusty witnesses. And it is said that after all Mr. Barnum thinks that a little too much has been signed for, and has accordingly cleared himself of all expender, and made one hundred per cent. on the transaction by underletting Mdlle. Lind throughout the States. The sub-speculations may not pay, but Mr. Barnum will become still more dreadfully popular."

We need scarcely add that the above, from first to last, is

a piece of enormous lying, by no means creditable to the circulator.

It is more pleasant to turn to [the enthusiastic eulogies of our Liverpool brethren of the *plume*, whose rhapsodies transcend all ordinary hyperbole. We do not wonder, however, at anything they may say about Jenny Lind, who, in her way, is a veritable phenomenon, and, besides a voice like a nightingale's, has a heart as big as a mountain. The *Liverpool Mail* prefaces its notice of the first concert with the following apostrophe:—

"For the last two months the town has been in a fever of excitement respecting the long-expected appearance of Jenny Lind, who has at last fulfilled her promise of singing in the hall belonging to a certain local musical society, which disagreeable circumstances it is unnecessary to mention here, prevented her from fulfilling last year. We have on more than one previous occasion had reason to complain of the illiberal and exclusive spirit manifested by the Philharmonic Society towards the local press generally, and especially with reference to this paper, but we were hardly prepared to expect this short-sighted policy would have been persisted in on the present occasion. For the exclusion of the representatives of the press from their ordinary concerts the society might probably find some excuse in the limited circle to whom the small real musical interest which they excite is confined, and some precedent, if not justification for their conduct, in that of two or three other quasi-musical societies in different parts of the kingdom. So long as the Philharmonic Society put forth no higher pretensions on behalf of their concerts than that they were a rather dull and trivial means of furnishing, by the performance of the regular round of hacknied concert music, an evening's lounge to a circle of would-be exclusives, too narrow and shallow in their love of music to care much about it, unless it is hedged in by a triple barrier of exclusion, and unless all the rest of the world are shut out from a participation in their own enjoyment, we should have been the last to attempt to penetrate the 'charmed circle,' or to disturb the dilapidated trifling of such assemblies. But when they claim the rank of a genuine musical society,—when they profess to seek the advancement of a noble art, and not the dissipation of an evening's ennui,—when they claim for their meeting a public importance, and would fain make their establishment an epoch in the musical history of the town, if not of the country at large,—then the case becomes widely different. And it is on this account that we have claimed (not so much on behalf of ourselves as on that of the public) the right of admission for the press—that opportunity for fair, impartial, and competent criticism, which is furnished by the highest really musical societies in the kingdom—the Philharmonic Society of London and the Society for the Performance of Ancient Music. To ourselves merely this is a matter of small importance; the Philharmonic Society are much mistaken if they fancy that the mere complimentary admissions are an object to the press, coupled as they are with a labour and responsibility in the exercise of criticism of which mere musical loungers have no idea. But on behalf of the public, who have a right to know how far those who claim public support have a well-founded claim to it; on behalf of music itself, of which (like every other art) criticism is the condition, if not of its very existence, at least of its advancement and perfection; and on behalf of the artists employed, who are thus shut out from that wide, general, and intelligent appreciation, which the press only can bestow, we have before and do again protest against the course of conduct pursued by these quasi-representatives of the musical taste and the musical public of Liverpool. If such remarks fairly apply to the minor concerts of the society, with how much greater force do they extend to that of last night, for which the widest possible publicity was sought, and by the means of which they sought to enlist public support to supply the deficiencies, and extricate themselves from the difficulties in which the lukewarmness of their own select circle had involved them. On such an occasion, surely the representatives and leaders of public opinion should not have been excluded; the conduct which the society has pursued is both unwise as a means of promoting the study and appreciation of music, and inconsistent on the part of those who are seeking to derive pecuniary revenue from public support."

The *Liverpool Courier*, still more lavish of compliments addressed as much to the "second commercial metropolis" as to the "Swedish Nightingale," gives loose to its sentiments in the following grandiloquent strain:—

"Liverpool will henceforth hold a notable place in the regard of amateurs of art all over the world. The foreteller, who only knows of it as the second commercial metropolis of the greatest maritime country in the world, will hereafter speak of our town with respect as containing a public of musical amateurs, whose enterprise and public spirit have induced them to build the most beautiful and acoustically perfect music-hall in the empire; who inaugurated its opening by the concentration of a galaxy of musical talent that rendered the solemnity of greater artistic importance than the great and time-honoured musical festivals themselves; and who, finally, by the character they had thus attained, were able to procure for themselves and their townspeople a pleasure—may we not add, an honour—that had been coveted in succession, and in vain, by all the great capitals, alike of kingdoms and of the art-world. What Paris has never been able to enjoy (the pure and truthful nature of Lind has no sympathy with French exaggeration and *fausseté*)—what London only got a glimpse of, as it were—Liverpool has obtained as a voluntary offer of spontaneous kindness—an offer dictated by a noble desire on the part of Jenny Lind to contribute towards the disembarment of those who have erected a grand temple to musical art, and a respect for the musical character of a community who have made such efforts and such sacrifices to provide here a permanent home for music. Even London—although it was there that Jenny Lind first achieved her artistic triumphs on British soil—even London cannot boast the honour of having first heard this gifted songstress and exemplary woman interpret the music of an oratorio which, although composed by a German, more truly expresses the devotional character of Protestant England than any sacred composition whatsoever. To Liverpool will be accorded the praise of having induced Jenny Lind to sing in the 'Messiah'—to give a rendering of the exquisitely beautiful soprano music of that sacred choral song, than which none more perfect, none more purely interpretative of British devotional feeling, has perhaps ever been given, from the days of Handel even down to the present time. Then, surely, we are not too self-glorifying in claiming for Liverpool henceforth a distinguished place among those communities which are specially regarded by all rising artists as tribunals to which they must appeal when they desire to have their reputation fully stamped with the approval of the most distinguished amateur. Taste in music is a thing difficult to define; we must therefore judge by results; and, in the case of Liverpool, those results are to be found in the erection of this splendid and beautiful Philharmonic Hall, and the appearance in Liverpool, within the short space of twelve months, of almost all the most distinguished musical artists, vocal and instrumental—the long and brilliant list inscribed with the names of Sontag, Viardot, Alboni, Ernst, and a host of other celebrities, being now gloriously closed with that of the incomparable Lind.

"We have not been slow to do honour in this journal to the moral character of Jenny Lind, due to the importance of her position as a woman who has, by her personal conduct, elevated the art she professes and adorns. We perceive that the London journals have honourably acknowledged the high position taken by Liverpool in this respect."

In a strain that borders on minstrelsy, the *Liverpool Albion*, avowedly the journal of the ladies, thus seesaws between poetry and prose:—

"If there is one power which could govern the universe, disarm tyranny, and strengthen the good, that power is music: music pure, harmonical, and spontaneous; music animated by the living form, unostentatious, flowing, simple, and complete. There is no denying the influence of music; its charms are proverbial, and even in its least perfect form it is found to be a ministering angel, soothing, humanizing, and exalting to noblest impulses. Like all other arts, it has been abused, adapted to purposes for which it never was designed; but its potency is everywhere alike, whether stimulating to good or evil.

"At her command the various passions lie;
She stirs to valour, or she lulls to peace;
Melts the charm'd soul to thrilling ecstacy,
And bids the jarring world's harsh discord cease."

We speak of music in its most refined embodiment, not as the promoter of discord and strife. The world has accorded to Madlle. Lind the possession of these 'Mystic powers that in blessed numbers dwell'; and it is not, therefore, surprising that the presence of so sweet a songstress in a town like Liverpool have given rise to an enthusiasm almost bordering on idolatry. It is not our purpose, in this place, critically or minutely to describe the beauties of the minstrel's song; but our more immediate intention is to record the triumph of the art manifested in the reception of 'Jenny Lind.' Not to speak of her worldwide fame, of the many hearts that thrill in distant places, and at the same moment, on the very mention of her name, we would simply show the effect of her presence here, and note those incidents which, however trivial, derive an interest from their relation to the art she embodies. The peculiar circumstances under which Madlle. Lind appears amongst us, giving as it were a farewell greeting previous to her departure for another hemisphere, there to extend her influence and add another link in the chain of amity and peace, lend an additional charm to the occasion, whilst it marks an epoch in the history of music and the town. She sings here under the auspices of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society; and to the gentlemen who constitute the executive of that association are the people indebted in no small degree for the opportunity afforded of listening once more to the enchanting notes of the Queen of Song."

Perverse in prurient notices, the *Courier*, with a ready pen, traces upon paper the inky effigy of the thought with which burns the soul within him:—

"It is a pleasant thing sometimes to have the opportunity of attending public entertainments out of the character of a critic—to sit and hear, and either to write about what has transpired, or to leave it alone, just as one pleases. In such cases we are not called upon to praise or condemn to the public unless we desire to do so, and if we praise or blame in such circumstances it is only from impulse. How agreeable, then, becomes the duty if praise is to be accorded, not because we are obliged by pressure or subservency to fashion, but for the simple reason, that we cannot help it. Such is our position.

"Jenny Lind! There's music in the name. We felt that before she came to this country, and we expected great things from her; perhaps we looked for too much. Has any one been disappointed? There is her talent. Has that been overrated or equalled? There were her virtues. Has she not proved the ornament of her profession and the perfection of womanhood? How often do we find foreign vocalists associating high talent with extreme selfishness? Was it so with Jenny Lind? When suffering humanity sought her aid she gave it largely, liberally, graciously; and, though her talents were appreciated by the rich and the refined, she has taken a place in the heart of the poor man which no other vocalist than herself has done before. It was never known in this town for the people to wait in thousands to catch a glimpse of any public performer. We need not speak of the crowds about the Adelphi Hotel and elsewhere, as every one knows of them. The people outside waited patiently for the songstress, if they might but catch one glimpse of her, and narrowly was every carriage inspected. As an instance of the anxiety to see her, it may be mentioned that a carriage in which she was supposed to be seated, when leaving the Hall on Friday night, was seized by a number of strong men, who held it back until it was discovered that she was not in it. This was a rough proceeding, but it showed the anxiety of the people; and its violence was pardonable from the motive which prompted it.

"But we must not linger here. The crowds about the Philharmonic Hall caused some difficulty in approaching the building, but much less than might have been expected. One advantage was secured on this occasion by making the entrances to the galleries from the back, by which means six or eight carriages could get down at once, and the company were thus admitted without inconvenient pressure. Nearly every person was in their places before the hour, and the effect of the Hall was superb. Every seat was

taken; and, when it is considered that three thousand persons were congregated together—displaying a matchless assemblage of beauty and fashion—the splendour of the sight may be conceived."

The *Journal*, the pug-dog of the Liverpool press, mingles its adulation of Jenny Lind with a broadside of contumely directed against the committee of the Philharmonic Society:—

"Madlle. Jenny Lind never broke an engagement in her life—except with Mr. Bunn. She arrived in excellent time from Germany for the concert here, for which she was announced, and to which so many looked forward with eagerness. She landed at Margate, from Ostend, on Sunday evening, and it is related of her by one of that tribe of sentimental penny-a-liners, to whose industry she owes so much of her position in the world which worships *linners*, that, as she touched the shore, she echoed the saying of Charles the Second, afterwards adopted by Louis Philippe, in the character of Mr. Smith,—to the general poetic effect, 'God bless happy England once again.'

"We cannot omit calling attention to the highly improper course pursued by certain parties in reference to the two concerts at which Madlle. Lind was announced to appear. In every case of this kind there will be adventurous persons who, speculating upon a public rush for places, will buy up tickets immediately upon an announcement that tickets are to be bought. What has occurred so often before has occurred in this instance. We have no complaint to make of the majority of such persons; they have as good a right to trade in concert tickets as in railway shares. But of one class of these traders we have something to say; we mean that class of them who are proprietors and shareholders in the Philharmonic Society. This society was started, patronised, and welcomed by ourselves, among others, upon the express assumption that it was intended to establish and to cultivate in Liverpool a good and refined musical taste, and was in no respect to be conducted upon the principle of a mere joint-stock speculation, or with a view to pecuniary results unduly profitable. That it has failed in this object, supposing the intention honest, and unaffected, we have above over and over again, and that the gentlemen who are responsible for its management are mainly anxious to make the most of their advantage as shareholders, irrespective of all gratification to the musical community, the course taken by a large number of them, on this occasion, sufficiently suggests. As proprietors they had an option before the public in getting tickets for good places, and some hundreds of tickets for the stalls have been lying all week in the hotels, newspapers, and elsewhere, selling at a high premium, and have been left at such places, we ascertain, by gentlemen known to be proprietors in the society. The impropriety of such conduct, in reference to the professions of the society, need not be dwelt upon; and we are not sorry to find that, in a great number of instances, such speculators have been punished, not only not having got a premium on their tickets, but by not having sold them at all. In fact, crowded as the hall was last night, and certain it is that the committee had sold all their tickets, it is nevertheless a fact that there were some hundred or two of tickets sold which were never presented at the doors."

In another part of the *Courier*, an eager writer, panting for distinction, descends almost to twaddle in the depth of his enthusiasm. Thus sings the "bird of the air," as he prettily styles himself:—

"There were many excellent things provided for the audience on the first evening, and much good music presented, but people went to hear Madlle. Lind, and though they might have been pleased with what they heard, and, to some extent, were so, there can be little doubt that everything but herself was looked upon as a mere filling-up and foil to the great vocalist. When she did appear, the audience betrayed signs of enthusiasm rarely witnessed. At first hands began to clap, and, as she came to the centre of the platform, the audience rose and increased their plaudits till they ended in a series of hearty English cheers, given over and over again. If Jenny Lind could be spoiled, her reception at the Philharmonic Concert Hall would go far to bring that about; but she seems to be above it.

"And then her singing. We touch not upon the subject as re-

guards its analysis. It is simply above criticism. It is one of those unique subjects which, standing alone in themselves, and excelling all that we can otherwise find, are neither to be compared nor questioned. How the people listened to her when she sang! All was hushed in silence but the voice of the vocalist, and when she came to the rests in the music, the audience, who seemed to have caught one sympathy, breathed together in what might be described as a long-drawn sigh.

"Her manners, too, were taking. There was the true Swedish simplicity. Her dress, which matched well with her complexion, was pink, edged with lace, and devoid of other ornament. Her manners were not only simple, but hearty and interesting, and that on these grounds she took with the audience we could prove by appealing to some of them. We could do this in an easy way. Our stall was No. 903, and we would ask half-a-dozen of the ladies who sat behind and asked us whether they did not say, 'I should so like to kiss her;' 'And so should I;' 'And so should I, though they might not have been aware that a gentleman of the press was listening, and that a bird of the air would carry the matter.

"We can only compare the singing of this lady with itself; and we should say that the best things she did on Friday night were the Swedish songs. The melodies of her own country were given so joyously (accompanied by herself on the piano-forte), that we could have listened to them 'till daylight in the morning.' When these songs were over, we left the hall, feeling that nothing should be heard to disturb the glad impressions, which were as sweet as wine when it is drunk, and which left those pleasurable sensations on the mind that are not easily erased.

"On Monday evening the Philharmonic Hall was again crowded to hear the Queen of Song; and much as she pleased on the first occasion, she excelled on this. It is no part of the intention of this sketch to enter into detailed criticism, that being attended to in another place in the *Courier*. The scene, however, may be dwelt upon, which was fully as brilliant and quite as enthusiastic as on the first evening.

"Allusion has been made to the dress of Jenny Lind on Friday. On Monday she was, if possible, more simple, wearing a white dress, and her hair being decorated with white roses. During the progress of the oratorio, the applause was frequent and generous; and though Mdle. Lind took the pre-eminence, the services of others were not unesteemed or over-looked.

"It was extremely interesting to listen to Mdle. Lind as the various airs were sung by her, and also to watch her countenance as she listened to the singing of others. The expression of her countenance, as the glorious music of the *Messiah* was performing, was seraphic. She seemed to enjoy the piano passages the most, as was shown by her upward and approving glances to Mr. Benedict; and, when she sang her own pieces, it was as if an angel's tongue were loosed to glad the hearts of men. The incidents of the performance were not so numerous as to call for a lengthened notice. But we must not omit to speak of the readiness with which she complied with the desire of the audience to repeat her airs, and the heartiness with which she joined in some of the great choruses."

We would rather this "bird of the air" carried his own matter than we should have it upon our shoulders. It is a heavy matter and a loose withal. The paraphrastic poem can no further go. Let us therefore jump from the Olympus of essay to the hillock of paragraph, beginning with an anecdote about a pianoforte, which bears strong evidence of Yankee origin, although sanctioned by the soured authority of the *Journal*, which turns milk to vinegar.

JENNY LIND'S PIANO.—Mdle. Jenny Lind's voice has been described as the "human organ with the latest improvements." For such a voice the most modern piano is of course necessary, and M. Benedict, we hear, has obtained one for her of an exceedingly novel description. The inventor is an American, and the instrument, through strange here, is very well known in the United States, where it is recognised as "Boardman and Gray's grand action." The peculiarity of the instrument is what is called the "dolce campana attachment," and for this invention Messrs.

Boardman and Gray, the proprietors, who are an Albany firm, have procured letters patent both in the United States and in England. The particular qualities of this new attachment, says a notice we have obtained, are its clearness, brilliancy, and delicacy of tone, which falls upon the ear with a surpassing softness, like the chiming peals of distant bells, and hence its peculiar name, "dolce campana" (sweet bells). This attachment is perfectly simple, and so constructed that it can be detached from the instrument in a few moments. The instrument purchased by M. Benedict has been placed on board the Atlantic steamer, and will be conveyed from place to place throughout the States for the accommodation of Mdle. Lind.

Poor Mr. Benedict! If he were never more guiltless of a purchase than that of the "Dolce Campana Pedal" he would not have much to pay for. Had he no other "attachment" his heart would be a veritable flint.

The poets too—the Liverpoolian poets—have been inspired by the notes of the charmer, and have sprinkled their ecstasy in varied rhythm and unmeasured verse. First take a sonnet. We have a weakness that way; at least we had a weakness while N. D. was a contributor.

SONNET.

(INSPIRED TO JENNY LIND.)

(From the *Liverpool Albion*.)

THOU soul-ravishing maiden, to thee must belong
Some Promethean-flick'd fire from Seraph of Song;
Or notes from the lyre which Orpheus once swept
Must have sooted with Echo and silently slept,
Till, waked to thee, they have owned thy control,
All nations acknowledge thee "Queen of the Soul!"
Oh! the silvery murmurings that flow from thy breast
Might tempt Psyche to roam from Elysian rest;
For, sweet maiden of song, such enchantments are thine,
Such heavenly melody blends with thy name,
That the wreath which, spontaneous, the world doth entwine,
Is brighter than Iris, with rainbow-lit flame.
And oh! what enritheth, what ennobleth the whole,
Is the heaven-born greatness that bursts from thy soul.

Liverpool, August 17.

J. W. B.

"Robert" himself could not have surpassed this—not this, which from fourteen lines descends to eight:—

TO THE ATLANTIC WAVES.

(From the *Liverpool Courier*.)

Be still, ye winds; be hushed, thou roaring sea;
We trust our brightest jewel unto thee:
In faith and hope we give her to thy care,
Be thou a nursing mother unto her.
Oh, rock her very gently on thy breast,
And bear her quickly to the expecting West;
And God be with her as she goes along,—
God bless sweet Jenny Lind, the child of song! XX.

Amen! Amen! Amen!

The following, from a collection of poems, published in London, has gone the round of the Liverpool press. Do not suppose, reader, we confound it with the other two:—

TO JENNY LIND.

WHAT star looked out in the northern sky,
What golden star in its purity,
From its fields of azure, one ray more,
Looked out and sparkled when thou wert born?
What early bird
Was sweetly heard
Singing to welcome thee?
What pure white flower,
At that glad hour,
Arose to smile on thee?
Did Nature's heart at the tidings thrill?
Did the soul of poetry burn and fill?
Did music rise with her ancient lyre
And wake for thee her celestial quire?

Oh! Jenny Lind!
 Did the loving wind
 Bear through the world thy happy name?
 And with loud song
 And pean long,
 Consign it to the ever-living care of Fame?
 Was there a whisper in the poor man's breast,—
 The whisper of a voice that spoke of rest?
 Was there a hailing of the sufferer's pain—
 A calm that said—"Thou shalt be healed again!"
 Was there a smile upon the orphan's face,
 A gleam of light in poverty's dark place?
 Did tears drop softer o'er the widow's eye,
 And Hope o'er souls forlorn go dancing by?
 Fair child of Genius! thou
 Dost wear upon thy brow
 The shining glory of a Christian heart;
 For thou that better part
 Hast chosen, and with beauty, beauty blendest,
 And to the grace of Art, the grace of goodness lendest.

Oh! happy genius! here,
 Within this mortal asphere,
 Virtue and love walk with you hand in hand;
 Oh! happy virtue! see,
 By your pure chastity,
 High Art in his immortal beauty stand.

Ring out, voice of the world,
 And tell it everywhere!
 Bear your bold banner high unfurled,
 For truth is there!
 Go tell it through the earth,
 And tell it through the skies,
 That from this maiden's birth
 A glory shall arise:
 Virtue and Beauty, Genius and Love have met,
 And on one woman's life their seal have set.

There is not only good feeling, but much real poetry in the above. Jenny Lind herself might read it without laughing.

It is well known that Jenny Lind, by the exertion of her services gratuitously, was the means of adding a new wing to the Southern and Tuxteith Hospital. In grateful remembrance of this, the committee of that charitable institution presented her, on Tuesday morning, when she paid a visit to the hospital, with a splendid silver tea-kettle. The form of the testimonial is Etruscan, with masks supporting the handle; on the body is a medallion, in basso-relievo, representing Esculapius, the God of Medicine, introducing the Muse of Song to the Genius of Liverpool; and on the other side the following inscription:

TO MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND,
 IN GRATEFUL TESTIMONY
 OF THE MUNIFICENT SERVICE RENDERED TO
 THE SOUTHERN AND TUXTEITH HOSPITAL OF LIVERPOOL,
 BY THE EXERCISE OF HER
 UNRIVALED POWERS OF SONG.
 PRESENTED BY HER ADMIRING FRIENDS, AND
 THE FRIENDS OF THAT INSTITUTION,
 JANUARY SIXTH, MDCCCLXII.

The base is a volute tripod, at the angles of which are statues of Charity, Hope, and Faith, and in the centre is an antique lamp. On the wreaths of laurel which connect the horns of the altar are three groups of figures—one showing a body of navigators carrying to the hospital one of their companions, who has been accidentally injured at the railway cutting, which is seen in the distance; the second, a surgeon attending a Lascar, who has fallen from the rigging of a ship hard by, while a sailor is bringing up some water from the dock, to manifest that the hospital is open to people of all nations; and the third is composed of a man, leaning on the arm of his wife, with their children at their side, in the act of

leaving the hospital, recovered from the accident which was the cause of his being admitted into the charitable asylum.

Before leaving this subject for the present we should mention that during the rehearsal of the *Messiah* on Saturday night, to use the words of a Liverpool paper, "a pleasing episode" occurred. Taking advantage of a pause in the performance,

Mr. RICHARD TOULMIN stepped forward to present a testimonial to Mr. Benedict. He said they had great pleasure that evening in having an opportunity of recording their sensations and feelings towards a gentleman for whom they entertained a very high respect. (Applause.) On the previous evening they had a very convincing proof of the great talents which he possessed, and they also received a very large amount of courtesy at his hands. The presentation he was about to make emanated from the amateur choral department of the orchestra; and they handed it to him as but a small and simple tribute of their admiration and regard. (Applause.)

Mr. HENRY SUDLOW read the address, which was beautifully written on vellum by Mr. Joseph Watts, of Liverpool. It ran as follows:—

"TO JULES BENEDICT, ESQ.

"We, the members of the Liverpool Philharmonic Auxiliary Society, forming the choral department of that society, cannot allow you, sir, to leave our shores without expressing our earnest hope that you will be received by our transatlantic brethren with the respect and enthusiasm which your talents so eminently merit, and that you may return to England in the enjoyment of health, having attained every success which your most sanguine anticipations may suggest. We take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to you, sir, for the warm interest you have ever manifested for the welfare of this society; and while we remember with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction and pleasure the several occasions which have united us in one common cause, we hope the time is not far distant when we may again be placed under your admirable guidance in similar performances to those which have just taken place.

"In taking leave, we again beg of you to accept our best wishes for your continued prosperity, and that every blessing may attend you.

"(Signed, on behalf of the members.)

"RICHARD TOULMIN, Chairman.

"JOHN FORD, Vice-Chairman.

"HENRY SUDLOW, Secretary.

"Liverpool, 19th August, 1850."

The address, enclosed in a morocco case, was then handed to Mr. Benedict amidst loud applause.

Mr. E. W. THOMAS, the leader of the band, desired to say, on behalf of the orchestra and himself, that they could have but one wish for so able a conductor, so talented a musician, and so good a man. (Loud applause.)

Mr. BENEDICT, who was visibly affected, said that he must apologise for not being able to express at the present moment the emotions which he felt; but he hoped they would be indulgent enough to make up any deficiency of his in their own hearts. (Applause.) From the first moment he had the pleasure of being connected with the Philharmonic Society, it had been his greatest care to promote their interests, but he felt sure that there was much more due from him than they had received at his hands. They had his best wishes for the welfare of the society; and they must excuse him for the indifferent manner in which he expressed himself in English. (Applause.) What he could not say was much better than what he had expressed. (Great applause.)

On the call of Mr. Benedict three hearty cheers were given for Mdlle. Lind; and the rehearsal was then resumed.

We may conclude with a list of the committee of the Philharmonic Society and another of the members of the orchestra for the present year:—

COMMITTEE FOR THE YEAR 1850.—Jacques Myers, James Lawrence, Thomas Littledale, jun., William Preston, W. R. Sandbach,

Richard Toulmin, James Bourne, J. B. Neilson, C. Rawdon, T. A. Boshuy, L. R. Bailly, E. Gibson, jun., A. S. Gladstone, Benjamin Heywood Jones, James Smith, J. Houlbrooke Smith, C. W. Neumann, N. D. Bold, W. B. Rathbone, Alfred Castellani, W. Hetherington, R. W. Houghton, W. H. Maclean, Duncan M'Vicar, Edmund Molvieux, James P. Campbell, John Marriott, Robert Clay, George Cunliffe, Hugh Perkins, Charles Mczey, William Sudlow, Esq., and Dr. Drysdale. John H. Turner, Esq., Chairman; John B. Bracker, Esq., Deputy Chairman; John Swainson, Esq., Treasurer; William Sudlow, Esq., Honorary Secretary.

First Violins—Messrs. E. W. Thomas (principal), Adelsberg, Gribbin, Hirst, Lawson, Poznański, F. Thomas, Van Gruizen, Van Maanen, and Amateurs. Second Violins—Messrs. C. B. Herrmann (principal), Bigot, Burrows, Eytton, Lither, C. W. Mitchellson, F. Sorge, Wicket, and Amateurs. Violas—Messrs. Bostens (principal), Hall, Mitchellson, Scribbs, Stubbs, and Wilberforce. Violoncellos—Messrs. Hadcock (principal), Rogers, Sanders, Treadell, Twiss, and Wicket. Double Bass—Messrs. Wood (principal), Cottier, Duke, Hornby, H. Sudlow, and Tarr. Flutes—Amateurs. Oboes—Messrs. Jennings and Sorge. Clarinets—Messrs. H. P. Sorge and B. Sorge. Bassoons—Mr. Chisholm, &c. Horns—Mr. Edwards, &c. Trumpets—Messrs. Phillips and Braulby. Trombones—Mr. Roberts, &c. Drums—Mr. Fisher, jun. Organist—Mr. W. T. Best. Pianist—Mr. C. J. Toms. Conductor—Mr. Benedict.

We must defer a description of the leave-taking—a most imposing spectacle—and other matters, until next week. Meanwhile, we trust our readers are convinced that Jenny Lind has made a great sensation at Liverpool. She sailed on Wednesday, at half-past eleven, in the *Atlantic*.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In the early part of the last century a living model academy was opened in Greyhound-court, Arundel-street, in the house of a certain Peter Hyde, a painter, under the direction of Mr. Moser, afterwards keeper of the Royal Academy. This academy was removed, in 1739, to a house in Peter's-court, St. Martin's-lane, and, in 1767, was again removed to Pall-mall. In October, 1753, the members of this society, comprising the principal artists in London, called, by circular, a general meeting at the Turk's Head, in Greek-street, Soho, for the purpose of establishing a public academy "for the improvement of the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture," as it was thought desirable to appoint a certain number of professors, having a recognised authority to make such regulations as might afterwards appear necessary. This academy was to consist of thirteen painters, three sculptors, one chaser, two engravers, and two architects, to be elected by ballot from a list enclosed with the circulars, and accompanied by a postscript, requesting those who knew of any artist of sufficient merit to be elected a professor, who had been overlooked in drawing out the list, to insert his name, with a cross before it, according to its place in the alphabet. This attempt completely failed; but in 1765 they obtained a charter of incorporation, as "The Society of Artists of Great Britain." This chartered body of artists, from whom twenty-four directors were annually elected on St. Luke's Day, soon became a prey to internal dissensions. The founders and directors of the institution, at the end of three years, found themselves placed in a minority, and at a general quarterly meeting of the society in 1768, a law was proposed and carried by a great majority, to secure the election of eight new directors annually. This proposition for a law, on being referred to the directors, was returned with their absolute

refusal, notwithstanding the Attorney-General's opinion that the society had full power, by their charter, to make such law, and by which opinion the directors had previously determined to abide. Not satisfied with this misuse of their power, the directors added to their refusal "the most reproachful reflections on the fellows of the society." A special general meeting was, in consequence, convened by seven of the members, which ended in the exclusion of many of the original directors, who, as the late Mr. Haydon stated in his evidence before the Select Committee on Arts, "having got the sweets of power once, naturally, as all men do, wished to keep it, and wanted to be elected again: but the feelings of the constituency, who knew right from wrong, refused to consent to it, and 16 of these directors were voted out." These 16 (who were afterwards joined by the other 8 directors) then seceded from the society, finding they could no longer maintain in it their supremacy. The incorporated Society of Artists still numbered upwards of 100 remaining members, and through their president, Mr. Kirkby, solicited the patronage of George III., who, while stating that he did not mean to patronise any particular set of men, and that his object was to patronise the arts, nevertheless paid one visit to their exhibition, and presented them with £100. But he afterwards gave his most effective support to the present Royal Academy, which was founded in 1768 by the seceders from the old society, with the help of Mr. Dalton, the King's librarian, whose feud with Sir Robert Strange led to the exclusion of engravers from the Academy.

Northcote, in his *Life of Reynolds*, speaking of the formation of the Royal Academy, says, "The four persons who first planned the institution were Sir William Chambers, Mr. West, Mr. Cotes, and Mr. Moser. These, together, carried on the project with such profound secrecy, that not one of the old incorporated society had the least knowledge or idea of its having been seriously thought of; inasmuch, that even Mr. Kirkby, their president, had just at that time assured them, from his chair of office, that his Majesty intended to patronise them, and also to visit their exhibition."

The four above-named persons proceeded with their plan, and made out a list of their officers, as well as of those who were to compose the new association, limited to 40 members, —a snug oligarchy, which secured to itself a certain majority, as the 16 out-voted directors were afterwards joined by the other eight original directors of the old society. Reynolds, (whose name had been inserted in the list,) they offered to make their president, but he declined the honour till such time as he had consulted with his friends, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Burke; and having been informed by Mr. Kirkby of His Majesty's declared intention to countenance and protect the old incorporated Society of Artists, it was not till a fortnight had elapsed that he consented to take the office.

The plan of a constitution for that future Royal Academy, now regnant in Trafalgar Square, was then drawn up by Mr. Chambers, laid before the King, approved of, and signed by him, on the 10th of December, 1768; and thus, through a court intrigue, under the protecting name of the illustrious Reynolds, was founded the Royal Academy of Arts, announcing as its aim the cultivation and improvement of painting, sculpture, and architecture.

It remains for me, in a future letter, to investigate how far, as renovators of the old masters, and decorators of the new Houses of Parliament, they have fulfilled this their prospectus.

I have the honour to be your obedient servant,

WILLIAM COMINGHAM.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday *La Figlia del Reggimento* was repeated, with a favourite pas for Amalia Ferraris. Sontag was the vocal queen of the night.

Norma was given on Tuesday, and Madame Fioretini's performance of the heroine was a decided advance on the first. The fair artist exhibited a greater amount of self-possession, and consequently sang and acted with increased effect. She was received with the utmost favour throughout, and was recalled several times.

After *Norma* there was a *divertissement*, which was followed by the last act of *Sonnambula*, in which Mr. Sims Reeves and Miss Catherine Hayes appeared, and met with eminent success. Both were in fine voice, and the favourite *morceaux* were all applauded to the echo. The entertainment concluded with an extract from a popular *divertissement*.

It being the last night of the regular season, "God save the Queen" was sung after the opera by the whole strength of the company.

Thursday was a *pot-pourri* night. First, the last act of *Lucia di Lammermoor* was given for Sims Reeves and Catherine Hayes; secondly, the *Barbieri*, "violently compressed," for Sontag, Belletti, Calzolari, and Lablache; and thirdly, the last act of *Ernani*, for Parodi, Lorenzo, and Gardoni; thus making use of all the vocal powers, with the exception of Madame Frezzolini, Madlle. Ida Bertrand, Madame Guilian, Signor F. Lablache, and others too numerous to mention. We have omitted the name of Madame Fioretini, as she is not of the established corps as yet.

The operatic portion of the entertainment was studded with selections from the ballet *repertoire*. This was called a "Farewell Performance."

This evening there will be a "Last Farewell" performance, when Her Majesty's Theatre will close in reality.

Next week we shall give our *résumé* of the season.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE HUGENOTS was played on Saturday.

Thursday—a subscription night, in place of Tuesday, to accommodate several of the subscribers leaving town—was a real Rossini night. *Otello* was given with the first act of *Il Barbieri*, not "violently compressed," but considerably short. Unfortunately, Ronconi was labouring under a severe cold, and could not sing. Iago was played by Signor Tagliafico, and Figaro by Tamburini. The first-named artist most obligingly undertook the part of Iago at a very short notice. Tamburini, doubtless, was but too highly pleased to get back to one of his old and best performances. What a pity it is that Tamburini will not, or does not, play Bartolo. The *Barbieri* would then be immitably cast.

We cannot speak too highly of Tamberlik's *Otello*. He sang magnificently on Tuesday, and acted with immense power. His performance of this part is certainly the best we have seen. Grial's Desdemona is a *chef d'œuvre*—full of pathos and passion—a thing of beauty from beginning to end.

Mons. Zelger's *forte* is not florid singing; hence the part of Elmiro is quite unsuited to him. Again: why will not, or does not, Tamburini play Elmiro, and thus render the cast so much stronger?

Signor Maralti is inefficient in Roderigo from the same cause—viz., his *forte* is not florid singing. In short, Rossini's music requires Italian singers. Few Germans appear at home in the operas of the Swan of Pesaro. Jenny Lind eschewed him altogether. During her three years' engagement here she

never played in one of Rossini's operas. There was novelty, at least, in the idea.

The performances on Thursday comprised the first act of *Norma* and the *Elisir d'Amore*, revived especially for Ronconi and Madame Viardot.

Norma produced an immense impression. Grial was stupendous. She came out with tenfold vigour, seeing there was another Richmond in the field, who dared to encroach on her supremacy. But Grial need fear no rival. In towering tragedy she is still the Queen Regent, and will be until———what a long time to wait!

We scarcely do Tamberlik sufficient justice in saying he is the best Pollio we ever saw. When he sings the music it becomes invested with a new charm. The part is ungracious, or has been, because the singer tried to make too much of it. Tamberlik's simple and manly style is very happily developed in Pollio.

Mademoiselle Vera was interesting in Adelgisa, and Herr Formes powerful in Oroveso.

The cast of the *Elisir d'Amore* was irrefragable; nay, more, it was unsurpassable. Viardot was Adina; Mario, Nemorino; Tamburini, Belcore; and Ronconi, Dulcamara. Mademoiselle Cotti played the small part of Giannetta.

The band and chorus were faultless; and thus was given on Thursday night the most perfect representation of the *Elisir d'Amore* that ever took place in this country.

The comedy of Madame Viardot is extremely naïve and piquante: these two French adjectives express admirably the qualities of the artist's comic acting. With a superabundance of animal spirits and a somewhat pardonable desire to make the most of every point, Madame Viardot is, perhaps unconsciously, led to overact her part on some occasions; but there is so much that is highly artistic—such a thorough conception of the character throughout, and so happy an exhibition of its lights and shades—that we should be hypocrites indeed did we lean towards exceptions to, in general, so able and finished a dramatic portraiture. To Madame Viardot's singing we can make no exceptions whatsoever; from first to last it demonstrated the consummate artist. We shall not enter into details, but merely say that Madame Viardot achieved a great and legitimate success, and was awarded with the loudest applause, besides being recalled on three several occasions and encoored twice.

Mario sang superbly in Nemorino. The beautiful aria, "Una furtiva lagrima," produced an effect hardly to be described. The hearers were quite breathless as he prolonged the last notes with a sweetness of expression that went home to every heart. A tremendous encore followed. The great tenor acted also in the happiest possible manner.

Tamburini's Belcore is a highly finished performance. He acts the part with infinite spirit and humour; and, without being in the least obtrusive or interfering with the singing, he contrives to keep alive the business of the scene by his inimitable by-play. His singing is no less happy than his acting. His execution of the florid *morceau*, "Ho ingaggiato il mio rivale," reminded us of his best singing in his best days.

The Dulcamara of Ronconi has been long recognised in Italy and Paris as one of his most admirable performances, and we fully agree with all the praises that have been lavished on it. So much was expected from Ronconi in his new part, that anything short of a consummate realization must have produced a comparative failure. As it turned out, the success was commensurate with the highest expectations, and the Great-Little artist achieved a legitimate triumph from beginning to end.

To those who have been accustomed to see Lablache in Dulcamara, the appearance of Ronconi must have presented a remarkable contrast. The huge, burly person and corporeal rotundity dwindled down to shrunken shanks and small bodily dimensions—the quiescent and smooth-tongued hypocrite turned into the sharp and voluble charlatan—these must have occurred to such as had seen the new Dulcamara for the first time, and been familiar with the original interpreter of the part. The difference between the two artists is not confined to size. Ronconi's performance is not less great because it is entirely novel. He owes nothing to his predecessor. His Dulcamara might as well be compared to that of Lablache as a ratcatcher's dog to a mastiff. Lablache's humour is oily—Ronconi's champagne. Ronconi's fun is eternal and irresistible. He never suffers the attention of the spectators to flag. He is always entertaining them with some antics, queer and strange, yet pertinent to the scene. His make-up in Dulcamara is not to be described. From his hat to his boots he is a perfect personification of the travelling mountebank, who trembles between economy and a desire of display—an odd jumble of the showy and shabby.

When Ronconi entered, on his ear, he was received with great cheers and laughter. His address to the mob was richly comic. From that moment his triumph was certified, and the audience did nothing but laugh and applaud.

One of the hottest encores of the evening was awarded to Viardot and Ronconi, in the pretty duet, "Una tenera occhiatina," which was rendered with infinite point and spirit by the two artists, and was followed by a recall.

At the end of the first act, as also at the conclusion, all the principals had to appear.

The Royal Italian Opera closes the regular season to-night, with the same performance as that of Thursday; but three or four extra nights will be given next week at reduced prices.

MISS CUSHMAN.

MISS CUSHMAN, the greatest tragic actress, except Rachel, of our time, took her departure from this country for her native soil on board the America, on Friday, the 19th. The manager of the Amphitheatre prevailed on this good lady with some difficulty, before her departure, to appear once more as Meg Merrilies. The result was, that on Monday, the 15th, the theatre proved totally inadequate to hold the immense number of persons congregated on the occasion, and a second night's engagement was made in order to accommodate the disappointed. Miss Cushman, in our opinion, excelled herself in this extraordinary creation, which, once to see, is never to forget. The applause with which she was greeted each evening was deafening, and we have no doubt she will call it up when far away with pleasurable emotion. Miss Cushman was very fairly supported in the play, though we have seen many of the parts much better sustained. Mr. Baker was Dominic Sampson, and his daughter was Flora. Mr. Pearson played Dandie Dimont. John Reeve, who has been engaged at this theatre for some time past, met the other day with a serious accident. A horse on which he was riding took fright at a passing omnibus and threw him, and the omnibus passed over his body, breaking one of his ribs and otherwise seriously injuring him. We learn, on inquiry, that Mr. Reeve is now out of danger, and will resume his professional duties in a week or two.

JENNY LIND'S BROTHER.—The paragraph that has made the round of the papers respecting a brother of Jenny Lind is a fiction from beginning to end.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

SADLER'S WELLS.

A FULL audience assembled here last Saturday evening, to greet the enterprising manager on the commencement of another campaign. The play was *Hamlet*. When this piece was reproduced two years ago, it was evident that Mr. Phelps had entirely restudied the part, and greatly improved his conception of it. Still, however, like most representations of this—one of the most difficult of all Shakespeare's characters—his performance is an uneven one. His finest scenes are that of the play, in the third act, and the one with the Queen, which immediately follows it; but there were many touches throughout equally original and happy. His words to the Ghost—

"Go on! I'll follow thee."

invariably elicit a burst of applause. The quarrel with Laertes over Ophelia's grave lacked energy, a fault rarely chargeable on Mr. Phelps. Miss Eliza Traversa—a provincial importation—made a clever and graceful Ophelia.

On Thursday, Mr. Leigh Hunt's play, *A Legend of Florence*, was produced. The principal incident of this piece has a powerful interest—human as well as dramatic. A noble Florentine lady, whose peace and health have been destroyed by that worst of household friends, a jealous and self-tormenting husband, is carried to her tomb in a swoon. Her friends, suspecting she is not dead, take measures for removing her from the vault, but, ere they can effect their purpose, the lady, awakening, wanders forth, and in this plight encounters her now-repentant and horror-stricken husband, who takes her for his wife's ghost. She afterwards retires to a convent, where her husband, now informed of the truth, seeks her, and requires that she should return home. She is, about to yield, but, disgusted by another burst of triumphant will, and anticipating a return of her domestic misery, she rescinds her resolution, refusing all further compromise. Her husband, madened at her determination, is run through the body in a scuffle with one of her friends, and falls dead at her feet. The action, up to the lady's return from the tomb, progresses with powerful interest. From this point, the middle of the fourth act, it somewhat hangs fire; and some of the characters are of rather too ethereal and visionary a cast for dramatic purposes; but Agolanti, the husband, makes ample amends, and the character is kept up to the last, through all its shades of ferocity, sullenness, sarcasm, and repentance. Mr. Phelps delivering every point with his usual force and discrimination. The piece was listened to with profound attention, and, from the applause at the fall of the curtain, will, we anticipate, take out a new lease of popularity. The organ prelude, behind the scenes, in the second act, being introduced, as it were *en amore*, has a very pleasing and novel effect.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

LEIPZIG.—(From a private letter.)—Notwithstanding the overcast sky of the political horizon, there is a new spring of action in the musical and dramatic world in Germany. There are an immense number of new operas that have been performed within the last four or six years, and, if interesting to your readers, I will collect and send you the names of them, as well as of their composers and poets. An announcement, which I copy from *Brendel's Zeitung*, will, I hope, go to prove somewhat my assertion above, and perhaps stir up a similarity of generous feeling at home, where it is really wanted. The announcement runs thus:—

"To young composers.—For a composer of orchestral works

It is one of the greatest means for improvement to hear his works performed by a good orchestra: how few, how very few young and striving talents have the opportunity for that! For the interest of art and young talents, I will try to meet this want. As there is but little to do in the summer months for the Ducal Chapel (*Hofkapelle*), I have arranged three rehearsals per week, for the trying of new works for the orchestra, and instrumental solo pieces with orchestra, as a matter of exercise. For every rehearsal there are about two or three works for the full orchestra, and the most perfect performance is aimed at. Between these pieces we perform solos, generally each rehearsal, one for a string, and one for a wind instrument. The days are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; the hours are from ten o'clock A.M. to two P.M. The orchestra is composed of 12 first violins, 12 seconds, 8 tenors, 6 violoncellos, 6 double basses, and the necessary wind instruments. Thus all orchestral effects may be obtained. Now I propose that in each of two of these rehearsals (each week) a new work of one composer shall be executed. It will not seem strange that I name but one work each time, when it is considered that by overstepping that number the chief purpose of the *Chapelle* might be endangered. The following points I put for a clear understanding:—

"1. The rehearsals last till the 15th October. (Note.—They began in May.)

"2. The score is sent free of cost to me.

"3. Three competent judges will decide whether the work shall be performed.

"4. The decision will be given to the composer three weeks after receipt of the score. If decided *against*, the score will immediately be returned; if accepted, the day of performance will be fixed on, and the composer has eight days before that to send in the parts, taking care to have them written out legibly, &c., &c., and for the stringed instruments at least four parts for each.

"5. The day of performance will be a fortnight after acceptance.

"6. If the purchaser should wish it, this might be altered. If not able to attend himself, an account of the effect of his work will be given to him.

"7. As the morning trains of the railroad arrive before the rehearsal, and part after it, neither much time nor expense will be expended in coming by those who do not come from a great distance.

"8. All letters must be sent post free, and answers will be sent unfranked.

"Devon." "FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER,
"Chapel-master.

No other than the celebrated composer of the oratorio *Das Weltgericht*!

Does that not strike you, your readers and all, as well as myself, as totally different from the doings in our glorious "commercial" Isle? It strikes me even pleasantly that the expense to be incurred is not left without notice, thereby intimating that one may be a talent, genius, or what you will, for orchestral compositions, and yet poor! How different in London, where the proud Philharmonic does not even attempt to give the works of musicians of established merit, of their compatriots, for the performance of which at least three-fourths of the thinking musicians are continually and loudly asking. Need I name names? But this is not a singular instance of this kind of encouragement to art in Germany. If it meets your views, I will send you matter enough of this kind to prove that Germany is still the cradle for good music, notwithstanding they also perform Flotow's and Verdi's operas; but

if they do that one night, they play Gluck's, Mozart's, Weber's, and Cherubini's the following once—side the programmes. More next time.—Yours, &c., X.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DRAMA AT JERSEY.

(From a Correspondent.)

I SEND you an extract from the *Jersey Sun* on Gustavus Brooke, who has completely regained his health.

On Monday week, *The Lady of Lyons* was performed, and in such a manner as to call forth unqualified praise, as regards the principal character, from all present. Claude Melnotte has fallen into the hands of almost every London and provincial actor of any note, but never, in my humble judgment, with the exception of Macready and Charles Kean, has it met with a more able representative than on the present occasion. Mr. Stewart, for such was the gentleman's name who embodied the character of the French peasant, has, it appears, been playing with great success at the Liverpool and Belfast theatres, and although he has not made the stage his profession for more than three years, he has all the confidence and self-possession of an experienced actor, added to a graceful figure and singularly expressive countenance. The first act gives no great scope for the actor's powers, but in the second, in the scenes with Pauline, the love of the humble-born Claude was admirably portrayed. And in the third act he was still more successful. The breaking of the voice when he gives back Pauline to her father, was very artistic. The conclusion was excellently worked up. The passion and tenderness was displayed with much energy, and an absence of stage trick. Mr. Stewart's capabilities as an actor are first-rate, and I pronounce him at once as one of the most promising juvenile tragedians of the day. It was to be regretted that with so talented a lady in the theatre as Mrs. Gordon, she did not play Pauline. Mrs. Sidney, who undertook the part, is very clever in the *Vestris business*, but Pauline is out of her line. At the fall of the curtain, Mr. Stewart was loudly called for, and led Mrs. Sidney across the stage. Before leaving the island, I hope to see Mr. Stewart in another character. So superior is he to the general run of provincial tragedians, that I should not be surprised if he will find his way to London before long.—Yours, T. E. B.

The article on Mr. Brooke is written in a strain of unmeasured eulogy. We have much respect for the talents of the actor, but cannot at present afford room for the extract.]

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—The letter of "Anglican-Gregorian" is so temperate and suggestive, that I cannot forbear enlarging on some of the subjects to which it relates.

The writer is evidently one who could have wished that a little more good feeling and less immoderation had been observed by writers on the subject of the Gregorian Chants. And for this evidence of just feeling he is much to be commended. It is incontrovertible that the theories advanced in some of the Gregorian publications will not bear the test of the slightest examination; and of this the writers are fully aware. Hence it is that they have all along, and do still, dread a fair, open, and intelligent discussion of the subject. They are not only sensible that a great deal they have put forth is false; but that there are those in abundance who can prove it to be so. It has been a special object with them, therefore, not only to charge the minds of the clergy with a mass of garbled views, but also to excite in them a strong prejudice against those who might fairly be expected to be able to detect and to correct those usurps—namely, numbers of the English musicians, quiremen, and organists;—to represent them, indeed, as being incapable of being actuated by a single good motive, and as being classes of men to whose word not the slightest credit ought to be attached. This is the kind of "sound training" in Church music that forms the groundwork of the musical education of the

great body of the High Church clergy in the middle of the nineteenth century—a body among whom there are not wanting those who have the ambition to aspire to become “the instructors of the people” in music, and to whom a system of training is presented, the precise “soundness” of which seems to be that of placing sound before sense.

And a great deal of needless offence has been thus gratuitously offered to those who, nevertheless, still possess the greatest practical acquaintance with the subject, and who, probably, will yet come out from the present trial in greater triumph than their envious detractors have anticipated or have desired. The same may be said of the Chants. In spite of the worst and best endeavours of the “Christian” publications, it may fairly be doubted whether the Anglican Chants have suffered half as much from the attacks of their enemies as the Gregorian Chants have from the misplaced adulations of their friends. And, probably, it is from the consciousness of this fact that “Anglo-Gregorian” feels that we can afford to be lenient towards those who have been spiteful—to return good for evil.

I will now endeavour to say what seems to be the very utmost that can be said in favour of the Gregorian Chants. They may, I think, be divided into three classes. A few of them—that is, the best, and forming class one—have a certain naturalness about the flow of their melodies that renders them susceptible of the addition of good harmony, and of being rhythmised by the prolongation or the repetition of a note here and there. Such of them as will bear this amount of improvement are undoubtedly capable of being made, as I have before said, nearly as good, if not quite so, as some of the Anglican Chants. But then how great is the amount of renovation and beautification that they undergo to make them so! A mass of rock—solid and firm enough, certainly, in its original state—by being cunningly carved and put together, becomes a beautiful church.

But here we are met by the prejudices and waywardness of bigotry. Rather than acknowledge that the resources of modern art can improve the Gregorian Chants so wondrously as they can, some will question whether Pope Gregory would have availed himself of these great accessories, had they have been known in his time. This is only deliberately lowering Gregory from the rank of a great musician, in which light I have ever viewed him, to that of an obstinate pedant—an act of gross injustice, that I would rather leave to be inflicted, undivided, by his misguided friends. Pope Gregory did the utmost that could be done for Church Music, considering the period at which he lived, and the comparatively barbarous state of music at that time; and to suppose that he would not have done something more worthy of the service of God, if he could, is about as absurd as to assert that a church builder in Saxon times would have availed himself of the superior attributes of the Gothic style if he could. Gregory and Gundulf each did his best; and that their best was not better was not their fault, but the fault of Above. An architect who would argue that all that has been done, since a departure was made from the semi-circular arch, is wrong, would be voted a mistaken man, and his opinion, foolish; but he who will lament and fret about a departure from middle-age musical principles is styled a “philosophical musician,” and one whose opinion “must” be law! To such anti-progressions, I would submit the following observations of Dr. Arnold for consideration:—“There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural or convulsive to society, as the strain to keep things *fixed*, when all the world is, by the very law of its creation, in eternal *progress*; and the cause of all the evils in the world may be traced to that natural, but most deadly, error of human indolence and corruption—that our business is to *preserve*, and not to *improve*. It is the ruin of us all alike—individuals, schools, and nations.”

The second class of Gregorian Chants have a degree of naturalness, an unexpectedness, about the progress of their “tune,” in the shape of a major interval when a minor is expected, or a minor when a major is anticipated, which is eminently calculated to startle even a well-tuned singer, and certainly to engender a feeling of doubt and diffidence in the minds of the less initiated. Now I suspect it to be these Chants, chiefly, that G. R. C. has found “too difficult for the mass of people to sing;” such difficulty arising not from any elaboration in the melodies—which some

commit the mistake of supposing to be necessary to constitute a difficulty—nor from any extent of scale through which the melody passes, which again is erroneously supposed to be an essential element in a musical difficulty; but a sudden interruption to, and deviation from that precise course which nature, feeling, and education would lead one to expect the melody would take. But here again sophistication steps in, and we are met with the cry, “Oh, but that arrangement of the intervals is quite correct according to the ancient scales,” (of which I have something to say next week). Just so. No one doubts this. But the circumstance of a reference to the old scales accounting for certain ruggednesses, the occurrence of which would otherwise be wholly inexplicable, does not transform those awkwardnesses into beauties, nor does the process render them one atom the less difficult to sing. And as to the supposed sublimity of the old scales, Dr. Griepenkerl writes pretty clearly on this point in the preface to the fifth volume of Bach’s works for the organ. “This seems to be the place,” he observes, “to say much respecting the Church modes, in which many chorals with their arrangements are written. But the space of a preface does not permit this. Besides we should not do it in order to write in their *Lavour*; for they are an unsuccessful attempt in the infancy of art—they have not, with the exception of the *Ionian* (our C major) and the *Æolian* (our descending A minor) the necessary qualities of the scales,—their system, including the difference of authentic and plagal, is false, for four scales occur twice under other denominations, and their Greek names are a folly. On the other hand, the manner in which J. S. Bach, above all other composers, has drawn out of them, by *harmonical treatment*, a high artistic value and deep religious expression, is in the highest degree *remarkable*, and of such great significance, that those, in themselves unsuccessful, scales must thereby be held in memory for ever.” Now, when correspondents of the *Musical World* wrote in this strain, they were set down as being merely *tone* or *style*, and as being incompetent to write on the subject; and the philosophers and accomplished critics were then said to be the only persons capable of deciding the question. There, then, is the decision of a competent authority, of one of the most profound philosophers and critics of the most musical country in the world; and this decision *confirms* and *repeats* in more emphatic language, the very opinions that have been attempted to be repudiated. I am but too happy to bow to the result.

The third class of Gregorian Chants are those that are so crooked and unharmonious in an intelligible form, that they can only be called “melodies” by the grossest flattery. There is about as much “devotional expression” about these as there is “divine expression” about the faces of the gorgons and other ugly heads that are stuck about some of the old Gothic Churches, and to admire either of which only demands the same kind and amount of taste. The fact is, there are bad and most inappropriate Gregorian as well as Anglican Chants; and this must be admitted before any real “progress” can be made. A stiff neck and high stomach on either side will not do it. Dr. Burney offers a wholesome admonition on this point. “It is difficult,” he says, “to determine which is the most injurious to music, or the greatest impediment to its improvement—the pedantry which draws us back to useless and exploded customs, or wanton and licentious innovation, which quits the true and fundamental principles of the art in the pursuit of visionary schemes of reformation and singularity. Good music is ever to be found between these two extremes; and though pedantry takes hold of one hand, in order to draw her back to rusticity or exploded learning, and innovation seizes the other, to seduce her from the right path into company of caprice and affectation; she pursues her slow and steady course towards taste, elegance, simplicity, and invention, under the guidance of judgment and science.”

One word to “Anglican Gregorian.” He thinks fragments of other Chants besides the Gregorian might be found in the street cries. This I think very possible, though I do not recollect to have heard any. But supposing portions of the Anglican were to be found there in abundance, this would not affect the position, since the Anglican Chants have never been elevated in the ridiculous manner that the Gregorians have. And this being the case, it is only the humpty-dumplings that can be in danger of having a great fall.—Dear sir, yours very sincerely,

Aug. 20, 1850.

AN ORGANIST.

MUSIC IN HUMBLE LIFE.

(Concluded from our last.)

THE National Society for the education of the poor has four Normal Schools, in all of which the musical instruction is under Mr. Hullah's direction. These are:—1st, St. Mark's College, Chelsea; in which there are always sixty students, who remain there three years. All learn to sing, and the majority to write in four-part harmony, before they leave. They have a daily choral service, in which they sing (without accompaniment) the services of Tallis, Gibbons, and other (chiefly old) English masters, and the motets and hymns of the old Italian and Flemish schools. They are at this time getting up, in their leisure hours, *The Messiah*, with not only the vocal but the instrumental parts. Attached to the College is a boys' school, where the boys (upwards of 200) are taught to sing by the students. The boys of the first class are all able to sing the treble parts of *The Messiah*. 2nd, Battersea College, in which there are about 80 students, who remain about a year. 3rd, Westminster Training Institution, in which there are about 45 masters and 60 mistresses, who remain about six months. There are also, in the school attached, about 200 boys and 150 girls taught to sing. The whole body forms at once the choir and greater part of the congregation at Christ Church, Westminster. The children at this school are of the humblest class. 4th, Whitlands; where there are about 75 young women training for schoolmistresses. They remain about three years, and attain some knowledge of Harmony.

Besides the above, under Mr. Hullah's personal direction, there are various other training institutions in London, in which his plans have been adopted, and are carried out by pupils of his own. The most important of these are,—the Borough Road Schools and the Home and Colonial Infant School Society.

There are Normal Schools at York, Exeter, Oxford, Chester, Warrington, Durham, and other provincial towns, in all of which music is taught systematically, according to the methods which the masters have acquired in the Normal Schools of the Metropolis. In Ireland, the National Board of Education, some years ago, formally adopted Mr. Hullah's books, and have introduced his method into a variety of seminaries. In Scotland less seems to have been done. But the authorities of the Free Church sent a young teacher to study under Mr. Hullah, who returned to Edinburgh about a year ago, and, we learn, is giving instructions with success. Mr. Hullah's "Manual" has been translated into Welsh, and introduced into some schools in the Principality. Many copies of his books have been sent to different parts of India, Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and New Zealand, for the use of persons teaching in those remote regions.

It thus appears that Music is becoming a regular branch of popular education, and for the most part according to a uniform and well-tryed method, in every part of the British empire. The system is of too recent growth to have brought its fruits to maturity. It may, indeed, be regarded as in its infancy when compared with the magnitude which it cannot fail to attain. But already its effects are striking and encouraging. Music—well, badly, or indifferently taught—forms a part of the business of the great majority of schools, national, public, and private, throughout the country. In hundreds of quiet, out-of-the-way country churches, an approximation is made to a choral service often purely vocal. Hundreds of country clergymen are now qualified, by musical attainment, to superintend the singing of their choirs and congregations, and exert themselves to render it consistent

with taste, propriety, and devotion. And it is a certain fact, that whereas ten years ago, nobody, in the engagement of a schoolmaster, ever thought of inquiring about his musical capacity, men defective in this point, but otherwise of unexceptionable character and attainments, find it next to impossible to obtain employment.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—It was not my intention of again troubling you with anything further respecting J. M. X., but he having run his unfortunate head against the wrong parish organist, I must beg leave to inform him the "Parish Organist" is not a share-broker, and that he is not an organist at a distant church at the north end of Liverpool. I shall leave him still to ignorance of my parish church, but can assure him that the attendance and income of the parish church of which I am organist is, I am happy to say, much better than when first I was appointed to the situation. J. M. X.'s opinion of the editor of the chorales is much altered since I had the honour of his (J. M. X.'s) acquaintance, and to me he has spoken of him, not as an accomplished organist, but otherwise. I still think, and feel, that the unwarrantable attack upon the editor of the chorales was totally out of place and uncalled for. J. M. X. might have kept himself to the subject upon which he began, and allowed Providence to have guided his artful pen with a little more good feeling; it was written in a decided spirit of opposition and unkindness, not only upon the work, but its author. Allow me to say, in conclusion, that I am totally unacquainted with the editor of the chorales: I have played them, which J. M. X. (I think), cannot do; and I have in my possession a manuscript hymn tune, by J. M. X., which even Julius himself would be glad to have for his celebrated dance band.—I beg leave to remain, your obedient servant,

A PARISH ORGANIST.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MOORE VIEW, TAVISTOCK, DEVON.—(From a Correspondent.)

—A highly interesting lecture was given here last Monday, by the Rev. T. Gibbons, on "The History and Genius of Mozart," which was illustrated by his "Twelfth Mass," admirably sung by the Tavistock Church choir, under the direction of Mr. J. F. Thynne, their talented organist. The lecturer commenced his remarks by alluding to the exquisite movements contained in this Mass, and never was the life of Mozart better depicted than on this occasion by our excellent and worthy lecturer. To comment on its merits would be quite useless; suffice it to say that the whole was sung with the greatest precision, and reflects very great credit on those engaged in it.—A LOVER OF MOZART.

MUSIC IN CALIFORNIA.—*Appropos* of music, I shall never forget the old sensations that I experienced on hearing the first barrel-organ ever played in the streets of San Francisco. I happened to be seated at the time in the bar room of one of the hotels, in conversation with a friend, when the sounds of an instrument associated with so many familiar recollections fell, like the strains of some long forgotten, but cherished voice, upon my ears. I rushed out to behold the adventurous Savoyard, who had traversed half the globe to charm the savage natures of this wild and lawless region with the dulcet tones of his instrument. There he stood—an admirable specimen of his class—a bright and merry smile playing upon his tanned but handsome features, while his eyes wandered round, in arch expectancy, on the faces of the crowd by whom he was surrounded. The Columbus of street musicians became a person of considerable importance in San Francisco, and was paid handsomely for his performances wherever he went. Never, probably, had one of his class attained such high consideration. The melodious strains of his instrument never failed to arouse the enthusiasm of the home-sick; while the tricks of his monkey served to amuse the leisure of the rough miners, who were incapable of entering into the feelings inspired by the music. He was admitted into all the hotels, and many a rough jig or reel was improvised to music ever strangled to such a profane measure, the *arias* of Bellini and Donizetti being quick-time, to suit the exigency of a plausy or Sir Roger de Coverly. Luckily for him, there was no coppers in the town, and the showers of silver pieces

that rewarded his efforts must have surprised as well as enriched him. But, alas! the subsequent career of the Savoyard was not destined to prove an exception to the usual course of mundane prosperity. Some performers on wind instruments arriving from the States, he was thrown completely into the shade; and his visits to his old haunts became less and less frequent. At last he disappeared altogether.—*Ryan's Adventures in California.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several Notices and Reviews unavoidably deferred until next week.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Organist of St. John's Church, Paddington.

N.B. Those desirous of subscribing are kindly requested to forward by post-office orders 6s. 6d. to the Author, 3, Keppell Street, Russell Square. In consequence of many of the first organs of this country being of the G pedal compass, most of J. S. Bach's pedal figures, &c., and the other best composers of fugue writing, cannot be performed on them without impairing the pedal progressions, and being too, almost impracticable, having been written for the G pedal compass. The Author trusts, therefore, that the "Six Introductions and Fugues" will be acceptable to British organists, for whom they are written and to whom they are dedicated. He further hopes they will consider that the mechanical difficulties they present, proceed chiefly from the school of counterpoint in which they are written.

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Signor POLONINI, Signor TAGLIAFICO,
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PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS BY
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Mademoiselle COTTI, Mademoiselle DE MERIC,
Signor SOLDI, Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Monsieur MASSOL, Signor LUIGI MEI,
Signor POLONINI, Signor ROMMI, Signor TALAMO,
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No. 35.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1850.

{PRICE THREEPENCE
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MR. T. M. MUDIE.

THIS accomplished musician, who has been staying a short time in London, invited his friends and the press to a performance of some of his new M.S. compositions for the pianoforte. The meeting took place at the New Beethoven Rooms, on Thursday, the 22nd inst., at three o'clock, P.M. Mr. Mudie was assisted by Miss Kate Loder, Mr. W. H. Holmes, and Mr. Robt. Barnett, and the following programme was presented:—

A quattro mani, Introduzione e Valse Brillante, "Allegro Brillante." *A quatre mains*, Morceau à la Russo, "Allegro Moderato." *Solo*, Rondo in A minor, "Allegretto Scherzoso." *Solo*, 1^{mo} Notturno, "Il compianto." "Andante Lento ed espressivo."

A quattro mani, l'Inquietudine, "Motivo Agitato." *Solo*, Chanson d'Amour, "Ambante con molto espressione." *A quattro mani*, La Gentilezza, "Motivo grazioso." *A quatre mains*, Pas Redoublé, "Allegro Marziale." *Solo*, Tema con Variazioni, "Andante Lento e Solenne."

In all the above pieces we observed one important quality—melody, fluent and original. Some of them, especially the duets, are but bagatelles in form and duration; nevertheless they are finished in a style that declares the practised scholar, and have a certain stamp upon them which at once proclaims their origin. Mr. Mudie thinks for himself, and has a manner of his own, that, while it is easy and natural, cannot be mistaken for the manner of any other writer. We might perhaps object that the *motivi* of one or two of the duets are simple to a fault, and that their treatment betrays no signs of elaboration. But Mr. Mudie has frequently exercised his pen in the loftiest class of instrumental compositions—orchestral symphonies, chamber quintets, &c.—with what success, must be remembered by those who are in the habit of referring to this journal for facts and opinions on musical matters. That he should, from time to time, amuse himself with the composition of elegant trifles, is therefore not a matter to complain of by those who know how capable he is of writing in the highest forms. The execution of all the pieces by Mr. Mudie and his talented associates, was perfect. We were most delighted, however, with the "Tema con variazioni," in D, a very fine example of the serious kind of variations, of which Beethoven set and Mendelssohn developed the type. The theme is grave and majestic, and the variations ingenious, well contrasted, and thoroughly in keeping. Mr. Mudie's performance of this *morceau* belonged to the most intellectual style of pianoforte playing. The audience, a numerous and distinguished one, were much pleased, and warmly applauded every piece.

VIVIER.

THIS celebrated performer has been engaged by Mr. Beale, to join the Parodi and Gardoni tour. He will first play at the Gentleman's Concerts, Manchester. Vivier's immense reception at the Jenny Lind Concerts, in Liverpool, has given a new impetus to his fame. All the world is talking about "La Chasse." In a short time, or we are much mistaken, "all the world" will have heard it with its own ears.

JENNY LIND AT LIVERPOOL.

WE have by no means exhausted the stock of lettered enthusiasm with which the presence of the "Swedish Nightingale" inspired the press of the "second commercial metropolis." Before we begin our second rummage for scraps, however, let us republish, for the sake of giving it a flat contradiction, a paragraph that has gone the round of the papers, metropolitan and provincial:—

"JENNY LIND'S BROTHER MARRIED AT NEWPORT.—It will be interesting to many of our readers to hear that last week John Lind, mariner, of Stockholm, son of Hans Lind, schoolmaster, and brother of Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, was married in the Register-office, in this town, to Miss Mary Gee, of Pillwilly. John had not seen his sister for many years until he accidentally met with her the other day at Liverpool, on her professional visit to that place. Jenny presented him with a handful of pocket-money; but John, like his other two brothers, is able and willing to work for his bread, and if his sister were to offer him an annuity, to exempt him from labour, he would not accept it. He spoke in the most affectionate terms of his sister, stating that she had supported her father and mother since she was sixteen years of age."

Our aged contemporary, the *Monmouthshire Merlin*, is the original author of this pretty history, of which we have but one complaint to make—that it is not true. We were aware that Merlin was a necromancer, but this is the first time we have found him out in a lie. Let us hope that he will publish the contradiction, and so regain his character for veracity amongst the Welsh mountains.—The best part of the affair is, that the Liverpool journals reprinted the paragraph, although as Jenny Lind had not yet arrived in England when it first appeared, they must have known it to be a fiction.

We have already given several specimens of leading articles with which the local press evinced their sense of Jenny Lind's social worth and artistic excellence. Here is one, however, from *The Liverpool Mail*, which prefaced the summary of the *Asizes*!

"The prominent events, or at least the topics of the week, so far as Liverpool is concerned, are the *asizes*—and the performance of Jenny Lind last evening. The subjects do not harmonise. Philosophers hold that there is no connexion between music and crime—

'The man that hath no music in his soul,
And is not moved by the concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'

"We are sorry to dispute the authority of William Shakspeare or those who quote him; but we know some very decent and harmless people, who, though unmusical, are not what the poet would represent them. The attractions and unrivalled accomplishments of Miss Lind are not to be doubted; but we would not anaesthetise those who are not enthusiastic enough to attend a crowded concert room in order to reap the benefit of the humanising influence. The Swedish melodist had a very full audience last night; and, if ever music was idolised as a ministering angel of good, it is in her person. Her amiable and charitable disposition, combined with rare talent, win for her the admiration and esteem of countless thousands. Her career has been one of untarnished lustre and

unparalleled success. May she long live to charm the world with harmony, and adorn her sphere by the influence of a bright example."

By the way, the town was crammed with barristers, in the eager pursuit of their vocations on the northern circuit. All the briefs were sent to Coventry, however, on the nights of the concerts, and many a case was suspended consentaneously with the breaths of the advocates, while drinking in the liquid melody from the throat of the "Nightingale." The Adelphi Hotel was besieged with lawyers. Let us hope that Mr. Radley, in return for the good cheer he provided, at such reasonable terms, will have all his law business transacted *gratis*, for a twelvemonth to come.

Perhaps the visit to the Southern and Tooteth Hospital was the incident which created the most general interest during Jenny Lind's short stay at Liverpool. A loquaciously elaborate description of this appeared in the *Courier*, from which we take leave to extract so much as is likely to amuse our readers.

"It may be recollected that the committee of the Southern and Tooteth Hospital, at the close of the year 1848, having been informed that Mdlle. Jenny Lind was inclined to exercise her unrivalled powers in promoting the permanent establishment of charitable institutions, deputed the president of the charity, and Mr. Ingram, one of their number, to wait upon the sweet songstress, who was then at Leeds, where she had given a concert. Without the slightest hesitation, and with a courteous compliance, she acceded to their request, engaging herself to sing gratuitously at the Liverpool Amphitheatre on the 6th of the following month (January, 1849), and permitting the whole of the proceeds arising from the concert to go in aid of increasing the dimensions of the hospital, in order to render the needful accommodation to meet the requirements of the numerous casualties occurring from time to time in the district, and for which the annual receipts were found to be inadequate. By great exertions the necessary preparations were made by the committee, and all other parties, who had it in their power to assist, pressed forward in a spirit of the utmost sympathy and generosity. The requirements of taste and fashion came in aid of the calls of humanity. A very numerous audience assembled, and the result was, that upwards of 1300*l.* were collected in support of the institution.

"For the aid thus so readily and so generously afforded, the committee thought that some testimonial of their approbation to one who had rendered such good service in the cause of charity was due; and it was thereupon determined to make to the sweet-voiced benefactress some suitable presentation of plate. Holding that the "Nightingale," in common with the rest of her sex, was an admirer of variety (we do not for an instant hint at anything ungracious to the fair sex—we are speaking of presentations merely), the great desire was to fix upon some testimonial which might be deemed a novelty; and this was no easy matter, as almost every article yet manufactured had been placed as marks of approbation before the Queen of Song. At length one of the gentlemen of the committee said he had an idea—the kettle was the thing. It was agreed by all that the notion was new, and for that reason, if for no other, was worthy of being acted upon; and accordingly an order was given to Mr. Mayer, of Lord-street, to have manufactured in silver, of the most suitable and appropriate design, a piece of massive plate to represent that domestic cheerer, the kettle, and also to be accompanied by a pair of handsomely wrought candlesticks. Mr. Mayer immediately turned his attention to the subject; the design was approved of, and the work, when executed, equally so. As a specimen of art, it is a work which would of itself, were there not scores of others to support it, immortalise him."

The description of the tea-kettle, which appeared in our last, then follows, after which, the writer, anxious to preserve every word, look, and gesture of the charitable syren from oblivion, proceeds thus chattily, without let or hindrance:—

"Matters having thus far progressed, and the kettle itself made to do good service to the funds of the hospital by being exhibited, at a small gratuity, to the admiration of thousands, at the Fancy

Fair, it was determined that the presentation should take place, on some fitting occasion, upon Jenny's next visit to the shores of the Mersey. Opportunity therefore was taken of her present sojourn; and the matter was managed by an invitation given to her, to honour the committee of the hospital with a visit to the institution after the termination of her concerts at the Philharmonic-hall. With that complacency and affability for which she is so distinguished, Mdlle. Jenny Lind at once consented to visit the asylum for the distressed, and intimated that Tuesday morning would be the time most agreeable to her, and eleven o'clock fixed upon as the hour. Arrangements were made accordingly, and at the hour appointed a number of the gentlemen on the committee assembled to receive the benevolent visitress. Jenny Lind, with her usual amiability of shunning ostentation and show, had requested that the visit should be strictly private; that no display of any kind should take place; and that no formal presentation should be made. As far as was possible, under circumstances so inviting, the committee regarded her wishes; but then the entreaties of loving wives, coaxing daughters, and fair maidens bearing a still more sympathetic alliance, could not in every case be resisted; and the consequence was that there was a good sprinkling of smiling countenances and bright eyes to lend light and give animation to the occasion. Amongst the gentlemen in attendance were Benjamin Platt, Esq., treasurer; Dr. Petre; T. H. Holderness, Esq.; Studley Martin, Esq.; G. Harrison, Esq.; Charles Challinor, Esq.; Rev. H. Hampton; John Job, Esq.; A. Devonshire, Esq., (London); Joseph Russell, Esq.; Wm. Casson, Esq.; and several others.

"At about twenty minutes after eleven o'clock, the arrival of Jenny Lind was intimated by a loud cheering from a vast multitude of people who had collected at the front entrance, on the east side of the hospital. The vehicle which conveyed Mdlle. Lind from the Adelphi Hotel was of unassuming appearance, and not such as to attract public notice as it passed through the streets. The fair songstress was accompanied by Joseph Brooks Yates, Esq., president of the institution, Mrs. Schewale, Mrs. S. Thompson, Mr. Bald, (Swedish consul at this port), and his lady. Immediately upon the party alighting, Mr. Yates offered his arm to Jenny Lind, and led her into the hall at the east side of the building, where she was received by the gentlemen in waiting. The party, Mr. Yates with his fair charge leading the way, then entered the corridor, and proceeded through the large sick ward on the right side. Here the character of the cantatrice was forgotten in the goodness of the woman; on finding herself thus suddenly surrounded by the suffering and afflicted, the sorrow depicted in the benign countenance of the benevolent Jenny indicated the feeling of her heart. She spoke to and consoled with many of the patients as she passed through the room. Hence the party visited the operating theatre, and on being told for what purpose the apartment was used, a shrug of the shoulders and an expression of dread in countenance indicated that Mademoiselle had no taste for surgery. The party then proceeded, in the same order, to the stairs of the gallery of the corridor, leading to the upper wards, that portion of the building for which the charity is mainly indebted to the generosity of Jenny Lind.

On arriving at the top of the stairs, Mdlle. Lind was presented with a beautiful bouquet by Miss Thompson, granddaughter of Mr. J. B. Yates, and which the *prima donna* most affably accepted. After this pleasing little ceremony, the party passed along the gallery, and here again, as below, the distinguished visitor and her friends proceeded through the sick wards. If in the lower ward an instance was given of the woman's kindly disposition and sympathy with the distressed, in this ward a little incident occurred evidencing that feeling so common to all humanity—a love of country, and a natural attachment towards those who have received their birth in the same land. In the first ward the party entered, were lying a Swedish captain and seaman. The fact was intimated to Jenny. She immediately proceeded to the side of the captain's bed,—the sombre aspect which had overshadowed her countenance by the scene in the lower ward dispersed—her amiable face assumed a brightly-indescribable smile, and she freely, and apparently sympathetically, entered into conversation with her unfortunate countryman, and handed to him a bunch of grapes, presented by Miss Thompson. After conversing with him and the Swedish sailor for

some time, and making inquiries from several other of the patients, the party proceeded to the opposite side of the gallery into the large unoccupied ward, where it had been purposed the presentation should take place. In the centre of this room, on a large table, suitably adorned for the purpose, were placed the articles forming the testimonial. On entering the room, Mr. Yates explained to his fair companion the purposes for which it had been intended, and the means by which it was ventilated. The company, during this time, had assembled around the table, but at some distance from it. Mr. Yates pointed to the articles, and with great blandness of demeanour, invited Jenny to approach. On this intimation being given, the retiring young lady evidently became overwhelmed with confusion and blushed a modesty indescribable; it said, more plainly than words could have done, "I fully appreciate your kindness, but spare me the infliction." Mr. Yates himself was not insensible of the perplexing position in which the amiable creature he had in charge was placed, and upon her gentle pressure of his arm he led her from the room. The presentation was completed.

Hence they proceeded into the female ward, the party being conducted through it by the worthy matron of the institution, Mrs. Chalmers, who is a widow, and towards whom Jenny Lind showed much regard. With the patients of this ward Mdle. Lind appeared to be greatly interested, more especially in the case of a little girl, an infant, whose foot had been damaged by a vehicle having passed over it. On leaving this part of the building, the visitors went into the committee-room, where again Jenny became embarrassed. Mr. Yates introduced the visitor's book, and it was evident from her demeanour that the fair cantatrice thought that this time she was to have the infliction of a formal presentation imposed upon her. Mr. Yates, however, relieved her anxiety, by explaining that the volume before her was merely a book in which visitors were requested to record their names, and if they approved of the arrangements of the institution, to leave a minute to that effect; and he then requested that she would be so kind as to do the charity that honour and benefit. She expressed some hesitation as to her want of knowledge of the nature of the entry she was requested to make. Mr. Yates suggested that, if she did approve of the arrangements she had seen, she should make some such entry as this: "I have this day visited the institution, and am much gratified with the arrangements presented, and with the cleanliness of the building." Jenny, with a smile, in broken English, which gave a charm to the words, replied, "That is too much English for me to write," and requested that the entry should be made, and she would sign it. Mr. Bald then wrote the following entry: "I have this day visited the hospital, and am much gratified with its arrangements." Jenny Lind then took up the pen, and added, in a neat legible hand, "And would be very happy could I, at any future time, be once more useful to this beautiful institution," to which she attached, in a boldness of character that would do honour to a commercial house, "JENNY LIND." Immediately on returning the pen to the table, it was eagerly taken up by a young lady, who said, "I have the pen—the dear creature."

Mr. Yates then addressed the fair visitant as follows: "I have to return to you the best thanks of the committee for the honour of your visit to-day. We know that your time is valuable, and we feel grateful to you. We all join in wishing you a prosperous voyage, and a safe and happy return." Jenny Lind briefly remarked, "May it be prosperous." She and the party of select friends were then escorted to the vehicle in waiting, which drove off amidst rapturous cheering.

We understood that shortly after the visit to the hospital, Jenny Lind returned to the Adelphi Hotel, where she remained throughout the day, the better to prepare herself for the fatigue of her voyage on the morrow.

Now that we are in the mood for chit-chat, let us borrow from the *Albion*, the special journal of the ladies of Liverpool, Birkenhead, &c.—in other words of the "Lancashire witches"—the following minute and comprehensive details of all that did and all that did not happen to Jenny Lind, between Thursday evening the 15th and Monday morning the 19th, of her sojourn in the "city of carriers,"

"Mdle. Lind arrived in this town by the express train from London, on Thursday evening, precisely at ten minutes past five o'clock. She had left the Continent only a few days previously; and her last appearance in public was at Baden Baden, on the 6th instant, where she sang for the benefit of Mons. Vivior. Mdle. Lina was accompanied by Mdle. Ahmanson, a cousin, we believe, Mr. Benedict, the affable and talented conductor; Signor Belletti, and M. Vivier (who rode in another carriage), together with other celebrated artists. Mr. William Sudlow, the secretary of the Philharmonic Society, and Mr. Bald, the Swedish consul, with whom Mdle. Lind sojourned on the occasion of a previous visit, were in attendance, and received the Nightingale as she alighted from the carriage, welcoming her once more to Liverpool, and testifying their appreciation of the honour she conferred by her presence. She appeared in very excellent spirits, and much pleased with the reception she met. It had become generally known among the passengers that the Swedish songstress was to the train, and the anxiety to get a sight of her caused a rush towards the carriage which she occupied. Even here we could perceive the mysterious workings of her power: there was no mere prying curiosity, but simply a desire to pay respectful homage to a good and accomplished woman. A private carriage was in waiting to receive her, and the party immediately proceeded to the Adelphi Hotel, where suitable apartments had been prepared for their reception: indeed, the high-sheriff, who is in attendance upon the judges at the assizes, courteously gave up the apartments usually allotted to him, and placed them at the disposal of the *prima donna*. Mdle. Lind was slightly fatigued by her journey, but, after taking some refreshment, was immediately on the alert; and at half-past seven o'clock attended the rehearsal at the hall. Here she was received with the most unbounded and indescribable enthusiasm. It would be difficult to realise the scene, even in imagination. The splendid hall, lighted up specially for the occasion—the members of the orchestra, all music-loving people, and, of course, admirers of Jenny Lind—wedded to her by the tie of sympathy—the breathless expectation over—the swelling burst of applause—the graceful, unaffected, heartfelt acknowledgment—the reiterated murmurs of admiration and love, bursting forth again in more intense expression,—the waving of handkerchiefs, and shout of joy, and another response still more affecting than the first,—everything else is forgotten, lost in the moment of that greeting. Throughout the evening the same enthusiasm was manifested. Here was indeed a "Charm which won all hearts." The same simplicity, unaffected kindness of expression, are over with Mdle. Lind at the rehearsal, as at the concert: the only difference being, that there is no restraint whatever. She makes her appearance in the orchestra bearing a heap of books and music, which she will not trouble any one else to carry; she smiles at all around, and encourages each by a recognition, perchance a kindly word. She sings to the orchestra, only turning round occasionally to test the effect of her voice on the more extended area, which the following evening is to move with animation, and to whom will be addressed her all-enchanting song. This evening she left the Concert-hall at half-past nine o'clock, but had some difficulty in reaching the carriage, so great was the crowd of persons who had congregated outside the gates. Immediately she made her appearance and was recognised, she was hailed with a shout of applause scarcely less hearty than that which she had received in the interior of the building. She seemed deeply to appreciate this second demonstration of esteem, and evidently felt that she could not do too much as an adequate acknowledgment. The vehicle remained a short time after she had entered it, and she shook hands through the window with all who were bold enough to take advantage of the opportunity. One youth, who was determined at all risks to touch her hand, at last succeeded in doing so, just as the carriage had started. By some means or other he was thrown down on the road, but, fortunately sustained no injury, only rolled his clothes, which he refused to have brushed, stating that he would wear the marks in memory of his salutation of Jenny Lind.

"During the day, on Friday, Mdle. Lind remained in comparative privacy at the hotel; and in the evening, shortly before eight o'clock, she left for the concert in the carriage which had been reserved for her use. On entering the carriage, and again

when she reached the hall, she was most warmly greeted by thousands who had assembled to catch a glimpse of her form and features. Of the concert itself a criticism will be found elsewhere; it but remains to supply a few particulars which will be interesting to our readers, and perhaps find a more appropriate place in this column. First, as to the number present, the estimate is 2,771, including the orchestra. The tickets disposed of were, as nearly as we can ascertain, 1,100 for the body, 426 for the boxes, and 960 for the galleries, leaving 285 for the orchestra. Persons were present from all parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland; and it is stated that one gentleman made a pilgrimage all the way from Vienna purposely to hear the *prima donna* previous to her transatlantic trip.* A party from Knowsley occupied two boxes, one on each side the hall, and appropriated to Lord Sefton and Mr. Southern. Amongst others noticed were Lord Ward, Lord Ingestre, Ladies Bentinck, the Baroness French, Sir John Bayley, Sir George Gibbs, Mr. Justice Creswell, Mr. Justice Wightman, John Roys, Esq., the High Sheriff, Thos. Littledale, Esq., and several officers of the 32nd Regiment, in full uniform. The Rev. George Copway, Ka-Ga-Ga-Bowh, attired in his native costume, that of an Indian chief, was also present, and attracted much attention. We should state that, previous to the commencement of the concert, Mr J. H. Turner, on behalf of the committee of the Philharmonic Society, presented Madlle. Lind with a beautiful *bouquet*, which had arrived the same evening from Mr. Harding's celebrated establishment, in Clifford Street, London; and it was brought on by the *prima donna* when she sang the Swedish melodies towards the close of the performance.

"One small matter we must not omit to mention—the dress of Jenny Lind; and here we at once confess ourselves considerably at fault, having been, in fact, compelled to obtain more competent assistance in order to place the following outline before our fair readers. The dress is described to us as a sort of "rose-pink" colour, of glauc silk, flounced, with lace borders of the same color. A beautiful pearl necklace was also worn, with a pendant of diamonds, and an armband of emeralds and diamonds. The head-dress consisted of flowers, berries, and a beautiful green leaf. The attire became her remarkably well, and she looked, as we believe she is, in excellent health and spirits. It never fell to our lot to witness a more hearty or unmistakable reception than that which was given to this Empress of the Orchestra; that it was well-merited it would be superfluous to add. We believe that it made a deep and lasting impression on her mind, and that, however much she may have been predisposed in favour of Liverpool prior to her present visit, we are destined to hold a still higher place in her estimation. She did not hesitate to express the satisfaction which she felt. Her happiness seems to consist in the consciousness that she has the power of promoting the enjoyment and the good of others.

"On Saturday, Mdlle. Lind maintained the same degree of privacy as on the previous day; and it is natural to conclude that she would feel somewhat fatigued from the exertion and excitement of the over night. During the morning, Mr. Maher, of Lord-street, waited upon her to present a cluster of grapes in the name of John Houghton, Esq., of West Derby. The fruit was of the black Hamburgh sort, and the vine from which they were plucked was of four years' growth. The bunch weighed nearly seven pounds and three-quarters, and they were beautifully grouped, and quite perfect in form and colour. The dimensions were given in the *Albion* last week. It is considered the finest cluster ever grown in England. The grapes were suspended on a cross-tree on two supporters, which were covered with white satin, and on the round base of the stand was a very beautiful arrangement of the choicest flowers of the season.

"In the evening, Mdlle. Lind attended the rehearsal of the *Messiah*. Miss Williams, Miss Andrews, and Signor Belletti were also present. We heard Mdlle. Lind sing the three beautiful airs, "Come unto Him all ye that are heavy laden," "How beautiful are the feet of them who preach the Gospel," &c., and "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and much as we had admired them before, we never till now experienced a sense of their real beauty, and of their intensely religious character, anything at all ap-

proaching the degree which Mdlle. Lind's interpretation of them excites. Her singing of these beautiful devotional airs stands quite apart from all musical performances we ever heard. It does not, indeed, seem like a performance at all, but more like the spontaneous outpouring of some angelic being embodied in musical form. Nothing can exceed the profoundly religious feeling which she breathes into them, nor the fine expression of hope and trustfulness with which she accompanies it. It is unnecessary, of course, to say that, as a musical performance, it is perfect. This, however, is not the time for detailed criticism: these columns will, on another occasion, do justice to the manifold beauties, and her interpretation of the music, of this magnificent oratorio. We ought not, however, to close even this short notice without recording our sense of Mr. Benedict's fine appreciation of the beauties of this great oratorio, and his nice tact in impressing his own taste and feeling of them, in some degree at least, into the band and chorals."

And now let us conclude, for the present, with a lengthy history, supplied by the *Liverpool Mail* of Saturday, of whatever else has relation to Jenny Lind on this memorable occasion, which we have not ourselves recounted, or transplanted from the columns of our cotemporaries. The writer prefaces his narrative with the following remarks:—

"Jenny Lind.

"The sojourn of Madlle. Jenny Lind in Liverpool created an amount of enthusiasm perhaps never witnessed before under similar circumstances; and the papers during the week have teemed with incidents in connection with her visit, some of them of the most pleasing description. A more hearty reception could not have been given to royalty itself; and certainly no other *artiste* ever received such demonstrations of affection on the part of the public. She was greeted with shouts of joy wherever she went. On her arrival, she was met at the railway station, and conveyed to her hotel amidst the acclamations of the people; whilst her departure was signalled by a scene never to be forgotten. During her brief stay, Madlle. Lind appeared in public as little as possible—indeed, her professional engagement would not admit of her so doing—but her progress has been carefully noted, and we proceed to give a short history of her visit, which will be read with interest by all who have heard or seen the Swedish Nightingale."

Then come certain incidents connected with the concerts, presentations, &c., of which our readers are already fully cognisant. We must, however, quote the writer's animated description of the farewell to Jenny Lind at the second concert, after the performance of *The Messiah*:—

"At the close of the oratorio, Mr. Sudlow announced "God save the Queen," which called forth a burst of applause. The soprano airs were given by Madlle. Lind, and the audience joined in the chorus, which, though somewhat *con amore*, was very exciting. When the national anthem had concluded, the Lind fever may be said to be at its height. Cheers, loud and long, resounded through the vast hall, and *bouquets* in countless numbers flew on the stage from the galleries, boxes, and stalls. There was a perfect shower of flowers descending round the person of the vocalist. With all the joyousness of a girl who picked them up till her hands were full, and handed them to Mr. Benedict. While this was going on, the committee had come upon the stage to receive her, and inch by inch did she retire from a scene of unexampled triumph; a triumph such as has never before been witnessed in this town. One of the numerous *bouquets* thrown to her from the orchestra fell on her neck, whence it was taken by a gentleman who keeps it as a memorial of this exciting occasion."

This is true. We saw the bouquet, and know the gentleman who took it. Passing over the Southern and Toxteth Hospital, we arrive at the following *naïf* example of "penny-lining":—

"The same evening, a gentleman arrived from London, at the Adelphi Hotel, in great haste, and inquired earnestly for Mdlle. Lind. Being informed that she was then in the hotel, he stated

* Dr. Bucher, the intimate friend of Keyserleebe.

that he had arrived by express train from London, with an album in which some lady friends of his wished her to write her autograph. The album was taken up to Jenny Lind, who immediately signed her name in it. The gentleman received it with many thanks, and returned to London by the next train."

When we state that this album was no other than the album of the young and clever "Angelina," whose compositions have been so often praised in these columns, and that Jenny Lind not only signed her name, but wrote one of her most graceful cadences on the same leaf, we invest the anecdote with an interest that robs it of its *saleté* and renders it acceptable.

Jenny Lind was to start from the Adelphi Hotel, on the morning of departure, at nine o'clock. The crowd knew it, and were prepared to escort her. The superintendent of police, however, was afraid of accidents, and requested the fair songstress to leave the hotel privately an hour earlier. She did so, and the mob were disappointed. The fact was communicated to the *Times* by electric telegraph, and great was the astonishment of the Liverpudlians when they read, at half-past two o'clock, p. m., on Wednesday, in a London paper, the announcement and the reasons of the change which had caused them such disappointment in the morning of the same day. This was giving information on the wings of the lightning, and no mistake.

.. We present the account of Jenny Lind's departure without curtailment.

"The Flight of the Nightingale."

"It was stated that she would leave the landing-stage to be on board the Atlantic at nine o'clock on Wednesday morning; but at eight p.m., on Tuesday evening, Mr. Dowling and Mr. William Brown called at the hotel, and requested, as a favour, that Mdlle. Lind and her friends would start an hour earlier than they had intended, as, from the immense crowds which might be expected to be present on the landing-stage, serious accidents might be apprehended. In accordance with this request, Mdlle. Lind and her most intimate friends, and a favourite few who were on the scene, arrived at the landing-stage to leave by a special steamer to the Atlantic, at eight o'clock. Previous to embarkation, she walked for upwards of a quarter of an hour on the stage, conversing with affable familiarity to friends around her. Mr. M. M. G. Dowling and six police-officers were present, who kept the crowd, which increased rapidly, at a proper distance. Her face was unveiled, and, though dressed with remarkable plainness, she was easily recognised.

"After a pleasant sail up the river, during which the sun shone out in great splendour, the steam-tender arrived alongside the Atlantic, whose vast proportions were the theme of general praise. The Asia, which was also moored close to, came in for a considerable share of admiration. On reaching the Atlantic, Jenny Lind pointed to the sun, which was at that time shining brilliantly, and as an omen of her success; and when Captain West drew her attention to a rainbow stretching across the river, she appeared much pleased.

"While on board, we were much struck with Mdlle. Lind's flow of spirits and general affability. She laughed and chatted the whole time, now speaking to her secretary in Swedish, then to her friends alternately in English, French, and Italian. One of her maids carried a beautiful lap-dog—a King Charles—presented to her by Queen Victoria. She frequently fondled the animal, which seemed greatly attached to her.

"On board the magnificent steamer all rushed to view the berths reserved for the distinguished visitor, Captain West being evidently proud of the encomiums lavished by all present on the magnificence of the decorations and the comfort of the numerous cabins. Jenny Lind has a large state-room reserved for herself, which will accommodate one or two of her friends. She roamed all over the vessel, and pointed out its various attractions to the Baroness Ffrench and her other female friends.

"One of her servants brought with him a large basket of rare flowers which had been presented to her in the morning. She is passionately fond of them, and one of her regrets relative to her voyage was, that she could not have her flower vases replenished daily. Her countenance, however, soon fell, for the bell for the departure of her friends sounded, and then her whole appearance changed *instantly*. All eagerly crowded round her. She shook each, without distinction, warmly by the hand, and returned a prompt answer to the numerous farewells with which she was greeted. When she came to make her adieus to her female friends, her tears began to flow rapidly, as did those of many present. Benedict and Belletti were much affected also, and after embracing their friends, by kissing them on the cheek, in the continental fashion, those whom necessity forced to leave the Atlantic returned to Liverpool in the tender. Jenny and her friends came to the bulwarks, and after giving several hearty cheers, to which she responded by waving her handkerchief and kissing her hand, her friends were soon steamed down the river.

"At nine o'clock, an immense crowd had collected on the landing-stage and St. George's and the Prince's Piers, who appeared to be grievously disappointed that they had missed the opportunity of seeing the fair songstress take her departure. Shortly after ten o'clock, the Atlantic got under weigh. At this time Jenny Lind, Belletti, Benedict, Mr. Wilton, and Captain West were on the paddle-box. Several steamers, crowded with people, neared her, and as the noble Atlantic gracefully and slowly steamed down the Mersey, cheer followed cheer from the various steamers, Mdlle. Lind replying continually to the salutations. She was quite overcome with emotion, and wept repeatedly. As the Atlantic neared the landing-stage, a sight such as we never before witnessed presented itself. The stage, and every other available place, extending up to the extreme end of the Prince's Pier, were crowded with dense masses of people, whose continued applause reverberated across the river. At this time it was high-water, and the river was filled with ships and steamers, crowded with people anxious to procure a glimpse of the object of all this display.

"About twenty minutes past eleven, the Atlantic reached the mouth of the river, followed by one or two steamers, filled with people anxious to get a parting glance at Jenny Lind. Her departure was indeed a triumph, which we hope will be repeated perpetually throughout the whole of her journey in the States, where we only echo the general sentiment in wishing her every success, trusting that, as Liverpool was the last place in England where she sang, so it may be the first to welcome her at her return.

"Our pages have frequently given evidence of the kindness of Jenny Lind's disposition, but the following anecdote will show that, under any circumstances, she never forgets that charity is the very bond of perfectness. While parting from her friends, she drew one of them aside, and confided to her care and attention the wife of one of her men servants, who has been left in the metropolis, suffering from a severe illness. She left directions that the best possible medical attendance should be procured, and that every item of the expense incurred should be charged to her.

"On board the steamer, Jenny Lind was dressed in a dark-coloured bonnet, a black velvet mantle, and plain black stuff dress. She had no ornaments of any description about her, and, as is usual with her in private life, her attire was remarkable for its neatness and simplicity.

"The number of passengers on board the Atlantic were about 140, more than she has ever yet carried.

"Amongst the parties who sailed with Jenny Lind, on board of the steamer, were Madlle. Ahmanson (her cousin), Mr. Hojersberg (her own secretary), Mr. Benedict, Signor Belletti, Mr. Wilton (Mr. Barnum's secretary), and several male and female servants."

The remainder of the *Mail* article is made up of anecdotes and "on dits, which we give without reservation. First *apropos* of her engagement with Mr. Barnum the reporter states:—

"Mr. Barnum himself was expected up to Saturday, but in his place a batch of letters was received, containing the following facts relative to her reception in New York.—It is understood that she will be received on landing by a procession consisting of the mem-

bers of the different musical societies of New York, and a number of orphan children. A suite of apartments has been engaged at Irving house; and a carriage is to be placed at the disposal of the cantatrice. Everything will be done to render her as comfortable as possible. The great musical hall in the Broadway, New York, is to be completed on the 18th of September. It is about 130 feet in length by 100 feet in breadth, and, with the galleries, will furnish seats for six thousand people. The tickets for the concerts will be sold by auction. Already, not fewer than thirty thousand applications have been made for admission to the first concert, so that we may expect that the tickets will fetch a considerable premium above the nominal value, which is about twelve shillings. Madlle. Lind will remain in New York about a month before she sets forth on her tour. Previous to the commencement of her professional engagements, it is suggested that she should pay a visit to the Falls of Niagara, and Mr. G. G. Howland, a gentleman well known, and of the highest respectability, has offered to accompany her. She will visit all the principal towns and cities in the Union, and even go as far as Havana, the inhabitants of which city love music to fanaticism. *On dit*, that tickets for the first twelve performances are disposed of at £1 a-head, so that a sum of £50,000 is already secured. Mr. Barnum's contract with Madlle. Lind is £30,000 for two hundred performances, and he is to pay expenses. She receives £200 for every concert, all her expenses being paid by Mr. Barnum. Benedict is to receive 5000 guineas for the tournee. In one of his letters, Mr. Barnum says, that he had received 30,000 applications for the first concert. The exact period of Madlle. Lind's return to Europe is not fixed; but there is little doubt that when she does return the inhabitants of Liverpool will be the first in England to hear her in public."

Much of this must be regarded in the light of pure surmise or "guess-work." The next paragraph holds out a hope which will make the managers of both the Italian operas "prick up their ears":—

"The belief is, that of the number of nights for which Mr. Barnum has engaged Jenny Lind, a considerable portion will be fulfilled in England, and that the "exposition" of next year will see the American manager and the Swedish Nightingale in the metropolis in their respective professional capacities."

For our own parts we consider this "mere moonshine," as the *Morning Chronicle* used to say about a certain prospectus in 1847. We have given the anecdote about Sir George, but here it is again, with a tail to it:—

"Previous to visiting this town, Jenny called upon Sir George Smart, at his residence at Addlestone, and was engaged three whole hours in going over the sacred music she was to sing at the Liverpool festival. Such was the power of her voice, and the energy of her practice, that she was heard at a considerable distance by some ladies, who, attracted by the beauty of the voice, and without being aware of the visit of its celebrated owner, hovered round the house and enjoyed a gratuitous concert of the most delightful kind."

The following will have a special interest for our fairer readers:—

"For the information of our fair readers we give the following description of the dresses worn by Jenny Lind, at the two concerts. On Friday evening her dress was a rose-coloured glacé silk, flounced, with laced borders. A beautiful pearl necklace was also worn, with a pendant of diamonds and an armlet of emeralds and diamonds. The head-dress consisted of flowers, berries, and a beautiful green leaf. The attire became her remarkably well. On Monday it consisted of a white silk slip, covered with figured silk blonde. The *berthe* was made of quilted blonde, edged with fine lace, the front being ornamented with gold studs. In her hair she wore a few roses, and on her arms black velvet bracelets, edged with gold lace. Her whole attire was remarkably neat and tasteful."

The anecdote, underneath, about the Ragged Schools, we can well believe of Jenny Lind:—

"A short time ago, Sheriff Watson, of Aberdeen, wrote an admirable little pamphlet, entitled *Can Juvenile Delinquency be Prevented: or, a Day's Experience among the Ragged Schools of Liverpool*, the profits of which were to be appropriated to the establishment of an industrial school for girls at the Institution in Soho Square, where a boy's ragged school on this principle had already been conducted with success for eighteen months. A copy of this pamphlet was in the hands of the amiable lady of John Bald, Esq., Swedish Consul in this town, who, on perusal, became much interested in its object, and took an early opportunity, during the recent visit of Jenny Lind to Liverpool, to introduce the subject of the ragged schools to her notice, strongly recommending them to her generous sympathy. The benevolent songstress expressed her warmest approval of their object, and on the day previous to her departure for America presented to her friend 100*l.* for the benefit of the Soho Street Institution."

Nor have we any doubt about the authenticity of the following about another charitable institution:—

"A correspondent of the *Mercury* says 'I do not know whether you are aware that Jenny Lind has offered her kind services, gratuitously, to give a grand concert for the benefit of the Blue Coat Hospital, she having heard that this was the only institution in Liverpool now in debt.'"

The remainder of the *on dit* let us annex in a string—a string of pearls:—

"While staying at the Adelphi Hotel, a portion of her time was passed in reading her numerous letters, of which she ordinarily received about sixty daily, the greater portion of them being requests for autographs. Many were also begging petitions, for her generosity has become so well known, that the calls upon it are both frequent and troublesome. Finding that she could not attend to their contents, she engaged the services of a lady, well known in this town as a professional singer, though at present, we regret to hear, in reduced circumstances. To this lady was confided the care of opening the letters, reporting their contents to Jenny Lind, who in many cases acceded to the wishes of her numerous correspondents."

"At both concerts the committee presented her with a beautiful bouquet of flowers, sent from London expressly for her."

"We might multiply *ad infinitum* anecdotes in connection with the great interest which Jenny Lind has excited amongst people of all classes. At the concert, on Monday evening, a young lady who sat near us, being quite astounded and delighted with her singing of the air 'Non paverai,' exclaimed, in a moment of genuine enthusiasm, O, I would be her servant, if I could always be with her."

"On Monday evening, tremendous crowds were assembled round the Adelphi Hotel and Philharmonic-hall, who, whenever she appeared, cried, 'God bless you!' and cheered her loudly. Many ran after her carriage for a considerable distance in the hope of catching a glimpse of her face. The officials at the Adelphi Hotel were constantly bewildered with parties calling and attempting to discover at what time she would leave the hotel, and leaving letters to be delivered immediately to her."

"It is said that notwithstanding her great professional gains, Jenny Lind only appropriates £1,200 a-year for her own use."

And so on *ad infinitum*. But here, for the present, let us stop. That Jenny Lind made a great sensation at Liverpool who can doubt? While we write, "The Atlantic" may possibly be in sight of the American shores. We hope it may, and that Jenny Lind and her friends may arrive there in as good health and spirits as when she took her never to be forgotten leave of a country whose esteem and admiration she has known to win so well and so entirely.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Six.—In a former letter I gave but an imperfect sketch of the circumstances connected with the foundation of the Royal Academy; and I would refer your readers to the *Patronage of British Art*, by Mr. John Pye, for the minute details of those preliminary intrigues. Will you now permit me, as briefly as possible, to point out the manifest injustice and injury done to the artists, arts, and manufactures of Great Britain, by allowing an irresponsible body, such as the Royal Academy, to monopolise that power, patronage, and revenue, which should be held as a public trust for the advancement of art in its various branches?

The laws of the Academy, established by "Royal munificence," virtually annulled the charter of the Society of Incorporated Artists, by rendering those who were not among its exhibitors ineligible for Academic honours. Thus a fatal blow was struck at the just, and, till then, acknowledged right of every artist to control the revenue arising from the exhibition of his own works; and the Royal Academicians unscrupulously possessed themselves of this revenue for their own profit. At first, the Academicians, despite the protest of Mr. West, entirely excluded the engravers from their society, to gratify the animosity of Dalton, the King's librarian, and treasurer to the Incorporated Society, who had failed in a speculation for establishing a print warehouse in Pall Mall. Strange (a member of the Academies of Paris, Rome, Florence, Bologna, and Parma), and the other distinguished engravers of the day, who filled an important department of art with honour to themselves and to their profession, and whose works were sought with avidity on the Continent, were thus unfairly excluded, and compelled to seek those honours in foreign academies which were denied them in their native country.

The Royal Academy consisted of forty Royal Academicians, twenty Associates, six Associate Engravers, who were ineligible as full members; and it was decided that an exhibition of paintings, sculpture, and designs should annually take place. The Academy announced, in its early catalogues, that, being supported by Royal munificence, the public might naturally expect to be admitted gratis—that the Academicians themselves much wished it, but that there was no other mode of keeping out improper persons than by the "Academic shilling" at the door;—cheap respectability!—afterwards raised to eighteen pence, including catalogue; now to two shillings.

The following regulations form some of the principal laws of the Academy:—

"The members of the Academy shall not be members of any other society of artists established in London.

"Whoever exhibits with any other society at the time that his works are exhibited in the exhibition of the Royal Academy shall neither be admitted as a candidate for an associate, nor his performances be received the following year.

"The associates shall be elected from among the exhibitors in the annual exhibition.

"All vacancies of Academicians shall be filled up by elections from among associates."

Hence, the laws made by Messrs. West, Moser, Cotes, and Chambers,—who afterwards overruled in the Academy Sir Joshua's intention of forming a collection of the ancient masters—rendered it a sort of professional crime to exhibit with or belong to any other body of artists; nor were the members of the Free Society ("founded for the better protection of the superannuated artist, the widow, and the orphan," exempted from this disqualification, and the ex-directors of the Incorporated Society gave practical effect to these crushing regulations, backed by the powerful patronage of George III. Hence, also, they acquired a monopoly of the exhibition of the works of all the artists of the kingdom, who, losing the revenue thus monopolised by the Academy, became subject to the "taint" of pauperism. Yet this Royal establishment, spite of repeated declarations to the contrary, was compelled, in 1836, to acknowledge that it depended for support, not on Royal munificence, but on "the pictures that brought the shilling," declared necessary by its founders "only as a means of keeping out improper persons from their exhibitions."

Such is the constitution of the Royal Academy, founded by men determined to monopolise the sweets of office, and to expel those who attempted, as in the case of Barry, to "inquire into the proper mode of discharging the public trust confided to them."

Reynolds, who complained that "he felt himself restrained by a low politic combination in the Academy," wished an architect to be elected to teach perspective (by law no one could do this who was not an Academician), and he was thwarted by Farington, an artist, who had leisure for intrigue from want of employment. In disgust, Sir Joshua once resigned the Presidency, and was only prevented from resigning it a second time by the pressing entreaties of the generous and noble-minded Barry.

Barry was appointed professor of painting in 1782. In 1799, the academicians, under some shallow pretext, expelled him, without even allowing him to have a copy of the letter of charges drawn up by Mr. Wilton. The real cause of his expulsion was a letter to the Dilettanti Society, in which he made public the distressing situation of the pupils of the Academy, whose ill success arose, not from want of talent, but "from the want of the necessary assistance of old pictures, as exemplars for the study of colouring and mechanical conduct;" and Barry, moreover, discovered that £14,000 had been distributed in pensions to members, "although his Majesty's sanction and signaturo confirming that resolution had never been notified at any of the general meetings," and that the Academy had consequently no "unappropriated" fund at its disposal. Barry, on various occasions, had in vain urged upon the Academicians the necessity of taking proper measures for the security and disposal of their property, and of obtaining a chartered and legally corporate existence. He proposed that some part of their property be laid out in the purchase of one or more exemplars of ancient art, which would soon fructify and increase to a national gallery. He pointed out, that a proper attention to these desiderata would, eventually, be more profitable and advantageous to the interests of superior artists, and of the widows and relatives they might happen to leave behind them, than by dissipating the property of the Academy in pensions annexed to the mere frequency of exhibition, without any regard to the degree of importance of the matter exhibited; that the nobler occasions for exertions do not so frequently occur as those that are paltry and worthless, not to say mischievous; and that the answer of the lioness in the fable would admirably apply in their case:—

"You produce a great many at a litter, but what are they? Foxes! I, indeed, have but one at a time, but that one is a lion."

Barry himself was of the lion race, though exposed to the kicks of a long-eared generation, and he died the object of a public subscription, thus illustrating in his own person the sentiments expressed in his lecture on colouring, that "nothing could be more conducive to the true dignity and worthlessness of

a people, to their real happiness or real misery, than the way in which they are employed in dispensing that wealth or overplus which exceeds what is necessary for the conservation of their existence, as it is from this root or source that public happiness or misery flows over the land with an energy and expansion proportioned to the *quantum* of nutriment supplied."

Thus we see that the cabal which broke up the Society of Incorporated Artists was continued in the Academy against the bland and gentle Reynolds, as well as against the ardent and fiery Barry, who, by day painting for fame, and by night for subsistence, died in penury with the calmness of a stoic. But the cabal still, with its blighting influence, paralyzes the free and independent exertions of living artists.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM CONINGHAM.

Kemp Town.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

RÉSUMÉ OF THE SEASON.

THE season was brought to a termination on Saturday, with a combined entertainment, which included a scena from *I Due Foscari*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, two scenes from *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, the grand soprano scena from *Der Freischütz*, the introduction of a Spanish romance, entitled "La Calasera," sung in character by Madame Fiorentini, for the vocal performances; and selections from *La Ballerina* and *Les Delices du Serail*, for the ballet. The operatic section brought together the elite and strength of Mr. Lumley's corps. Parodi and Culetti were as effective as usual in the scene from *I Due Foscari*. Madame Sontag achieved her last triumph with Gardoni and F. Lablache in the *Figlia del Reggimento*: Calzolari sang fluently, while Lablache and F. Lablache rattled away merrily, in the *Matrimonio Segreto*; Madame Fiorentini displayed her graceful feeling and the liquid beauty of her pure soprano in Weber's grand scena, and, moreover, displayed a new charm of style and a fund of graphic character in the Spanish romances; while, in the ballet department, Amalia Ferraris, the strong-footed, was ably seconded by Mdllcs. Stephan, Rosa, Jullien, Lamoureux, and Aussandon, and M. Charles in the choreographic department. All were either in good voice or good feet, and the evening betrayed a series of enthusiastic demonstrations, including the projection of bouquets, recalls, and encores. The national anthem was sung in the course of the evening. The house was exceedingly full. When we said the operatic section brought together the elite and strength of Mr. Lumley's company, we should have added "with some exceptions." We should not wittingly overlook the clever and gracious Frizzolini; nor should such names as those of Catherine Hayes, Sims Reeves, Ida Bertrand, Baccardo, and last not least, Belletti, be obliterated from the records of Her Majesty's Theatre in its season of 1850. Our readers are aware, however, that Signor Belletti was omitted from the congregation of talent on the last night, in consequence of his engagement with Jenny Lind, at Liverpool, en route for the United States. We presume, on the other hand, that Miss Catherine Hayes and Mr. Sims Reeves were omitted because the programme was already too crowded. Baccardo and Ida Bertrand probably for the same reason. We must, therefore, qualify our expression, and say, "nearly the elite and strength of Mr. Lumley's corps, &c." Meanwhile, let it not be forgotten, that Carlotta Grisi's engagement expired a fortnight ago, and Marie Taglioni's long before that.

We shall now take a brief survey of the doings of the past

season, which possessed many features curious and interesting.

Taking into consideration the comparatively few people who visited London this year—the first evil of the Grand Exhibition of 1851;—the difficulty of procuring any novelty to stimulate the Lind-excited tastes of the public; the powerful array of talent confronting his establishment—Mr. Lumley, if he has terminated his season without material loss, may be said to have effected wonders. Never had the enterprising and politic manager of Her Majesty's Theatre so much to contend against. What man could do he has done, and if he did not obtain the greatest success, few will deny that he deserved it.

It may be objected to Mr. Lumley's administration of 1850, that, as far as his prospectus was concerned, "he kept his word of promise to the ear, and broke it to the hope." A moment's consideration, we think, will exculpate Mr. Lumley from any intended violation of his pledges.

The position of a manager previous to the opening of a theatre is peculiar. Be he ever so honourable and bent on carrying out the terms of his prospectus to the letter, from the nature of all engagements, he must, to a certain extent, falsify his own hopes. Every manager is a sanguine man. He puts his trust in all things, from the heavens upwards, to the public downwards,—which means, from the weather to popular feeling. He is the very antithesis to a prophet. Whatever he says will come to pass is fulfilled in its opposite. This is the natural consequence of depending on others for the accomplishment of one's own views. He has to rely on the most variable things in existence, artists, the weather, and the public sympathies. How then can anybody blame a manager for infringing on his compact of accommodation?

But there are other circumstances which must obviate exposure to censure. A prospectus holds out certain performances. The public, ever capricious, entertain a sudden predilection for a new or an old artist in a certain character. An unexpected success arises. The manager, who takes his direction from the popular feeling, for both sakes encourages the success; and so a "run" is inevitable. Hereby a certain number of nights, intended to be devoted to novelties, is swallowed up, and so necessitates the foregoing of some promissory item of the programme. Or a singer may disappoint, and not come, or may refuse a part; or the subscribers may interfere; or a new star shooting into the horizon may fix all gaze that way, and distract both public and manager; or a Royal personage may die, and keep away royalty; or a great minister, and restrain diplomacy.

Nearly every one of these causes conjoined to effect the infraction of a considerable portion of Mr. Lumley's prospectus. The following operas, which never appeared in the bills, were confidently promised: Auber's *Il Domino Nero* and *L'Enfant Prodigue*, Lortzing's *Czar and Zimmerman*, Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulide*, Ricci's *Il Prigioniero di Edinburgo*, Rossini's *Motilda di Shalran* and *Il Conte Ory*, and Spohr's *Faust*. Now these be the defaults of Mr. Lumley's prospectus—and how much have the public lost thereby? Little or nothing! We have not much faith in the transplantation of the productions of the *Opera Comique* to the Italian stage—we are tempted to make an exception in favour of *Fra Diavolo*. The *Domino Noir*, *L'Ambasciadrice*, and works of that class, depend for their success as much, perhaps, on the dialogue as on the music. At least, the recitative of the opera would dissipate the elegance and piquancy of the writing. Besides, the French Grand Opera appears to have spoiled all taste for that which is not stirring and extravagant; and where the *Nozze di Figaro* and *Il Barbiere* have failed to prove attractive, we doubt

much, even as novelties, if Auber's comic operas would produce any great effect, with reservation, as before proclaimed, in favour of *Fra Diavolo*, which we hope, ere many years be past, to find produced at Her Majesty's Theatre or at the Royal Italian Opera. Glück's work has been promised for three years at the Royal Italian Opera, and was guaranteed this year at Her Majesty's Theatre—but the promise has been broken in both cases. We shall begin to look upon the *Iphigenia in Aulide* as the Mrs. Harris of the opera. What we know of Ricci's *Prigione di Edinburgo* and Lortzing's *Czar* does not warrant our lamentations in being deprived of them. The *Matilda di Shabran*, despite the feebleness of the plot, and, in some respects, the carelessness of the musical construction, would be worth a hearing, as it contains some very charming music. The *Comte Ory* was a real loss. It is one of Rossini's most finished and sparkling comic works, and would, we have little doubt, have made a feature of the season; more especially, if, as was contemplated, Sontag, Garloni, and Lablache had appeared in the leading parts. The production of Auber's *L'Enfant Prodigue* depended on its being brought out in Paris, and was only issued in consequence; and, as it has not yet appeared, Mr. Lumley's promise is still in abeyance. Spohr's *Faust* made a startling line in the prospectus; but nobody attached any consequence to it. It was a sort of *feu follet*—a runaway light.

We thus find that the only real blame which can attach to Mr. Lumley, that is, viewing the broken pledges in the light we ourselves do, is the non-fulfilment of the promise in behalf of the *Comte Ory*; and even in this he may find extenuation, when it is remembered that, at the close of the season, about the time when the *Comte Ory* might be produced, a new singer appeared, whose great success forestalled the bringing-out of a novelty. In conclusion, several of the promises in Mr. Lumley's prospectus were entered into with a proviso attached, not unconditionally, and thus preserved the manager from a direct breach of his word. For our own part, to sum up, we find nothing whatever in the entire season for 1850 against which we could offer a serious protest.

Her Majesty's Theatre opened on Tuesday, March the 12th. The performances were Meyer's *Medea*, and a new ballet called *Les Metamorphoses*. *Medea* was revived for Parodi, the talented and accomplished pupil of Pasta. Meyer's opera proved "caviare" to the multitude. Its clever writing and classic endeavour did not awaken any sympathy. The piece was totally devoid of interest, and the music did not abound with melody, nor was it remarkable for dramatic force. Despite Parodi's energetic acting, and excellent singing, the resuscitated opera achieved no success. Madame Giuliani and Signors Calzolari and Belletti, assisted Madlle. Parodi, and did what they could to fan into a flame the dying embers of *Medea*; but it would have required the powers of the classic witch herself to have infused life into the musical corpse. The new ballet was rendered eminently successful by the inimitable dancing and acting of Carlotta Grisi, who achieved one of her greatest triumphs in her part. The ballet of itself was capitally arranged by M. Paul Taglioni, and the music, by Pugnani, was in the composer's happiest vein. Carlotta Grisi had for her satellites, the Mesdames Aussaoudon, Jullien, Lamoureux, and Rosa, a pretty and promising *débutante*; while M. Charles, the veritable successor of Perrot, added greatly to the success of the ballet by his clever performance. *Les Metamorphoses* has maintained its career throughout the season. Marie Taglioni appeared the second night, and introduced her *pas de Rosières* with brilliant success.

On the following Tuesday, Signor Lorenzo, a new barytone, made his *début* in Verdi's *Nobucco*. The new candidate for baritone honors did not display any extraordinary ability. His *parrennel* was favorable; but what was found fault with was his singing and acting. Signor Lorenzo made occasional appearances throughout the season, but did not improve his position by any subsequent display.

A much more successful appearance was made by Mr. Sims Reeves, on the 21st of March, in Verdi's *Ernani*. Our admirable English tenor exhibited all his dramatic energy and potent singing on this occasion. He was received with the greatest enthusiasm. Mr. Sims Reeves was assisted by Madlle. Parodi as Elvira, Signor Belletti as Silva, and Signor Lorenzo, as Carlo V. Mademoiselle Parodi exhibited unusual fire and intensity in the hapless Elvira; Signor Belletti was as striking and correct as ever in the lover-killing horn-blower; but Signor Lorenzo did not create any very lively emotion in the character allotted to Alboni at the Royal Italian Opera.

A fair *débutante* for terpsichorean honours came out on Saturday, March 30, and achieved an unmistakable success. As a mistress of the mechanism of the art, Mademoiselle Amalia Ferraris, the name of the new *danceuse*, was pronounced a star of the first magnitude. The firmness of her poses, and the execution of her "pointes" were at once set down by the best judges as amongst the choregraphic phenomena of the day. Mademoiselle Amalia Ferraris has held the position awarded to her the first night, as one of the most original (?) and powerful dancers of her time, and has already become an established favourite with the *habitués* of the theatre. And have they so soon forgotten their second pet—Carlotta is their first—the graceful and swan-like Rosati, whose place is supplied by Mademoiselle Amalia Ferraris? We hope not.

Miss Catherine Hayes made her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre on the Tuesday after Easter in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Mr. Sims Reeves playing *Edgar*. This was a highly interesting performance. The fact of two English artists performing the two leading characters in an Italian opera at an Italian opera house was, perhaps, unprecedented. Miss Catherine Hayes was received with the utmost favour. Mr. Sims Reeves awakened all the old enthusiasm which has so often been conferred on his best part. Signor Belletti played Enrico, *vice* Coletti, who had not joined the company, with power and effect. F. Lablache, one of the most versatile and painstaking of all Mr. Lumley's artists, made his *rebut* in *Bide-the-Bent*, and received a cordial welcome.

Thursday, April 4th, was a great night for Her Majesty's Theatre. It may be styled emphatically the event of the season. It brought back Sontag. The reception accorded to the great artist was enthusiastic in the extreme, from an audience that crowded every part of the house. Madame Sontag chose Norina, in *Don Pasquale*, for her opening essay. She could hardly have selected a character in which her talent would shine more conspicuously. In her own immediate line Madame Sontag has no competitor. Her style is peculiarly her own. To the utmost refinement and elegance there is added a delicacy and inobtrusiveness which wins its way irresistibly into the heart, and makes ample amends for lack of abandonment and physical power. Madame Sontag is in every regard a comely singer. The lady speaks in all she attempts; hence she is the "curled dailings" of the aristocracy, who prefer her to all vocalists. As a vocalizer Madame Sontag is very nearly perfect. Her execution is wonderfully correct and neat, and, on occasions, her florid singing may be said to surpass that

of any living artist. We may allude, *en passant*, to Rode's air, with variations, and the lesson song in the *Figlia del Reggimento*.

In addition to all this, Madame Sontag possesses a voice infinitely sweet and pure, as fresh as a mountain lark's, and as truthful in its intonation as an accordion. The success achieved in Paris by the fair *Cantatrice*, previous to her appearance in London this season, added to the excitement of last year. Madame Sontag's triumphs were redoubled, and every subsequent performance rendered her more popular. The operas in which she appeared during the season were *Il Barbiere*, *Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Sonnambula*, *Linda di Chamouni*, *I Puritani*, *Matrimonio Segreto*, *Semiramide* (a selection from), and *La Tempesta*. Most of these were produced especially for Madame Sontag. We do not think we hazard a contradiction in saying, that Madame Sontag was the mainstay of Mr. Lumley's theatre for the season 1850.

On the 20th of April, Signor Baucarde, or Baucardi, or Bocardi, as he has been differently called, one of the new tenors underlined in the prospectus, made his *debut* in Verdi's *I Lombardi*. Signor Baucarde made a decided hit on his first appearance. The new tenor possesses a chest voice of much sweetness and tenderness, and is by no means wanting in power and passion. His style is feivd rather than intense; and there is evidently abundant stuff in him to make a great singer, if he would only use a little of the balsam of application and the oil of study—an admirable mixture, and particularly commendable to most singers now-a-days. The success of Signor Baucarde in *I Lombardi* was not to be denied, and his position with the public was somewhat improved by his performance of Carlo in *Linda di Chamouni*; but in the *Puritani*, and one or two other operas in which he subsequently appeared, his imperfect acquaintance with the music tended to qualify the impression he had made. As admirers and well-wishers of Signor Baucarde, we recommend him to study and persevere, and have no doubt as to the result.

Madame Frezzolini appeared on the 21st of May in *Lucrezia Borgia*. The continental reputation of this artist had long before reached this country, and the greatest things were expected from the new soprano. But Madame Frezzolini was not an entire novelty. She had appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1841 or 1842, and had, for some time, supplied the place of Grisi, who was incapacitated from resuming her duties under peculiar domestic circumstances. Madame Frezzolini's performances did not tend to obliterate Grisi from the minds of the *habitués* of the theatre, or the public in general; nor did she create so great an impression as to render it imperative on the manager to renew her engagement for the next season. We have every reason to know, however, that Madame Frezzolini was labouring under indisposition during the whole of her first engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, and therefore, as a matter of course, no fair estimate could be formed as to her capacities and talent. All throughout the Continent, and more especially in St. Petersburg, for the last few years, Madame Frezzolini's name stood high among the highest singers. Her *debut* was consequently looked forward to with much curiosity and interest. We are not inclined to think that Madame Frezzolini displayed the best policy in selecting *Lucrezia Borgia* for her first appearance. Although gifted with much intensity and feeling, and possessed of a voice of considerable power and brilliancy, she has not that overwhelming force and *abandon* which the character imperatively demands. Madame Frezzolini's singing was universally liked, and her tragic acting found many admirers; but, to our

thinking, her best performance by many degrees was in the *L'Elisir d'Amore*, in which she played Adina with the most charming *naïveté*, and sang the music with great brilliancy and fluency. We fancy Mr. Lumley might have made more frequent use of the services of this accomplished artist than he did during the season.

Lablache, the vocal-multiple, the grandiloquent, the rotund and magnific, appeared with Sontag the first night, in his own great part, Don Pasquale. He was welcomed with gusts of breath commensurate with his own girth. The immense basso was in as loud thunder as ever, and in as oleaginous humour. Could Her Majesty's Theatre exist independent of Lablache—her Atlantean support? And Echo answers, decidedly not! Very well then, do not think it.

The long promised and much spoken of opera of Halery and Scribe, was produced on Saturday, June the 8th. Its success cannot be called in question, though we must acknowledge it in a great measure depended on the perfect singing of Madame Sontag as Miranda, the striking performance of Lablache in Caliban, the inimitable grace of Carlotta Grisi in Ariel, and the gorgeous splendor of the dresses, appointments, and *mise en scene*. Of the music, we have recorded our opinions so lately, that it is not necessary to recapitulate. *La Tempesta* was given six times in succession, and helped to replenish the treasury of Her Majesty's Theatre.

The next novelty was the revival of Bellini's *I Montecchi ed I Capuletti*, with all the original music. Parodi was the Romeo, and Madame Frezzolini the Juliet. Gardoni, after being "twice killed," made his first appearance for the season in Tebaldo. The singing and acting in this opera was deservedly admired and praised, but the music found no favour in the ears of the public and critics. In the same week, the *Matrimonio Segreto* was given with an excellent cast; Parodi, Frezzolini, and Sontag playing the three ladies; Lablache Geronimo, F. Lablache Count Robinson, and Calzolari the lover.

About the same time Madame Pasta, who had come to London to superintend Parodi's performance in *Medea*, was induced to appear on the stage in two scenes of *Anna Bolena*. Not all the genius of this mighty artist could evoke one spark from the long-extinguished embers of her powers, and the performance was, in consequence, extremely painful to hear and to behold.

Mr. Lumley must have been in a very waggish mood, and must have possessed no ordinary courage to boot, to have introduced to his elegant audience, on two separate occasions, a lady of colour, emphatically styled the Black Malibran, rejoicing in the longitudo and high-sounding title of Donna Anna Maria Loreto Martinez de La Rosa, who, it was given out, could sing like a black angel, and play on the guitar like an imp of darkness. Strange to say, neither her singing nor playing were appreciated, and Donna Anna Maria Loreto Martinez de La Rosa was partially hissed off the stage. Why this fair candidate for popularity was called the "Black Malibran"; why she sang songs, Spanish or Cuban; why she played on the guitar; why she came to London; and why she appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre, are mysteries to us perfectly unfathomable.

The *Figlia del Reggimento* was revived, and Sontag achieved a new triumph in Maria. It was certainly one of the most delightful performances of the charming *cantatrice*, and was applauded to the echo.

The last event of the season was Madame Fiorentini's *debut*, the particulars of which have been chronicled so lately, that

nothing further remains for us than to repeat our opinions as to the sterling and brilliant talents of this most fair lady, whose career is as full of hope and promise as that of any singer living. Mr. Lumley has been exceedingly fortunate in having been enabled to make such a valuable acquisition to his theatre.

In our catalogue of *debutantes*, we had nearly overlooked the contralto, Mademoiselle Ida Bertrand. This lady made her first appearance in Pierotto in *Linda di Chamouni*, and created a favourable impression. She subsequently appeared in *Arsace* in *Semiramide*, and *Orsino* in *Lucrezia Borgia*.

Of the three grand concerts of the season, we need only say they were highly successful.

The acknowledged improvement in the band is mainly attributable to the indefatigable zeal and untiring industry of Balfe, whose eminent services as conductor were never rendered more conspicuous than during the season just past. Something yet remains to be effected in the orchestra, but no one understands better than Balfe wherein deficiency lies, and therefore shall we not attempt to be his counsellors on this occasion. His first effort should be, as a contemporary says, to get as many Piattis, Lavignes, and Remuass as possible. The chorus are not to be praised in the same ratio as the band, and require strong reinforcement. We cannot conclude without a good word for Mr. Marshall, the scene-painter—whose efforts during the season, especially in *La Tempesta*, have met with universal eulogy; to M. Tolbecque, leader of the band; M. Nadaud, leader of the ballet; and to M. Gosselin, who gets up the dancers in their parts with such consummate ability.

In conclusion, we have to congratulate Mr. Lumley on having brought his campaign to an end without the slightest diminution of the favour and support to which his enterprise and the policy of his management justly entitle him.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE performances this week were for the benefit of the principal artists, all the band and chorus having volunteered their services.

On Tuesday the *Prophete* was given; on Wednesday, the first act of *Norma*, and the *Elisir d'Amore*, Castellan taking the place of Viardot, who had left for Paris; and last night *Don Giovanni*, with the first act of *La Juive*. To-night will be performed the *Huguenots*, with which the season will be brought to a termination.

Next week we shall give our *resumé* of the season.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

As I have sent you a few more extracts in re Jenny Lind from several local papers, I shall myself say nothing more about her movements. One of our papers gives a paragraph, in which it is stated that Benedict informed Barnum, that he should like Jenny Lind to sing a national song at her first concert in New York, and that, if proper words were submitted to him, he would set them to music. Barnum immediately advertised that he would give one hundred dollars for the best verses that could be sent to him by a certain date, but whether the Yankee poets have so far managed to write a suitable song, deponent saith not. Could your own D. R. send something out that would do, and so pocket Mr. Barnum's promised dollars; for, if a German musician composes the music of a national song, surely an Englishman may write the words.

Next week, the Philharmonic Society give two concerts, at which Parodi, De Merie, Gardoni, and Coletti, will sing. As some disagreement has arisen about the same vocalists singing in two concerts in one week, the *Courier* offers the following remarks to soothe the ire of the subscribers, who, being all in the mercantile way, like to have the value for their money.

"Some disapprobation has been expressed, we believe, respecting the two next concerts, which will not only take place in the same week, but are to be supported by the same artists. At first glance the discontented may seem to have some grounds for their complaints, which, however, after the explanation we have received, is entirely removed,—as the only alternative given to the committee was either to have an Italian party for two nights, or to have none at all. It was required, moreover, that the Gentleman's Concerts at Manchester (the beau ideal of a musical society on the score of taste and good management, in the estimation of many people) should also engage the same parties and on the same conditions, otherwise neither musical body could have any of the opera stars this season. Both committees feeling that it was better to be blamed for giving too much Italian rather than none at all have pursued the more liberal course. Whether the Manchester gentlemen are blamed we do not know, but we find in Liverpool that committees of management, like prophets, have no honour in their own country, and that whether over liberal or unwillingly limited in the material constituting their musical feasts they alike meet with censure. We would here observe, that we think the reports which have been made public as to the appearance of Mdlles. Parodi and de Merie, Signors Gardoni and Coletti, in opera here, can hardly be correct, and certainly cannot be confirmed in the first week of September, as has been stated, we believe, for they sing in Manchester on the alternative evenings to those on which they appear at the Philharmonic, which will occupy the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of the week specified."

With respect to the *on dite* respecting the sale of tickets by the proprietor at increased prices, the same authority observes:—"We conceived it to be our duty last week to call the attention of our readers to the current conversation respecting the distribution of tickets for the Lind concerts, and the position in which this press was placed by the Philharmonic Society. With regard to the former, the following statement has been made by the *Liverpool Times*:"—

"Several of our local and metropolitan contemporaries have severely censured the Philharmonic committee and proprietors for having, as erroneously alleged, trafficked in the sale of tickets and disposed of them at a great premium. We have made enquiries respecting this subject, and find that there is no foundation for any such statement, so far at least as the parties connected with the Philharmonic Society are concerned. By a special law no proprietor can purchase at a reduced price more tickets than his proprietorship entitles him to; and we are assured that no proprietor, so far as can be known at present, violated this rule. When the committee first announced that they had engaged Jenny Lind, the rush for tickets was, of course, very great, but in no instance were more than six tickets knowingly sold to more than one individual. If any person did obtain more than this number, it was by false presentations as to his name, or the employment of some individual to act for him."

We are willing to receive this as a full assurance that there has been no trafficking by the parties charged. The other part of the charge, we trust, will not again require to be mentioned. It is clearly the interest of the society to extend courtesy to the entire press, whether that courtesy be returned or not. A complimentary ticket to a newspaper costs nothing, nor does it repay the party who has to write, probably one or two columns of matter, after the pleasures of an evening are over. The Philharmonic committee should be above minding the past, and by their own act should place themselves in a position to ensure respect for the future. A word to the wise is sufficient, and in this case we speak in a friendly spirit.

"The Philharmonic Society have cleared about 1700*l.* by the two Lind concerts. Mdlle. Lind received 1000*l.* for her services; Belletti got sixty guineas; Miss Williams, fifty guineas; Miss Andrews, twenty-five guineas; Mr. Vivier, twenty-five guineas; and Benedict, one hundred guineas."

The *Liverpool Times* takes an opportunity of repaying some of the remarks of the London press relative to provincial criticism. In his last lumber the Editor says:—"Our Metropolitan brethren of the *plume* are exceedingly fond of quizzing their provincial contemporaries upon their ideas and blunders respecting 'doings' in London; but the Jenny Lind *furor* in this town has proved that even the most carefully edited of the London newspapers can sometimes fall into the most egregious mistakes. The *Spectator*, for instance, of last Saturday, states that 'the Philharmonic Society of Liverpool, taking advantage of Jenny Lind's visit to America, concerted the plan of a gigantic concert in behalf of a local hospital.' Where did our canny contemporary learn this bit of information? Again, the same paper says, 'The tickets were officially raised in price, three times above their nominal value, and by the public they were bidden up to a height of eight or nine times their original rate.' When we inform our readers that, on the days of both concerts, tickets could be had, at their proper prices, at the offices of the Philharmonic Society, we may reasonably doubt this bit of exclusive intelligence. Our contemporary goes on to say, 'On Monday morning *Mdlle. Lind* visited the Toxteth Hospital, to the aid of which the receipts of the concert are to be devoted.' What will the proprietors and committee of the Philharmonic Society say to this? The *Spectator* is not so in its blunders and absurdities. Anything more unlike reality than the drawing in the *Illustrated News*, purporting to be a representation of the departure of the "Nightingale," we never yet saw on paper. If the artist does not possess great talent, he is certainly blessed with an extroverted imagination."

The funniest of all living comedians, Buckstone, with the arch and lively Mrs. Fitzwilliam, are now fulfilling an engagement at the amphitheatre with great success. Buckstone, with more mannerism than any other actor, also presents more variety of character; for, while he never parts with his peculiarities (heaven forbid!) he always gives sufficient individuality to the person represented, bringing into forcible view the prominent characteristics, and pointing them with a brilliant and piquant humour all his own. He has appeared this week in several of his best parts, and we need not say that the auditories of his performances have been kept in a commotion of laughter. In the *Serious Family* his Aminadab is the perfection of vulgar hypocrisy aping its own low ideal of extreme piety. In the farce of *Snapping Turtles* the performance of both Buckstone and Mrs. Fitzwilliam is admirable. Mr. Buckstone's new comedy of *Leap Year*, which recently excited so much attention in London, will be produced to-morrow evening, for the benefit of the author.

"The Black Malibran" has been singing at the Zoological Gardens, where she disappointed most of the auditors. The egregious puffing used previous to her appearance in England proved unavailing to convince the audience that her performances were a whit more amusing or even pleasing than those of the "Ethiopian serenaders," whose popularity has, we think and hope, now set for ever. A clever and pretty little girl, named Louisa Vining, sang at the Concert Hall, on Wednesday. Respecting the performance, the *Liverpool Times*, in a brief notice, says,—

"Last evening Miss Louisa Vining, better known to the majority of our readers as the Infant Sappho, gave a concert at the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson-street, which was, considering the disagreeable state of the weather, tolerably well filled. Since we last heard the Sappho, her voice has much increased in volume and flexibility, and her vocal performances, as heretofore, are exceedingly pleasing, though we should like to see a little more mature and a little less art. She is a clever singer, and, if left more to her own natural genius, and not worked too hard, she promises to become a great one. Her singing of the difficult air, 'Bid me discourse,' was deservedly applauded. A Mr. H. Rogers performed a fantasia on the new American piano-forte, with the *dolce campana* pedal attachment. We did not much admire his selection of music, but he proved satisfactorily that not only the American instrument, but the American improvement thereon, is well worthy of attention. It is decidedly a great improvement to the piano-forte, producing tones of ravishing sweetness. To songs requiring much tenderness and expression from the vocalist, the *dolce campana* attachment will be found a most useful and pleasing accompaniment. Signor

Poznanaki, a pupil of Rossini, and a violinist of considerable talent, performed, with Mr. Rogers, Osborne and De Beriot's fantasia on themes from *Gaillaume Tell* very effectively. Signor Poznanaki is a skilful performer, producing from his instrument tones of great purity and clearness. His bowing is neat, and, in passages requiring either delicacy or rapidity of execution, he proved himself to be an able and clever musician. The last air in the fantasia, 'The Mareh,' was loudly re-demanded, and played again by the Signor with great vigour."

GLOUCESTER.—*Musical Festival*.—The programme of this Festival has been placed in our hands, and as we understand it will be in general circulation to-day, we shall offer a few remarks on its contents. The first thing that strikes us is the spirited engagements of the stewards in regard to what are usually termed stars. Sontag, Castellan, Lucombe, Sims Reeves, and Herr Forner, in addition to our old and dowered favourites, Dolby, Williams, Lockyer, Phillips, and Lawler, show a zeal worthy of the gentlemen who hold themselves responsible for the outlay incurred. This we consider the wise course to pursue, for we are becoming a musical people, alive to that is beautiful in the art, and our purse strings are only to be drawn by first-rate talent. Such will be supplied to us, and of the result no one can entertain a doubt. The compositions to be performed are, as is usual at Gloucester, of a high character; and, looking at the names of the principal instrumental performers, coupled with a knowledge of the fact that the whole band and chorus are still more select than usual, we can but anticipate a success greater than has attended any festival held in this city for many years. The first morning is the Church Service, and we are much pleased to notice the intention of using Tullis's Preces and Responses, having often felt that our own services on such an occasion was unsatisfactory. We have heard Tullis more than once, and wished we might never hear any other. The Dottington Te Deum, with the Jubilate in D, Boyce's anthem, "Blessed is he," and the Coronation Anthem, "The King shall rejoice," are the other principal portions of the musical service. The *Eljah* is given on the second morning. On the third, we are to have the first and second parts of the *Creation*, in which Sontag and Castellan take part; to be followed by the greater portion of Beethoven's service in C. This concludes the first part. In the second part we have Mendelssohn's *Lauda Zion*, better known as "Praise Jehovah," a cantata of very great merit, considered to rank, indeed, with the *Eljah* and *St. Paul*. This is followed by a miscellaneous selection, in which we perceive the names of Sontag, Castellan, Sims Reeves, &c. This morning's performance, if we mistake not, will prove one of the most attractive of the week. On the fourth morning, the *Messiah* worthily winds up the glorious festival, and, as usual, will no doubt bring a large attendance. Our limited space prevents more than an allusion to the evening concerts. These must be more than usually attractive with such an array of talent to support them. Next week we may probably notice two or three of their most important features. Visitors to the festival will have the privilege of taking return tickets by the Midland railway, extending over the days of performance.—*Gloucester Journal*.

MADAME VIARDOT left London for Paris on Wednesday. The Chichester Theatre has been sold by auction for £350. It was built in 1796, by totine, and furnished, with Portsmouth, Southampton, and Winchester, what was called the southern circuit, which did a good business. The theatre has scarcely been opened for the last six or eight years. The purchaser converts it into a brewhouse.

CARLE HOWARD.—On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Lazarus played a solo on the clarinet, at a private *soiree* given to the Queen and Prince Albert, at his magnificent mansion in Yorkshire, by the Duke of Devonshire. Mr. Coote, pianist to the Duke, accompanied the vocal music.

MUSICAL HUNTER FOR 1851.—In addition to many notabilities that may be expected this year, already big with crests, we hear of a German chorus of 2000 singers. These choral bands of such strength are peculiar to Germany, and would be a very attractive musical novelty *ad fresco*.—(*Liverpool Courier*.)

SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE.

SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, portrait painter and poet, died at Brighton on the 13th instant, after a long and severe illness, in his eighty-first year. Sir Martin was at once President and Senior of the Royal Academy. He was a native of Ireland; and in the *Sonnet House Gazette*, by the pleasant author of *Wine and Walnuts*, we find the following account of his first appearance in London:—

"I well remember this gentleman [Mr. Shee] on his first arrival from Ireland to the British metropolis; he was introduced to the notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and to some other distinguished persons by his illustrious friend and countryman, Mr. Edmund Burke. I was at that time making a drawing in the Plaster Academy in Somerset House, and perfectly recollect the first evening Mr. Shee joined the students there. He selected the figure of the Discobolus for his probationary exercises to procure a permanent student's ticket. I need not say that he obtained it; for it was acknowledged to be one of the best copies that had yet been seen of that fine figure. I further remarked that Mr. Wilton, the then keeper of the Royal Academy, was so pleased with the performance, that he expressed a wish to retain it, after Mr. Shee had received his ticket; and Mr. Shee, with that politeness which marked his early career presented it to the worthy old gentleman."

Mr. Shee became an Exhibitor at the Royal Academy for the first time in the year 1789, when he sent his "Portrait of an Old Man" and "Portrait of a Gentleman." He was then living at No. 8, Craven-street, Strand. He abstained from exhibiting in the following year—wisely husbanding his strength; worked hard at his art; gave his nights and days to Sir Joshua; and in 1791 took handsome apartments in No. 115, Jernyn-street, and sent four portraits to the exhibition. One was a portrait of his brother; another, of, as we believe, *Irish Johnstone*—for, in the early days of the Academy, the members were extremely cautious of calling a nobleman or gentleman in print by his proper name. In 1792 he removed to yet better rooms, in the same street, and sent in all seven works to the exhibition. For the next five years, he sent in various portraits, along with two other pictures, "Miranda" and "Jephthah's Daughter." In the year 1797 he removed to 13, Golden-square, and exhibited in all ten works; including portraits of Pope and Fawcett, the actors—Fawcett as "Touchstone." He continued equally industrious for many successive years; and was in such favour with his fellow-artists, that he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1798—immediately after the election of the great Flaxman into the same honorary rank. The same year, on Romney's withdrawal from London, he removed to the house which that artist had built for himself in Cavendish-square; and in this he continued, as Romney's successor, to reside, until age and growing infirmities compelled him to withdraw to Brighton, and abandon his pencil. A portrait of Romney was one of the productions of this period of his art, and was considered clever and like. In 1800, Mr. Shee was elected a full Royal Academician; and of his thirty-nine brethren by whom he was chosen, he was, as we have already observed, the last survivor.

Much to the surprise of his friends, and to the infinite wonder of some of his brethren in the Academy, Mr. Shee made his appearance as a poet, by the publication, in 1805, of his *Rhymes on Art, or the Remonstrance of a Painter*, in two parts, with notes and a preface, including strictures on the state of the arts, criticism, patronage, and public taste; and the wonder had not ceased with Nollekens and Northcote, when, in 1809, he published a second poem, in six cantos, entitled *Elements of Art*. It is to these poems that Byron alludes in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*:—

"And here let Shee and Genius find a place,
Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace;
To guide whose hand the sister arts combine,
And trace the poet's or the painter's line;
Whose magic touch can bid the canvas glow,
Or pour the easy rhyme's harmonious flow;
While honours, doubly merited, attend
The poet's rival, but the painter's friend."

The *Quarterly* was complimentary, but less kind to the painter than the noble lord.

He appears to have always evinced a hankering for the theatre; and when his gravity of years and his position as a popular portrait painter forbade his any longer entertaining a wish to appear there, he began to woo the dramatic muse, and commenced a tragedy called *Alasco*, the scene of which was laid in Poland. The play was accepted at Covent Garden; but excluded, it was said, from the stage by Colman, who was then licenser. This is not strictly true. Colman objected to about eighty-five lines, which Shee refused to alter. Colman was equally obstinate; and Shee, in 1824, printed his play, and appealed to the public against the licenser in a lengthy and angry preface. *Alasco*, notwithstanding, is still on the list of the unacted drama.

On the death of Lawrence in 1830, Shee was elected President of the Royal Academy, and immediately knighted. His election was by a large majority, though Wilkie was a candidate—the members being governed in their votes rather, it is said, by the necessities of their annual dinner than by the sense of the merits of Shee as a painter. Sir Martin excelled in short well-timed and well-delivered speeches. He was seldom at a loss; and so highly was his eloquence appreciated within the walls of the Academy, that it has been common with more than one Royal Academician to remark whenever a great speaker was mentioned—"Did you ever hear the President?—you should hear the President,"—as if Canning and Stanley had been united in Sir Martin Archer Shee.

Sir Martin has but little claim to be remembered as a poet. His verse wants vigour, and his examples are deficient in novelty of illustration. The notes to both his poems are, however, valuable; and his poetry is, perhaps, more frequently read for its prose illustrations than for the beauty of its versification, or the value of the truths which it seeks to inculcate. As a portrait painter, he was eclipsed by several of his contemporaries; by Lawrence and by Hoppner—by Phillips, Jackson, and Raeburn. He had a fine eye for colour; while his leading want was proportion, more especially in his heads. Compare his head of Chantrey with the portraits of Chantrey by Jackson and Raeburn, and the defect is at once obvious; or compare his head of Mr. Hallam with the head of Mr. Hallam by Phillips, or with the living head—since, happily, Mr. Hallam is still amongst us. How, then, it will be asked is Sir Martin to be remembered?—by his poems, or by his portraits?—by his speeches, or by his annual addresses to the students? The question is not difficult of solution. His pictures in the Vernon Gallery will not preserve his name, nor will his portraits viewed as works of art. His name will descend in the history of painting as a clever artist, with greater accomplishments than have commonly fallen to the class to which he belongs, and as the painter who has preserved to us the faces and figures of Sir Thomas Munro, Sir Thomas Pieton, Sir Eyre Coote, Sir James Scarlett, and Sir Henry Hallford. There was merit, we may add, in his portrait of the poet Moore. Principally, however, he will be remembered as one of the Presidents of the Royal Academy.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

SWITZERLAND.—Switzerland is the land of contradictions, and must not be judged by the beaten track which travellers generally follow; not from hotels, nor the parrot-like talk of the guides. There is a mixture of the highest mental civilization with almost savage primitiveness to be found here—schools for peasants, where philosophical studies are pursued with ardour and intelligence worthy of university honours, at the side of the grossest superstition; a liberty unequalled in one canton—rack and torture still employed in another. One passion, however, is general, and that is the intense love for music—not only the love for their plaintive, touching, national songs, which descend by tradition only—the quaint, gay, and sprightly ditties which are in the mouths of the chaamois hunter and pretty milkmaid, and which you hear sometimes unawares steal upon you when climbing upwards some heaven-ascending mountain, which make you stop short, leaning back to drink in with attentive ear all their sweetness—or which seem like dreams of early youth when stealing over the moonlight lakes; no, they also cultivate a taste for the highest branch of music—for oratorios and symphonies. I have heard, even in the houses of the middle classes, “en famille” performances of parts of oratorios and cantatas that were far beyond anything one might have expected from amateurs. Some months since the Department for Education in Basle issued a project, according to which a young talented musician (native of Basle) was engaged by the government to establish schools for music in the canton, which are open for the instruction of all the inhabitants of the canton, free of any expense. Particular attention is to be paid to those pupils who prepare themselves to become teachers; a sound grounding in musical grammar, and the study of the violin, are made important. Not only is the tuition of these schools free of expense, but the poorer scholars receive even a handsome assistance for the coming to be taught. Music is one of the most powerful elements for the education of the people, and what is expended for that out of the public purse will be repaid in rich harvest from the elevated standard of the people's morality. I heard here for the first time a “violet d'amour,” a kind of tenor (with several more strings); a Hungarian performed on it; it has a sweet and somewhat melancholy tone, exceedingly agreeable. I forgot the performer's name, but he scarcely did justice to the beautiful lower tones of this antiquated instrument, as he indulged in the modern rage for overdoing, playing always on the highest strings—an unfortunate, bad taste—too general not to be strongly censured. Listen to the violin players—they try to play the flageolet on their instrument; violoncellists imitate the violin, &c. &c. Listen to the ruined voices of singers in general: instead of cultivating that region of the voice for which the melody is always written (for the middle), they ambitiously practice so long for the attainment of a few, very few, higher notes, till they have completely lost the middle voice; and instead of being able to use their best powers and most touching notes, for the melody which contains the character, feeling, in fact, the germ of the song's existence, they reward you with a flourish at the end for the failure of the most essential condition in music—viz., the plain, simple melody—the test of the composer's powers. Who will deny this? who was ever brought to tears by runs or shakes, ever so miraculously sung or performed? But, also, who could resist the charm of a noble melody, sung with a pure, fresh voice and unaffected feeling? At Zofingen, canton Anau, I became acquainted with an extraordinary fact, for which it

might be difficult to find a parallel, from one end of the globe to the other. The stage of the theatre at Zofingen is built on the scaffolding used for public executions, and if it so happens that a culprit is to be executed during the season, the performances must cease—the stage is removed to make room for the awful tragedy, after which it is put up again, and “sock and buskin” tread as before upon the blood-reeking platform.—From the *Journal of Commerce*, 24th Aug.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

APPEAL TO BRITISH ORGANISTS.
(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—It has been suggested to me by an organist and subscriber to the fugues I last week advertised, that I ought to give out a greater number of fugues if I open a subscription list. In this I agree with him; but have not the means of ascertaining whether my organ compositions are sufficiently acceptable to British organists to warrant my undertaking a larger work than the one I contemplate. There is no general sale for such writings, and unless I meet with the encouragement of organists, I cannot well afford to lose money by printing them. Yet, when it is borne in mind that there are no fugue writers who have closely followed the school of Sebastian Bach, and he never having written fugues for *eleven pedal notes*, commencing on G, I think a production of such a nature would be useful and within my reach. As I do not claim any musical pretension unknown to your readers, or those Mendelssohn and other composers have accorded to me, I trust an egotistical spirit may not be imputed to me. To deny that I should not be proud to be considered worthy of writing for British organists, would exhibit as little candour as if other composers were to express themselves indifferent as to public opinion.

If I receive encouraging answers (which I shall promptly acknowledge) to the advertisement I put in this week, I shall then extend the work (which I shall duly announce by advertisement), giving “*twenty-four introductions and fugues*” at 10s. 6d. to subscribers, and 15s. 6d. to non-subscribers. I will just add, that the fugues may likewise be performed on the C pedal organs without altering the progressions of that part.—Yours obliged,

G. F. FLOWERS.

8, Keppel Street, Russell Square.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GAISI.—The “Diva” has determined not to go to St. Petersburg this year. Mario will, therefore, go alone.

M. ALEXANDER BILLET.—This able and distinguished exponent of classical pianoforte music, is engaged for a series of musical soirées at Dover, to be given by Herr Braundt, the vocalist. We trust that M. Billet may be the happy means of inculcating the “men of Kent” with a taste for the sublime compositions of Beethoven, Mozart, Dussek, and Mendelssohn.

MELLE AMALIA FERRARI.—This eminent *danseuse* has left for Paris, where she will remain during the ensuing winter, to study and improve herself in her art, pending her return for the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre in 1851.

MAIDSTONE.—On Tuesday, the 20th, the Theatre closed a short, but highly successful season. Mr. Holmes received “a bumper at parting,” and we hope that his future progress everywhere will prove as gratifying as the recent progress of his company in Kent. The Overland Mail was described and illustrated by Mr. Albert Smith, in the Corn Exchange, on Tuesday, the 13th inst., in his usual graphic and humorous style. Many of the “points” were admirable, and the whole experienced an enthusiastic reception from a respectable and numerous audience. Mr. W. Cooke's Circus entered Maidstone on Wednesday morning, the 14th, and gave two performances on that day.

THE STANDISH GALLERY.—It has been decided that the gallery of paintings bequeathed by the late Frank Hall Standish, Esq., of Duxbury Park, to Louis Philippe, is the personal property of the ex-king. It is not improbable, therefore, that these pictures may find their way into England.

TURNER AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The London correspondent of the *Liverpool Albion* says that Sir Martin Archer Shee will be succeeded in the presidency by Turner, in right of seniority, unless his great age, or, rather, the calls upon his time from more lucrative occupation, may induce the painter to decline the post and its £300 a year. Turner is commonly reputed in the profession to be worth upwards of half-a-million sterling—not all made by painting, of course, for he has been a fortunate city speculator, though his professional gains have been as enormous as his industry has been unparalleled. No one knows, probably not himself, the immensity of his productions. Works of his in all styles, and on all subjects, turn up every day, of the existence of which the craft have had no notion. It is his boast that he has seen the sun rise oftener than any living man, and he certainly seems to have also acquired the secret of painting longer after sun-set, for ordinary working hours would not suffice for half his labours, which are all his own; not joint stock combinations for him—all is Turner; his faults being as purely characteristic as his merits, and originality stamped on every hue. It is said that he is now husbanding his powers for a final effort, wherewith he intends to consummate his artistic fame; and the intention, if he really entertain it, is assuredly as original as anything that ever entered his head, considering the mechanical associations of the thing as compared with the poetry of his rainbow and moonlight antecedents; namely, a grand picture of the Exposition in Paxton's plate-glass palace, with the queen and all the royalties and celebrities of the world present, and as they all will be, no doubt.—*Manchester Examiner and Times.*

SALE OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY.—On Wednesday, this interesting relic of antiquity, with some valuable estates near it, came under the hammer of the auctioneer. The first offer made was 20,000 guineas, and the biddings continued very briskly until they reached 28,000. The competition was then confined to two gentlemen until it reached 33,000, when, amidst the great excitement caused by so important a sale, the hammer—that potent spell, under which the hopes of an intending purchaser are so frequently raised—"fell," but with the reserve bidding of 35,000 guineas, made by the auctioneer for the vendor. The sale having failed, it is supposed, from too much land having been allotted with the ruins, it is again announced that the abbey will be sold simply with the residence and its own demesne, enclosed within the old abbey walls.—*Bath Herald.*

DEATH OF "MORGAN RATTLER."—The daily papers announce the death, on the 13th inst., of Mr. Percival Weidon Banks, better known as the "Morgan Rattler" of *Fraser's Magazine*. Mr. Banks, though only in his 45th year, was the last of the race of writers who, with Dr. Maginn, Mr. Churchill, and others, gave pungency to the early numbers of that journal. He was by profession a barrister.

LAMARTINE.—The poet, and his wife, Madame Lamartine, arrived at Marseilles, from the East, about ten days since. [They have since reached Paris.—Ed.]

MR. PHYSCIK. son of the sculptor of that name, has been elected the Academy student for the usual three years' residence in Rome.

RHYL.—Mr. Wallworth, of Liverpool, and of the Royal Academy of Music, produced, on Tuesday the 13th, a new entertainment, entitled *Musical Notes and Trifles*. The audience was highly respectable, and the manner in which Mr. Wallworth acquitted himself in the various songs elicited warm admiration. We hear that this entertainment will shortly be given in Liverpool.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—The public will learn with satisfaction that the twopenny fee for admission to St. Paul's Cathedral is really to be abolished, and entrance to be allowed at the west door, so as to form an imposing view of the fine interior. Preparatory to this arrangement, the gate to the churchyard facing Ludgate Hill is being repaired, and a few other little improvements are in hand. This is in accordance with Sir George Grey's assurance in the House, in reply to Mr. Hume, that the free admission of the public was actually under the consideration of the Dean and Chapter. [This has been disproved by a correspondent of the *Times*.—Ed.]

LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Mr. Buckstone have been playing at the Royal Amphitheatre. Herr Pigall, a German singer of national melodies, has also been exhibiting.

FRENCH PICTURE HANGING.—The mode adopted by the French for hanging pictures possesses some advantages over our own, in its simplicity and utility. A screw, having a ring fixed in a line with it, is fastened to the back of the frame; this is hooked on to the hold-fast in the wall, thus occasioning the frame to project forward at the upper part, and giving an advantageous position to the picture without any unsightly rod or nail appearing.

WOMBWELL'S RHINOCEROS.—A blank has been created in Mr. Wombwell's collection, lately exhibiting at Paisley, by the death of the female rhinoceros. It had been in his possession for nine years, and cost him 1000*l*. Mr. Wombwell has negotiated with the directors of the Edinburgh Museum for the disposal of the carcass. The rhinoceros had been ill for a week prior to its death, the cause of which has not been ascertained.

PICTURES.—Upwards of one hundred pictures, collected in Italy and elsewhere by Lord Ward, have been placed in the great room of the Egyptian Hall. It is, we understand, Lord Ward's intention to make them accessible to the public.

LOLA MONTES.—The tranquil quarter of the Villa Beaujon was lately placed in agitation by one of the most striking incidents: Madame Lola Montes had taken for fifteen years a magnificent hotel belonging to M. Rosa. She caused it to be furnished with extraordinary splendour. Turkey carpets of great value ornamented all the apartments during the winter season. The most curious and rare furniture was bought of a tradesman, who, seduced by the reputation of the great fortune of the romantic adventurer, had had sufficient confidence to give credit for six months. On Sunday, the day on which a large sum fell due, the furniture man presented himself, but Madame Lola begged him to call again at the end of the week, on account of the absence of her husband, who had forgotten to leave the money. During this time Madame Lola made preparations for leaving, and caused vehicles to be sent for to remove her goods. The upholsterer, informed of this, hastened to the Villa Beaujon, and found himself in the midst of the confusion caused by the removal of his furniture. A great uproar took place, and the commissary of police and some of the other creditors, who had been apprised of what was going on, arrived. Among the creditors was M. Jacquand, a celebrated painter, to whom a large sum was due for portraits of the lady. Surprised in the midst of these preparations for flight, the lady was not disconcerted for a single instant; she pretended that she was disposed to pay—that her husband had sent her the money for that purpose, but that she had lost the key of her cash-box. She begged the creditors to wait for a moment whilst she went for a locksmith, but neither locksmith nor lady appeared. Madame Lola had entered a vehicle which was waiting for her in the Avenue du Chateaubriand, near the Barriere de l'Etoile, and had disappeared like a shadow, without saying when she would return.—*Bulletin de Paris.*

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS left London last week for Paris. M.M. HALEY and SCRIBER have been commissioned to write another new opera and libretto for Her Majesty's Theatre.—*Literary Gazette.* [The *Literary Gazette* is misinformed. There is no foundation whatever for the statement.—Ed.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO PROFESSORS OF MUSIC.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, a Pupil of the Royal Academy, wishes to make an ENGAGEMENT, as an ASSISTANT TO TEACH the PIANOFORTE and SINGING, and take the DUTY of an ORGAN. Address, C. H., 71, Dean Street, Soho Square.

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A SELECTION OF CHURCH TUNES and CATHEDRAL CHANTS, arranged in Four Parts, by SEYMOUR PARKER, Organist of Ashhead Church. Price 7s. sewed; or, bound in cloth, gilt edges, 9s. London: J. Alfred Novello, 69, Dean Street, Soho, and 24, Foultry.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL, 1850.

THE One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Meeting of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, for the BENEFIT of the WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF CLERGYMEN in the Three Dioceses, will be held
ON TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, AND FRIDAY,

The 10th SEPTEMBER INST., and three following days,
Under the especial Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

STEWARDS.

THOMAS GAMBIE PARRY, Esq., HIGH SHERIFF.
 The Right Hon. and Rev. LORD SAYE and SELE.
 The Rev. TOWNSEND SELWYN, Canon of Gloucester Cathedral.
 The Rev. THOMAS EVANS, D.D.
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On Tuesday Morning, September 10th, at the Cathedral, will be performed in the course of the Service,
OVERTURE, Esther.—Handel.
ANTHEM, "Blessed is he,"—Boyce.
GRAND CORONATION ANTHEM.—Handel.

On Wednesday Morning, September 11th, at the Cathedral,
THE GRAND SACRED ORATORIO, BY FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY,

E L I J A H.

On Thursday Morning, September 12th, at the Cathedral, HAYDN'S SACRED ORATORIO,

THE CREATION,

PARTS I. AND II.

MENDELSSOHN'S SACRED CANTATA, LAUDA ZION: a Portion of BEETHOVEN'S SERVICE in C; and
 SELECTIONS from ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

On Friday Morning, September 13th, at the Cathedral, HANDEL'S SACRED ORATORIO,

The Messiah.

N.B.—There will be a COLLECTION at the Cathedral after each Morning's Performance.

ON TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND THURSDAY EVENINGS,

GRAND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERTS.

Principal Vocal Performers:

MADAME SONTAG,	MADAME CASTELLAN,
MISS LUCOMBE,	MISS DOLBY,
MR. SIMS REEVES,	MR. LOCKEY,
MR. H. PHILLIPS,	MR. LAWLER, AND HERR FORMES.

Leader.—MR. H. BLAGROVE.

Organ.—MR. G. TOWNSHEND SMITH.

Conductor.—MR. AMOTT.

Piano-Forte.—MR. DONE.

The Organ has been greatly enlarged and improved, and is now in its effects one of the finest Cathedral Organs in the kingdom. The Instrumental Band and Chorus have been selected with great care from the Orchestra of the Philharmonic, and from the Choral Societies and Choirs of Exeter Hall, Bristol, Norwich, Windsor, Worcester, Hereford, &c.; the whole comprising nearly

THREE HUNDRED PERFORMERS.

Rehearsal Tickets, 10s. 6d.

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WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, AND FRIDAY MORNINGS.—Numbered Seats, 12s. 6d.; Nave and Gallery, 10s. 6d.; Aisles, 3s. 6d.

For the CONCERTS—TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND THURSDAY EVENINGS.—Seats, 7s. 6d.; Numbered ditto, 10s. 6d.

Festival Tickets, not transferable, for all the Performances, Numbered Seats, Three Guineas each.

The Doors of the Cathedral will be opened on Tuesday Morning at Ten, and the Service will commence at Eleven. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday Mornings, the Doors open at Half-past Ten, and the Sacred Performances will commence at Half-past Eleven o'clock. At the Shire Hall the Doors will open each Evening at Half-past Seven, the Concerts to commence at Eight o'clock.

THERE WILL BE A BALL AFTER THE CONCERT ON TUESDAY EVENING.

Persons residing at a distance can be supplied with Tickets by enclosing the amount, or by sending a Post-office Order, post-paid, to Mr. James Henry Brown, Secretary to the Stewards, College Green, Gloucester.

The best of the Reserved Seats will be scrupulously kept for the earliest Applicants.

Tickets will be sold only by Messrs. Jew and Waring, 155, Westgate Street, Gloucester; and by Mr. Andrews, Assembly Rooms, Cheltenham; at which places Plans of the Cathedral and Shire Hall may be seen, and places secured.

RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

Passengers' Return Tickets upon the Midland Railway will be available from the 10th to the 15th of September, provided their Tickets be countersigned at the *From* to the *Freight*, otherwise the full fare will be charged on the return journey.

Special Trains will run from the Great Western Stations, between Cheltenham and Gloucester:—

From Cheltenham—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday Mornings, at 10h. 30m.—Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday Evenings at 7h.

From Gloucester—Each Evening at 4h. 30m. and also at 11h. 30m.

The Night Mail will stop at the Stonehouse, Stroud, and Brimscombe Stations, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday.

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1850.

{PRICE THREEPENCE.
{STAMPED FOURPENCE.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. RESUME OF THE SEASON.

THE fourth season of the Royal Italian Opera was brought to a termination on Saturday with the *Huguenots*. The four performances of the week, at reduced prices, were for the benefit of the company of directors, and must have realised a considerable sum. It was to be lamented that these performances had not been increased to six or eight, as hundreds were sent away from the theatre on the nights of the *Prophète*, *Don Giovanni*, and the *Huguenots*; and there is not the smallest doubt but that the house would have been crowded on each occasion. The artists, however, could not have been conveniently brought together in the following week, as Mario, Gribi, Tammerlik, Tamburini, and others, had made arrangements to leave London on Sunday, and Viardot had left on the Wednesday to fulfil her continental engagements. The four last performances passed off with immense *clat*, more especially the last two—*Don Giovanni* and the *Huguenots*.

It is satisfactory to have to announce that the fourth season of the Royal Italian Opera has closed its career more prosperously and felicitously than any of its predecessors. If its success in a pecuniary point of view has not equalled the anticipation of the directors, it has at least stopped up the mouth of complaint. It has, moreover, tended to establish the fact, that a great theatre may be carried on by a republic of artists without inevitable ruin. The principle was well worth the risk of ascertaining, were it for no other reason than practically to demonstrate the precise value of the artists, rating them at what they bring. Henceforward, singers will be inclined to abate somewhat of their preposterous terms, and managers will stand a chance of keeping their theatres open without irretrievable loss. One great advantage accrues when a theatre is under the direction of a republic. The losses are divided, and become less grievous than if the whole devolved upon one individual.

On the other hand, we must hesitate ere we draw a conclusive inference from the past season of the Royal Italian Opera. There was a period during the year when the current of success ran so strongly in its favour, that the most sceptical imagined the directors were going to realise a fortune. This was immediately after the production of *Roberto il Diavolo*, which the management brought out with the utmost completeness and splendour. Her Majesty and Prince Albert had attended three times in one week, and had bespoken the performance on the following night. The tide of popularity was flowing rapidly towards Covent Garden, and fashion followed in the wake of Majesty. The death of an ex-minister was the first dark cloud in the horizon of the theatre, and the decease of a Royal personage, a most munificent supporter of the Royal Italian Opera, came next, obnubilating its brightest prospects. It need not now be cited what a diminishing influence these causes had upon the growing popularity of the

new Italian house. With good management and with an enterprising spirit, the directors steered clear of defeat and discomfiture, and, despite of all counteracting agencies, contrived to bring their vessel into the harbour of security, if not of prosperity.

Drawing their conclusions from the successes of the three past seasons, the principal aim of the management was directed towards the operas of the grand French school, and their production in the utmost style of splendour and completeness. This has been the head and front of their intention; nor do we feel inclined to quarrel with that intention when we remember the successes achieved by the *Huguenots*, *Masaniello*, the *Prophète*, and *Roberto il Diavolo* when it was last brought out. But what we do find fault with the management for is, that everything else is sacrificed for the French opera. *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro* are mere stop-gaps, or breathing-places for the singers to refresh themselves after the fatigues of the "tear-my-hair" school, and the best works of Rossini but so many elderly gentlemen, upon whose appearance it is not worth while lavishing soap and water and a clean collar. We may illustrate this by pointing to the difference of the two casts of *Roberto il Diavolo* and *Otello*. In the former, Mario undertook the insignificant part of Ram-baldo; in the latter, he overlooked Roderigo (we cannot say "contemned," for we know Mario's great love for Rossini), a most important character, and one in which he must have produced an immense effect. Then again, the *Otello* had had no preparation, and in all its details received but little consideration, while upon the work of Meyerbeer was expended all the care, pains, and expense that could give it perfect seeming in the eyes of the public. All this favoritism upon the one side, and upon the other fatal indifference—to bestow upon it a mild expression—was more strongly exemplified in the case of *Don Giovanni*. The greatest lyric work that art has given birth to was produced with a carelessness and an apathy that must have astonished the most casual beholder. Old and not very appropriate scenery, a *mise en scene* that admitted of every possible improvement, a military band that played continually out of tune, a perfectly farcical arrangement of one of the most thrilling scenes to be found in the whole range of the drama, and a cast of characters that might have been rendered less exceptional, were the *materia* which the directors of the Royal Italian Opera felt themselves called upon to offer in giving scenic existence to the *chef-d'œuvre* of the greatest composer of all times. It is useless for the directors to inform us that *Don Giovanni* was performed at the Royal Italian Opera in a more complete state than heretofore in this country; it may be so—our reply is, that they stop short of their promises when they do not produce every great work "in the completest and most perfect manner possible," and that it is a gross insult, more especially coming from the managers of a "model opera," to treat Mozart with less

Sontag was the "Rejoice greatly" and "With verdure clad," from the *Creation*, "Hear ye, Israel," from *Elijah*, and Handel's "Holy, holy," and "Let the bright Seraphim." The *prima donna* sang no less than four times at each of the evening concerts.

The nave of the cathedral was appropriately fitted up for the sacred performances, and looked exceedingly well. There was nothing glaring about the additions and decorations, but all harmonized as nearly as it may with the building itself. The concerts were given in the County-hall, an elegant room, capable of holding 2,000 to 3,000 persons. It has just been beautifully painted and decorated.

At the beginning of the last century the members of the choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, were accustomed to hold annual meetings in each of the three cities in rotation, for the purpose of executing the choral music of the church. In 1724, Dr. Thomas Bisse, Chancellor of Hereford, and brother of the Bishop, proposed that at these meetings a collection should be made at the church doors, to be devoted to charitable objects. The proposition was unanimously adopted; 31*l.* 10*s.* was obtained, and disposed of in favour of the orphans of the poor clergy of the dioceses of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, under the direction of six stewards, a clergyman and a gentleman respectively belonging to each. The following year Dr. Bisse succeeded in promoting the same object at Worcester, when 48*l.* 18*s.* was collected and devoted in a similar manner; and in 1726 he was equally fortunate at Hereford, where he preached a sermon in aid of the charity, through means of which 49*l.* were secured. The text of this sermon, from Ecclesiastes, chap. xi., verse 8, is characteristic—"I gat me men-singers and women-singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts." In 1729, Dr. Bisse preached another sermon, at Hereford, contending that music was never so well employed as in the exaltation of religious worship, and rejoicing that, from so small a beginning, the gathering of the three choirs had risen to the highest importance. The contribution to the charity on this occasion, however—only 38*l.*—scarcely justified a tone of gratulation; while, in the year following, at Gloucester, it descended to a still lower figure, 28*l.* 3*s.* When the meeting was first established the members used to assemble on the first Tuesday in September, and on the two following days choral services were performed in the cathedrals; on the last day there was always a service and a collection. For many years past, however, the sermon has been preached on the first day, and money collected at the doors on every day of the festival. In 1758 the morning performances were increased from two to three. The original object of Dr. Bisse—that of confining the application of the charity to the apprenticing, education, or support of the orphans of clergymen—was soon extended to the relief of widows, Gloucester setting the example, and in this manner the money collected at the doors has ever since been distributed. In 1754 the number of stewards was reduced from six to two, at which number it was continued till 1798, when it was again augmented to four, and afterwards to the original number. During this period of 44 years, the prosperity of the festival was continually fluctuating, as may be gathered from the fact, that in 1774 the collection at Hereford amounted to 62*l.* 5*s.* 9*d.*, while in 1783, nine years onward, it had fallen to 34*l.* 12*s.* At Worcester, in 1794, it was as low as 26*l.* 2*s.* 2*d.*; but in 1809, at the same city, it rose to 81*l.*, which, even in the present time, would be regarded as a very good average. At Hereford, previous to the combination of the three choirs, the music meetings were held in the hall

belonging to the vicars-choral. The members chiefly belonged to the college, and the performances were all gratis, except in favour of Mr. Woodcock, the leader, whose nightly pay was 5*s.* The members were refreshed with ale, cider, and tobacco. The names of those who attended, divided into performers and non-performers, were inserted in a book with those of visiting strangers. The absentees were fined 6*d.* At this period the Hereford meetings took place weekly. The Gloucester meetings were originally held in the Boot-hall. As the cultivation of sacred music was always the principal object of the association, there were from the first establishment of the triennial festival two morning performances at the collegiate churches of the respective cities. The "Te Deum" of Purcell, and that of Handel, composed for the peace of Utrecht, were given alternately for many years, until the latter was superseded by the well-known "Dettingen Te Deum." The tickets for the concert were originally 2*s.* 6*d.*, and the pay of the leader (Mr. Woodcock, of Hereford) one guinea for the whole meeting. This gentleman was particularly famous for playing the 5th concerto of Vivaldi, a composer now well-nigh forgotten, although celebrated in his time, the only work of his at all familiar to the present generation being a piece called the "Cuckoo Concerto." A Gloucester paper (the *Gloucester Journal*), speaking of the festival of 1733, says, that it was the best ever known; that the stewards had collected out of London the first performers, vocal and instrumental; that the band consisted of French horns, trumpets, hautboys, German flutes, and "a fine treble harp;" and that "the famous Mr. Powell, of Oxford, did the meeting the honour of singing in the cathedral on both days. Who Mr. Powell was it is difficult now to say, but what he was may be guessed from the following extravagant apostrophe to his memory, from the obituary of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1744:—

"Powell died? Then all the earth
Prepare to meet its fate;
To sing the everlasting birth
The choir of Heav'n's complete!"

In 1737 Dr. Boyce, an English composer of celebrity, whose works are still heard, if not greatly admired by the judicious, was engaged to conduct the festival, so that the custom of placing the direction of the musical proceedings in eminent hands, which has since been abandoned, seems to have been of very early date. Dr. Boyce wrote an anthem for the occasion. The steward of the music meeting (a personage distinct from the six stewards of the charity) was always a musical man, or rather a clergyman or lay-clerk belonging to one of the choirs. He engaged the band, defrayed the expenses, and was responsible for losses. How the profits of the concerts were then applied, if, indeed, there were any to apply, does not stand recorded. In 1759, when Handel's oratorio *Samson* was performed, the admission to the concerts was raised to 30*s.* on the plea of extra expense, arising from the "larger demands of the London performers." Could the worthy stewards have taken a peep into futurity, and known the salaries now paid to eminent vocalists, they would have abandoned the festival as a bad speculation. Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* was first given at Gloucester in 1754. For several years a Mr. Isaac conducted the meetings at Worcester, and Mr. Waring succeeded Mr. Woodcock as leader of the band, among the principals of which were Caporale and Pasqualino (violincellos), Valentine Snow and Abington (trumpets). Signora Galli and Gaetano Guadagni, both popular opera singers of the time, were among the chief vocalists. The former was a pupil of Handel, and took a benefit at Covent Garden Theatre in 1797, at the age of 74, when she sang

two of her master's most celebrated airs. Signor Guadagni had a voice of peculiar sweetness, and Handel engaged him to sing some of the airs in *Samson* and the *Messiah*, originally intended for a *contralto*, which he did so well that they have seldom since been allotted to female voices. From this we may infer that the engagement of Italian singers and other foreign performers is by no means a recent innovation at our great festivals. The balls, which form an attractive and profitable point of the meetings, were instituted from the commencement, at first gratis, but subsequently (in 1752) at the charge of 2s. 6d. for admission. The balls at Worcester first took place in the Town-hall, but afterwards, in consequence of a dispute with the mayor, the College-hall was applied for, and granted, by the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral. For some years it was the custom to have the Gloucester races in the same week as the musical festival, in order to attract a larger number of visitors to the town, and thereby improve the prospects of the charity. The stewards also gave a ball, which was attended by all the nobility and gentry of the county; but this and the races have been discontinued since 1793. In 1755, at the Worcester meeting, the singers were Miss Turner, "a favourite singer at the castle and Swan concerts in the city," daughter of Dr. Turner, organist of Westminster Abbey; Mr. Beard, Mr. Wans, of the Chapel Royal; Mr. Baildon, and Mr. Denham. Little is now remembered of any of these, except Beard, who was celebrated in Handel's music. The band was led by Abraham Brown, who succeeded Festing as leader of the King's band, and was the immediate predecessor of the famous Giardini. The oratorios were Handel's *Samson* and Boyce's *Solomon*. The celebrated Italian singer, Giulia Frasi, and Signor Arrigoni, a performer on the lute, who afterwards set up an opposition to Handel, in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, were among the performers at Hereford in 1756. Frasi, who earned nearly 1800*l.* annually in England, was very extravagant, and ultimately died, at Calais, almost in want of bread. Her pronunciation of the English language was greatly admired. In 1757, the performances at Gloucester were extended to a third evening, when Handel's *Messiah* was given for the first time, and received with enthusiasm. The conductor was Dr. Hayes, and the band showed a material difference from that of 1733, "three trumpets, a pair of kettle-drums, four hautboys, four bassoons, two double basses, with violins, violoncellos, and choruses in proportion," being on the list. It is curious that no mention should be made of altos or violas, since Handel always wrote for them. In 1758 the band was led by Pinto, an Englishman by birth, although his parents were Italian. Pinto was the father of one of the most precocious and extraordinary geniuses in the annals of the musical art, who died at the early age of 21, after having composed several works for the violin, pianoforte, and voice, of singular beauty and originality, one of which, a sonata, was lately introduced by Mr. Alexander Billel, the pianist, at one of his concerts in St. Martin's Hall. Young Pinto was equally a proficient on the violin and the piano. His untimely death was attributed to a life of profligacy and dissipation. Vincent, who, for 30 years, was first oboe at Covent Garden, appeared at this meeting, and the prizes were raised to 5*l.* In 1759, at Hereford, we find the name of Storace, father of the well-known composer, and of the still more eminent singer, among the list of those who performed on the double bass. The meeting of 1760, at Gloucester, was devoted to the memory of Handel, who had died since the preceding anniversary, and whose first oratorio, *Ether*, was given. Dr. Hayes conducted. Up to 1764 Signora Frasi continued to be the principal vocalist, and Pinto the

leader and violin soloist, at the meetings; but in 1765 Frasi was replaced by Miss Brent, the original Mandane in Arne's *Artaxerxes*, who afterwards married Pinto. This lady died of want at Vauxhall in 1802. In 1769, at Gloucester, Fischer, the famous oboist, appeared, and continued for twenty years one of the principal attractions at the various meetings. In 1770, at Worcester, Miss Linley, considered the best of English singers until Mrs. Billington put all rivalry out of the question, and Tenducci, the Italian operatic singer, were the chief vocalists, and the band was led by Giardini. Miss Linley was afterwards married to Sheridan. She continued the star at the meetings until 1774, when she was succeeded by Miss Cecilia Davies, an Englishwoman, who had obtained great reputation in Italy, where she went by the name of "L'Inglesina." She was the first native musician of this country who ever had success among the Italians. At Gloucester, in 1775, *Israel in Egypt* was given for the first time, with *Ruth*, an oratorio composed by Giardini, now totally forgotten. Rauzzini, a famous Italian singer, the master of Braham, was one of the principal artists engaged. In 1777, at Hereford, the whole of an Italian opera, composed by Rauzzini, was given, the only time such a performance was ever introduced at the meetings, and the celebrated comic singer, Mademoiselle Storace (sister of the composer), also a pupil of Rauzzini, made her first appearance. In 1780, at Hereford, Mr. Cramer, father of John Cramer, led the band. In 1784 the church services and anthems were for the first time confined to the morning meeting in the cathedral, and the music which had been performed the same year at Handel's Commemoration in Westminster Abbey was substituted for the ordinary services. For the usual gratis admission a charge of 5s. 6d. was imposed. Madame Mara, one of the most renowned singers of whom the history of the art makes mention, was the principal on this occasion, and Master Bartleman, afterwards so famous as a bass singer, made his first appearance in public in some pieces written for a *soprano*.

In 1788 the festival at Worcester was honoured by the presence of George III. and his Queen. In 1789, at Hereford, Mrs. Billington made her first appearance at these meetings. She was then in the vigour of her powers. In 1793, at Gloucester, Mr. Lindley, the legitimate successor of Crosdill and Cervetto, and the greatest violoncellist of his day, officiated as first violoncello. In 1796, at Gloucester, Mr. Braham was principal tenor for the first time. In 1798 the meeting was in danger of being abandoned, since no gentleman could be found to accept the responsibility of steward, in consequence of the invariable losses attendant upon that office. The difficulty was vanquished, however, principally through the exertions of the Duke of Norfolk, and the responsibility of the stewardship was divided among several persons, each bearing a part of the loss; a custom which remains up to the present time. Inclusion first appeared among the singers at Worcester in 1803, and Madame Catalani at Gloucester in 1811, when Mr. Braham, who had just returned from Italy, again assumed the post of first tenor. The price of the tickets was again increased to 9*s.*, the excuses for which were the large sum paid to Madame Catalani and the great amount of the general expenses—upwards of 2,300*l.*

It is unnecessary to follow any further in detail the progress of the triennial meeting of the three choirs, which, through the engagement of celebrated singers, the augmentation of the band and chorus, &c., in 1811, nearly forty years ago, had already begun to assume much the same aspect as musical festivals in the present day. My object has been simply to trace the gradual advance of the festival from a small

gathering of amateurs and choirmen to a vast and difficult undertaking. Suffice it that, with many fluctuations, its prosperity has steadily increased up to the present moment, and that the 127th anniversary, which began on Tuesday last under very auspicious circumstances, is likely to prove the most successful, and the most advantageous to the charity, ever given. On the present occasion there were no less than fourteen stewards, whose names are as follows:—Mr. T. Gambier Parry (high sheriff), the Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Saye and Sele, the Rev. Townshend Selwyn (canon of Gloucester Cathedral), the Rev. Thomas Evans, D.D., the Rev. W. L. Darell, the Rev. Henry Barrow Evans, the Rev. Thomas Peters, Sir Martin H. Crawley Boevey, Bart., Mr. W. Dent, Mr. W. H. H. Hartley, Mr. E. Sampson, Mr. T. Turner, Mr. J. W. Walters, and Mr. J. Yorke. The president was the Duke of Beaufort; the vice-presidents, Earl Fitzhardinge (lord-lieutenant of the county of Gloucester), Earl Somers (lord-lieutenant of the county of Hereford), Lord Lyttelton (lord-lieutenant of the county of Worcester), the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, the Bishop of Worcester, and the Bishop of Hereford. The list of the principal vocalists comprised Madame Sontag, Madame Castellani, Miss Lucombe, Miss Dolby, Miss Williams, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lockey, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Lawler, and Herr Formes. Among the chief instrumentalists in the band were—Leader, Mr. H. Blagrove; Messrs. Willy, Hill, Glanville, Lucas, Hatton, Howell, Remusat, Card, Nicholson, Williams, Baumann, C. Harper, Rae, T. Harper, Smithies, André, Chipp, &c. Organ, Mr. T. Smith; pianoforte, Mr. Done; conductor, Mr. Amott. There were three morning and three evening performances. After the concert on Tuesday night, a ball was given at the Shire Hall; and the usual grand dress ball on Friday (this evening) will terminate the festival.

The usual selection of sacred music was given on Tuesday morning during service at the cathedral—one of the finest in England, so rich in ecclesiastical monuments. There was nothing new, except the "Jubilate," composed by Handel for the peace of Utrecht, which, I understand, was never before produced at Hereford. The other pieces were the overture to *Esther*, the "Dettingen Te Deum," and the coronation anthem, "The King shall rejoice," of the same composer; the anthem, "Blessed is he," and duet, "Here shall soft charity repair," of Dr. Boyce. The preces and responses were Tallis's. The principal singers were Miss Williams, Messrs. Lockey, Lawler, and Phillips. Miss Dolby, who was to have sung, was prevented from attending the cathedral by indisposition. The performance, on the whole, was very good. The band and chorus, about 300 in all, were very efficient, and some recent alterations in the organ are manifest improvements. No objection can possibly be made to the programme, except that the continual adherence to Dr. Boyce renders the services at these meetings somewhat tiresome and flat. Dr. Boyce was a slavish imitator of Handel, without a spark of his genius, and with infinitely less learning than he has obtained credit for. His style is very insipid. The sublimest text never inspires him with a grand thought or a masterly combination. The Triennial Festivals might serve the cause of art, as well as that of charity, were the character of our anthem music more elevated and more in the spirit of the present day, which, while reverencing the masterpieces of such a great man as Handel, can no longer tolerate the comicpompes of Dr. Boyce and others, which have no other recommendation than that of antiquity. If better music does not exist, which I should be sorry to believe, it might easily be had by paying for it. At the rehearsal on Monday night,

Dr. Wesley was present, and conducted a new composition of his own. Dr. Wesley has, I believe, composed many anthems which musical judges praise highly. Surely, it would be worth while to try one of these from time to time instead of the eternal "Blessed is he" of Dr. Boyce. If it failed, Dr. Boyce might be reinstated in his place with due honours, although I much doubt whether, once laid aside, he would ever be taken up again willingly.

After Dr. Boyce's anthem, a sermon was preached by the Rev. Townshend Selwyn, canon of Gloucester Cathedral, and one of the stewards, who took for text the 2nd Corinthians, chap. ix. verse 12—"For the administration of this service not only supplieth the wants of the saints, but is abundant, also, by many thanksgivings unto God." The rev. gentleman spoke in so low a tone that I could not easily follow the progress of his discourse; I was, nevertheless, conscious of some very impressive and eloquent passages. To judge from the collection at the doors, 223*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*—the largest that has been known for many years—the sermon did not fail to produce the effect intended—that of aiding the charity in a substantial manner. The cathedral was quite full. The number present was estimated at between 1700 and 1800. I never recollect seeing the aisles and gallery so well attended on the first day of a festival. In the latter, however, the boys from three schools were admitted gratis, which of course added to the general effect. All the reserved tickets were sold for the performances of *Elijah* and *Messiah*. It was feared that the nave would scarcely suffice to contain the numbers who had already secured admissions. Meanwhile the city was in a state of unusual ferment. The streets were crowded, the inns all occupied, and the trains continually bringing in fresh comers. Every one is likely to profit by this festival, and it is to be hoped that the tradesmen, innkeepers, &c., have not, as sometimes happens, by exorbitant charges made strangers repent their visit to this ancient and beautiful town. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," is an adage respectable from age; but the inhabitants of Gloucester must not despise the story of the goose that laid the golden eggs. There are, we hope, for the sake of charity, yet many festivals to come, and three years will not suffice to make a traveller forget ill-treatment.

Among the company on Tuesday morning were the Lord Bishop of the diocese, the dean of the Cathedral, Mr. T. Gambier Parry, high sheriff, Mr. Edward Sampson, Mr. W. H. H. Hartley, Rev. T. Evans, D.D., Mr. W. Dent, Rev. W. L. Darell, the stewards of the festival, the mayor and corporation, &c.

The first concert took place on Tuesday night in the Shire Hall, which was more fully attended than has been the case for many years at the commencement of the festival. The Shire Hall is a handsome stone building, the design of which was furnished by Mr. Smirke. The front, extending the whole breadth of the structure, is said to be a fac-simile from an ancient temple on the Illyssus. The columns supporting the principal entrance are of the Ionic order, four in number. The large hall, devoted to music and balls, is nearly 90 feet long and between 50 and 60 feet wide. When full, it might accommodate about 1000 persons, without including the orchestra, which is sufficiently spacious, and has been recently enriched by a large organ. This organ was built for the use of the Gloucester Choral Society. Over the door of the great hall is a bas-relief about 40 feet in length, which represents King John signing Magna Charta. The great fault in this hall, considering it as applied to musical purposes, is an excess of vibration, which, however, is less noticeable at public per-

performances, when there is a great number of persons present, than at rehearsals, when the place is almost empty. I am inclined to think that the hall is neither long nor lofty enough for its width.

The programme of the first concert presented nothing in the form of novelty, but the anxiety to hear Madame Sontag was so great that all other considerations were overlooked. The popular vocalist was received with general acclamations. Her first song, Donizetti's *cavatina*, "So crudele il cor," is by no means a remarkable composition, but the original and perfectly executed *cadenza* which Madame Sontag introduced at the end of the *large*, and the exquisite fancy with which she embellished the *cabaletta*, raised the greatest enthusiasm. In Arrie's "Soldier tired," Madame Sontag obtained a unanimous encore: her neat and brilliant execution gave new life to the quaint divisions of the old English "doctor in music," who, like Haydn, could never write unless in full toilette, with bug-wig and ruffles; and from her lips "The Soldier tired" was endowed with the freshness and vigour of a modern *bravura*. A similar compliment was paid to Adolphe Adam's variations in "Ah! vous dirai-je, maman?" one of the most wonderful displays of florid execution, even in the varied and extensive repertoire of Madame Sontag: M. Remusat, by the finished and elegant style in which he executed the flute *obligato* part, materially enhanced the effect. Madame Sontag has made an indelible impression on the Gloucesterians, who never gave a stronger proof of their good taste than by the unbounded applause they bestowed upon the efforts of this gifted and accomplished artist. Madame Castellan, a great favourite in Gloucester, as she is everywhere else, sang the *polacca*, "Son vergin vezzosa," from the *Puritani*, in a highly animated and dashing manner, and was warmly encored. Still better was her "Prendi per me," by Benedict and De Beriot, in which the mellow ripeness of her *central* tones came out in effective contrast with the clearness and power of her higher notes. Few voices are more richly endowed than that of Madame Castellan, which is at once distinguished by beauty of quality and an unusually extended register. Herr Formes, who was new to a Gloucester audience, made a sensible impression in his first song, "In diesen heiligen hallen," from *Zauberflöte*, which was loudly redemanded, and more than confirmed that impression by a forcible and effective style in which he sang the fine air of Caspar, "Taci, taci," from the Italian version of *Der Freischütz*. Mr. Sims Reeves gave Beethoven's "Adelaide" with a fervour of expression that left nothing to be desired; but the effect of his performance was much impaired by the pianoforte accompaniment. Mr. Done, the conductor of the evening concerts, played his part unexceptionably, but the instrument was so palpably out of tune, that we are at a loss to imagine how he could have allowed it to be brought into the orchestra. It was surely Mr. Done's business, as accompanist, to have examined the pianoforte beforehand. The other solos were—"O, 'tis a glorious sight to see," from *Oberon*, one of the very few commonplace things that came from Weber's pen, which Mr. Lockey sang with great spirit, although it is not quite suited to his talent; Gluck's lovely air, "Che farò," extremely well sung by Miss Williams; and "As I view those scenes so charming," by Mr. Lawler, who might have selected something less hackneyed to display his pleasing barytone voice and quiet method of singing. Miss Dolby and Miss Lucombe were both set down for songs, but an apology was made for the former by Mr. Thomas Turner, one of the stewards, on the plea of severe hoarseness, while the latter failed to appear without an explanation being offered

to the audience. It was understood, however, that Miss Lucombe was also suffering from indisposition, having been equally absent from her post at the cathedral in the morning. Miss Williams took Miss Dolby's place in the duet "Serbani ognor" (*Semiramide*), with Madame Castellan; and also in several concerted pieces Madame Castellan divided the duties of Miss Lucombe with Miss Byers. Among the most effective of the *morceaux d'ensemble* was the beautiful quartet, "Non ti sfidar," from *Don Giovanni*, admirably executed by Messdames Sontag and Castellan, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes. Madame Castellan rendered the music of Donna Elvira so efficiently that it led me to regret not having heard her in that great and difficult part during the opera season. Mr. H. Phillips, always a great favourite in our cathedral towns, sang Handel's "Haste ye nymph" with the utmost point and humour, and was encored. We must confess, however, that, for once in a way, we could cheerfully renounce the "laughing *obligato*" with which certain zealous amateurs are invariably disposed to strengthen the choral *ensemble* of this glorious air. These enthusiasts add to the noise, it is true, but Handel's rhythm and Handel's harmony are completely eclipsed by their performance. The only instrumental solo was Mayseider's "Sixth Polonaise," for the violin, which Mr. Blagrove played with his accustomed purity of tone, neatness of execution, and equanimity of style. This was received with uproarious plaudits, and Mr. Blagrove was compelled to reappear upon the platform. He had the forbearance not to repeat the *Polonaise*, which, nevertheless, he might have done with perfect propriety.

The band—a vast improvement on that of last festival—played the overtures to *Jessonda* and *Guillaume Tell* in first rate style, and were rewarded with hearty applause. It was frequently remarked in the room that this was the first time for 57 years that Mr. Lindley, first violoncello at the meetings of the three choirs since 1793, had not occupied his post in the orchestra. The only choral piece in the programme was Wilbye's madrigal in six parts, "Stay, Corydon, stay," in which boys and *altos* assisted. A worse specimen of part-singing I never listened to; pointed expression, steady accent, and truthful intonation, were all wanting, and the effect upon the ear was nothing less than painful. To conclude, this concert had at least the merit of not being too long, the consequence of which was that nobody left the hall before the last note had been played. There were between 500 and 600 persons present, a large number of whom remained for the ball, and kept up the dancing until an unreasonable hour.

The fine weather on Wednesday brought fresh crowds to the city. The special trains from Cheltenham and other towns on the Great Western and Midland lines having made arrangements for everybody's convenience, the new arrivals were constant. Perhaps old Gloucester never presented a gayer aspect. The bells of the cathedral were incessantly ringing the merriest of imaginable peals: one or two of the old churches, from time to time, gave us examples of their liveliest tunes. The four large streets—Westgate, Northgate, Eastgate, and Southgate—were so thronged with people that it was not easy to make one's way, and the whole wore an air of animation and contentment which did the heart good. Meanwhile the sun continued to shine, and caused everything in the city to sparkle with unworldly brightness. To arrive in the morning at the cathedral—which the oftener it is seen the finer it looks—it was necessary to walk through a double defile of densely packed spectators, who, while indulging their curiosity, preserved the most exemplary order. The number of equipages at the door of the church at once told

that there would be a brilliant attendance—and such was the case; *Elijah* now divides the favour of the lovers of sacred music with *The Messiah* itself. Whether it will contribute for upwards of a century, as its immortal predecessor has done, to clothe the poor and feed the hungry, while elevating the soul of the hearer by its beauty and sublimity to the loftiest and purest aspirations, is hardly now a matter of conjecture. At all events, no oratorio but *Elijah* has ever, even for a short time, stood the test of rivalry with the masterpiece of Handel. The performance of the great work of Mendelssohn was highly creditable to the festival, and on the whole afforded the utmost satisfaction. Nor is this astonishing, since it is as much a favourite with the executants as with the audience. The chorus like it, the band like it, and the principal singers like it, because it is quite as new as it is grand, and because it gives them all the best opportunities for effect. The two sopranos, the two contraltos, the tenor, and the bass, have all effective airs to sing; the choruses exhibit the unchanging presence of a lofty inspiration, while their great variety, the judicious way in which they are contrasted, the manner in which they lead into or grow out of the various airs, duets, and *morceaux d'ensemble*, and lastly, the amazing truth with which they colour the boldest incidents of the sacred poem, are subjects for continual admiration. If the band had nothing to do but to play the overture—one of the finest pieces of orchestral writing extant—there would be quite enough for the most exacting; but Mendelssohn's instrumentation is so masterly, so varied, and so rich, that the mere distribution of the accompaniments among the several instruments is a matter of singular and absorbing interest through the oratorio—at least to all who regard music as something higher than a mere amusement or than a frivolous relaxation, with no deeper aim than to gratify the ear by a pleasant arrangement of sounds in harmony or melody, in combination or succession.

The chief vocal parts in the *Elijah* were allotted to Madame Sontag, Madame Castellan, Miss Dolby, Miss Lucombe, Miss Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Lawler, and Mr. H. Phillips; but Miss Lucombe continuing indisposed, her principal music was given to Madame Castellan, while Miss Byers sang some of the recitatives. Miss Dolby had quite recovered, and never sang the air, "O rest in the Lord," more beautifully, or declaimed the startling relatives of Jezabel with more emphasis and point. Miss Williams gave the first contralto air, "Woe unto them," with a truth of expression that rarely falls her in Mendelssohn's music. It may be remembered that, at Norwich and Worcester, Madame Castellan obtained unanimous praise for the manner in which she executed the first *soprano* part in this oratorio; this time, though she had less to sing, she did not exhibit any less excellence. Her delivery of the widow's petition to *Elijah* was exquisitely touching, and expressed the whole intention of the composer. Almost equally effective was her singing of the magnificent quartet and chorus, "Holy, holy," during the performance of which the entire audience rose. The unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes," was given to perfection by the three ladies (Madame Castellan, Misses Dolby and Williams), and, at the desire of the stewards, was repeated. Madame Sontag sang the great *soprano* air, "Hear ye, Israel," with a depth of feeling that showed how fully she entered into its meaning, and exhibited more than ordinary power and expression in the *allegro*, "Be not afraid," which, nevertheless, the conductor took slower than Mendelssohn has indicated. But so deliciously did Madame Sontag sing the *andante* that everybody regretted it was the only piece allotted to her in the oratorio. Mr. Lockey gave both

the tenors in that admirable style which, four years ago, when *Elijah* was first executed, at the Birmingham Festival, obtained for him the special approval of Mendelssohn himself—honoured with which, he can well afford to dispense with compliments from other quarters. Mr. Phillips displayed his accustomed intelligence and pointed articulation in the difficult music of the prophet, excelling more especially in the delivery of the recitatives. The worst point in the execution was the double quartet, "For he shall give his angels," which was rendered in a very slovenly style. In according general approval to the manner in which the choruses were sustained, I must make the proviso that in a great many instances they were taken so slowly as almost to destroy their character. In other places, when the band had to begin before the voices, the time was better; the gentlemen from the London orchestras are so thoroughly acquainted with the manner in which Mendelssohn used to conduct his music, that, if left to themselves, they would rarely err. As an example of the bad effect of mistaken time, I may cite the quartet in B flat, "O, come every one that thirsteth," which was dragged in such a way as to be scarcely recognisable. On the other hand, as a point of execution well worthy notice, the oboe playing of Mr. Nicholson in the bass air, "For the mountains shall depart," should not pass unrecorded. I have seldom heard better tone, better style, or a more satisfactory illustration of what an *obligato* accompaniment ought to be.

Among the audience I noticed—Lord W. Somerset, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Saye and Sele, the Hon. and Rev. the Dean, the Very Rev. the Dean of Durham, Rev. Canon Selwyn, the Hon. Mrs. Sayers, Hon. Mrs. Howard, Lady Owen, Sir Edward Tierney, Sir Martin H. Crawley Boevey, Rev. W. L. Darell, Mr. T. G. Parry, high sheriff, Archdeacon Wetherell, Mr. Robert B. Hale, M.P., Mr. W. H. Hartley, Rev. H. B. Evans, Rev. T. Evans, D.D., Mr. T. B. Baker, Captain Daubeny, Captain Lloyd, Captain James Evans, R.A., Mr. T. Turner, Mr. W. Dent, Lieutenant Bloxsome, Mr. E. Sampson, and the majority of the leading gentry in the neighbourhood.

The plates were held by Mrs. Monk and the Misses Monk, Mrs. Wetherell, Mrs. T. Evans, Miss Georgiana Cunningham, Mrs. Darell, Mrs. Barwick Baker, Archdeacon Wetherell, the Rev. Dr. Evans, Sir M. C. H. Boevey, Mr. T. Turner, Mr. T. G. Parry, high sheriff, and Mr. W. H. Hartley.

The collection at the doors amounted to 152*s.* 8*s.* 6*d.*, which, added to 22*s.* 1*s.* 6*d.* obtained on Monday, makes a considerable amount for the first two days of the festival.

The second miscellaneous concert, at the Shire Hall, on Wednesday night, was attended by nearly twice as many persons as the first. The distinction was merited, since the programme was a manifest improvement on its predecessor. The concert began with Mozart's symphony in E flat, given without curtailment. The performance was excellent and tested the strength of the band in a very satisfactory manner. The attention of the audience was unrelaxing, and the applause at the conclusion unanimous and warm. It has been frequently urged that, at these festivals, one of the symphonies of the great masters should form a prominent feature in each of the evening concerts. Every time a grand symphony for the orchestra has been efficiently performed before an audience, crowded, intelligent, and anxious to appreciate, the art may be considered to have made a step onward. It is singular that, while on no recorded occasion has the experiment of giving an entire symphony been tried without success, conductors of festivals, influenced by the specious plausibilities of "too long," "too dry," "too heavy," "too learned," and what not, should

be so often frightened from obeying the impulses of their own feeling and cultivated taste. Strange as it may sound to uninitiated ears, the objection that such music is "too good" is frequently insisted upon as an argument against prodigious symphonies before large and mixed audiences. The absurdity is, nevertheless, self-evident. A piece of music that is too long or too heavy surely cannot be "too good," if, indeed, any other than an ironical meaning can be attached to that expression.

The object of music is not to fatigue and bore, but to please the hearer, and unless that be effected, by no matter what style of composition, instead of being too good it is decidedly too bad, and betokens incompetence, or want of fancy and invention in the author. A work of magnitude and length of course demands stricter and more earnest attention than a waltz or a ballad; but, on the other hand, the pleasure derived from its performance is of a higher and more intellectual order. It is certain that no amateur, anxious to understand and to be delighted, ever listens to a symphony of Beethoven, Mozart, or Mendelssohn, without finding ample reward for his pains, and without deriving an earnest wish to renew the satisfaction he has experienced as often as possible. The reception accorded to Mozart's symphony in E flat must have convinced Mr. Amott, the conductor, that, while inserting it in the programme, he had not overrated the taste and good feeling of his audience. He might, however, have served the cause still more effectively by appointing Mozart to the post of honour—the commencement of the second part—where the *piece de resistance* should invariably be placed. There would then have been no disturbance from persons entering the room, and the music of the most gifted and universal of composers would have been still more keenly relished. The brilliant overture to *Oberon*—a good contrast to the quiet beauty of Mozart's most graceful work—would have served very well to command attention at the opening of the concert, especially if played with such fire and precision as distinguished its execution last night, previous to the second part of the entertainment.

Madame Sontag was again the vocal "star" of the evening, and again enchanted the audience with some of her most finished and attractive pieces. The Swiss air, with chorus, so cleverly arranged and varied by the German composer, Herr Eckert, was her first performance. Nothing could be more exquisitely delicate. Some of the passages were rather breathed than sung, so perfect a command does Madame Sontag possess over the *sotto voce*. The chorus was unsteady, and too loud throughout; but to weaken the effect of Madame Sontag's singing was impossible, and the variations were encored with rapturous applause. The same compliment was bestowed, with equal energy, upon Bishop's "Bid me discourse" and "Home, sweet home," Madame Sontag responding to the unanimous desire in both instances with unabated good will. Madame Castellani, the other "star," came forward modestly, with one of Mozart's most melodious airs, "Dove sono," from *Figaro*. The taste which incited the choice of so purely legitimate a composition was further demonstrated by the chaste manner in which it was executed, and never did Madame Castellani more entirely deserve the approval of her audience, which, in its turn, was never bestowed with heartier unanimity. In her second air, "Quand je quittai la Normandie," from *Robert le Diable* (a very good thing in its way, if not quite so good as the other), Madame Castellani was loudly encored. She sang with remarkable ease, and a freshness of voice that was quite delightful, introducing some changes and ornaments with such grace and

discretion that the most furious of Meyerbeer's partisans would have been at a loss where to look for an objection; Miss Lucombe, although still an invalid, displayed considerable brilliancy in her execution of the hackneyed "Qui la voce." Herr Formes, who appears to be already an adopted favorite here, sang Schubert's "Wanderer" in his very best style, and was encored by the whole audience. He also introduced a ballad by Weber, accompanying himself on the pianoforte, which he rendered in a highly effective manner. Mr. Phillips gave Dibdin's fine old air, "Twas post meridian," with genuine feeling; and Macfarren's graceful ballad, "She shines before me like a star," from *Charles II.*, was sung by Miss Williams with pleasing and unaffected expression; each of these obtained and deserved an encore. Mr. Sims Reeves introduced the *aria di bravura* of Giuseppe Lillo, "Coma soave," which Mario is accustomed to interpolate into *Lucresia Borgia*, and imbued it with such energy and power of voice that an unfavourable comparison was never once suggested. Mr. Lockey did not attempt a solo, but joined in two trios—Handel's "The flocks shall leave the mountains," with Miss Lucombe and Herr Formes, and Mozart's "La mia Dorabella," with Messrs. Sims Reeves and H. Phillips—both gems in their way. Mr. Lockey was further eminently serviceable in Costa's melodious quartet, "Ecco quel fiero istante," the other parts in which were allotted to Miss Lucombe, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Sims Reeves, and also assisted Miss Williams in a strangely unrhymical duet of Gabussi, "Deh mira quel fiore," which, well as it was sung, made no impression. A madrigal of Converso, "When all alone," being more simple than that of Wilbye, was less defective in execution; but neither the composition nor the performance was entitled to much praise. The *sestet* from *Don Giovanni*, "Sola, sola," was to have finished the concert, but two of the singers having already taken their departure, the National Anthem was substituted, Madame Sontag and Madame Castellani singing the principal verses. Miss Dolby was so indisposed that she was compelled to leave after Costa's quartet, without having sung Wallace's ballad, "A fire-side home," for which she had been announced. There was no instrumental solo, which, in my opinion, was a decided fault in the programme.

The duties of conductor and accompanist were divided among Messrs. Amott, Done, and Townshend Smith, the respective organists of the cathedrals of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford. The pianoforte upon which the songs were accompanied was still out of tune, and the accompaniment to Schubert's "Wanderer," in which there are certain progressions that depend materially upon correct intonation, although played carefully by Mr. Townshend Smith, went far to interfere with the pleasure derived from the powerful voice and impressive singing of Herr Formes. Can it be possible that this instrument is the best to be obtained in the city of Gloucester? If so, we should almost begin to be sceptical about the musical taste of the inhabitants. At a great musical festival a good pianoforte should be a *sine qua non*. The art of tuning cannot metamorphose a bad instrument into a good one; "a silk purse cannot be made out of a sow's ear," it is, therefore, not surprising that a tuner, as we were informed, at the instance of one of the three conductors, should have laboured hard and in vain, for an hour or two, in the morning previous to the concert, at the instrument in question—one of the sorriest that ever inflicted pain on unoffending ears. I may say of the second concert what I said of the first, that it was not too long; even the eternal encored did not deter the audience from sitting it out, to the last; but I must also add, as of the first, that there was not a single novelty in

the programme. Mozart's symphony, however, sufficed to cover a multitude of sins—at least of omission.

The selection at the Cathedral on Thursday morning contained almost enough for two performances, certainly a great deal too much for one. Nor was there sufficient variety to atone for length and prolixity. The *Creation*, with the two first parts of which the performances began, is essentially a show-oratorio for the solo vocalists, each of whom has a pet air to sing; so that the second part of the selection, in which all the singers again come forward with airs, was but the same chapter recapitulated, and not only superfluous, but tedious. The fact that the choruses in the *Creation* are of a light texture, divested of the learning and grandeur which characterise those of Handel, must have been overlooked in making out the programme of to-day's meeting. Had the performances begun with an elaborate work like *Israel in Egypt*, the rest might have followed in due course, and with good effect; but as it happened, the impression derived from the desultory chain of solos after the *Lauda Sion* was exceedingly tiresome. The arrangement of these solos, moreover, was injudicious. For example, three extremely long and slow airs came in immediate succession, with the single intermission of a new song, by Mr. Wesley, thrice as long as any of them, and by no means exciting the same amount of musical interest. The airs in question were "Holy, holy," by Madame Sontag; "Deeper and deeper still," by Mr. Sims Reeves; and "Ye sacred priests," by Madame Castellani, which were all admirably sung, but would have been far more acceptable had they been otherwise distributed. Mr. Wesley's song is made up of nine passages from the *Psalms*, *Lamentations*, *Micha*, and *Ihabakkuk*. It is a hymn of thanksgiving, but with the most attentive hearing I was unable to follow the composer's design. It appears to me, until the passage, "I will sing unto the Lord," a medley of half a dozen fragments, having no discoverable connection. The only evidence of musical form is developed in the last movement, and even that is occasionally rambling and obscure. It may not be fair to speak thus decidedly; after one hearing, of a composition on which much pains has evidently been bestowed; but I have little hesitation in avowing a small hope that more intimate acquaintance with Mr. Wesley's song would reveal any special and recondite beauties. Its absolute want of phrase or melody, from first to last, is ill atoned for by strange harmonies and excessive modulation. Mr. Phillips did his utmost for the voice-part, which is awkward and ungrateful, while Mr. Wesley conducted the performance himself. Everything was therefore done to ensure good execution, and I shall rejoice if others were impressed with a more favourable idea of its merits than myself. As the performance to-day did not terminate till a quarter-past four, I am only able to add, that the remainder of the miscellaneous selection comprised the double chorus, "He rebuked the Red Sea," from *Israel in Egypt*; the quartet, "Alla trinita beats," from the *Lauda Spirituali*, sung by Madame Castellani, Miss Dolby, Messrs. Lockey and H. Phillips; "Let the bright seraphim," by Madame Sontag, with Mr. T. Harper's trumpet *obligato*; the recitative and air from *St. Paul*, "But the Lord is mindful of his own," by Miss Dolby; and the "Hallelujah," from Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*. The choruses were very finely executed, as were those in Haydn's *Creation*, the principal airs in which were allotted to Madame Sontag, Madame Castellani, Miss Lucombe, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lockey, Phillips, and Lawler, who also severally joined in the trios. The *Lauda Sion* of Mendelssohn was perhaps the best performance which has taken place up to the present time. The

vocal solos were entrusted to Misses Lucombe and Williams, Messrs. Lockey and Lawler. The style of this beautiful composition is pure and elevated, and we can readily understand Mendelssohn's unwillingness to have it performed anywhere except in a church. It is essentially religious, and has none of the dramatic colouring that distinguishes the oratorios of its author; in which respect it bears a resemblance to his psalms and other sacred compositions, where music is not made subservient to illustrate and conduct a story.

The fine weather continued, and there was rather an increase than a diminution of the busy aspect of the town. The Cathedral was completely full at the morning's performance. Among the company were—Lord and Lady W. Somerset, Sir W. Codrington, the Dean of St. Patrick, the Dean of Durham, the Dean of Gloucester, Sir J. Dean Paul and Lady Paul, Osman Ricardo, Esq., M.P., Captain Gordon Canning, Sir W. and Lady Chatterton, Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Mrs. Monk and the Misses Monk, and a great number of the stewards, with a majority of the company already mentioned. The collection at the doors amounted to £142 13s. 6d.

The Shire Hall presented a brilliant appearance last night, at the third and last of the miscellaneous concerts, which was attended by nearly all the distinguished families of the vicinity. As I had anticipated, there was not space enough to accommodate the visitors, which led to the introduction of chairs and benches at the extremities and up the middle of the hall. These being movable at will, were in everybody's way, and rendered passage to and fro a matter of arduous experiment. Moreover, the heat was so intense that numbers of persons expressed a preference for certain stations outside the hall, and to afford them the means of seeing and hearing the great doors at the back were thrown open, which gave access to a current of air that made its way from the street up the grand staircase, and breathed a refreshing though a dangerous coolness on the densely packed assemblage. The enjoyment of a long concert under such circumstances would seem to be an impossibility; but to the amateurs of the three cathedral towns it was nothing of the sort. I never recollect a musical performance more heartily relished, or more boisterously applauded. The warmth of enthusiasm set the draught at defiance; and, had the walls of the building fallen in during one of Sontag's airs, it is doubtful whether the Gloucester audience would have let her off without an encore.

The programme was a good one, though not quite so good as that of the second concert. The band played the overtures to *Ernani* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in first-rate style. Nor were they less efficient in the Wedding March from the latter, which pleased immensely, and was redemanded. There was another madrigal, or rather *ballet*, as it is styled, by Morley, the composer, who flourished somewhere about the end of the sixteenth century—"My bonny lass, she smileth." This pretty trifle, with its burden of "Fa, la, la," was sung to perfection, which rather surprised me after the specimens presented at the first two concerts. On inquiry, however, I found that the executants were exclusively composed of members of the Worcester Choral Society. The "*ballet*" was encored, and well deserved the compliment. The *sopranos*, nearly all of them young girls in humble life, were highly efficient: it was quite a treat to listen to their youthful and fresh-toned voices. In the first part, Madame Sontag introduced the *cavatina* of Amina, "Come per sereno," from *Sonnambula*, and the grand scena of Agatha, from *Der Freischütz*. A stronger opposition of styles could not be imagined; but by her admirable execution of both, Madame

Sontag showed that variety of accomplishment for which she is justly renowned. In the second part she sang the duet "Egli m'odia," from *Lucia*, with Mr. Sims Reeves, and the popular variations of Rode. The latter, it is almost superfluous to add, created a *furor*; and the final variation, in which rapid arpeggios and chromatic scales are executed with as much neatness and equality of tone as could be obtained by the most skillful performer on a keyed instrument, was repeated in obedience to an encore that made the walls of the building reverberate with "echo upon echo." In addition to these, at the particular request of sundry influential persons, who would appear to "rule the roast" at these large meetings, Madame Sontag gave the ballad of "Home, sweet home!" in her sweetest and homeliest manner. Though surprised at this unexpected treat, the audience, nothing loth, expressed their gratitude in loud applause. Madame Castellan also came in for a large share of the honours. The air of Gloucestershire would seem to be congenial to this charming singer, who, throughout the festival, has sung with unwonted strength and confidence. Both her solos were encored. The first, a *romanza*, "Arpa gentil cheffida," a gem from an occasional two act opera—*Le Voyage de Rheims*, which Rossini dedicated to the coronation of the French King, Charles X. Rarely has the "Swan of Pesaro" given birth to prettier melodies than on this occasion, and, to prove his own affection for the work, he afterwards translated the greater part of the music into *Le Comte Ory*, one of his masterpieces. The *romanza* in question is an elegant melody, which in the hands of a practised singer admits of an infinity of graceful ornaments. Of this Madame Castellan took signal advantage, presenting the theme with unadorned simplicity, and then indulging in *floriture*, cadences, and trills a *piacere*, all in the best conceivable taste, and executed with utmost finish. In the *adagio* and *rondo finale* ("Ah non giango") from *Sonnambula* she was equally successful, varying her *contralto* and *supra*no notes with admirable effect, and hazarding a profusion of *bravura* traits which displayed to equal advantage the compass and quality of her voice. Madame Castellan also joined Miss Dolby in the well-known duet from Rossini's *Bianca e Faliero*, "Sappe che un rio dorcere." No two voices could be better matched; while agreeably contrasting in tone, they blended gratefully in passages of combination. Miss Dolby, not only gave a lively Scotch ballad about "Lords in the south and chiefs in the north," &c., her spirited version of which, to her own piano-forte accompaniment, obtained an encore, but the Page's air from the *Huguenots*, "Nobile Signore," which, as Mr. T. Turner, one of the stewards, explained, in a pointed address, was to have been sung at the second concert. Though indisposed on that occasion, Miss Dolby was now anxious to retrieve her laurels, and to give the audience all that had been put down "in the book." The announcement was received with becoming favour. Miss Dolby sang the sparkling *cavatina* of Meyerbeer delightfully, and was rewarded with the handsomest marks of approval. Ballads were in great request. Miss Lucombe sang a ballad, "Within a mile of Edinburgh;" Mr. Lockey another, "The Mistletoe Boy;" Miss Williams a third, "I've sat in gilded palaces." Here were ballads Scotch, Irish, and English; the audience liked them all, and encored them all; and so we had six ballads instead of three; happily they did not come in immediate succession, which would have taxed the endurance even of an eclectic, to whom every style of art is acceptable. Handel's grand air from *Alexander's Feast*, "Revenge, Timotheus cries," seemed out of its element among all these eight barred tunes; it was

sung in good style by Mr. Phillips, nevertheless, and there were many in the room who would rather have heard it once again than four-and-twenty ballads, "all in a row."

That Herr Formes would make a great hit with the "P ff pass" nobody doubted; but that he would sing the inimitable "Largo al factotum" with a comic humour, and a volubility worthy of the most mercurial of Figaros, was hardly anticipated. He did so, nevertheless, preserving amidst the rapidity of his utterance and the legitimate fun with which he enlivened this vivacious *buffo* scene all the power and quality of his voice, in which essentials it has few competitors. By this performance Herr Formes made the greatest hit of the evening, and obtained an encore which, to say that it was uproarious, would scarcely give an idea of the noise that accompanied it. I have but to mention that Mr. Sims Reeves sang the "Fra poco" beautifully, as he always does, and joined Miss Lucombe in the pretty duet from *Don Pasquale*, "Tornami a dir;" that the flowing trio of Curschman, "Ti prego," was well rendered by Miss Lucombe, Miss Williams, and Mr. Lockey; and that one of the most exquisite of vocal quartets, "Placido il mar," from *Idomeno*—that unwisely neglected opera of the great Mozart—executed by Madame Castellan, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, and Herr Formes, was one of the best features, while it was the only piece of concerted music in the programme. The National Anthem wound up the performances. Of this concert it cannot be said, as of the others, that it was not too long, since it was a quarter of an hour past midnight before the conclusion. True, out of twenty-five pieces ten were encored, which seriously prolonged the entertainment; but this might have been avoided had one or two *morceaux d'ensemble*, and an instrumental solo, been introduced, in place of some of the ballads, the loss of which would have been a decided advantage. If popular singers will sing ballads, they must count upon being encored; and thus, unwittingly, the audience, by excessive abuse of what, moderately exercised, is a harmless, if indeed it be not a desirable practice, fatigue both themselves and the singers to such an extent that before a concert is over they are mutually tired of each other—the inevitable result of satiety, according to the nature of things.

The performance of the *Messiah* this morning brought an immense crowd to the Cathedral. The sublime choruses sent forth peals of solemn harmony, which, travelling through the long and lofty aisles, were answered in the choir behind the organ, and filled the venerable and splendid edifice with sounds that lifted the heart to heaven. The sacred words of scripture thus impressively uttered by Handel, the preacher whose voice is the thunder of the choir, admit of no denial. The most indifferent sceptic, unimposed to such influence, must tremble and believe. It is only in a cathedral that the choral music of Handel can be heard with all the effect of which it is capable. Though great everywhere, it is here he sits supreme. None so well as he has known to unite the severest simplicity with the grandest elaboration—making, as it were, the two ends of art, the primitive idea and the full development, meet in one common point. As the *Messiah* is familiar to all choirs, and to all orchestras, it generally has the good fortune to be better executed, and, as a natural consequence, better understood, than any other great work of its class. It is scarcely a compliment, therefore, to praise the general execution of the oratorio this morning, which little left to be desired, nor is it necessary to speak in detail of the efforts of any of the principal singers—Madame Sontag, Madame Castellan, Misses Dolby, Lucombe, and Williams, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lawler, and Phillips, who exerted themselves with the utmost zeal to give effect to the music with which they were respectively intrusted.

The aits which appeared to make the profoundest impression on the audience were "O thou that tellest," by Miss Williams, "Come unto me," by Madame Castellan, "He was despised," by Miss Dolby, and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," by Madame Sontag, all of which were worthy of unqualified praise. The choruses, "For unto us a child is born," "Hallelujah," and, grandest of all, "Worthy is the Lamb," with the majestic strains of which the festival may be said to have concluded, were heard with mingled feelings of reverence and delight.

There were upwards of 700 persons in the aisles alone, 700 in the reserved seats. The entire number present was estimated at 3200. The collection at the door amounted to 344l. 3s.

Among the company were remarked Sir John Owen and Lady Owen, Lord Ellenborough, Sir James Musgrove, Bart., Hon. and Rev. Lord Saye and Sele, Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Mrs. Monk and the Misses Monk, Captain Cleveland, Captain James Evans, R.A.; Mr. T. G. Parry, High Sheriff; Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Gloucester, the Dean of St. Patrick, the Dean of Durham, Mr. C. J. Monk, Captain J. W. Walters, Mr. W. H. H. Hartley, Mr. W. Dent, Mr. W. Lorraine and the Misses Lorraine, Mr. T. Turner, Rev. Dr. Evans and Mrs. Evans, Miss G. Cunningham, Rev. Canon Selwyn and Miss Selwyn, Rev. F. Peters, Mr. H. Elwes, Sir John Guise, Mr. James Acker, Mr. W. B. Hale, M.P., Mr. Curtis Hayward and Mrs. Hayward, Captain C. Hallett, Captain Hastings, Mr. Edward Sampson, Mr. A. Timbrell, Hon. and Rev. Mr. Law, Hon. Mrs. Howard, Hon. Mrs. Sayers and the Rev. A. Sayers, Rev. T. Murray Browne and Mrs. Browne, Mr. T. B. L. Baker and Mrs. Baker, besides a large number of the gentry of the surrounding counties.

With the grand dress and costume ball, at the Shire Hall to-night, will terminate one of the most successful meetings of the three choirs that ever took place in Gloucester. Yet, strange to say, although the receipts of the morning and evening performances are likely to show an unprecedentedly high figure, the collection for the charity, though 100l. more than at the last meeting, has scarcely been so great as was anticipated. Various reasons are assigned for this, but none that call for consideration. Although the richest and most populous of the three counties, Gloucester has generally proved the least munificent in its bequests—wherefore, it would be difficult to explain, and bootless to examine. Suffice it, such is the case. The assertion that the festival at Worcester has always failed is erroneous. The proceeds of the meeting, which was attended by George III., were so considerable that the overplus was funded, and the interest of the money, 60l., is annually added to the collection wherever the meeting takes place. So that, in truth, Worcester is a yearly subscriber to the charity of that sum, independent of the collections obtained at the doors of its own cathedral, once in three years. In a musical point of view, these festivals might admit of great improvement. Much is done, but not enough. During the present meeting there has only been one novelty of importance—the *Lauda Zion* of Mendelssohn, which was given for the first time at Gloucester. At the evening concerts there has been absolutely nothing new. The orchestra was excellent, and the list of solo singers unexceptionable; but the programmes have evinced but very little sympathy with the highest ends of music. To draw money by a variety of names, and to win applause by indiscriminate selections, seems to have chiefly weighed with the directors. The wish which should exist in such vast and

influential celebrations to improve the taste of the public, by raising and purifying the art, has been almost wholly absent. But this can only come when judgment, will, and power united shall predominate in the direction of proceedings. While three conductors have an equal share of influence, and perhaps a strong difference of opinion on many points, unity is a chimera and progress impossible. During the festival the visitors have been every day munificently entertained at the houses of the Bishop of Gloucester and Dr. Thomas Evans, master of the Grammar-school.

To Mr. J. H. Brown, the active and intelligent secretary of the festival, acknowledgments are due for the most unremitting and polite attention. To the stewards the representatives of the press might have felt more grateful had places been reserved for them at the morning performances, where they could have listened to the music with undisturbed attention.

The following is an exact *resumé* of the collections for the charity during the festival:—Tuesday, 223l. 1s. 6d.; Wednesday, 154l. 8s. 6d.; Thursday, 142l. 13s. 6d.; Friday, 344l. 3s.; total, 864l. 6s. 6d. The receipts of the morning and evening performances, and consequently the pecuniary results of the meeting, cannot be known for a fortnight at least.

Gloucester, Friday Evening.

PORTRAIT OF MADAME FIORENTINI.—On Monday there is to be on private view, at Mr. Grundy's, in Exchange Street, a splendid specimen, which we have already seen, of the *du pastel* style of taking portraits, practised by M. Salabert, an artist whose name is likely to be synonymous with the utmost excellence in his art. Mr. Salabert has already taken and lithographed successfully the likenesses of Lablache, Grisi, Tamburini, Fanny Elssler, Viardot, and others. The name of Jenny Lind is also to be found on his list, but her portrait he has not lithographed. Madame Fiorentini, the lady whose portrait he has now to exhibit, is a native of Cadix, and made her *debut* as *prima donna* at her Majesty's Theatre a fortnight ago, a very few nights before the close of the season. She appeared only three times, but on the last night had established herself so completely in the good graces of the fashionables, whether critical or not, who occupy the boxes there, that her success was great and complete. Mr. Lumley has secured her services for three years, a proof of his estimate of their value. She is to make her *debut* in the course of a month in Paris, where it is expected she will create as great a *furor* as here. M. Salabert was introduced to the young *prima donna* through a Spanish gentleman who had known her from childhood, and he had the fullest opportunities of obtaining a correct likeness, which he used so well that persons who viewed the work before its completion passed the highest encomiums upon it. Madame Fiorentini is not known at Manchester as yet, and the portrait therefore is exhibited as a work of art merely for the exclusive gratification of the artist's numerous friends in the town, who will derive considerable gratification from a visit. It is painted with fine vigour in the complexion, the drawing is good, the details finely finished, and the figure full of ease. Madame Fiorentini is but twenty-three years of age, her complexion is of the *brunette* cast, health ails on every feature, and a soft light beams from her eyes, indicative of great amiability, openness of heart, and high intelligence, but scarcely that genius which she is believed to possess. She is a handsome woman; and if the expectations that have been raised respecting her are realised, there is another successful season in store for Mr. Lumley. M. Salabert purposes transferring the portrait to stone himself, and it will most likely be lithographed in the first style of the art, in two tints, under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Hughes, the well known lithographer of London. The transfer will be done in Manchester, at M. Salabert's rooms.—*Manchester Courier*.

THE PLYMOUTH THEATRE is being newly decorated previous to its being opened by Mr. Newcombe, the lessee, in a fortnight, with a first-rate company.

PICCINI.

(Translated from the Gazette Musicale.)

A BRILLIANT beginning and a sorrowful end; that is the emblem of the destiny of many a great man and great artist. Piccini, Gluck's rival, whose epitaph might well end like Rousseau's, with

"Je fut trente ans digne d'en vie,
Et trente ans digne de pitié."

For thirty years he was to be envied, and for thirty years to be pitied. Piccini was born in the year 1728, at Bari, a small town near Naples. Nature had destined him for his vocation; he became a musician in spite of his father, himself a musician; he outgrew even the lessons of his masters, and such masters! Leo and Durante—the fathers of Italian music. At twenty-six years of age he commenced a series of triumphs with nothing to thwart them. His operas were successful at all the theatres of Naples; at Rome he made a *furor* with *L'Alessandro nell' India*, and particularly with *Cecchina*, which for many years fixed the adoration of the most fickle public in their theatrical attachment.

La Cecchina was composed, rehearsed, and performed in eighteen days! The same circumstance happened to Piccini with this opera as to Rossini with the *Barbiere*. Arriving at Rome, he received a *libretto*, to which he was to compose the music, to be performed at the Carnival. Piccini thought too highly of music to have it wedded to such a wretched poem; another was presented to him, which he thought no better. The time passed on; there remained but twenty days up to the opening of the theatre. Piccini enquired after a good book that had been badly set to music, and found that of *La Cecchina* or *The Good Girl*, by Goldoni, the music of which, by a certain Duni, was as bad as the circumstance required. The book pleased him, as that of the *Barbiere* pleased Rossini. There was but one difference in the fate of the two operas; *La Cecchina* pleased at the first performance; the *Barbiere* had not this honor till after several performances. It was after having heard *La Cecchina* that the celebrated Jomelli, having returned from Germany, pronounced his "orsels" about the young composer. When he departed, Piccini was at the *Conservatoire* at Naples, and, at his return, annoyed by the noise that was made on the road about the composer and his new *chef d'œuvre*, he said with disdain: "Sera qualche ragazzo e qualche raggazzata!" (That will be some child with some childishness!) but when he heard the opera, and was going out of the theatre surrounded by a host of people eager to hear his judgment, he stopped, and said in a solemn tone: "Ascoltate la sentenza d'Jomelli; questo è inventore." (Listen to Jomelli's judgment; this is an inventor). Was not this a notable fortune for Piccini, to meet with the rarest thing on earth, viz., justice in a rival, and that rival one of the old school? To obtain a diploma of inventor from a man whose interest it certainly was to withhold such—was that not an exception and a privilege which conferred honor both on Piccini and Jomelli?

In 1756, Piccini married Vicenza Sibilla, his pupil in singing. She was beautiful, and had an excellent voice. She loved her master too much not to become a great singer, but the master was too fond and careful of her to allow her to appear on the stage. He kept her to himself, or, at most, allowed her to sing at private concerts, where it was a fashion to invite her, and a favour to obtain her. She never sang any other music than that of her husband, and that she sang with his mind and soul, and his style; and Piccini was never so content with his works as when he heard them sung by his

wife. He was thus happy as an artist, as a husband, and, soon after, as a father. There was no celebrity in Italy to eclipse his own. He succeeded everywhere and always. He multiplied his successes with that Italian facility which is a fortune the more. When he came, in 1776, to Paris, he had already composed one hundred and thirty-three operas (serious and comic), not to count the pieces of sacred music, his oratorios, and cantatas. Twenty years had been sufficient to complete this immense amount of work—at the present time, however, a hundred years might scarce suffice for the same task, as the operas, &c., are much longer, and the instrumentation requires very different attention and labour.

We must not here omit, that in the long course of felicity, throwing his ring into the wave like Polycrate, Piccini felt the sting of injustice and sorrow. It was perhaps a warning, —but who could foresee it? Anfossi was his pupil; and, more than that, arrived, through his protection only, at having his operas performed. Piccini, by his influence and power, sustained him, notwithstanding two failures. He made himself responsible for him, and a success which Anfossi obtained at last disengaged his parole. Unfortunately, Anfossi believed himself freed from gratitude. His friends and partisans hissed an opera of the master at Rome, to replace it by one of the pupil. Never had Piccini been so sorely tried as by this misfortune, so new to him. Hastening back to Naples, he fell seriously ill, and vowed never again to write for that ungrateful city, Rome, but to devote himself entirely to Naples, of which the affection for him had not abated in the least; and in fact, he composed for this city the *Voyageurs* (opera buffa), which was for five seasons applauded to the skies. The Neapolitans wanted no other music nor no other composer.

F. F.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

SATURDAY, September 7.

A SECOND concert was given last evening at the Great Hall, by the same party of great guns from Her Majesty's Theatre, with the Royal-Italian-operative aid of Mademoiselle de Meric. The cosmopolitan assistance of the horn-renowned Vivier was heralded in the bills; but, in consequence of a horny lip—a hard case to such as expected to hear him—the great little Frenchman was hindered from playing. I submit the programme:—

PART I.

Overture (<i>Egmont</i>)	Beethoven.
Trio, "Guni so ti sfuggo" (<i>Lucresia Borgia</i>), Mdlle. Parodi, Signor Gardoni, and Signor Coletti	Donizetti.
Recit. ed. Aria, "Oh, patria," "Tu che accendi," (<i>Tancredi</i>), Mdlle. de Meric	Rossini.
Scena e cavatina, "Sempre all' alba" (<i>Giovanni d'Arco</i>), Mdlle. Parodi	Verdi.
Fantasia, horn, Monsieur Vivier	Vivier.
Aria, "Mecc tu vieni" (<i>La Straniera</i>), Signor Coletti	Bellini.
Duetto, "Ah, morir" (<i>Egmont</i>), Mdlle. Parodi and Signor Gardoni	Verdi.

PART II.

Overture (<i>Zembehon</i>)	Mosart.
Duetto, "Dolce conforto" (<i>Il Giuramento</i>), Mdlle. Parodi and Mdlle. de Meric	Mercadante.
Duo pour la voix et le cor, "Una plainte," Signor Gardoni and Monsieur Vivier	Vivier.
Aria, "Quanta dunque" (<i>I Due Foscari</i>), Signor Coletti	Verdi.
Brindisi, "Viva il vin" (<i>La Tempesta</i>), Mdlle. Parodi	Halevy.
Quartetto, "Nel mio piccolo borsellino" (<i>I Poveretti</i>), Mdlle. Parodi, Mdlle. de Meric, Signor Gardoni, and Signor Coletti	Bellini.
Grand March (<i>Albion</i>)	Mendelssohn.

Mr. Hallé obligingly substituted two piano-forte solos for M. Vivier's pieces, the one a selection from Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte," the other a brilliant fantasia, by Liszt, on the quartet, from *Lucia di Lammermoor*. I need scarcely add they were played in a masterly manner—full of refined taste and finished execution, and a truthfulness of expression which is at all times the best evidence of a great artist.

The vocalists appeared to exert themselves more than on the occasion of the concert of the previous Monday, or the audience had become more familiar with them, or there was a better feeling; whatever may have been the cause, the applause was more animated and general, and the concert throughout appeared to give great satisfaction. No less than three encores took place in the first part—viz., the trio between Parodi, Gardoni, and Coletti; the scena and cavatina by Mdle. Parodi; and the duetto by Mdle. de Meric and Signor Gardoni. These were all entitled to praise, and richly deserved the compliment. In the second part, instead of the French song, "Parmi les bruits," put down for voice and horn, Gardoni substituted "Una Virgine" from *La Favorita*; Mdle. de Meric also introduced the well-known Brindisi, "Il Segreto," from the *Lucresia Borgia*, which she executed in a style at once so playful and characteristic as to elicit a warm encore. The "Viva il vin," from Halévy's new opera, *La Tempesta*, though sung by Mdle. Parodi with considerable cleverness, wanted the orchestra as well as the scene for which it is written. Mdle. Parodi declaimed in fine style the scena, "Sempre all'alta," and was deservedly encored; she was also very successful in the duet with Gardoni, which was one of the best things of the evening, and was repeated in answer to an unanimous call. The orchestra throughout was all that could be desired; but we were only sorry that, as far as the vocal portion was concerned, it was employed in the execution of such a mass of trifles—in this respect the programme of last evening rivalled the former. We have noticed for some time an improvement in the material of the dress concerts, and we do hope that the retrograde movement which has betrayed itself this week may be immediately arrested. We know that singers are not the most tractable people in the world to manage, but still we think the influence of the committee would be legitimately employed in procuring the performance of music of a better class than which has now come under our review.

The evertures, particularly the *Zauberflöte*, was given with an evident appreciation of their beauty. Manchester may now fairly boast of possessing the finest orchestra out of London.

MANCHESTER NORMAL MUSIC SCHOOL.

(From the *Manchester Courier*.)

On Friday forenoon, the 6th inst., at half-past eleven o'clock, a meeting, convened by his worship the mayor (John Potter, Esq.,) was held in the mayor's parlour, Town Hall, King Street, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the mayor would be justified in undertaking to defray the expenses which would be necessarily incurred in connection with the Normal Music School, presided over by Dr. Mainzer, if continued during the ensuing year. There was a very limited attendance, only seven gentlemen being present—his worship the Mayor (in the chair), the Town Clerk (Mr. Joseph Heron), Mr. Hlickson, Mr. Councillor Mackie, Mr. Wainwright Bellhouse, and Mr. Richard Burton, jun.

The following letter from Dr. Mainzer, who was unable to attend, was read by the Town Clerk:—

To his Worship John Potter, Esq., Mayor of Manchester.

Sir,—On the 19th of September last I addressed your worship and expressed my intention to open a normal music school in Manchester, for the instruction of teachers, monitors, children of day and Sunday schools, and for operatives in workshops and factories, in the principles of vocal music. As the public mind is not yet fully prepared for this branch of popular education, and as the usefulness of institutions of this kind has not been brought with sufficient prominence before the public eye, I offered to make the experiment of such a school during one season. My offer to undertake, with the moral also, the pecuniary responsibilities during that period, was generously met by your worship and the gentlemen who assembled in the Town Hall, on the 24th of October; and who, by a resolution to defray the expenses of this experiment, freed me from all pecuniary liability. The period mentioned has elapsed, and I consider it my duty to lay before your worship and the committee the result

of the past year's labours and experience. The classes opened and conducted by me have been the following:—

		Pupils.
No. 1, 15th October, 1849, class for operatives, attended by	366	
No. 2, 15th do. do. do. attended by	89	
No. 3, 10th do. for teachers, apprentice teachers, monitors, and montresses,	382	
No. 4, 19th February, 1850, class for operatives	576	
No. 5, 13th March, 1850, do. do.	535	

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As far as numbers are concerned, the opening year of our school could not have been crowned with greater success. The desire of being admitted to the classes has been constantly increasing. If, besides the principles of vocal music, the poetical character of the compositions taught and spread, through the members of the normal school, over all the schools of Manchester, Salford, and neighbourhood, is taken into account, good may be said to have been already accomplished towards the moral advancement and happiness of the working classes of this great city. In presenting to your worship the following statement of the names of schools from which pupils have been attending the classes of the Normal School, the best and surest evidence is afforded from which to judge of the extent and popularity which, in the short period of its existence, the Normal Music School of Manchester has attained.—Lady Potter's School, St. John's St. Saviour's; Tabernacle School, Grosvenor-street; Rushmore-road, St. James's, Withington School, St. Luke's; Scotch Sessional, Zion Chapel, Lower Mosley-street; New Jerusalem, Peter-street; New Jerusalem, Salford; Scotch Presbyterian, Salford; Lyceum, Ancoats; R. N. Phillips, Esq.'s School, Park-lane; Lancastrian; Christ Church, Salford; St. Ann's; St. Paul's, German street; Free Grammar School; St. Phillip's, Salford; St. Simon's, Hope Chapel, Salford; St. Stephen's Salford; St. Instit's, Cheetham-hill Road; Mr. Morris's High School; Platt's School, Rushmore; London-road District Sunday School; St. Barnabas's; St. Paul's, Bennett-street; St. Jude's; Christ Church, Hulme; Scotch Presbyterian, Lindy-street, St. George's; Wesleyan Sunday School, Radnor-street; St. Andrew's Oxford Road School; St. John's, Longsight; Baptist School, Grosvenor-street; Welsh School, Holy Trinity. Considering the usefulness and the influence of the teacher upon the moral advancement of the coming generation, I cannot look but with the highest satisfaction at the number of young teachers, amounting to more than two hundred, who attended these classes for vocal music offered for their instruction. So far as the capabilities of the people, and their love for music, and their perseverance and steadiness in its acquirement, are concerned, I look back with pleasure upon the past year's experience. The people of Manchester have been probably in the habit of hearing more good music than the people (in the same station of life) of any other part of England. Their ear and voices have thus been to some extent prepared; the simple principles of musical notation are easily communicated to them, and thus the reading of music, or in other words, the singing at sight, may easily here become a general acquirement of the working population. Some boys and young persons have in the course of the season shown themselves prominently gifted, and the nature, I might say the fullness and beauty of their voices, together with their inborn taste for music, have convinced me that, with special care and instruction, they may attain to even the higher sphere of artistic accomplishment. With regard to the funds of the Normal Music School, more expenses have been occasioned during the first year than would hereafter be required. In the furnishing of the hall, and in printing and advertising, considerable expense has been during the first year necessarily incurred. The idea, however, which has been advanced, that such an institution as a school would be entirely self-supporting, is, in my opinion, erroneous. There is no music school in Europe which supports itself. The Conservatories of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Naples, Bologna, the Academy of Music in London, are either supported by invested property, annual grants from government, or by private subscription. Music Schools may become self-supporting only by a series of concerts, or, in other words, by being rendered more in the nature of private speculation, and to which only a populous city like London could give, under the most favourable circumstances, anything like permanency. Public amusements may be self-supporting, but not public schools. In my opinion, this institution never will be self-supporting, whatever interest the people may take, and however willingly they may bring their own small contributions towards its support. Large halls are expensive in large cities, and if a successful effort should meet this difficulty, the revolting imposition of poor-rates upon poor schools, and poor institutions, will soon extinguish what is left of vitality. Schools like the present, which offered ever during its first year's existence instruction to so great a number of young people, cannot be placed upon the uncertain element of speculation, but should be raised high above it. There are my impressions, or rather the

result of my experience in schools of this description, and it is but right that the committee should not be misled by statements, however sensational, which, after all, would lead to disappointment. The music school in Edinburgh, conducted by me during five years, was entirely and exclusively supported by private subscription, and a pupil was never asked to pay any fees of admission whatever. These schools have existed since 1844, and the supporters, far from being discouraged, have so firm a conviction of the influence of musical education upon the character of the people, that they have, notwithstanding the current expenses, gathered funds sufficient to purchase a site, and are on the point of erecting a school-house and music-hall. What has been the result of the schools in Edinburgh, in comparison with that of Manchester? I concluded the first season in Edinburgh with 150 pupils only, and in Manchester with 1900—300 of the latter being teachers; a point of such importance that its attainment alone would outweigh every success obtained in the former city. Such, Mr. Mayor, are the gratifying results of the experiment in which we have been engaged, so far as those parties for whose benefit the school was opened are concerned. What is to be hereafter accomplished will depend upon the support which those who may feel interested may be disposed to give to this institution. Much more has been already accomplished than the most sanguine expectation could have anticipated; and, in conclusion, I may add, that if it be determined by the committee that the school shall be re-opened in September, I shall be prepared again to make the sacrifice—to me not inconsiderable—of my time and services; for which the only compensation I can hereafter, as heretofore, receive, will result from the certain conviction that I am giving my assistance in the accomplishment of most important public and social benefits. Allow me to express my warm and sincere gratitude for the interest your worship has taken in my endeavours, and for the hearty and generous support you have given me during the period of this experiment; and believe me, sir, yours respectfully,

JOSEPH MAINZER.

Manchester, 3rd July, 1850.

The TOWN CLERK stated that the total subscriptions for the past year amounted to 284*l.*; the payments made up to the present time left a balance in the bank of 27*l.* 10*s.* 3*d.*; but there were liabilities on accounts due amounting to 135*l.*; so that when these accounts were paid, there would be a deficiency of 93*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.* But if the local taxes were omitted, which it was reasonable to expect they would be, as there was no beneficial occupation of the premises used as a school-room, the deficiency would only be about 63*l.*, the rates amounting to 30*l.* Last year's expenditure included the fitting-up and furnishing of the room, amounting to 80*l.* or 90*l.*, and it was but fair to remember that that outlay would not have to be incurred again. Dr. Mainzer had said that he should be sorry if the experiment which had already been so successful should be put an end to; but, at the same time, he did not wish it to appear that he was personally interested either in the school being given up or continued.—The Mayor said he certainly had been very much delighted with what he had seen in Dr. Mainzer's classes, which, in his opinion, had done an immense amount of good. The question they had that day to consider was, whether it was desirable the school should be maintained, and whether gentlemen were inclined to subscribe towards its continuance? He found there was a very strong feeling in the town in favour of the continuance of the school. Although the meeting was a small one, yet he had a large number of letters from gentlemen who had expressed their willingness to subscribe towards the continuance of the school; amongst others from Messrs. Oliver Heywood, A. Henry, J. Atherton, T. Clegg, Alderman Willert, Thomas Bazley, R. Gardner, E. Buckley, S. Brooks, John Bellhouse, &c., &c. There was a great desire that the school should be continued, and he should not like to incur any personal liability unless supported by the gentlemen of the town, and he felt perfectly confident there was no gentleman in Manchester who would not give a subscription if he had ever been at one of the entertainments given by Dr. Mainzer.—(Hear, hear.) And there was another question which they ought to consider and determine—whether each pupil should be called upon to pay a small contribution towards the maintenance of the school.—The TOWN CLERK said, Dr. Mainzer had informed him that he was run after by the children, who pulled him by the coat, and asked him when the classes would be re-commenced. And Dr. Mainzer said, he would make it the rule that all should pay a small contribution, at the same time reserving to themselves the right to admit without pay parties who, on inquiry, it was found could not afford to pay even a very small amount. A penny

per week from each pupil would, he thought, raise a sum of money sufficient to defray the expenses of the school; but at the same time they should consider it necessary to raise 350*l.* to pay their debts, and guarantee them against loss another year.—Mr. HERTZ said 1500 scholars, at 1*d.* a-week for the nine months during which the school would be open, would raise 226*l.*—The Mayor said his feeling was that nineteen-twenths of the pupils last year were perfectly able to pay.—It seemed to be the general feeling of the meeting that there should be a payment of one penny per week by the pupils.—The Mayor suggested the postponement of a decision as to the continuance of the school until next week, in order that in the meantime they might see what money they could raise.—The TOWN CLERK said it should be made public that parties were invited to send in their subscriptions to the bank of Sir Benjamin Heywood and Co.; and that unless a sum of from 300*l.* to 350*l.* was subscribed, the school must be given up.—The Mayor said, if the town is not disposed to support us, why not give up the room in Newall's buildings at once?—The TOWN CLERK said they could give it up immediately, if the money was not forthcoming.—The meeting was then adjourned to Thursday, at half-past eleven o'clock, and subscription books were delivered to the gentlemen present.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

As I stated in my last, the Philharmonic Society gave another concert on Thursday last, at which Parodi and party sang. I send the programme:—

PART I.

Overture (<i>Don Juan</i>)	Mozart.
Duo, "Dolce conforto" (<i>Il Giuramento</i>), Mdlle. Parodi and Mdlle. de Meric	Mercadante.
Duo, "Li Marinar", Signor Gardoni and Signor Colletti	Rossini.
Romanza, "Sempre all'alba" (<i>Gioanni d'Arco</i>) Mdlle. Parodi	Verdi.
Chorus, "Hear, holy Saint,"	Auber.
Aria, "Meccu tu vien" (<i>La Straniera</i>), Signor Colletti	Bellini.
Solo, Violin, Mr. E. W. Thomas	Thomas.
Duet, "Ah morir" (<i>Ermioni</i>), Mdlle. de Meric and Signor Gardoni	Verdi.
Quartet, "Mi manca la voce," Mdlles. Parodi and de Meric, Signors Gardoni and Colletti	Rossini.

PART II.

Overture (<i>Melusine</i>)	Mendelssohn.
Cavatina, "Oh patria" (<i>Tancredi</i>) Mdlle. de Meric	Rossini.
Romanza, "Soul sur la terre" (<i>Don Sebastian</i>), Signor Gardoni	Donizetti.
Madrigal, "In going to my lonely bed"	Tallini.
Cavatina, "Il mio piano," Signor Colletti	Rossini.
Brindisi, "Viva il vin" (<i>La Tempesta</i>), Mdlle. Parodi	Halevy.
Quartet (<i>I Poveretti</i>), Mdlles. Parodi and de Meric, Signors Gardoni and Colletti	Biletta.
Overture (<i>Zaira</i>)	Winter.

The following notices from two Liverpool journals are worthy of perusal. The first is from the *Courier*.

"Mozart's 'Don Juan' was completely spoiled by the speed at which it was taken;—it was impossible for the strings or anything else to execute the passages properly;—and Winter's 'Zaira' was not better. Where was the flute? We never heard it when we ought. De Meric sang the 'Di tanti palpiti' very well, though she was rather too florid to our taste. She has a beautiful voice, but aiming at notes far above the register of a contralto, will ultimately injure her naturally fine organ. She was encored. 'Li Marinar', by Gardoni and Colletti, went off tolerably, but we think the opening dreadfully tedious. Mdlle. Parodi took us by surprise; she was in better voice, more in tune, and sang admirably. Her scena by Verdi was highly to be commended, and the audience, who on Tuesday were cold, encored her in a manner which clearly demonstrated their pleasure and approval. A similar compliment awaited her in the Brindisi from 'The Tempest', which was due to her singing and not to the music.

"The chorus from *Masanello*, and the old madrigal, were both encored, being beautifully sung. Colletti's two songs were very well performed, as was the duet, by Mdlle. de Meric and Gardoni, from Verdi's *Ermioni*, and that by Mdlles. Parodi and de Meric, 'Dolce conforto al misero.' Gardoni did his best with Donizetti's romance, A quartet, 'I Poveretti,'

by Biletta, was ably sung by Mdlles. Parodi, De Meric, and Signora Gardoni and Colletti, who, we should not forget to name, repeated the quartet 'Mi manca la voce' at the termination of the first part of the concert.

"The beautiful overture to *Melusine*, by Mendelssohn, commenced the second part of the concert. It is a fine composition, sometimes reminding us of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and bearing unmistakable marks of the master's genius.

"We have reserved Mr. Thomas's solo for final notice, not that it is by any means the last to deserve attention, but because we would conclude our observations with praise. We were not a little proud, on the first evening in claiming Mr. Thomas as a resident amongst us; and it is no small credit to the committee that they have as leader a gentleman and artist able, at so very short a notice, to stand out and play a solo in the admirable manner in which he executed De Beriot's concerto. But this feeling was much enhanced when we found he possessed powers of composition of so high an order. The solo he performed on Thursday is an elegant and clever work, the air very pleasing, and the variations not more remarkable for their difficulty than for the ability displayed in the scoring. The violoncello is well introduced, and was effectually sustained by Mr. Haddock.

"The arrangements for succeeding concerts are on a scale of liberality, and made with a judgment which reflects the highest credit on the committee. Among the artists engaged we are led to believe will be Miss Catherine Hayes, and Herr Fornes, with some new aspirants to notice, in October; Miss Reeves, at an instrumental concert later in the year; Locke, Miss Williams, and others, in 'David'; and we also hear that Madlle. Fiorentini is amongst the engagements."

The next is from the *Times* :—

"Mdlle. Parodi, Mdlle. De Meric, and Signora Gardoni and Colletti, appeared at the second Philharmonic Concert, on Thursday. The attendance was less numerous, but the concert was an improvement on the preceding. Parodi certainly sang more in tune. She was encored in the air, 'Viva al Vin', said to be the *gem* of *La Tempête*—a less effective drinking song we never heard."

"Mdlle. De Meric was encored in 'Di tanti palpiti,' which she sang with vigour, indolgent, however, more than was requisite in *fortiori*."

"Colletti sang Bellini's air, 'Meco tu Vieni,' very sweetly, and was honoured with an encore. Gardoni's only solo was a romance of Donizetti's. The quartet 'Mi manca la Voce,' was, by particular desire, repeated this evening, and was deservedly encored. The choir only sang once, for some unknown reason, but they gave the famous prayer from *Massimo* so finely that the audience unexpressedly redemanded it."

"The band played three overtures, all of which were spoiled, by being taken too fast. This is a pity; for *Melusine*, one of Mendelssohn's finest inspirations, is worthy of all attention, and ought to be most carefully played to go off effectively. Surely this fault can be amended on the next occasion."

Mr. Thomas again displayed his talent as violinist. We did not like his composition over much, but, as to its performance, we can safely say that it was admirable, and well worthy of the applause with which the audience greeted it."

"We cannot see why the choirs, who always seem to give the utmost satisfaction, are not made more useful. They never, by any chance, sing more than twice, and then nothing new. Why not give the 'Benediction des Poignards' from the *Huguenots*, and the pastoral chorus from the *Prophète*? We can assure the committee that they are well worth hearing, and would 'take' immensely, even in the concert-room. As it is, with one of the finest and most intelligent choirs in the kingdom, we never find them going out of the old musical track. Hundreds of the frequenters of the Philharmonic Concerts, who choose not to visit the opera, would be glad to hear the music from the newest works. Why, for instance, could they not let us hear the finale of the third act of Rossini's *Mosè*, which, at the Royal Italian Opera, carried away the audience in a perfect furor of applause, which, for intensity and duration, has never been equalled? Without novelty, an performance, given for the amusement of a mixed audience, will ever please or pay."

Each of these journals state facts well worthy of attention. With reference, for instance, to the last paragraph in the *Times* article, I feel certain that the audience who frequent the Philharmonic Concerts would be exceedingly pleased not only to hear choruses from Italian operas, but also from those written by French and native composers; for on the stage in this town, where "vocal stars" are performing in operas, the choruses are so wretchedly sung that they generally afford more pain than pleasure to the listener."

As the Philharmonic Society professes to have but one object in view, viz., the spread of a love of music, I trust that they will

attend to the subject. The same remarks might apply to the band. For instance, the frequenters of the Philharmonic Hall have never yet heard the "Coronation March," from the *Prophète*, one of the most striking pieces of instrumental music ever composed by Meyerbeer.

There is some talk here of two new theatres being built, one in Liverpool and the other in Birkenhead;—but I can scarcely fancy that any one will be fool enough to throw away his money by building theatres in a town where those already in existence don't pay.

Liverpool, September 12, 1850.

J. H. N.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

(From a Correspondent.)

CAEN.—Thus far I am arrived on my journey to the South, and find it an agreeable resting place after steam-boats, diligences, and other disarrangements of France, where railroads are not yet established. Yesterday the President made his *entrée*, and they told me that his reception was most enthusiastic, but I own I could not enter into their feelings on the subject, for it was very different from that given to our gracious Queen, God bless her! on the most trivial occasion. There were all sorts of cries; some said *Vive la République!* others *Vive le Président!* but from my window, surrounded by some half-dozen Englishmen, voices were heard, saying, *Long live the President, who!* as he passed by, bowed somewhat graciously. In the evening there was a banquet, and afterwards a ball. I did not attend the former, but the English Consul having sent me a ticket for the latter, I consequently "made up" and delivered myself as a victim to the crowd. It was really a very pretty sight; the room was splendidly lighted, and the decorations were tastefully though not expensively arranged. There were some dozen of our fair countrywomen, and exceedingly pretty they looked. The President, who seemed bored to death, arrived at about nine o'clock, and walked through a quadrille with (I believe) the Mayor's wife; but it was altogether the dulllest affair at dancing I ever saw, for no one seemed to speak to their partners, and they went through the figures in utter silence. After remaining about half-an-hour the President retired, and following his example, heartily tired with the day's excitement, I betook myself to rest. Besides the ball, there was a representation *gratis*, at the theatre; an illumination which was very well managed and fireworks.

The next morning at six there was a review, at which I did not assist, but everything went off *couleur de rose*, they told me. In the evening there was an opera, *Norma*, given at the theatre, when I recognised Miss Ellen Cundell as *prima donna*, and her sister (who rendered the part unusually prominent) played *Adalgisa*. Since this talented young artiste has left London she has been engaged as *prima donna* at Bordeaux, where I understand she obtained great success for two seasons. Her voice, particularly the lower register, has wonderfully improved, and she is justly entitled to rank among the most promising aspirants of the French stage. Added to her qualifications as a singer, she is graceful and dignified as an actress, and although I had only very lately seen Parodi, Fiorentini, and Montenegro in the same part, there were touches of dramatic excellence which could not fail to strike the listless spectator. She was called before the curtain at the end of the opera, and seemed to be an especial favourite of the Caen audience, which they tell me is rather *difficile*. I will write to you from Bordeaux.—Yours, PACT.

NOTES FROM VIENNA.—M. Pokorny, the son, has taken the management of the National Theatre, *An der Wien*. A new opera house is forthwith to be built after the plan of the theatre *Penice*, at Venice.—The Cologne Choral Society (*Gesangverein*), intends to visit London next year, at the time of the Exhibition, to give three concerts, the produce of which is to be divided between the German Hospital, in London, and the Building Fund of the Cologne Cathedral.—The Cologne Philharmonic Society has offered a prize of twenty-five ducats for the best Symphony, to be sent in before the first of February, 1851.

ADOLPHE HENSELT.

ERARD'S ROOMS, Great Marlborough Street, were crowded with professionals and dilettanti on Tuesday morning, who were invited by M. Mangold, the well-known professor of music, to hear the celebrated pianist, Adolphe Henselt, who was in London en route to St. Petersburg. To the initiated, the name of Henselt was nothing new. It was associated with that of Hummel, his master, and was reminiscent of one of the highest reputations as a performer on the piano in Germany. To the amateur, Adolphe Henselt was known only as a composer for the piano, whose pieces and studies were in much request.

The powers and capabilities of M. Henselt were tested to the utmost on Tuesday. He played the overtures to *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz* (arranged by Liszt); Weber's celebrated polacca, "Hilarité," and the "Invitation to the Dance;" Liszt's Fantasia on the *Lucia*; Chopin's C Minor study—perhaps the most difficult ever written; and several smaller pieces, principally of his own composition.

The first thing that strikes the hearer in M. Henselt's playing is his extraordinary power. In this respect, he is not surpassed even by Leopold de Meyer, perhaps not equalled. The strength and firmness of his left hand is the next thing which cannot fail to excite attention. In Chopin's study, in the most rapid *arpeggio* passages, which modulate into all sorts of keys, he displayed a certainty and facility which were quite marvellous. The beautiful "Hilarité" of Weber was most exquisitely played, the winding-up being rendered with a rapidity of touch, with a delicacy and power combined, that we never heard excelled. M. Henselt is the very coolest person at the piano we ever witnessed. While playing Chopin's Study, in which the eye could scarcely follow the fingers of his left hand, he talked to two or three people standing near, and never once put himself out. What a remarkable contrast to Leopold de Meyer! M. Henselt created an immense sensation, and was universally pronounced as one of the greatest pianists who ever came to this country. He played several hours to the intense delight of his audience.

It is much to be regretted that M. Henselt's engagements in St. Petersburg obliged him to return so soon, without giving a public concert. During his brief sojourn with his friend and schoolfellow, M. Mangold, he remained quite *incog.*, and visited no one with the exception of his London publisher, Mr. Wessel, and the Prince of Oldenburg.

In our next we shall give a biographical sketch of the life of M. Henselt.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES.

Our accomplished countrywoman is about to make another tour in Ireland, previous to her departure for Rome, where she is engaged for the approaching Carnival. On this occasion she will appear in operas, or in selections from operas, and has secured for the tour the services of Madame Macfarren as contralto. Signor Bordas is also engaged to come from Paris, as tenor. Signor Bordas has obtained great celebrity in Spain, Italy, and St. Petersburg, where he has filled the post of *primo tenore* for the last four years. He is, we understand, a very superior dramatic singer. The success, dramatic and vocal, achieved by Madame Macfarren at the Princess's, is in the recollection of all our readers. Her performance of the Page, Julian, in *King Charles the Second*, was enjoyed by the whole metropolitan press, and was one of the acknowledged hits of the opera. Madame Macfarren appeared at the Princess's in other characters belonging to the contralto *repertoire* with equal effect. Miss Catherine Hayes engaged Mme. Macfarren for Italian opera, since she had already played with great success those parts in several cities of America, in which she would be found useful. These were principally Alboni's characters, such as Orsini and Pierotto, in *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Linda di Chamouni*, operas in which Miss Catherine Hayes intends to appear. Assisted by Madame Macfarren and Signor Bordas as principals, the operas, or selections from operas, given by Miss Catherine Hayes, cannot fail to prove eminently successful in Ireland.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

OLYMPIC.

Giralda, an opera composed by Adolphe Adam, to words by Scribe, which has recently created a great sensation in Paris, was produced on Thursday, at the Olympic Theatre, in the English language, and without the music.

In this condition it appears as one of those innumerable pieces of intrigue, the scene of which is laid in Spain, and which are sure to comprise the love adventures of some royal personage, not endowed with a strong sense of the stringency of matrimonial obligations. The hero of *Giralda* is a young Spanish nobleman, Don Manuel de Calvados, who has rescued from robbers a plebeian damsel, in a night so dark that she has not been able to distinguish his features. When the same damsel is about to be forced into a marriage with one Piguillo, a miller, whom she abominates, the deliverer comes forward again, and bribes the miller, whose only object is cash, to take his place at the altar. *Giralda*, believing that her husband is the miller, is waiting for him at the mill on the nuptial night, when Don Manuel contrives to accost her, and assures her that he is her real spouse. Preserving an invisible character throughout the piece, he guards her against the machinations of a libertine Prince of Arragon, who is constantly pursuing her, and at last, making use of the jealous fears of the Prince's consort, is able to declare that she is his wife. The incidents by which this result is brought about would appear very complicated in a narrative form, but are clear enough on the stage, the ingenuity of the author being chiefly shown in the expedients by which he makes Don Manuel watch over *Giralda* without being compelled to show his face.

The intrigue, well conducted as it is, is amusing, but, as in most pieces of the kind, there is little development of character; and, though Mrs. Stirling plays *Giralda*, Mr. Leigh Murray Don Manuel, Mr. Cooke a jealous noble, who becomes entangled in the plot, Mrs. Leigh Murray the jealous Princess, and Mr. Compton the miller—thus making what is called a strong cast—these estimable artists have not much opportunity to display their abilities. The best part, perhaps, is that by Mr. Compton, who is perpetually bribed to hold his tongue, and perpetually assists his "wife's husband." But, altogether, the piece goes on the plot rather than on the personages, real or fictitious, who carry it out. In some places the action seems unnecessarily delayed, but, probably, if the music of the opera was performed, the causes of repose would be explained at once.

The piece is well put upon the stage, and a moonlight view of a Spanish city reflects much credit on Mr. Shalders, clever both as a painter and as a comedian. At the conclusion there was loud applause, with a general call for the actors.

CREMONE GARDENS.—A very amusing exhibition of old English sports, similar to those which obtained the presence and patronage of Her Majesty at Osborne on the last anniversary of the birthday of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, took place at Cremone Gardens on Thursday before a crowd of visitors. They were all the games described in *Strutt's Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, and some others which that ingenious antiquary had forgotten to note. The whole was conducted with perfect good humour, and received by the spectators with great applause. The performers in their exercise appeared to be well practised "professionals," and they got through the parts allotted to them very creditably. In addition to these novelties the old amusements were adopted, and there was for several hours no cessation of gaiety and delight.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARYLEBONE AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—A public concert was given by the members of this society on Friday night week; at the Literary Institution, Carlisle Street, Edgware Road, the room being *numerously attended*. The vocalists were Misses Greenwood and Henderson, Messrs. Eno, Horne, Woolfe, Appleby, and Bosworth; and the instrumentalists, Messrs. Augustus Eames, Sudd, and J. Barrett. An efficient orchestra performed overtures by Auber, Bishop, and Mozart; a scottish by Mr. F. Eames, called "The May," and Mr. Redi's Vauxhall waltzes. Mr. A. Eames's violin solo from *Lucia* was remarkable for its tone and the depth of its expression; and his execution of the violin obligato to Kalliwoda's air, *See! thou art even*, (cleverly sung by Miss Greenwood) was excellent; it met with a rapturous encore. Miss Henderson gained encores in "Distant palpit," and Horn's "Sweet melody;" Mr. Sudd, in flute solo, similarly complimented, and Mr. Bosworth was compelled to repeat his; *buffo* version of "Othello." The popular song, by F. Eames, "I'm a lassie," was sung by Miss Greenwood with excellent taste. Mr. Wolvine was leader. The society deserves encouragement, the subscriptions being remarkably low.

THE EUROPA, which will bring the account of Jenny Lind's arrival in America, is expected to reach Liverpool to-morrow.

MANCHESTER.—The first meeting for the season of the Gentlemen's Glee Club took place on Thursday night, in the music room, at the Albion Hotel, under the presidency of his worship the Mayor of Manchester (John Potter, Esq.), and of Mr. T. R. Chapell and Mr. Uriah Cooke, the vice-presidents, the room being completely filled by the members and their friends. The musical portion of the evening's proceedings were of a most agreeable character. The first part opened with Sir J. Stevenson's glee for five voices and chorus, "Welcome, sons of harmony." A trio, arranged by Phillips, "Give that wreath to me," sung by Mrs. Sunderland, whom we never heard in finer voice, Mrs. Thomas, and Mr. Isherwood, was unanimously encored. A glee for five voices, by Dr. Calcott, the words from *Osian*, sung by Messrs. Standage, Walton, Womersley, Isherwood, and Abbott, did not excite much enthusiasm. One of the gems of the evening was a choral song by 18 voices, "I am a poor man, God knows," the words being those of a ballad bearing the date of the year 1500. The quaintness of the language and sentiment were well retained in the music; it received a second encore. In the soprano solo and chorus by Bishop, "Daughter of Error," Mrs. Sunderland vocalised her solo with fine effect. This concluded the first part. The second opened with Atwood's glee, "Hark, the curfew's solemn sound," sung by Mrs. Sunderland, Mrs. Thomas, and Mr. Brook. Shakespeare's song to *Bacchus*, arranged for three voices, and a chorus by Bishop, and Curcman's trio for soprano and tenore, "Protect us through the coming night," were both well rendered. We cannot say the same of Webb's glee four for voices, "Come live with me." Mrs. Sunderland delivered the first recitative in the selection from *Balf's Enchantress* with much effect, and the whole piece was encored. In the glee for five voices by Storens, "Sigh no more, ladies," the male voices were not effective, and much of the beauty of the piece was lost. The last piece of the evening was a glee by Jackson, for four voices and chorus, "Far in the west by nature blest," descriptive of the three divisions of the United Kingdom. This concluded a pleasing and successful selection. We must not omit to mention that the accompaniments on the piano-forte by Mr. W. Barlow, contributed to the success of the various pieces. —(*Manchester Courier*.)

THE PRESIDENCY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The members of the Royal Academy will proceed this week to fill up the office of President, vacant by the lamented death of Sir Martin Archer Shee. Where are in the field for the honourable position several distinguished candidates, including Eastlake, Leslie, and Pickersgill. The claims of Landseer and Turner have also been freely canvassed, but it was not certain that either of the latter gifted Academicians could undertake, if elected, to discharge the duties of the Presidency, so numerous and onerous are their professional "engagements" for the next three years. —(*Weekly Chronicle*.)

DANGER OF A JOKE IN ITALY.—Stenterello, the favourite Florentine actor, was imprisoned a short time ago for venturing upon a sarcasm respecting the sleeping constitution of Tuscany. In the comic character of a waiter, who was applied to for chambers, he replied that the inn was full, except the two great chambers, which, he added, in a mysterious tone, his master was resolved not to open. This was considered as an allusion to the grand duke and the parliament, and the facetious Stenterello was walked off to goal.

MONUMENT TO WILSON, THE VOCALIST.—A committee has been appointed to receive subscriptions for the erection of a monument at Quebec, over the remains of John Wilson, the unequalled Scottish vocalist, who departed this life in that city last summer. —*Kitcherbocker*.

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE.—During a recent tour of a few days to the Lakes, the most interesting object I saw was the grave of the poet Wordsworth, at Grasmere. There was no need of a guide, for through the grassy church-yard were two beaten tracks: one on the north, the other on the south side of the church, trodden by the feet of numerous visitors to the poet's grave. It is close to the eastern wall—a simple grave, covered with the grassy sod, a small dark-coloured flag placed at its foot, with a tablet one at the head, on which is engraved—"William Wordsworth." On his right lie the remains of two young children, a son and a daughter, whom he lost many years ago. A small erect slab bears the touching words of the Saviour—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." A more elaborately-carved stone on his left points out the resting-place of his accomplished and kind-hearted daughter Dora (Mrs. Quillman). There is something extremely affecting in this simple memorial of the departed poet. His friends may raise a splendid mausoleum to his memory; but his most affecting memorial will be this unpretending sod-covered grave, with its dark-coloured glebe inscribed "William Wordsworth." "A little grave," like those of the common occupants of a churchyard, farmers or shepherds, how suitable for the poet who looked upon man in his humblest dignity, not as raised above his fellows by the adventurous claims of wealth or rank. "A little, little grave, an obscure grave," with its grassy mound for the daisy and small *calandula* bed for the early spring, and gratefully embellish their poet's last resting-place. The Kotha, too, flowing past the churchyard wall, over its pebbly bed, will murmur a sweet music ever grateful to the poet's ear, and tell his repose till the morning of the resurrection! P.—Near Bowness, 4th Sept.—*Examiner*.

DR. MAINZER'S CLASSES. On Saturday evening, Dr. Mainzer, a private choral class held a tea party in the large room, Newall's Buildings, their design being to give him a collective reception on his return from the continent after the vacation. The party was attended by a considerable number of the pupils of the normal school. About three hundred young persons sat down to tea. After tea the classes sung several choruses. The secretary, Mr. Webb, then briefly addressed the meeting, giving voice to the hearty welcome which the pupils desired to give to Dr. Mainzer, to which this gentleman, in a very animated speech, kindly responded. "The prayer of the Israelites," by Rossini; Beethoven's "Hallelujah Chorus;" and Dr. Calcott's glee, "Allice Brand," and "Forgive, blest shade," were sung by the choral class with much effect. "Hearts and homes," and Weiss's song, "Lord, while my cup of grief," were sung very sweetly by two of the leaders of the class, who also gave Villers's duct, "Spring is long since o'er," in a pleasing manner. The party separated early, after spending a very pleasant evening. —*Manchester Examiner*.

MR. DOUGLASS STEWART.—This gentleman, who created so favorable a sensation in the Channel Islands as a juvenile tragedian, has refused several lucrative engagements, having determined to devote the next six months to study, and afterwards make a professional tour through the provinces.

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ALBONI.

ALBONI has turned the heads of all Paris. She made her *reentrée* at the Grand Opera, the week before last, in the *Favorite*, and was received with immense enthusiasm. Such was the sensation she created in Leonora, Madame Stoltz's great part, that the receipts on the second night were nearly doubled. Not her singing only, but her acting was the universal theme of praise. She is, by all accounts, amazingly improved both as singer and actress. She has no longer that *laissez-aller* air, that Rubini-ish apathy, that was found so great a drawback to her dramatic efforts, while playing at the Royal Italian Opera and Her Majesty's Theatre. Alboni now exhibits surprising energy, and betokens an abandonment of feeling that is hardly to be believed, when we in England remember the absence of fire and passion in her *Arsace*, *Malcolm Grème*, and—no, not *Cenerentola*. That required not fire nor passion, and was always delightfully acted. The Parisian public has not proved less enthusiastic in its reception to Alboni, than the Parisian press in its eulogies. Every journal speaks in the most extravagant terms both of her vocal and histrionic powers, and asserts that she is one of the greatest artists who ever appeared at the Academy. She has played six times in the *Favorite*, and has been offered one hundred pounds a night to play *Fides*, in the *Prophète*. This she has thought proper to decline; first, from motives of delicacy, as Madame Viardot, the original representative of the character, is at Paris; and, secondly, because accepting the offer would rather interfere with her engagement at Madrid, whither she is bound next month, to be at the opening of the new Grand Opera. The first, however, is the reason which has had most weight with Alboni. Roger and Barroillet appeared with her in the *Favorite*.

JENNY LIND IN AMERICA.

THE great event of 1850 has at length come to pass. Jenny Lind has landed in America. She arrived the very day Webster was hanged. This was nature's grand poetical justice. One great sensation was followed by another. Thus do we ever find our mighty mother provident, as well as economical. Rosini was born the very year Mozart died. Two horrible murders never happen in juxtaposition; it would spoil excitement. Sebastian Bach and French Flowers were not born in the same century. But Jenny Lind has reached the transatlantic continent, and incontinently—here it should be "continently"—all Columbia is up. To make use of a significant indigenous phrase, "America is rix." Why should we attempt to describe the effect produced on the Yankees by the arrival of Jenny Lind, when we have all the New York journals staring us in the face? Can we compete with the writers in eloquence? No! Wherefore, in place of concocting a notice of our own, founded on the different

accounts, let us take the several articles from the papers, present them in their naked and unsophisticated beauty to the reader, and leave all comment to himself. Can the admirer of Jenny Lind fail to be pleased with eulogy run to seed, when she is the object? No! Lives the man who does not write himself admirer of Jenny Lind? Impossible! Will he not forgive extravagance and hyperbole when the subject is so exciting? Certainly! Can one sing too much or too loudly in praise of a Nightingale? Undoubtedly not! Very well, then; here are the extracts from the New York papers, full of the most delectable and stimulating stuff.

And first the *Daily Tribune*, with a universal ken that takes in all things, like the whirlpool of Maelstrom, thus announces the arrival of Jenny Lind on the American shores:—

"The long expectation is over—Jenny Lind has landed on our shores. It was confidently expected yesterday morning that the *Atlantic* would arrive in the course of the day, and crowds collected on all points where a look-out down the Bay could be had, eager to catch the first glimpse of her hull in the distance. The sky was very thick toward Sandy Hook, with a strong wind from the south-east, which led many to fear that the steamer would be detained till night. Nevertheless, large numbers lingered all forenoon around the Canal-street pier, where a sort of triumphal arcade, hung with flags, had been erected.

"The writer left the city at 11 o'clock, in the Staten Island boat. The sky by this time was much clearer, though the green shores of the Bay were still somewhat obscured. On landing at Quarantine, we proceeded at once to the office of Dr. A. Sidney Doane, Health Officer of the Port, where we found Mr. Barnum and Mr. Theodore Einfeldt, who had been the whole of the previous night in waiting for the *Atlantic's* arrival. Still there were no signs of her coming. Confident, however, that Capt. West would succeed in getting her 'through by daylight,' we resigned ourselves to another hour or two of expectation.

"Toward one o'clock, two guns were heard in the direction of Sandy Hook, and immediately after, the signal-flag of a steamer was run up at the Telegraph station below Clifton. In a few minutes the *Atlantic* hove in sight, her giant bulk looming through the light mist which still lay on the outer bay. There was no Swedish flag at the Quarantine, but Dr. Doane promptly ordered the German Republican tri-color to be run up the staff, as its nearest of kin, and consequently a compliment to the distinguished songstress. On passing the Narrows, the *Atlantic* fired a second salute, and stopping her paddles, came slowly on with the tide. Through the courtesy of Dr. Doane, we took a seat in his boat, and were carried out over the fresh, dancing swell, as fast as four pairs of stout arms could urge us. The immense steamer rose above us like a mountain, as we ran under her quarter, and it was something of an undertaking to climb the rope hand-ladder to her deck.

The passengers were all above, grouped about the bulwarks, or looking after their effects amid a wilderness of baggage. On the top of a light deck-house, erected over the forward companion-way, sat the subject of the day's excitement—the veritable Jenny Lind—as fresh and rosy as if the sea had spared her its usual discomforts, and enjoying the novel interest of everything she saw, with an apparent unconsciousness of the observation she excited. At her side stood Mr. Jules Benedict, the distinguished composer, and

Signor Giovanni Belletti, the celebrated basso, her artistic companion. Mr. Barnum, who had by this time climbed on board, with a choice bouquet carefully stuck in the bosom of his white vest, was taken forward and presented by Capt. West. But Mr. Collins had for once stolen a march on him, having got on board in advance, and presented Miss Lind a bouquet about three times the size of Barnum's.

"The songstress received the latter with great cordiality; her manners are very frank and engaging, and there is an expression of habitual good-humour in her clear blue eye, which would win her the heart of a crowd by a single glance. She is about twenty-nine years of age, and rather more robust in face and person than her portraits would indicate. Her forehead is finely formed, shaded by waves of pale brown hair; her eyes, as we have said, light blue and joyous; her nose and mouth, though moulded on the large Swedish type, convey an impression of benevolence and sound goodness of heart, which is thoroughly in keeping with the many stories we have heard of her charitable doings. Mdlle. Lind was dressed with great taste and simplicity. She wore a visit of rich black cashmere over a dress of silver-gray silk, with a pale-blue silk hat, and black veil. At her feet lay a silky little lap-dog, with ears almost half the length of its body; it was of that breed which are worth their weight in gold, and was a present from Queen Victoria. Mdlle. Lind was accompanied by her cousin, Mdlle. Ahmanson. The English mezzo-soprano, Miss Andrews, has not yet arrived.

"Mr. Benedict and Signor Belletti are both men of between thirty and thirty-five years old. The former, who is a German by birth, has a vigorous face, with that expansive breadth of forehead which always marks a composer, and wears a thick brown moustache, as is becoming a musician. Signor Belletti, who is a Genoese, is a man of medium size, with rather thin but expressive features, dark hair and moustache.

"As the *Atlantic* got under weigh again, Capt. West invited the party to take a station on the starboard wheel-house, where they could observe the beauties of our harbour, without being incommoded by the crowd on deck. Mdlle. Lind and her two companions were charmed by the fresh and changing prospect. She pronounced New York Bay the finest she had ever seen, and her time was spent entirely in scanning the shores with a glass. Seeing the American flag flying at the Quarantine, she said: 'There is the beautiful standard of Freedom—the oppressor of all nations worship it.' Signor Belletti exclaimed in rapture: 'Here is the New World at last—the grand New World, first seen by my fellow-countryman, Columbus!' Notwithstanding the wind blew a small gale, Mdlle. Lind remained on the wheel-house, observing everything with great curiosity and delight, till the ship was made fast at the pier. As we passed Castle Garden, a Swedish vessel—the *Maria*, which arrived yesterday from Gefle—lay in the stream, with the national flag at the gall. The Nightingale recognized it at once, and waved her handkerchief to the sailors on board. She inquired of Dr. Doane the name of the vessel and the condition of the crew, with much apparent interest.

"As we neared Canal Street pier, the interest was increased by the spectacle of some thirty or forty thousand persons congregated on all the adjacent piers and shipping, as well as all the roofs and windows fronting the water. The spars and rigging of vessels—the bulkheads along the wharves, and every other spot commanding a sight, were crowded, while every fender at the Hoboken Street Ferry House was topped with a piece of living statuary. In addition to the usual flags at the pier, a splendid Swedish banner was floating in the air. From all quarters crowds of persons could be seen hurrying down toward the *Atlantic's* dock. The multitude increased so rapidly that we began to fear there would be difficulty in making a way through it. The distinguished visitors all expressed their astonishment at seeing so many well-dressed people in the crowd. Mdlle. Lind, especially, was very much struck with the air of respectability which marked the thousands assembled. Turning to Mr. Barnum, she asked, 'Have you no poor people in your country? Every one here appears to be well dressed.'

"The *Atlantic* ran past the pier as she came up, turned, and went down stream some distance, and then glided slowly into her place. Some little time elapsed before she could be made fast and the gangway adjusted. The immense crowd was kept away from the

immediate neighbourhood of the vessel by the gate across the pier, inside of which about fifty persons had been admitted. Mr. Barnum's carriage, with his pair of beautiful bays, was in readiness at the foot of the gangway. Just inside the gate, a number of triumphal arches of evergreens and flowers had been erected. The first arch, fronting the water, bore the inscription, 'WELCOME TO JENNY LIND!' after which came another, with the American Eagle in the centre, and the words 'Jenny Lind, welcome to America!' in large letters around the span. The landing-place, from the steamer to the gates, was overhung with the stars and stripes, with the flags of various other nations tastefully disposed on either side. This beautiful display was got up under the direction of Messrs. Davidson, Stewart, and Delmano, attachés of Barnum's Museum. A large number of the Museum's people were on the ground, most of them carrying bouquets. We learned from those who boarded the *Atlantic* that the crowd on shore was most dense and suffocating, and that five or six persons had been pushed into the dock in the struggle, but were rescued without injury. Many had been in waiting on the ground for several hours.

"As soon as Capt. West had conducted Mdlle. Lind to the gangway, the rush commenced. Mdlle. Ahmanson, with Messrs. Benedict and Belletti, followed, and all four took their seats in the carriage. Mr. Barnum mounting to the driver's place. The crowd inside the gates immediately surrounded the carriage, clinging to the wheels and crowding about the windows, cheering all the while with an enthusiasm we never saw surpassed. The multitude outside began to press against the gates, which were unbolted in all haste to prevent being forced in. Scarcely had one gate been thrown back, however, before the torrent burst in, with an energy frightful to witness. The other half of the gate instantly gave way, the planks snapping like reeds before the pressure. The foremost ranks were forced down upon the floor, and those behind, urged on from without, were piled upon them till a serious loss of life seemed almost inevitable. The spectacle was most alarming; some forty or fifty persons lay crushed by the inexorable crowd, stretching out their hands and crying for help. In the midst of this tragic affray we could scarcely restrain a laugh, at the sight of a man, lying squeezed under the mass and hardly able to breathe, holding out his new hat at arm's length, and imploring somebody to take it and prevent it from being smashed. Finally, some of the police officers, and some of the gentlemen who happened to be near, succeeded, with great difficulty in driving back the crowd and rescuing the sufferers. Many were severely bruised, some came off with bloody noses, and two boys, about twelve years of age, appeared to be seriously injured. Had not the rush been checked in time, many lives would have been lost.

The carriage containing the freight of song was started with difficulty, owing to the enthusiastic crowd around it. Mdlle. Lind and her cousin, Mdlle. Ahmanson, occupied the back seat, the former bowed repeatedly as she passed through the gathered thousands. The people fell back respectfully and made way, literally heaping the carriage with flowers as she passed along. More than two hundred bouquets were thrown into the windows. Once clear of the throng, the carriage was driven off rapidly and succeeded in reaching the Irving House, without allowing the people jostling the streets time to collect. Mdlle. Lind's elegant suite of apartments in the second story of the hotel were all in readiness, and a couple of police officers guarded the entrance in Chambers Street, to prevent the crowd from rushing in. The block around the Irving House was filled with a dense mass of people, with heads upturned, gazing at the different windows, many of which were graced with ladies; but Jenny was not among them. At last she appeared at one of the parlor windows opening on the Broadway, and there was a general stampede to get a sight of her. She bowed repeatedly and kissed her hand in answer to the cheers; her face wore a radiant and delighted expression, and her whole demeanour was exceedingly winning and graceful.

"Her arrival created nearly as much excitement in the Irving House as in the streets. There are at present 580 guests in the house, and each several one is anxious to get a glimpse of her. All the passages leading to her apartments were crowded. The great flag of Sweden and Norway was hoisted on the flag-staff of the Irving House immediately upon her arrival. Throughout the evening crowds continued to collect about the Hotel, and we

Incessant were their calls that she was obliged to appear twice again at the windows. Finally, being quite exhausted by the excitement of the day, she retired, and her faithful Swedish servants kept watch to prevent disturbance.

After eleven o'clock the crowd began to gather again, as it was known that the Musical Fund Society of this City intended giving Mdle. Lind a serenade at midnight. At the appointed time the serenading band, numbering 200 instruments, made its appearance, and taking its station in Radee-street, played several national airs under the windows of Mdle. Lind's apartments. The crowd by this time occupied all the space in front of the Irving House, extending some distance up and down Broadway—many thousands in all. The marble courses topping the first story of Stewart's new buildings were loaded with spectators, and all the windows of the Irving and the adjoining buildings were alive with heads. Immediately under Mdle. Lind's parlour, fronting on Broadway, a company of firemen in their red shirts stationed themselves with their tall lanterns, making a very picturesque part of the scene. The view of the crowd from the windows of the Irving House was very grand and striking. The musicians new came into Broadway, where they played a number of airs, among which 'Hail Columbia' and 'Yankee Doodle' were predominant. Mdle. Lind's appearance at the window was the signal for a storm of shouts and cheers prolonged almost without end. During the performance of 'Yankee Doodle,' she kept time to the music with much spirit, and at the close requested its repetition. She listened, again with evident delight, clapping her hands when the band had finished.

"She waved her handkerchief to the company and withdrew; but cheer on cheer followed and she was obliged to appear again and again, till the reluctant throng was finally obliged to disperse. Among those present in the street were numbers of ladies. At the close of the Serenade the musicians were invited into the Irving House, where a handsome collation was in waiting for them.

"So ended the first chapter of the marvellous history of JENNY LIND IN AMERICA."

Jenny Lind's idea of the American flag—"The beautiful standard of freedom—the oppressed of all nations worship it!" is as fresh and sparkling as her own dear voice, but not quite so well in tune. The term "Stampee" is true Yankee.

Furthermore the *Daily Tribune* indulges us with the following intelligence, statistical and problematical:—

"We understand that Mdle. Lind will accept the invitation of G. G. Howland, Esq., and spend a few days at his summer residence on the Hudson, near Fishkill. Messrs. Benedict and Belletti will probably remain for the present at the Irving House. It is their opinion, as well as that of the songstress herself, that the voyage has improved her voice. She expresses her entire readiness to appear before the public in ten days, if Mr. Barnum should succeed in obtaining a suitable hall for the week or two which most intervene till the completion of the new building. After her return from Fishkill, she will probably spend two or three days at Franston, Mr. Barnum's residence, near Bridgeport, Connecticut.

"We are glad to announce that the tickets for each concert will be sold at auction, though there will no doubt be a par rate established for the remaining seats, after all the most desirable have been disposed of. The time and place of giving the first concert has not yet been determined; but we may safely anticipate hearing the famous vocalist within two weeks.

The next journal which presents itself is the *Evening Express*. In his love for his country, in his devotion for the Sabbath, in his reverence for Jenny Lind, and his fear of her being spoiled, the writer is apparently at a loss on what point to fix his opinions; and yet he does not write without thought. Hear him:—

"Jenny Lind was received in the city more as a conqueror of armies than as a *prima donna* from Europe. The signal for the steamer was the signal for an immense congregation of people. It being a leisure day, the multitude assembled by thousands on the pier to welcome the steamer and its distinguished passenger. No

occasion—not even the welcoming of the most distinguished patriot and soldier who ever put foot upon our shores—has called forth more enthusiasm from the crowd. Cheers followed cheers as the lady wended her way through the crowd to the carriage which Mr. Barnum had prepared to receive her. The pathway over which she trod was spread with carpeting, and surrounded by friendly faces, who again and again made the air ring, notwithstanding it was the Sabbath, with shouts of welcome.

"From the pier to the Irving House the crowd followed, and during the afternoon thousands lined Broadway in front of the Hotel. Once the fair songstress presented herself from the balcony, and received another and another shout of welcome. We were sorry to see a portion of the Sabbath thus mis-spent, and we believe the disturbance was quite as disagreeable to the lady herself, who, however, was taken completely by surprise, expecting no such popular demonstration at this. We do hope the American public, while giving this gifted and excellent lady a truly American welcome, will not forget the respect due to themselves and to their country. As the acknowledged Queen of Song throughout the world, and one of the noblest of her sex for her private virtues, great attentions are due to her genius and her moral worth; but there is danger, in the present state of our enthusiasm, of doing something more than this."

The above is from the leading columns, and is in "editorial type." The account in the body of the paper thus runs:—

"The reception of the great 'Swedish Nightingale,' who arrived in the *Atlantic* yesterday afternoon, was a perfect ovation. The pier of the Collins steamers, foot of Canal-street, had been beautifully decked, in honour of the arrival of the songstress, with the American and Swedish flags entwined together, the latter flying from the flag staff. Early in the morning, when it was rumoured that the *Atlantic* was coming up the bay, a large number of people gathered in the neighbourhood; and, although the vessel had not arrived, the crowd continued in the neighbourhood. When the *Atlantic* fired her gun off the Battery, the crowd all along the piers on the N. R. was very dense; but at the foot of Canal-street there could not have been less than six or eight thousand persons, ladies and gentlemen, gathered for the purpose of welcoming the great cantatrice.

"As the noble vessel and its precious freight proceeded into the dock, the crowd sent up a deafening cheer, which was answered by the spirited passengers and the tars on board, and again re-echoed by the crowd. When the vessel was made fast to the dock, Mdle. Lind appeared, accompanied by Mr. Barnum and another gentleman, at the gangway of the ship, upon which cheer after cheer again rent the air, with a unanimity we have seldom seen equalled. There were tremendous struggles made to obtain a nearer glimpse of the songstress, during which several gentlemen, less expert than their neighbours, were treated to a free salt water bath; no one, however, was drowned. Some, also, were trampled upon and run over; but we have heard of no serious accidents.

"Mdle. Lind acknowledged the enthusiasm of the welcome accorded her by waving her handkerchief and kissing her hands to the crowd; these concessions, of course, renewing the demonstrations of delight and welcome on the part of the people. The whole pier had been carpeted with fine crash, and a pathway had been prepared for her to go to Mr. Barnum's private carriage, which was in waiting; but to dense was the crowd that it was with the utmost difficulty she could reach it at all. When, with her escort, she was fairly ensconced in her carriage, the crowd made a serious demonstration on the conveyance, intending to detach the horses and drag the cantatrice to her lodgings. They were persuaded, however, to defer this ceremony for a more convenient season than Sunday. Forthwith Mdle. Lind was conveyed to her apartments at the Irving House, accompanied by Mr. Barnum, Mr. Belletti, and Mr. Benedict, followed by the loud and long repeated cheers of the people and an immense crowd.

"At the Hotel another large concourse was gathered, filling Chamber-street from Broadway to Church-street. As the carriage drove up, the air was rent with cheers, and a simultaneous rush was made for the carriage; but by a dexterous movement Mr. Howard, of the Irving House, who was waiting for her, took her arm and

led her through the crowd to her apartments. Here he welcomed her to the country and to his home, Mdlle. Lind replying appropriately, and expressing herself greatly affected by the proofs of affection that met her. She thought the reception she received at Liverpool overpowering; but the demonstration of which she had been the object here had as far exceeded it as it had any previous welcome she had received. Mdlle. Lind was then left to make her arrangements and dress for dinner.

"By the politeness of Mr. D. D. Howard, while Mdlle. Lind and party were at dinner, we were favored with a look at her apartments. Her suite of rooms consist of a parlour, a drawing-room, a dining-room, and two bed rooms, the furniture and paintings in which cost upwards of 7000 dollars. In her drawing-room, the furniture is all of the finest carved solid rosewood, covered with yellow and gold satin damask. The curtains of the same material, with fine real thread lace underneath. The tables of rosewood, marble, and papier maché nicely inlaid with pearl. One of Boardman and Gray's Delco Campana pianos is also in the apartment. Her chamber is no less gorgeously finished, the bedstead being covered with a canopy of the finest lace, and the coverlet of the finest purple satin, beautifully embroidered, and with a lace border. Mr. Howard is deserving of much credit for the superb manner in which he has furnished the rooms. As to Mdlle. Lind, she declared she had never seen anything so unique and recherché, and made many inquiries as to whether they were manufactured in this country or abroad.

"About sundown the Swedish flag was hoisted over the hotel, which was, of course, a signal to all the town that the Nightingale had arrived. Large crowds of the boarders in the hotel gathered in the passages, in order to get a glimpse of her as she passed from her boudoir to the dining parlour, and as she came out, leaning on Mr. Benedict's arm, she was greeted with much applause, though so exceedingly plainly dressed, that the crowd were uncertain whether or not it was Jenny or somebody very much like her. In fine, her whole reception was very enthusiastic, and no other living woman but Jenny Lind could have called forth such a demonstration on a Sunday from the people of New York. Had it been a week day, the reception might have been still more brilliant."

Far more luminous, or, at least, voluminous and interesting, is the article presented by the *New York Herald*, wherein is chronicled all full and true particulars of the Nightingale, from her landing at Liverpool to her arrival at New York, together with an account of the concert given by Jenny Lind on board the *Atlantic* for the benefit of the sailors, with other entertaining matters, rendered by one of the passengers. As our readers have already had a dose of "Jenny Lind at Liverpool," we shall dispense with the writer's remarks thereon, and take up his narrative directly at the point where our Liverpool notice left off—namely, her departure from the shores of the Mersey. Thus then writes the faithful chronicler of the *Atlantic*:—

"The *Atlantic* kept as near the shore as possible, in order to afford the vast concourse of the admirers of the cantatrice an opportunity of taking a last long look, and each turn of the wheels called forth a renewed burst of applause—thousands of hats and white handkerchiefs were seen waving, and the air resounded with 'hurrah!' 'farewell!' and 'God bless you!' During all this time, Jenny remained at her post on the near paddle-box, and, although deeply affected, constantly waved her handkerchief, and breathing softly her response of 'God bless you—to you I owe much.' At length the moment arrived, when distance separated from view the greatest concourse of people ever assembled, and assembled when each heart was overflowing with respect and admiration of one so worthy of all. At the least estimate, reckoning the crowded excursion steamers, and the crowds assembled along the vast line of piers and docks, not less than 70,000 or 80,000 persons could have been present; and when we reflect that, in proportion, the same excitement prevailed during her stay in Liverpool, and everywhere in Europe, one must wonder, why is this? An amusing incident, however, occurred about this time, which excited the mirth of even Jenny herself, and which I quietly noted as one of the many desperate cases of 'Lind fever' that fell under my observation. Accom-

panying us in the tender, was an elderly man of very genteel appearance, who paced the deck in evident anxiety and impatience, and whose luggage seemed to consist of a solitary pair of unmentionables, which were carelessly rolled up and 'tucked' under his arm. Arriving alongside of the levithan *Atlantic*, he sprang over the gangway with surprising agility, and exclaimed, 'Where's Jenny Lind? Can anybody tell me if Jenny Lind is to be seen? Oh! where the devil is Jenny Lind?' Not obtaining a very satisfactory reply to his beseeching queries (and especially to the last, which was uttered in a tone betokening the strongest kind of despair), and being informed that he must either leave the ship or submit to a summary ejection, he broke away from the gangway, and rushed forward, muttering, 'Impossible! I must go. Can't be helped. Borrow clothes on board, no doubt! &c. Amid the noise and bustle—the roar of cannon—the escape of steam, and the confused mingling of cheers and adieus, I lost sight of my 'patient.' But, glancing over the quarter as the mail boat left us and dropped astern, I clearly recognized him, astride of the paddle-box, shouting most vociferously, and waving, in a perfect frenzy of excitement, not his hat or handkerchief, but them there pantaloons! As we stood down the river, cheer after cheer greeted us until the dim and dingy spires of Liverpool were lost to view.

"Before entering into a detailed account of our delightful voyage, I cannot resist the temptation of expressing here my unqualified condemnation of some annoyances to which Mdlle. Lind was subjected in Liverpool—not that a murmur has ever escaped her lips with regard to them—not that I wish to invade the sanctity of her pecuniary affairs, but because I feel a thrill of inexpressible pleasure in holding up to scorn and contempt the man who, regardless of the obligations of common honesty, avails himself of the opportunity to plunder an unprotected lady, by presenting charges so barefaced and exorbitant, as to amount to little less than open robbery; and all because Jenny Lind happens to be a distinguished artist, who is supposed to be made of money. That such was the case, not only as regards her bills, but in several other instances, is a fact which I have from a source perfectly and positively authentic; and I refer to the circumstance now, especially in the hope that her visit to the United States may not be accompanied by any 'dear whittlers' of that sort. While touching upon this subject, it may not be altogether amiss to state, for the information of all persons who look upon Jenny Lind as possessed of great wealth, that such is by no means the case; and I am told by parties whose relations to her entitle them to credit, that she does not allow her income to exceed 1000*l.* per annum, while all over and above that sum is generously and faithfully dispensed in charities. Indeed, there is scarcely a cause to which Jenny Lind has not contributed; not in the sense of mere 'mites,' forsooth, but thousands and thousands of pounds have been yearly dispensed by the free heart and hand of this generous and exemplary woman. Nor are her bounties alone confined to great public institutions in large cities, with the rich and noble to laud them, but in obscure places, and in secret as well, does her purse pour forth its golden blessings. 'It is a crying shame, and a crime, then, I say, to attempt to plunder, by extortion, such a woman as this.

"But let us return to our voyage. Need I say, as a commencement, that Jenny Lind was throughout 'the very life of the ship?' For the first three or four days the weather was exceeding stormy, and all hands were more or less sick, not excepting *Mademoiselle*, who, however, was among the first to shake off the nauseous effects of her introduction to Neptune's domain. On the 23rd we encountered a severe gale, which lasted two days, and which, though retarding our progress greatly, tested the ship in such a manner as to satisfy all parties that she stands unvalued as a sea-boat. At length the wind abated, and the ocean became smooth. Roses came again to pale cheeks, and hearts and eyes assumed their accustomed buoyancy and brightness. Evening after evening came, and with it the dance, in which charming Jenny was sure to lead off, with all the grace of womanly beauty, and all the pyrotechnics of merry glee. anon, when the atmosphere was too damp, or the sea too rough for those amusements, then Jenny's sweet and bell-like voice poured forth the rich melodies of her native Sweden. True to her nature, and to those pure and holy impulses which adorn and beautify her character, she at once

conceived the idea of getting up a concert for the benefit of the crew, whose frequent exposure and hardship seemed to arrest the best and noblest sympathies of her heart. The bare mention of it was sufficient; in less than an hour £70 was subscribed by the passengers, and Jenny sat herself to work to prepare the programme, of which the following is a copy:—

CONCERT BY MISS LIND, AND MESSRS. BENEDICT AND BELLETTI.
For the benefit of the sailors, firemen, and servants of the American Mail Steamship *Atlantic*, Wednesday, August 28, 1850, to begin at 6 o'clock.

PROGRAMME.—PART I.

Duet for two performers on the Piano—Messrs. Undernet and Benedict	
Duetto—Quanto Amore—Miss Lind and M. Belletti.—(<i>Elisir d'Amore</i>)	Strokesch.
Carolina—Vi ravviso—Sig. Belletti.—(<i>Semambula</i>)	Donisetti.
Romana—Quando Lucia la Norica—Miss Lind.—(<i>Roberto il Diavolo</i>)	Bellini.
Aria—Largo al Factotum—Sig. Belletti.—(<i>Barbiere di Siviglia</i>)	Meyerbeer.
Aria—Ah! non giunge—Miss Lind.—(<i>Semambula</i>)	Rossini.
	Bellini.

PART II.

Duetto—La Legione di Canto—Miss Lind and Sig. Belletti.—(<i>First and Second</i>)	Floraux.
Air—The Clouds—Miss Lind.	
La Tarantella—Piff Paff—Sig. Belletti	Rossini.
Ballad—Take this Lute—M. Benedict.	Meyerbeer.
Swedish Melody—Miss Lind.	

Conductor, M. Benedict.

"The concert opened with a grand duetto on the pianoforte, by Messrs. Undernet, of Albany, New York, and the great composer, Benedict, in a style little expected to have been heard on the broad Atlantic.

"The singing of Belletti surprised all on board. His power, execution, and taste is truly good. As a barytone, he is perhaps one of the greatest of the day. His clear accent (so uncommon in busses generally,) renders his singing pleasing to the ear. The audience in the grand saloon, which, large as it is, was crowded with nearly two hundred persons, were riveted to the spot with wonder and delight—the bird-like warble and modulation of her famous upper notes and cadences, reaching oftentimes to F in alto, and the divine mellowness of her lower notes, literally enchanted every one. In short, to appreciate and satisfy the wondering mind is but to once hear her, and then the spell will not only be broken but heightened, for whoever once hears Jenny Lind, regrets that time should flow, or that separation should remove so great a charm. She sang several times during the concert, and even responded to the (I was going to say unreasonable) demand for an encore to that beautiful ballad of Benedict's, "Take this Lute," which, as sung by Jenny, is almost enough to make one turn blasphemer, and say she is not human. Then her Swedish—her native melodies—how can I convey to you the fairy-like charm with which those simple strains are accompanied by the wild, sweet echo, and original warble, known by none but Jenny, and to endeavour to imitate which would be sacrilege? She seemed as though inspired by heaven, and by whose kind aid she was enabled to impart a sacred melody to every note, and leave each listener spell-bound with admiration. Her Swedish melodies concluded the concert on the wild ocean, on the banks of Newfoundland, an event never to be forgotten.

"A few hours before the time appointed for the concert, one of those thick fogs, so prevalent in these latitudes, came on, and the captain, ever alert for the care of his ship, was stationed at the bows, watching with anxious care the progress of his noble vessel, and to prevent, if possible, any accident occurring by way of collision, &c. Jenny regretted exceedingly, as did the whole party, that he could not be down to partake of the evening's amusement. Still there was but one feeling of regard and admiration of his conduct existing, that he felt it his duty to watch over their safety and the interests of all concerned.

"The ever noble-minded Jenny sent a message to Capt. West, to say that as circumstances which he could not control had prevented him being present, she would be happy, before her arrival, to give another concert for the express gratification of himself, and his gallant and able officers, which she did the following evening, when the weather was clear and all gay. She sang the whole of

the previous programme, and with many additions, including some of her inimitable Swedish airs.

"The demeanor of Madlle. Jenny Lind on board has been more than any one expected—simple, kind, graceful, and free; no affectation; no false ideas of her lofty position. She has been the basis of admiration, and there is not a soul on board that does not join in expressions of rapture and delight, and anxiety for her welfare and success. In the evenings during the passage, she danced several times, and refused none the honour whose introduction warranted her acquiescence.

"She speaks the English language with great fluency and correctness, and, in short,

"Her mouth is the fountain of rapture,
The source from which purity flows.

"Of her amiable lady companion I know but little, but that little is all excellence. She is much esteemed by Miss Lind, and deservedly so. Of Messrs. Benedict and Belletti, their share of the admiration of every one on board is none short of that of Miss Lind, for more amiable, generous, and agreeable gentlemen I have never been my lot to meet, and I feel convinced that I speak the sentiments of all on board. Mr. Benedict is a gentleman of high standing in Europe, not only as a great composer of operas, &c., and as a pianist of the first order, but as a man of position in society, courted for his private worth and noble character. Signor Belletti is equally so; and I must say America is about receiving a party of such high order and merit as they little dream of, and Mr. Barnum, or whoever is the cause of the introduction of such talent, deserves the highest praise, and a few days will prove all I assert.

"I cannot conclude this, I fear, already too long letter, without mentioning the very superior accommodations of the steamer *Atlantia*. The commodious rooms and great attention of all on board are all that could be wished, and far exceed any other I ever sailed in, and I have made a considerable number of trips. I feel sure, when these steamer become known, and which ought to be very soon, they will command a large share of the transit across the ocean, and none more richly deserve it, and more particularly under such a commander as Capt. West.

"I had almost forgotten to mention that Miss Lind, in addition to giving her valuable services to the concert for the benefit of the sailors and firemen, gave a very handsome sum as her subscription, and so did Messrs. Benedict and Belletti.

"During the passage, Miss Lind frequently went among the sailors and firemen, and inquired regarding their hours of labour, their families, and other matters, and indeed was quite familiar with them. She asked one of the firemen, an Irishman, if he had it in his power, would he exchange places with her? 'Faix, an' that I would,' he replied, 'if I could sing as well.' 'And why?' asked Miss Lind. 'Faix, and because,' said he, 'the wages is better.'

"On Saturday, the day previous to the arrival of the *Atlantic*, as is customary, the passengers were invited by the captain to take a glass of wine with him—the meaning of which it, that they were invited to take wine *ad libitum*, and to make themselves as happy as they could. During the festivities, Captain West was toasted, and, in reply, he spoke as follows:—

"I thank you sincerely for the compliment just paid to me. I have always endeavoured to make the passengers aboard my ship comfortable and contented, and when they tell me that I have been successful, they amply reward my care. On this voyage, however, we have enjoyed a pleasure that I could not contribute—the talents of a lady whose name has long been familiar to us. And we have not enjoyed the less the delight of these talents, that they have been cheerfully displayed for our gratification in the most obliging and unaffected manner. That lady is about to visit America, where her fame has gone before her;—not only her fame for the possession of one of the rarest gifts of nature, but her fame as a most kind and charitable woman. She is now among us—I may say on American soil, under the star-spangled banner. We, who are citizens of the United States, are the first of our countrymen who have had the chance to bid the stranger welcome; and I am certain that, under these circumstances, you will honour the toast I now propose:—

"Jenny Lind! the Nightingale!—Jenny Lind! the kind."

hearted, unaffected Swedish girl—welcome to the United States of America!

"It happened that in coming up the bay there were several Swedish vessels at anchor, with their national flag at their mast-heads. The sight of them made an evident impression on Miss Lind, and it was with difficulty that she restrained her emotions. The same thing occurred when the *Atlantic* reached her dock, where the same flag was displayed in company with the American. As soon as the steam-ship got close to her dock, Mr. John Collins, Jun., son of E. K. Collins, Esq., the originator of this splendid line of steamships, was introduced to Jenny Lind by Captain West, and presented to her a magnificent bouquet, which was given to him for the purpose, on Saturday, by John C. Groen, Esq., and his lady."

Yet further extracts have we culled from various journals, all variously descriptive, but unanimous in enthusiasm and brisk eulogy, whereof we shall give two or three, as they furnish some particulars not found in those already chosen.

From a ponderous and lengthy notice in the *New York Mirror* we make the following abstract:—

"The *Atlantic* having been expected on Saturday evening, Mr. Barnum proceeded to Staten Island to meet the great songstress, and the Fire Department had intended, in the event of her arrival during the night, to escort her, in a grand torchlight procession, from the wharf to her hotel, and had engaged some of our best bands to give her a serenade. But a storm which the *Atlantic* encountered in her passage, delayed her for several hours, and she did not arrive till yesterday afternoon. It having been rumoured that she was to land on Staten Island, in order to avoid the crowd, immense numbers visited the island in the ferry boats. It turned out, however, that she could not conveniently land at Staten Island, and many, therefore, were disappointed. On the gallant ship steaming up to the Quarantine, Mr. Barnum accompanied the Health Officer on board, and there met the Nightingale, when cordial salutations were exchanged. On seeing the American flag, she paid it homage by kissing her hand to it with all the fervor of a child, and exclaiming, 'There is the beautiful standard of freedom, which is worshipped by the oppressed of all nations!' Shortly after, she saw the Swedish flag flying from the masthead of a vessel in the Quarantine, and her eye kindling with rapture on beholding the emblem of her native land, she asked how long the ship had been detained there, and on being informed by Dr. Doane, the Health Officer, that the detention was thirty-five days, she expressed her regret at the delay. This momentary feeling was soon lost in the boundless delight with which she regarded the expanse of water that lay before her in our glorious bay—she literally feasted her eyes upon it with admiration. She said it was the most magnificent sight she ever beheld.

"Mr. Barnum.—'Except the Bay of Naples.'"

"Jenny Lind.—'Not excepting even that.'"

"She appeared, in fact, delighted with everything she saw. On nearing the wharf, she expressed her astonishment at seeing so many persons, all respectfully dressed—such a crowd as she had never seen on the docks of the old country. She inquired, 'Why, Mr. Barnum, have you no poor people in this country? Everybody appears to be well dressed.'"

"Meantime, the foot of Canal Street was covered with human beings, who had congregated there all the day, in expectation of getting a sight of the Swede; and when the news arrived that the *Atlantic* was coming up the river, the excitement became intense, and there was a perfect rush up to the time of her reaching the dock. The strong wooden gate leading to the dock was closed, and kept by the police of the Fifth ward, and only those who obtained orders were admitted. Meantime, 'the pressure from without' was tremendous, and all the docks around were covered with men, women, and children. There were trains of coaches drawn up in front of the entrance to the dock, the flags of Sweden and the stars and stripes floated on the breeze together, and every appearance indicated that 'a coming event had cast its shadow before.'"

"On reaching the wharf, exactly at two o'clock, a deafening cheer greeted the noble ship and her noble passenger. Every eye

was strained to see her, but she did not make her appearance on deck; and if she had, she could scarcely have been distinguished from the many other lady passengers on board. But some of the knowing ones whispered 'There is Barnum; watch him; she will be with him.' It is true Barnum was on the wheel-house, but Jenny was now in the cabin. However, the presence of Barnum satisfied the multitude that she was in the *Atlantic*, and that they would soon see her. While the ship was being hauled in, preparations were being made on the dock to receive her.

"From the gate half way up the dock, a beautiful arcade had been erected, consisting of a double row of pillars, festooned with cecregrans and flowers, and covered overhead with the flags of the Union. The front (next the ship) had a triumphal arch of the same materials, surmounted by a stuffed eagle, with a bouquet of flowers in his beak, as if presenting them to the guest of the United States. In front was the inscription, in large letters upon a white ground—'To the Nightingale'; 'Jenny Lind, welcome to America!' Here Mr. Barnum's private carriage was drawn up, and from this to the gangway of the ship was extended a carpet for her to walk on.

"In the mean time, the gangway was being hoisted on board, but such was the anxiety for seeing her, that many gentlemen climbed up the stakes, at the risk of their lives, and were compelled by the police to come down. Two lines of men were formed from the foot of the gangway to the coach, and no person was permitted to go on board, except one or two, who had special permission. The gangway having been secured and the passengers commenced descending, all eyes were bent on every female that made her appearance, scrutinizing her features, and comparing them with the likenesses that had been in the windows of the print shops. At length Captain West, commanding the *Atlantic*, appeared, with Jenny Lind leaning on his arm, wearing a blue silk bonnet, and having in her hand an exquisite bouquet, presented to her by Mr. Collins. A simultaneous shout of exultation ascended, that made the welkin ring, and told the multitude outside the gate that the Nightingale had shown herself. By her side were Mr. Barnum, Mr. Jules Benedict, and Signor Bellelli. The rush was tremendous. Still the lines were preserved unbroken; and 'Captain West led her to the carriage, which was a rather plain one. A number, who could not get at seeing her, ran forward with precipitation towards the carriage, in order to catch a glimpse of her as she entered; and here the scene baffled all description. 'The carriage was so surrounded, that it seemed impossible for her to get into it. The choicest bouquets were showered upon her; and when, with the exclamations of those friends who accompanied her, she at length gained the interior of the carriage, the people got upon the horses, while others climbed the carriage roof, and bouquets were thrown to her in profusion. She bowed with that soft and simple grace for which she is distinguished, and her face spoke more of emotion than any words could express. At this moment, was heard a wild hurrah at the gate, such as proceeds from besiegers when they enter the breach they have made in the wall or gate of a city. The people, who had been kept off with hard fighting by the police, at length made one tremendous rush, carrying the gate in with them, and this heightened the excitement to a pitch of wild tumult; and some apprehension was felt, for a few minutes, that Jenny Lind might be injured. There appeared to be no hope of getting through the crowd. The driver had only to battle for it; he whipped the horses, which he found to be useless, and then he whipped the crowd, when immediately the Nightingale put her head out of the window, and said, with much excitement, 'You must stop; I will not allow you to strike the people; they are all my friends, and have come to see me.' This sentiment was received with a deafening cheer, and the crowd made way themselves, influenced by the soft, persuasive accents of the Swedish Philomel.

"The carriage then drove to the Irving House, with Jenny Lind, Mr. Benedict, whom she has engaged to lead her concerts, and Mr. Barnum, who has outstripped all the managerial skill and enterprise on this continent, in engaging her to sing for the American people. Other vehicles conveyed Jenny Lind's suite and baggage, and some thousands of the people followed to the Irving House.

"An immense gathering soon collected at the corner of Cham-

been-street and Broadway, in the hope of seeing her at one of the windows; and every minute or two, as some of the ladies of the Irving House came to the windows to look out, they were mistaken by some one in the crowd for Jenny, when a cheer was raised, which was as quickly suppressed by the better discernment of the majority, with a laugh at the expense of the deceived. At length she made her appearance at one of the windows, when a unanimous cheer, loud and long, greeted her, and an electric enthusiasm stirred the entire multitude. She acknowledged the heartfelt welcome by repeatedly bowing to the people with a most fascinating grace, and then withdrew—the crowd, however, did not disperse, but continued around the hotel all the evening.

"The suite of apartments prepared for the Nightingale are truly magnificent, being furnished in the highest style of art. The gorgeous sitting-room is fit for a queen, and of it is a splendid bed-room, to which is attached an elegant bath-room, with bathing apparatus. She expressed her unqualified delight with everything she saw; she was struck particularly with an exquisite table, and asked the writer of this, who had been just introduced to her, was it possible that this was manufactured in America? On being answered in the affirmative, she expressed increased admiration. During the evening she had to come occasionally to the window, to gratify the people, when she waved her handkerchief, in token of her acknowledgment of their enthusiastic ardor. The passages leading to the entrance to her apartments were constantly crowded. The Irving House contains five hundred and thirty guests. She seemed greatly pleased with the negro servants; they looked so neat and happy, and so different from the miserable objects she had expected to see. The flag of Sweden and Norway floated from the flag-staff of the Irving House all the evening.

"Jenny Lind is twenty-nine years of age, but does not look more than twenty-five. She is not what many persons would regard as a very beautiful woman; but she possesses a beauty vastly superior to mere symmetry of features—a soul beams in her face, lighted up from the bright intelligence within, especially when she is excited or speaks. The glowing animation in which Lord Byron believed true beauty to consist, kindles up her large soft eyes, which are of a beautiful blue color. Her whole countenance is highly intellectual; but what strikes the spectator most is the lofty and dignified benevolence that shines from every feature. Her cast of countenance is oblong, and larger than most women of her height, which is of the middle size. She has a fine bust, such as all first-class singers possess. Her hair is a light brown, and her complexion is blonde. Altogether, she is a glorious woman, and the term 'Nightingale' happily expresses that combination of retiring modesty and surpassing excellence in song which distinguish her, and which no other single word could so well convey. The nightingale, which is found in the South of England and Italy, is celebrated by ancient as well as modern poets, and that singular bird is remarkable for making the night vocal with its strains, from the heart of a tree or shrub, thickly covered with foliage, and it is but rarely seen." Jenny Lind appears before thousands while she sings; but her nature is retiring and modest. Other women are admired by the public; Jenny Lind is loved and respected as much as she is admired.

"None of the portraits of her we have seen do her justice, because no portrait can convey her fine expression. The best, by far, is the large one on sale at Goupil and Vibert's, Broadway.

GRAND SERENADE TO JENNY LIND.

"At midnight, the New York Musical Fund Society, numbering some two hundred musicians, gave a grand serenade to Mademoiselle Lind. George Loder's magnificent band was selected, and was led by himself. Some twenty companies of the New York firemen escorted the band and Society to the Irving House, and the crowd that assembled there at that hour exceeded anything witnessed in New York for a generation. The street was densely filled in front of the building, up to Read-street, and in Read-street on one side, and into Chambers-street on the other, and around the corner of the Park. The walls of the addition now being made to Stewart's marble palace were covered with human

beings, and a large number of carriages, filled with ladies, were in the midst of the crowd, besides several who ventured out on foot to see the prodigy of song. The balcony of the Irving House and the windows were filled with both sexes, and many ladies who had retired to bed, got up to witness the exciting scene. There could not be under from twenty to thirty thousand persons present, and the greatest excitement and enthusiasm prevailed when the object of all this honor appeared at the window. There was a succession of vehement cheering for several minutes. Her face could be seen very distinctly by the people, from the bright lights immediately in front of the hall door. When the firemen succeeded in clearing a space for the band under the window at which she appeared, the band struck up 'Hail Columbia,' followed by 'Yankee Doodle,' and when she was told they were the national airs of America, she exclaimed, 'How beautiful! how splendid!' and alternately laughed and wept. She waved her handkerchief earnestly, and requested Mr. Barnum to call for an encore—a request that was followed by tremendous cheering. The band then played 'Hail Columbia' and 'Yankee Doodle' again, when she expressed her admiration as rapturously as before, and intimated that she would sing the former during her stay in New York. She clapped her hands with the greatest enthusiasm. After playing several pieces, the band concluded with 'God Save the Queen.' She then took her leave of the serenaders by waving her handkerchief rapidly for several minutes, amidst the most rapturous applause we ever witnessed. She was quite plainly dressed, and threw a crimson shawl over her head to keep her from getting cold. On leaving the window she expressed a hope to those in the room that there was no person hurt either there or at the wharf, as it would mar the pleasure she felt.

"Immediately after the serenade concluded, the following committee from the Musical Fund society waited upon her in her apartments, to present her with an address, and welcome her to America in the name of its musicians.—Henry C. Watson, George Loder, J. A. Kyle, Allen Dodworth, John C. Scherpf. Mr. Watson, on being introduced by Mr. Barnum, read the address as follows:—

"MADMOISELLE JENNY LIND.—Permit me, on behalf of the government and members of the American Musical Fund, and the musical profession of New York generally, to tender to you your heartfelt, cordial, and truthful welcome on your arrival on the American shore.

"We know that it is no unusual circumstance for you to visit foreign countries, and to find every heart ready to respond to the sympathies of your own generous heart, and every hand ready to give the grasp of welcome to that hand which has scattered abroad such boundless charities. Still we deemed that it would not be so tasteless to you, after journeying thousands of miles from your native land—thousands of miles from those countries in which you have been known, loved, and honoured—we deemed that it would not be distasteful to you to receive, in the first hours of your arrival in this new and great country, the tender of our fraternal love, our sincere admiration, and our profound respect.

"It would not become us to speak of your great talents, for we know not of their greatness except by report; it is true that every corner of Europe has echoed with the wonders of your genius; that the old countries, familiar for hundreds of years with the prodigies of musical genius, which have arisen to dazzle and instruct, have awarded you a fame which has scarcely a parallel in musical history. All this is so, and we believe it implicitly; but it would be neither truthful nor loyal, to speak as of our own knowledge. We do know, however, of the results of that talent which is the world's theme; we know of your private beneficence, and of your public munificence; we know of the monuments of charity which have sprung up in the triumphant path you have trod; we know that thousands in the old countries at this time, bless your name, and pray with grateful hearts for your happiness and prosperity; still, while we revere and admire you for the greatness of your heart, we do not presume to praise—your reward must come from that great Power which inspired your soul with its generous sympathies and boundless philanthropy.

"The welcome we tender you is by no means exclusive nor sectional. We are Americans, Swedes, Germans, Italians, French, and English;—but whether we come from the sunny South, the ley

* We cannot tell which to admire most in the writer—his feeling for feminine beauty, or his acquaintance with ornithology.—Ed.

North, or the bounteous West, our welcome comes equally from the heart—and once again we tender it to you with respectful but sincere wishes for your health, happiness, and prosperity, wherever you may be.

"Jenny Lind, who held her head to the ground during the reading of the address, then said, her voice half choked with her emotions, 'I am sorry I cannot express my feelings, but I am sure you will understand what I mean, and that I am very grateful for your kindness, and I hope in future to merit your approbation. I trust you will excuse my bad English. The sight there to-night (pointing to the window) was the most beautiful I ever saw.' (Applause.)

"The departure, after conversing a few moments with Jenny Lind and Mr. Barnum, then withdrew, and the Nightingale retired to her downy nest. May her slumbers be sweet and profound!"

We shall conclude our extracts with a leading article from the *New York Tribune*, which is penned with equal good feeling and good sense, and which will constitute a pleasing termination to the somewhat monotonous mass of details and eulogies through which we have compelled the reader to wade. The writer indites like a true artist.

"The immense concourse of our citizens collected, as if by magic in Canal Street, yesterday, on the announcement of Jenny Lind's arrival—the thronged vicinity of the Irving House on and after her stopping there, the universal buzz and eagerness of conversation through the city, concentrating on the one topic, all presage the great sensation which the Swedish Nightingale is destined to create throughout our country. Never, save possibly in the case of Malibran, has the coming among us of a distinguished stranger awakened such enthusiasm.

In this homage there is nothing of servility nor self-seeking. Beyond the pleasure of listening to her melody, not one in a thousand of those who proffer it can have the remotest hope of personal advantage from her visit to our shores. She comes among us with no diadem on her brow, no scepter in her grasp, no stations at her disposal. Not here is even the fame of dazzling beauty, nor the assumption of rare spiritual gifts, such as still binds thousands of the devout and the cultivated in either hemisphere to the memory and the teachings of her great countryman, Swedenborg. A young, untitled woman, born and educated in the useful walks of life, deriving no *éclat* from an illustrious ancestry, no favor from powerful connections, who has won her way by genius, by effort, by lofty achievement, to the society and friendship of the noblest and most eminent of her sex, and to the hearts of admiring nations, cherishing still in the drawing-rooms of duchesses and queens the guileless simplicity, and in the whirl of general adulation the unsullied purity, of childhood. Surely the landing of such a woman on our shores may well call forth a burst of popular enthusiasm, which her talents, however peerless, would never have elicited, had they not been paralleled by her truth, her goodness, and her boundless generosity.

In the homage so widely paid to Miss Lind, we gladly hail the dawn of a truer appreciation of well-directed effort, no matter in what sphere. For she, too, is but a worker like the rest of us, though in the realm of the ideal rather than the physical—she has well chosen her part with those whose labours are intended to enlighten, refine, elevate, instruct, and delight. She, too, is but a worker like any other, save that she has emancipated herself from the drudgery and earthiness of the labourer's lot by learning to love and rejoice in her work as well as its recompense—to find enjoyment in duty as well as its grosser and more palpable rewards. Thus she, with all who do likewise, dignifies the toiler's lot, and shows us all how we may dignify it, as well in our several spheres as she in hers. Only let us aspire to be true artists, each proud of and happy in doing his work, and not merely enduring it for the sake of its recompense—*not approaching it!*

* like the galley-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon,

but as men who would scorn to live useless, in a world where so much needed work awaits the doing, and who'd be ashamed to stand idle because none but a humble sphere of exertion was pro-

ferred them. Let us all be in soul artists—lovers of the benignant and the beautiful—ready wrestlers with deformity, obstruction, and despair—lovers of well-doing for humanity's sake—and labour shall no more pauce the earth with sad heart and stooping frame, but walk erect and glad-hearted, solo patent of a true nobility. Ho-mage then to the artist, who in a perverted and misjudging age stands forth a radiant prophecy of the good time that yet shall be.

Thus far of the doings of Jenny Lind immediately after her arrival in America. The real excitement has hardly yet commenced; for indeed it must be conceded, in point of enthusiasm up to the present moment, that the Yankee-fever has been equalled by the Liverpool-typhoid. But the Nightingale has yet to be heard; her syren voice has yet to fall upon Yankee ears, and make Yankee hearts thrill with delight. When that comes to pass, then, and then only, commences the veritable enthusiasm of Jenny Lind in America.

MRS. W. CLIFFORD.

This death of this admirable actress will constitute a loss to the drama only second to that of Mrs. Glover, whom she so soon followed to her last home. Surely Fortune must bear some singular spite towards the English stage, that she thus takes suddenly away two of its brightest ornaments, and at a time, too, when there is such a dearth of eminent artists. The place of Mrs. Clifford cannot be supplied. In her own immediate line she was truly inimitable. Poimposity and assumed grandeur have passed away entirely with her.

Mrs. Clifford died on Thursday, the 5th instant, after a most painful and protracted illness. She was born in the city of Bath, in 1794; her family name was Smith, and her uncle was a physician of considerable reputation and literary acquirements, in Bristol. Mrs. Clifford adopted the stage early in life as a profession, and having received an excellent education, soon made her talent very available to managers. In her native town she was a great favourite, both in tragedy and comedy. The part of Mary Queen of Scots, in a tragic drama of that name, introduced her to London at the Surrey Theatre, in 1822. A popular melo drama of the day, called *The Floating Beacon*, in which she acted Marietta, the woman of the Beacon, greatly increased her popularity. The piece had a very lengthened run; and amongst the audience one night was Mr. Morris, the late proprietor of the Haymarket Theatre, who was so much satisfied with the theatrical powers of Mrs. Clifford, that he tendered her an engagement for three years at the Haymarket Theatre, where she made her first appearance on the 21st of July, 1823, in the character of Mrs. Haller, in *The Stranger*, when she was received with the most decided approbation.

For a considerable time she supported the serious characters of the various plays and tragedies at this house with a success sufficient to satisfy the public and the proprietor—Eugenia, in *The Foundling of the Forest*; Alicia, in *Jane Shore*; Emilia, in *Othello*, &c. Her performance of the part of Miss Stirling, in the comedy *The Clandestine Marriage*, was one of the most admirable of her various personations. Later in life, and with the altered character of dramatic composition, she struck out a new style, and attained great celebrity for the portrayal of formidable dowagers and stiff old maids of an eccentric kind; which were generally written for her, and which few actresses could have sustained with such consummate skill. The playgoer will remember with delight her sketch of Miss Teach to Linton's Grogan, in *Quite Correct*; Miss Puddicombe, in *Nicholas Flain*; Mrs. Henry Dove, in *Married Life*; Mrs. Grosdenap, in *The Boarding School*; and, the last of her pro-

personal efforts, Lady Sowerby Creamly, in the comedy of *The Serious Family*. During the leaseholdship of Macready, at Covent Garden Theatre, Mrs. Clifford formed one of his company; and her portraiture of Madame Deschappelles, in *The Lady of Lyons*, was a most important feature in the play. Mrs. Clifford had, however, attained the highest honours in the country previous to appearing on the London boards; and it was no small compliment to her powers that the late John Kemble and the inimitable Mrs. Siddons were her ardent admirers. Even in her youthful days they perceived and acknowledged her great talent, and were always anxious to secure her aid in the dramas they played in at any theatre where she chanced to be engaged during their visits to the country. Those who have seen Mrs. Clifford formerly at the various theatres out of London, will not easily forget her peculiar excellence, not only in the first line of comedy, but tragedy of the highest order. In such characters as Lady Macbeth, Constance, Volunna, Lady Randolph, &c., she was universally admired. It was remarked by the late Sir Walter Scott, after seeing her act the part of Meg Merrilies in his drama of *Guy Mannering*, that hers was the true delineation of the character, and that he had never seen it performed to the life before. Mrs. Clifford possessed a commanding figure, added to which, her deportment was graceful and dignified, and her eyes most expressive. It is no wonder, therefore, that Sir Walter Scott should award her the palm of merit beyond any other actress who appeared in the part of his favourite Meg, for such he professed the character to be. Her theatrical reminiscences, thanks to her retentive memory and her conversational powers, were most diversified and entertaining, and it was a rare treat to converse with her about the plays and actors of bygone times. In society she was cheerful, and in the domestic circle her kind and affectionate disposition endeared her to her friends and relations. Her funeral took place on Wednesday week, at Kensal-green, in the family vault of her son-in-law, Mr. W. Harrison, the vocalist. Mrs. Clifford leaves one daughter only, wife of the gentleman named. It is a gratifying fact to record that in all the relations of wife, mother, and actress, Mrs. Clifford was an honour to society and to her art.

PICCINI.

(Translated from the Gazette Musicale.)

(Continued from our last.)

In the midst of this success, an invitation which had been previously made to Piccini was repeated, namely, to come to France and write for the French Opera. La Borde, *salet-de-chambre* of Louis XV., had begun the negotiation before the King's death; the Marquis de Caracajola, ambassador of Naples, continued it under Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Alas! what sad fate awaited the three—Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and Piccini! The least unfortunate of the three was, however, the composer, who outlived their martyrdom, and who would have been less to be pitied had he died sooner. It is something to die *à propos*: Piccini had not this advantage.

We find him then at Paris—an Italian, a Neapolitan, not understanding a word of the language spoken there. We find him there in a foggy winter, saying to his friend Ginguené, after a fortnight's hoar frost and continual darkness: "Ma, caro lei, in questo paese non c'è mai sole?" ("My friend, in this country is there never any sun?") Many lesser evils

were still in store for Piccini, besides the greater ones; and they showed themselves very soon afterwards.

He had to wrestle with Gluck—with the genius that had produced *Iphigénie en Aulide*, *Orphée*, *Alceste*, not counting even *Cythere Assidue*, nor the *Armide*. Surely he who undertook this struggle must have been very audacious or foolish, and yet Piccini was neither one nor the other. He was a musician, engaged to compose music, and he came to do so, without fear and without the least idea of the consequences. He was simple, good, and confiding; he had faith in his art and in himself. Notwithstanding the occurrence through Anfossi at Rome, which should have warned him, he did not foresee the violent passions, the concerted manœuvring, the clever stratagems, and the terrible animosity of the opposing parties.

Marmontel charged himself with the French education of the composer. Living opposite to him, in the Rue St. Honoré, he went every morning for a year to give him a lesson in prosody, rhythm, &c., taking for text a scene, an air, or a duet of *Rinaldo*, by Quinault, corrected by him, and arranged according to the modern shape.

The partisans of Gluck, and it may have been Gluck himself, did not see without emotion the growing opposition to their works and position. The hostilities were not long in exploding. The first signal came from the German camp, with the news that Gluck also had composed (at Vienna) a *Roland*. "What matter!" said some one—and he was surely not one of the Piccinists—"we shall have an *Orlando* and an *Orlando*!"

Soon after, a letter from Gluck appeared in *L'Amuse Littéraire*. It was written in a spiritless tone, which, if not surprising, is yet afflicting to find coming from so great an artist. It contained those expressions of false modesty by which one in making oneself small enlarges oneself the more—a tact unworthy of a man of genius. "You want me," wrote Gluck to Du Rollet, "to continue working at my opera *Roland*; that is of no use now, since I understand that the managers of the Opera, not unaware that I was composing it, have given the same *libretto* to M. Piccini. I have burned all I had done of it, which perhaps was not worth much, and in that case the public is obliged to M. Marmontel for having prevented bad music from being performed. Moreover, I am not the man to enter into opposition. M. Piccini has too many advantages over me; besides his personal merit, which surely is very great, he comes as a novelty, whilst I have given four of my works to Paris—good or bad, never mind—and have used up my imagination. I have shown him the way—he has nothing more to do than to follow! I do not speak to you about protection, but I am sure that a politician of my acquaintance (the Ambassador of Naples) will give dinners and suppers to the third part at least of the Parisians to make him friends, and that Marmontel, who knows so well how to frame stories, will tell the whole kingdom of the exclusive merit of Master Piccini. I am sorry for M. Hébert (then manager of the Opera) that he has fallen into such hands," &c. &c.

The last lines of this letter are really so unworthy of Gluck, that one cannot believe he intended them to become public. But, with or without his consent, the letter was published. It was a declaration of war in all its form. Piccini looked upon the fall of his opera as inevitable, and wrote to Ginguené—"I am reconciled to my fate," he said; "there remains nothing to be done but to follow the resolution I have in my head, and which the Evil One shall not take from me

—(viz., to go back to Naples.) I thank you for the kind interest you take in my success, and shall remain obliged to you all my life, but it is useless, my dear friend, that you give yourself so much uneasiness, and battle for me with so many enemies. They will have the victory, and we shall fall. I beg of you not to trouble your peace of mind about me; I am quite resigned, and sure of a dreadful fall." This is a letter written to a friend, and not for the public.

On the day of the first representation of *Roland*, Piccini went to the theatre alone; his family would not accompany him; his whole household was in tears. The poor *maestro*, who was the only one that was calm, tried to raise their hopes by saying, "My children, think that we are not amongst barbarians. We are amongst the most polite and polished people of Europe. If they do not like my music, they will respect me as a man, as a stranger. Adieu, be of good cheer, and hope for the best. I go quietly, and I shall return so, be the success what it may." The opera pleased notwithstanding, and Piccini did not return to Naples; his evil star kept him in Paris.

F. P.

(To be continued.)

ROSSINI'S FIRST LOVE.

A Musical Legend.

(From *Saras's Musical Times*.)

THE time of the carnival was at hand. There lived at that time in Rome a young artist, Giacomo, who was anxious to produce a work suitable for the approaching festival, that should exceed all that he had hitherto accomplished, and place him above all other masters of the time. He had already written several small operas that had given him an enviable notoriety, not confined to his own countrymen, but which readily gained him admission into the society of distinguished foreigners at Rome. Among these, was the Countess G—, a celebrated Russian lady, who to a cultivated and refined musical taste, added a pure and beautiful voice, and played and sang the best compositions of the time. Soon Giacomo's visits were no longer confined to the evening soirées of the Countess, he had become her constant companion, and his presence was continually required to accompany her in arias and duets. Though he passed the most of his time in the house of his patroness, who honoured and distinguished him above all others; yet far from rendering him proud and haughty, these favours only seemed the more to humble him. The Countess, who, though yet young, had seen and tried life in many lands, and had everywhere commanded admiration and homage, became at last offended at the respectful distance maintained by the artist, and began to employ every means in her power to chain him to her triumphal car.

Whether the part assumed by her, daily evidenced by so many unmistakable signs, really escaped the notice of Giacomo, or whether he only pretended not to observe it, we will not stop now to consider. Sufficient that it was most manifest, the more so, that she had grown very suspicious of his flattering attentions to one of her young attendants—Helena by name.

Of a slight, fragile, delicately-moulded form, the fair girl possessed a face of rare and classic beauty; a marble paleness overpaved her features, and upon her polished brow rested a cloud of sorrow, which the ill winds of an adverse fortune had early carried there. The shadows of the evening of life had come in the morning of hers, and her young days were passed in an ungrateful dependency—she was a slave. Long

had this vision of quiet, silent loveliness dwelt with Giacomo, when one day he suddenly surprised her in the midst of her young companions, celebrating one of their national dances. It was accompanied not with the loud noise of instruments, but with a simple song; the motions, too, were not in bold fanciful leaps, but in gentle, bending, waving inclinations; it was the more graceful and picturesque that it evolved a little national drama.

At the sudden appearance of the young artist in their midst, Helena, who sustained the principal character, would gladly have fled from the presence of the stranger, but, in the confusion of the moment, could not find an egress. Giacomo hastened to her, seized her hand, and detained her with many gentle words of admiration of the graceful dance and beautiful song; and his heart was still more deeply touched when the maiden, who had before spoken only her own language in his hearing, answered him now in the soft flowing words of his own Italy. Never before had those tones sounded half so silvery to his ear. He would gladly have confessed his love on the spot, but for the presence of her companions. From thence the form of the fair Russian girl was ever with the young composer, sleeping or waking; it moved before him as he sat at his opera, which was now nearly finished.

Many times he repaired to the Countess in hopes of gaining a moment's interview with his loved one, that he might confess his passion; but the Countess seemed to have guessed the secret of his love, and sedulously cut off every opportunity that could lead to an explanation. Perhaps the work at which the artist was busy offered the best council for the accomplishment of the desired end. It was the *Barber of Seville*. Accordingly he wrote to Helena, and slipped the letter into her hand as she opened the door of her mistress's boudoir to admit him, and he was not a little surprised at receiving one in return. There was no time now for an explanation, still less to read the letter, for the Countess entered a moment afterward. So soon as he could be released, he hurried home that he might peruse the letter. Certainly a lady's gentle hand had penned it—it was written, too, in purest Italian, no trace of the foreigner was discoverable. How flattering for Giacomo!

Helena stood before him now—in her statue-like beauty, changed as by magic, from the dumb, silent, unconscious slave to the breathing spiritual maiden—he the Pygmalion who had waked and warmed her into life. The latter bade him earnestly not betray the confidence she had placed in him, entreated him by all that was holy to meet her in the Church of St. Nicholas, in the twilight of next evening, and to think no evil of her. The letter was certainly nothing less than a confession of love, in soft, tender, minor tones, which were, too soon, alas! to be changed into the rough, harsh major. He wrote through the long night and the following day to calm the storm within his heart.

His work was finished, and the song which Helena had sung formed the principal melody for the conclusion—he carried it to the copyist, and wandered again toward his home, and yet it seemed as though the day would never end. At last, the shadows of evening gathered over the city, and Giacomo hastened to the Church of St. Nicholas. He had not stood long in the aisle of the church, when he recognised in the dim distance the form of Helena—kneeling. His heart beat more quickly, for he thought she prayed for him. So soon as he could, Giacomo made her a sign, and they left the church. When without the gate, he seized her hand, and led her to a seat beneath the shadows of some poplars, clasped her in his arms, gathered her to his heart, and breathed his burn-

ing vows of love as only an Italian can. She gave him no word of reply, but only sought to disengage herself from his embrace, and at last burst into a flood of tears. It seemed to the lover that they were tears of sorrow that she wept, and he thought he had better console than caress her, so he questioned her kindly as to the cause of her grief. It was long before he could encourage her to speak. At last, in words broken by sobs, she told her simple story. Oh! it congealed the warm blood of Giacomo's heart, to hear this recital—a chilling shudder ran through his frame, but he nerved himself for the trial, and listened in the calmness of despair. His beautiful Helena loved another! Alas! in the arms of another Pygmalion, she had been waked into life and love. Antonia was the happy lover's name, a young pastry-cook, to whose shop Helena had often been sent by her mistress. Their acquaintance had ripened into love, and the young people would gladly marry, but it was impossible unless Helena could obtain her freedom.

In the extremity of her need, she thought of Giacomo, and built all her hopes of happiness upon his influence and intercession with the Countess. And there she besought him so earnestly to intercede for her, that the poor, heart-sick Giacomo could not withstand her prayers. "It is far otherwise than I thought," he sadly replied, "yet I will try to accomplish what you desire—you shall yet be happy. If I cannot be Almasiva, I will play Figaro's part—the kiss which is my reward I have taken already. Greet thine Antonia for me, I know the fellow well; tell him that I will not grudge him his happiness."

Thus saying, Giacomo turned sadly towards his home, and with the dawn of the next morning he repaired to the palace of his patroness. He told her that he had just finished the finale of his opera, with which he was sure she would be pleased.

He seated himself at the piano and sang the part which preceded the melody, and at last commenced the Russian song, "Ach nah schtotsch bilo ogorod gorodit." She was in raptures at this expression of his homage and admiration, and bid him name his reward.

Giacomo respectfully kissed the hand of his patroness, and asked for the freedom of Helena, that she might marry the pastry-cook. The first mention of her name excited the jealousy of the Countess, but when she knew all, she readily consented, and the same evening saw Helena free and the lovers happy. The next day witnessed the representation of the *Barber of Seville*. As the last tones died away, the Countess recognised her fairest triumph in the homage thus expressed by so renowned an artist in his chief work. Helena, who was also present, wept tears of thankfulness, while Giacomo thought painfully upon the termination of this singular little adventure, and left the house to go forth into the wide world to meet his glorious destiny.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

THE new piece, *Giralda*; or, the *Miller's Wife*, produced on Monday night, is taken from the same source as *Giralda*; or, the *Invisible Man*, brought out last week at the Olympic. Adolph Adam's and Scribe's opera has furnished the ground of both. We have already detailed the plot. The versions of the two theatres are nearly identical. There is, perhaps, more smart writing in the Haymarket edition. Wright and Paul Bedford are both drafted into the east, and great is the fun in consequence. The characters played by these gentle-

men are decided caricatures; but Wright is, nevertheless, inimitable in his own way, and Paul is sublimely ridiculous. Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam pleased us mightily as Giralda. She looked well, acted well, and sang very prettily a pretty song of Mr. Alfred Mellon, called the "Heart's Appeal," introduced into the piece. The audience were quite delighted, and cheered the ballad with great heartiness. Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam bids fair to become one of the greatest favourites of the modern stage. She was summoned at the fall of the curtain, and was received with open mouths and loud clapping palms. The scenery and dresses were of the choicest and most appropriate kind. The piece was admirably got up in every respect, and bids fair to have a long run.

Mr. Hudson has been playing Paddy O'Rafferty, in *Born to Good Luck*, with great success.

OLYMPIC.

Le Père Turlututu, one of the stock French pieces, immortalised by the talent of M. Bouffé, has been Englished into a farce entitled the *Oldest Inhabitant*, which was produced on Monday night. The plot, turning on the circumstance that a penniless centenarian has lived long enough to remember certain legal facts which are closely connected with the interests of the other personages, is constructed for the mere purpose of exhibiting that state of agility in which articulation lacks fluency and memory loses tenacity, but in which a considerable stock of running is still at work. The character of the old man was admirably played by Mr. W. Farren, the scintillations of intellect bursting out with excellent effect from the torpor of imbecility. The scene having been transferred from France to the England of the last century, the adapter would have done well in substituting some other exclamation for the old Frenchman's ejaculation of "Turlututu!" as this is a combination of sounds into which the English instinct would scarcely fall.

Loud applause followed the descent of the curtain, and Mr. W. Farren, still preserving his character, tottered forward in answer to the acclamations of the audience.

Our Scrap Book.

[We shall be obliged to any kind friends who may be able and willing to contribute to our Scrap Book.—Ed.]

HANDEL.—One night, while Handel was in Dublin, Dubourg, having a solo part in a song, and a close to make at his pleasure, he wandered about in different keys a great while, and seemed a little bewildered and uncertain of his original key; but, at length, coming to the shake which was to terminate this long close, Handel, to the great delight of the audience and augmentation of applause, cried out, loud enough to be heard in the most remote part of the theatre—"You are welcome home, Mr. Dubourg!"—In 1749, *Theodora* was so very unfortunately abandoned, that he was glad if any professors, who did not perform, would accept of tickets or orders for admission. Two gentlemen of that description, having applied to Handel, after the disgrace of *Theodora*, for an order to hear the *Messiah*, he cried out—"Oh, your servant! you are tamable taint! you would not go to *Theodora*—there was room enough to tance dere when dat was perform." Sometimes, however, he has been heard as pleasantly, as philosophically to console his friends, when, previous to the curtain being drawn up, they have lamented that the house was so empty, by saying—"Nerve moind, de moosic cil' sound de petter."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

(From a Correspondent.)

PARIS.—Nothing is talked of here but Alboni. I am quite annoyed with having nothing buzzed in my ears for a week past but "Alboni, Alboni, Alboni!" Why, it is a second edition of the Jenny Lind business at Liverpool, with the remarkable difference that it is Alboni's *genius*, and nothing else, which has created the *furor* in her favor. The Parisians never draw their conclusions, as to an artist's merits, from her acts in private life. They judge of art by itself, and for itself. Alboni would not have been a whit more warmly received by the public, nor more loudly praised by the critics, if she had built seven churches, endowed an hospital, and made over the reversion of her life to holy sanctity. She might have been more lauded as a woman, but as an artist her private acts would have made no difference whatever with the public of Paris. And surely this is the fairest way of judging. Kean's drunkenness was to be reprobated, inasmuch as it militated against his acting on the stage; further, as long as he did his duty to the public, they had no right to consider whether the actor drank wine "craftily qualified," or raw spirits. Neither is it a question affecting greatness one way or the other, whether Shakspeare stole deer or Bacon took bribes. I must add, that if private worth in every respect should weigh with the fame of an artist, then would Alboni's reputation increase many fold; but she does not love to have her virtues and beneficence painted on church walls and the paddle-boxes of steamboats. But enough of Alboni—I am weary of the eternal—you would say, immortal—subject. Fanny Cerrito and Saint Leon, have made their *rendezvous* in the *Violon du Diable*, and very good success was achieved by both. The Nepaulese Ambassador was present, and was so enchanted with the *fair danseuse* that he requested the director of the opera, whose box he occupied, to introduce him. After the presentation, His Excellency gave Mademoiselle Cerrito two magnificent bracelets, which he took from his arm and placed upon hers. The *L'Enfant Prodigue* is still undergoing rehearsal, but when it is to be produced nobody can say. They manage these things better in England. Lucile Grahn is here. She returns to Dresden for the autumn season. Madame Ugalde has returned to the Opera Comique, and draws large houses. I have not heard her yet. There are various rumours respecting the "Italians." Some say Ronconi is the director *solus*; others will have it that Mr. Lumley goes snacks with him in the management. I say nothing. If, as it is said, all the principal artists of Her Majesty's Theatre are engaged, why then it looks suspicious. Time will tell. A new barytone made his *debut* in the *Lucia di Lammermoor*, at the Academy, with Madame Laborde, but made no great success. Tambrilk has been here for a few days en route to St. Petersburg. Massol will not appear until Barthollet leaves. His first part will be in the *L'Enfant Prodigue*. I have nothing more to add, except that Paris, at this moment, is unusually lively. M. S.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In your article on the Gloucester Festival, you make some severe remarks upon Dr. Boyce and his compositions, which, permit me to say, with all deference, I think rather unjust: e.g., "His style is very insipid. The sublimest text never inspires him with a grand thought or a masterly combination." Have you, sir, frequently heard his services and anthems, such as "Tun thee unto me," "By the waters of Babylon," "O, give thanks," (8 voices),

"I have surely built thee an house," "Oh! where shall wisdom be found?" and others, in the ordinary service of a cathedral, well sung, and been unable to discover a "grand thought or a masterly combination?" I venture to think that if you had heard them as frequently and as well sung as I have, you would be at no loss. Again, say you, "The triennial festivals might serve the cause of art, as well as that of charity, were the character of our anthem music more elevated and more in the spirit of the present day, which, while reverencing the masterpieces of such a great man as Handel, can no longer tolerate the commonplaces of Dr. Boyce and others, which have no other recommendation than that of antiquity. (My italics.) This last is the "unkindest cut of all," say it, by all means, of Gregorian chants, and many of the compositions of church writers prior to Boyce, but I cannot think he deserves it; and though the following summary of his abilities may be slightly over-coloured, I think it the nearer of the two. (I quote from *A Dictionary of Musicians*, 2 vols., 2nd edition, London, 1827.) "Dr. Boyce, with all due reverence for the abilities of Handel, was one of the few of our church composers who neither pillaged nor servilely imitated him. There is an original and sterling merit in his productions, founded as much on the study of our own old masters as on the best models of other countries, that gives to all his works a peculiar stamp and character for strength, clearness, and facility, without any mixture of style, or extraneous and heterogeneous ornaments." Boyce died in 1779, so he is not so very antique. It strikes one, sir, that you would to make your remarks by the *forte* position in which Boyce was placed at the Gloucester Festival. 'No service there was a musical performance, and not a service in which music was employed as an aid to devotion—but as in a concert room, to draw money, and that concert room provided by the desecration of the House of God. Here Boyce, side by side with Handel, suffers! and who would not? What has the overture to *Esther* to do with the service? Why pick out some of "the giant's" finest compositions, scored by himself for full orchestra, (such as it was in his time), and served up, in all probability, with the modern appliances of trombones, &c., &c., elaborated until they are like short orchestras? Why place these in the same service with an unpretending anthem of Boyce's? Of course, Boyce then suffers, but, as I have said, it is by the falseness of his position. 'Tis it that the authorities of our cathedrals do not recollect who said, "It is written, my house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a ————." Let the consciences of the aforesaid authorities fill up the blank.—I am, sir, your obedient servant.

17th Sept., 1850.

MUSIC AT BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE concert announced for the benefit of the widow and family of the late Mr. Joseph Stephens, took place on Tuesday evening last, at our Town Hall. From the overwhelming attendance, we conclude a handsome sum has been realised, which will doubtless be very gratifying to the promoters as well as the receivers. The talent engaged was numerous. Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Lucombe, Miss A. Hill, Miss M. Williams, Miss Reeves, Lockey, and Machin, were the vocalists. The first part of the concert consisted of Mendelssohn's overture to *St. Paul*, and the second part of *Eljich*. Excepting Lockey, all the principal vocalists took part in the oratorio. Miss Hayes sang splendidly; her declamation in the recitatives was artistic in the extreme. Miss Reeves outshone herself in the lovely air, "Then shall the righteous." Machin sang the music of the Prophet; his singing throughout was somewhat dull and ineffective. The trios and quartets were indifferently rendered. Some of the choirs were good, others middling, and some very bad.

The second part of the concert was miscellaneous; it commenced with Weber's overture to *Obéron*, which was played tolerably by the band, under the able leadership of our respected townsmen, Mr. Alfred Mellon. Mr. Lockey obtained an encore in the Irish melody, the "Minstrel Boy," notwithstanding its being so stupid an affair, and so totally un suited for his voice. Miss

Lucombe sang the aria, "Qui la voce," excellent. She also gave the Scotch ballad, "There's nae luck about the house," with much *naïveté*; it was encored, and "Bonnie Prince Charlie" substituted.

Miss Hayes sang the popular "Ah! non giunge," with pure artistic taste, which obtained an encore; and Wallace's pathetic ballad, "Why do I weep?" which narrowly escaped a similar compliment. Miss Williams sang Macfarren's "She shines before me like a star," and Miss Amelia Hill, our townswoman, was much applauded in Fosca's pretty song, "My beloved one's fairy-like form." Machin got through the "Lust Man," with evident satisfaction to himself and the audience. Sims Reeves, without whom it seems impossible for a concert to succeed in this town, was enthusiastically encored in the "Bay of Biscay"—Braham himself could scarcely have excelled it in his very best days—"My pretty Jane" was substituted, which delighted the good people just as much. The only concerted pieces, excepting a duet from *Linda*, were Weber's hacknied glee, "When winds breathe soft," by Mr. Hill, Miss Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. W. H. Poole, and Mr. Machin, which was as slovenly a specimen of part singing as any one would wish to hear; and "O Nanny," by Miss Lucombe, Miss Williams, Sims Reeves, and Machin, which was beautifully sung, and proved an agreeable contrast to the first. Mr. Stimpson was at the organ. Mr. Munden conducted, and Mr. Henry Sims was the accompanist.

REVIEWS.

"*Deux Morceaux*," pour le Piano-forte, (No. 1, Etude—No. 2, Romanza), par Emanuel Aguilar. Op. 8. WESSEL and Co.

THESE are very superior productions, the "Etude" in particular, which, besides its originality (a novelty in the pianoforte music of the present day) possesses an uninterrupted flow of melody at once passionate and expressive, combined with very bold and rich harmonies; the middle part, or accompaniment, developing a particular difficulty equally divided between the two hands.

"The Romanza," although not strikingly original, being written rather in the showy style of the present day, is an elegant and pleasing melody, harmonised in a very musician-like manner, and the accompaniment always brilliantly and agreeably varied.

We cordially recommend Mr. Aguilar's "*Deux Morceaux*," to the notice of all lovers of good pianoforte music. They are both extremely difficult, but will well repay the time and study required to be bestowed upon them.

"*Djalma*," an Overture arranged for the Piano-forte, composed by ANTONIO MINASSI. WESSEL and Co.

THIS overture, which is stated on the title-page to have been originally composed for a military band, during the author's residence at Cannanore, in India, is an excellent specimen of his talents as a musician. It is brilliant, showy, and effective in its pianoforte arrangement, and we have no doubt it will be found more so in its original form. Mr. A. Minassi's knowledge of the effects that can be produced from a military band, are well known from the numerous arrangements emanating from his pen, that have already been published. The overture to "*Djalma*" contains a charming melody, it is well harmonised, and its form and general treatment show that its author has chosen the classical school for his model—a choice highly to be commended, and one that reflects great credit on Mr. Minassi's taste and judgment.

MRS. ECKERTON, the once popular actress, not surpassed by any upon the stage in a particular line of parts—witness her *Meg Merrilies* and others—died at Drompton last week, aged 57.

LABLACHE.

LABLACHE is the oldest and the best-established favourite at her Majesty's Theatre. He made his first appearance in this country some twenty years ago, and from that time, with the exception, we believe, of one year's secession, he has returned hither every spring, with increased popularity. Twenty years is a long test applied to public performers; and he that could pass such an ordeal of time must possess merits of the very highest order, which could conquer the appetite for novelty, and overcome the fickleness of popular applause. All this Lablache has effected. The public, so far from being wearied at the long-continued cry of "Lablache the Great," as were the Athenians of hearing Aristides everlastingly called "The Just," elevates him, if possible, into greater popularity yearly. His place is not to be supplied; no other *artiste*, not even Farnes, could compensate for his loss. Independently of his powers as an actor and a singer, so great a lover is he of his art, that he will undertake with delight the most trifling character in order to ensure the success of a piece. From this it follows that no great singer has, within our recollection, undertaken such a variety of characters. We find him in every possible grade of representation. From the loftiest tragedy to the most burlesque comedy he is equally great and efficient. From Brabantio to Don Pasquale—from Marino Faliero to Dandolo. Through all the gradations of passion and humour he exhibits a superior insight into humanity, and with the finest dramatic artifice and discrimination he seizes on the salient points, and strikes them out into bold relief, giving life and verisimilitude to his abstractions. In a comic part he fills up the stage with his acting, no less than with his voice and size. Every character around him seems merely subsidiary. He is the sun of humour, about which the rest, as planets, perform their revolutions, deriving heat and light from him. He is the centre of *gravity*, that attracts all the laughing humours from his auditory. Yes, we say *gravity*, not therein are we guilty of a bull. In his most whimsical efforts his countenance is as serious as that of a mid-day owl. While all around are convulsed with convulsions, his face is as composed as a Chinese mandarin's, or a Spanish *hidalgo's* sitting for a genealogical portrait. His comedy is not sparkling and effervescent like champagne, it partakes more of the body and flavour of tokay; you may sip it—the smallest taste is palatable. He possesses somewhat of the stolidity of Liston, with occasionally the rich raciness of Dowton. His humour is as rotund as his person, and his person is a hoghead of wit and mirth. Lablache's voice is an organ of most extraordinary power. It is impossible by description to give any notion of its volume of sound. He is an opificide among singers. One may have some idea of this power of tone, when it may be truly asserted, that, with the entire opera band and chorus playing and singing *forte*, his voice may be as distinctly and separately heard above them all as a trumpet among violins. He is the very Stentor of vocalists. When he sings he rouses the audience, as the bugle doth the war-horse, or as the songs of Tyrtæus reanimated the Spartans. With this prodigious vehicle of sound, his singing is distinguished by superior softness and expression. Lablache is a thorough musician, and no *artiste* on the stage excels him in the knowledge and appliances of his art. He has written a work on the principles of singing, which has been published in England; and he was chosen, some years since, as the vocal instructor of her most gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria. This great singer is as great

in person as he is in fame. He is nearly, if not fully, six feet high. His figure, though exuberant, is portly and commanding; and his entire head one of the finest that ever decorated a human body. Notwithstanding the opinions about his age, and the cognomen of "old," which for many years has attached itself to his name, Lablache is still comparatively young. For the space of twenty years he has been the pride and delight of the frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre. This season Lablache has been peculiarly fine. His Caliban, in Halévy's opera, *La Tempête*, has added another wreath to a brow already graining with these proofs of popularity. We believe that Lablache has entered into an engagement with Mr. Lumley for three years.—*Bentley's Miscellany*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The reading-rooms of the British Museum were opened on Monday morning, when the readers were gratified with the exhibition of a "supplementary" catalogue in 150 volumes. Two copies are placed in the room for the use of the public, whose convenience has also been consulted by a new arrangement of lights, desks, seats, and of volumes for reference; indeed, the works now standing close to the hand of every reader form a splendid library in themselves, collected for gentlemen of moderate attainments in general literature.

THE LEICESTER MONTHLY SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS will commence early in October—during the season the Oratorios of *The Creation* and *The Messiah* will be performed, engagements are pending with first-rate vocal and instrumental performers, and the services of the following artists are already secured:—Mr. Alex. Newton, Mr. Lockey, Mrs. Sunderland, Macchi, Miss Helen Taylor, Miss M. Williams, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Sims Reeves, Messrs. A. and H. Nicholson, (oboe and flute), Miss Deacon and Mr. Mavins (pianoforte). All the available instrumental talent in the locality will be included in the Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Henry Gill.

HOW LISTZ GOT MARRIED.—A TRUE STORY.—After having passed the summer in visiting the principal towns of Germany, the celebrated pianist Liszt arrived at Prague, in October, 1846. The day after he came, his apartment was entered by a stranger—an old man, whose appearance indicated misery and suffering. The great musician received him with a cordiality which he would not, perhaps, have shown to a nobleman. Encouraged by his kindness, his visitor said: "I come to you, sir, as a brother. Excuse me, if I take this title, notwithstanding the distance that divides us; but formerly I could boast some skill in playing on the piano, and by giving instruction I gained a comfortable livelihood. Now I am old, feeble, burdened with a large family, and destitute of pupils. I live at Nuremberg, but I came to Prague to seek to recover the remnant of a small property which belonged to my ancestors. Though nominally successful, the expense of a long litigation has more than swallowed up the trifling sum I recovered. To-morrow I set out for home penniless." "And you have come to me? You have done well, and I thank you for this proof of your esteem. To assist a brother professor is to me more than a duty; it is a pleasure. Artists should have their purse in common; and if fortune neglects some, in order to treat others better than they deserve, it only makes it more necessary to preserve the equilibrium by fraternal kindness. That's my system; so don't speak of gratitude, for I feel that I only discharge a debt." As he uttered these generous words, Liszt opened a drawer in his writing case, and started when he saw that this usual depository for his money contained but three ducats. He summoned his servant. "Where is the money?" he asked. "There, sir," replied the man, pointing to the open drawer. "There! Why, there's scarcely anything!" "I know it, sir; if you please to remember, I told you yesterday that the cash was nearly exhausted." "You see, my dear brother," said Liszt, smiling, "that for the moment I am no richer than you; but that does not trouble me. I have credit, and I can make ready-money start from the keys of my piano. However, as you are in haste to leave Prague and return home, you shall not be delayed by my present want of funds." So saying, he opened another drawer,

and taking out a splendid medallion, gave it to the old man. "There," said he, "that will do. It was a present made me by the Emperor of Austria; his own portrait set in diamonds. The painting is nothing remarkable, but the stones are fine. Take them and dispose of them, and whatever they bring shall be yours." The old musician tried in vain to decline so rich a gift. Liszt would not bear of a refusal, and the poor man at length withdrew, after invoking the choicest blessings of Heaven on his generous benefactor. He then repaired to the shop of the principal jeweller in the city, in order to sell the diamonds. Scarcely a minute passed man anxious to dispose of magnificent jewels with whose value he appeared unacquainted, the master of the shop very naturally suspected his honesty; and while appearing to examine the diamonds with close attention, he whispered a few words in the ear of one of his assistants. The latter went out, and speedily returned, accompanied by several soldiers of police, who arrested the unhappy artist, in spite of his protestations of innocence. "You must first come to prison," they said; "afterwards you can give an explanation to the magistrate." The prisoner wrote a few lines to his benefactor, imploring his assistance. Liszt hastened to the jeweller. "Sir," said he, "you have caused the arrest of an innocent man; come with me immediately, and let us have him released. He is the lawful owner of the jewels in question, for I gave them to him." "But, sir," asked the merchant, "who are you?" "My name is Liszt." "I don't know any rich man of that name." "That may be; yet I am tolerably well known." "Are you aware, sir, that these diamonds are worth six thousand florins?" (about five hundred guineas). "So much the better for him on whom I bestowed them." "But in order to make such a present you must be very wealthy?" "My actual fortune consists of three ducats." "Then you are a magician!" "By no means; yet, by just moving my fingers, I can obtain as much money as I wish." "You must be a magician!" "If you choose, I'll disclose to you the magic I employ." Liszt had seen a piano in the parlour behind the shop. He opened it and ran his fingers over the keys; then, seized by sudden inspiration, he improvised one of those soul-stirring symphonies peculiar to himself. As he sounded the first chords, a beautiful young girl entered the room. While the melody continued, she remained speechless and immovable; then, as the last note died away, she cried, with irrepressible enthusiasm, "Bravo, Liszt! 'tis wondrous!" "Dost thou know him, then, my daughter?" asked the jeweller. "This is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing or hearing him," replied she; "but I know that none living, save Liszt, could draw such sounds from the piano." "Expressed with grace and modesty, by a young person of remarkable beauty, this admiration could not fail to be more than flattering to the artist. However, after making his acknowledgments, Liszt withdrew, in order to deliver the prisoner, and was accompanied by the jeweller. Grieved at his mistake, the worthy merchant sought to repair it, by inviting the two musicians to supper. The honours of the table were done by his amiable daughter, who appeared no less touched at the generosity of Liszt than astonished at his talent. That night the musicians of the city serenaded their illustrious brother. The next day the nobles and most distinguished inhabitants of Prague presented themselves at his door. They entertained him to give some concerts, leaving it to himself to fix any sum he pleased as a remuneration. Then the jeweller perceived that talent, even in a pecuniary light, may be more valuable than the most precious diamonds. Liszt continued to go to his home, and, to the merchant's great joy, he soon perceived that his daughter was the cause of these visits. He began to love the company of the musician, and the fair girl, his only child, certainly did not hate it. One morning the jeweller, coming to the point with German frankness, said to Liszt, "How do you like my daughter?" "She is an angel!" "What do you think of marriage?" "I think so well of it, that I have the greatest possible inclination to try it." "What would you say to a fortune of three million francs?" "I would willingly accept it." "Well, we understand each other. My daughter pleases you; you please my daughter; her fortune is ready—be you in-law." "With all my heart."—The marriage was celebrated the following week. And this, according to the chronicles of Prague, is a true account of the marriage of the great and good pianist, Liszt.—*Sharpe's Magazine*.

MADAME MOSITZ ROBEEL.—This highly intelligent and clever singer appeared lately at Vienna on the stage of the opera and obtained the most flattering demonstrations. She played in *Figlia del Reggimento*, *Sonambula*, *Don Giovanni*, &c. The lady is very young, very handsome, and has a beautiful soprano voice. A few years, according to the best judges, will make her a European celebrity.

THE DISTIN'S CONCERT.—The concert of the Messrs. Distin, on Thursday evening, was, as we anticipated, crowded to excess, many having failed in getting admittance to some portions of the room. Of the performances of these gentlemen on the Sax Horns it is impossible to speak too highly. The beautiful quality of the tone they produce—the power they possess of swelling and diminishing it—and the exquisite taste with which they avail themselves of that power, render their performance truly enchanting. The selection of music was excellent. It is rare, in this northern quarter, that we have an opportunity of hearing such music—for instance, as the selections from *Le Prophète* of Meyerbeer—rendered in a manner such as has called forth the highest encomium from that illustrious composer himself. In the duet, on two French horns, by Messrs. H. and W. Distin, an echo was imitated with admirable effect, by a peculiar management of the instrument. The songs of Miss O'Connor were given in a pure and chaste style, which rendered them highly pleasing, and the glees, &c., in which she took a part with Messrs. H., W., and T. Distin, were extremely effective. Indeed, the whole of the pieces were listened to with unmixed delight, and several of them called for again. The whole were admirably accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Willy, who also played a solo on that instrument in a masterly style. We are glad to see that the Messrs. Distin give a second concert on Monday evening. We hope that they may be able to provide accommodation for all who apply for admission, this being their last performance this season. *Aberdeen Herald.*

STEFANO PAVESI.—This once celebrated composer was born at Crema, in 1781. He studied at Naples, at the Conservatoire of St. Onofre, and had the illustrious Piccini for his master. Up to the year 1818, he led the wandering life peculiar to composers of his country, going from city to city to write, and bringing out his works at Naples, Milan, Turin, Venice, Bergamo, and Leghorn. In this manner he brought out sixty serious or comic operas, nearly all with brilliant success. Among these we may cite *Ermiona*, *Fingal*, *I Baccanali*, *I Cheruchi*, *L'Aristodemo*, *Trigano in Dacia*, *Eldorado e Christina*, *Touceret*, *Elizabetta*, *La Niteli*, *Il Teodoro*, *La Calanina*, *the Denante*, *Amazoni*, *Il Serco Padrone*, *Da Festa della Russia*, *Il Maldivente*, *Il Monastero*, *L'Avvertimento ai Gelosi*, &c. Brought up in the doctrine of Durante, faithful to the traditions of Pergolesi, Cimarosa, and Paisiello, Pavesi never attempted to contend against the invasion of the new school, and the domination of a new style. The appearance of Rossini marked his retirement. From 1818, having been nominated Chapel Master of his native city, he ceased to write for the stage, and devoted all his labours to works corresponding with his title and duties. He has left nearly as many sacred compositions as operas, and several of these works are considered *chef d'œuvre*. The music of Pavesi was popular in France, and partially so in this country. His best airs were often sung at concerts or introduced into operas. Germany more particularly applauded his *Ser Mercantonio*, and this work for a long time kept its place in the repertoire of the different theatres. Pavesi died in the evening of the 28th of July last. His countrymen honoured him as one of their most distinguished artists and great men of the present day. They praise his rare diffidence, strict probity, and devotedness to his friends. During the last three years of his life he was nearly without intermission, a prey to the severest illness, which put to the proof his resignation and truly exemplary piety. He has left his property to be divided into charitable legacies, for the benefit of establishments in his own country. The artists of the orchestra and the musicians of the civic guard joined in the coeuvre of persons present at his funeral. His remains were escorted to the grave by the choristers of the cathedral.

J. A. L. BARNARD, Esq., has been elected Honorary Secretary of the Choral Harmonists Society. Mr. Barnard is connected with several other musical societies in the City, to all of which he is a valuable acquisition.

TEA PARTY OF DR. MAINZER'S PUPILS.—On Saturday evening last, Dr. Mainzer's private choral class held a tea party in the large room, Newall's Buildings, to receive him on his return from the continent after the vacation. A considerable number of the pupils of the Normal Music School were present. About 300 persons sat down to tea; after which the classes sang several choruses. The Secretary (Mr. Webb) addressed the meeting shortly, expressing the hearty welcome of the pupils to Dr. Mainzer, who responded in an appropriate and animated speech. The party separated at an early hour, after spending a pleasant evening.

DRURY LANE.—The *Sunday Times* of this week has the following:—"M. Julien has been endeavouring to obtain Drury Lane Theatre for the purpose of giving promenade concerts in it. We understand, however, that the committee have declined letting it for such purpose."—As M. Julien has the theatre in his own immediate possession by lease only next September, we do not see how he could be endeavouring to obtain it; we, therefore, cannot place any trust in this rumour. Indeed, we have good reason to believe that Julien, who is now traversing the provinces, is making every preparation for his winter campaign. Is it possible that our cotemporary could have received the above information from some one connected with the "National Concerts?"

BATH.—*Dona Maria Loretta Martinez*, alias the Black Malibran, appeared in two concerts, at the Assembly Rooms, on Friday and Saturday, accompanied by Don J. Ciebra and Don R. de Ciebra. The audiences were but scanty. The fair lady sang several Cuban and Andalusian songs with great acceptance to the fortunate few who heard them. The two "Dons" made a very favourable impression. The guitar is generally but an indifferent instrument. These gentlemen, however, showed what may be done with it, and produced strains which took every one by surprise. Many of the pieces set down in the programmes received hearty encores, and the Dons Ciebra deserved a greater meed of public support than they received.

RHUUDDLAN ROYAL EISTEDDYOD.—The North Wales Musical Festival, bearing the above unpronounceable title, will be held at Rhuddlan Castle on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday next, under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Prince of Wales. The principal vocalists engaged are Miss Lacombe, Miss Harriet Chipp, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Machin. The solo performers are—Grand piano-forte, Mr. William Rea; Welsh harp, Mr. Ellis Roberts; violoncello, Mr. Horatio Chipp; clarinet, Mr. Williams. Leader, Mr. Edmund Chipp; conductor, Mr. R. A. Atkins. The orchestra will consist of twenty-two efficient hands; the choruses will number thirty trebles, eighteen altos, twenty-four tenors, and twenty-eight basses. The performances of the first three days will be miscellaneous. On Friday, the *Messiah* will be given for the first time in Wales. The committee of management are very sanguine of success. They observe in the printed programme that they feel the highest gratification at being able to present the following scheme of musical entertainments to be performed during the Eisteddyod week, being convinced that the programme is so comprehensive, and the variety of vocal and instrumental music so great, that every taste will be gratified. On no previous occasion has the *Messiah* been performed in Wales, and the satisfaction experienced in being able to offer this masterpiece of musical genius is enhanced by the circumstance, that though the artists engaged hold the highest rank in their profession, yet the charges for admission are so moderate that an opportunity is afforded to every one of appreciating the most popular oratorio ever produced. Without at all interfering with the arrangements of the grand national festival, the committee is of opinion that so great a musical treat has never before been offered to the inhabitants of the principality." We understand that the *North Wales Chronicle* will issue a pictorial supplement, illustrative of the principal scenes of the Eisteddyod.

* The subjects of the last three were subsequently used by Rossini.

THE ITALIAN OPERA, PARIS.—Rorconi is to be the lessee of the Italian Theatre next season.

ARRIVAL OF M. LAMARTINE IN LONDON.—This distinguished French orator, poet, and statesman arrived in London on Friday, and took up his residence in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park. We understand that M. Lamartine's presence in London is on a mission connected with the colonisation of his estate in Saïna, and that it is his wish during his stay to maintain strict privacy.

PURCHASE OF A FRENCH THEATRE.—We are authorised to state that the paragraph which appeared in our columns several days since, copied from a French paper, respecting the purchase of the Variétés Theatre in Paris by Mr. Bowes, for 1,300,000 francs, with other details, is, for the most part, an entire fabrication, and was, apparently, designed only to give that gentleman annoyance.—*Globe of Monday.*

MANCHESTER.—An adjourned meeting of gentlemen favorable to the continuance of the Normal Music School, under the superintendence of Dr. Mainzer, was held in the Mayor's parlour, on Thursday. Amongst the gentlemen present we noticed his Worship the Mayor (John Potter, Esq.), who occupied the chair, and Messrs. Hertz, Clegg, Lewis Williams, Hickson, Birley, Bagshaw, and Capt. Willis. Mr. Hertz announced that he had received subscriptions to the amount of 31 guineas. The Mayor announced that the total subscriptions for the last year amounted to £284, which, with the sales of tickets, programmes, &c., reached 366l. 7s. 3d. After the payments which had been made, there was a balance in favour of the school of 27l. 10s. 3d., but there were liabilities not yet discharged to the extent of 135l. 11s. 6d., including 30l. for rates, from payment of which he hoped the committee would be relieved, inasmuch as there was no beneficial interest arising to any individual from the occupation of the school. Altogether there would be a deficiency of 98l. 1s. 3d. Included in the expenditure of last year, there were joiners' bills amounting to 93l. 5s., an outlay which, of course, would not be again incurred. To carry on the school this year, there would be required at least 350l., in order to be safe. Up to the present time, they were promised 210l. 14s. towards the maintenance of the school during the ensuing year. Of course, 98l. of that sum would have to go in payment of their present liabilities. This year the principal items of expense would be, rent of the room 170l., and salary to Mr. Tingman, assistant to Dr. Mainzer, 29l. Ho (the Mayor) was prepared, if the gentlemen present would pledge themselves to get a little more money, to guarantee that the expenses of the school would be provided for another year. Mr. Hickson, (who entered the room some time after the proceedings commenced) announced subscriptions to the amount of 74. 4s., in addition to the sum noticed above. The Mayor read a letter from the Town Clerk (who is out of town), announcing subscriptions to the amount of 20l., and guaranteeing subscriptions to the extent of 20l. more. Mr. Lewis Williams thought it was only requisite to let the public know that money was required, in order to obtain it. The Mayor incidentally observed that he had obtained subscriptions to the amount of 100l. Mr. Williams moved the first resolution, to the effect that great good had resulted from the Normal Music School, and that it was desirable it should be continued another year. Mr. John Hickson seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously. Mr. Hertz moved the next resolution, to the effect that it was desirable that the classes should be as much self-supporting as possible. Mr. Clegg seconded the resolution. Carried unanimously. The Mayor said, he thought it should be an understood thing amongst all parties contributing, that they would not give free tickets to persons in their employment, unless it was ascertained that they were unable to pay the small sum that would be required of pupils for participating in the advantages of the institution. A committee was then appointed to carry out the foregoing resolutions; and a resolution was passed, requesting Mr. Oliver Heywood to act as treasurer. On the motion of Mr. Williams, seconded by Mr. Clegg, the best thanks of the meeting were tendered to Dr. Mainzer for his gratuitous and zealous services during the last year, and for his prompt and liberal offer to continue to conduct the classes. The meeting then separated. We understand that subscriptions will be received by the Mayor and Mr. Oliver Heywood, the treasurer.—*Manchester Courier.*

Mr. BATTY, of Astley's Royal Amphitheatre, has succeeded in obtaining premises and land in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park, which he intends converting into a hippodrome, on precisely the same scale as the one at Paris, during the Exhibition of 1861, in which he will introduce the tourneys of the oldest times on a scale of splendour hitherto unequalled.

CINDERELLA, or the GLASS SLIPPER.—Two centuries ago furs were so rare, and therefore so highly valued, that the wearing of them was restricted, by several sumptuary laws, to kings and princes. Sable, in those laws called *vair*, was the subject of countless regulations: the exact quality permitted to be worn by persons of different grades, and the articles of dress to which it might be applied, were defined most strictly. Perrault's tale of *Cinderella* originally marked the dignity conferred on her by the fairy by wearing a slipper of *vair*—a privilege then confined to the highest rank of princesses. An error of the press, now become inveterate, changed *vair* into *verre*, and the slipper of *sable* was suddenly converted into a glass slipper.—*Notes and Queries.*

M. SOYER.—During Her Majesty's late visit to Howard Castle, Mr. Soyer, the renowned *chef de cuisine*, charmed the royal circle, whilst assembled in the ball-room, with a variety of *morceaux* from his lately-invented pocket stove.

ALLOM'S POLYORAMA OF CONSTANTINOPLE.—We witnessed this scenic exhibition one day during the week, and left it satisfied that it is one of the very best panoramic pictures ever shown in London. The painting commences with a view of the Dardanelles, finely drawn, and leads through the Sea of Marmora to the City of Constantinople. Mr. Allom has displayed considerable ingenuity in dovetailing the several divisions of his picture together. The spectator is incessantly led through some of the most interesting scenes connected with the City of the Mussulmans: The Golden Horn and its opposite landing place, Topkapa; the Bosphorus, before entering Constantinople; the principal streets, mosques, baths, bazaars, the slave-market, the harem (outside and inside), the hippodrome, the coffee-houses, the cemeteries, &c., &c., when once within, all form an admirable epitome of the history of the manners and customs of the inhabitants. We cannot praise the work too highly, and most strongly recommend our friends to take an opportunity of paying an early visit.

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No. 39.—Vol. XXV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1850.

{PRICE THREEPENCE.
STAMPED FOURPENCE.

JETTY DE TREFFZ.

Our readers will be delighted to learn that this celebrated vocalist has arrived in London from Vienna, to fulfil her engagements with M. Jullien. Jetty Treffz brings with her a new vocal repertoire to charm the ears of her numerous and enthusiastic admirers. We are happy to say "Jetty" is in perfect health, and looks prettier and more piquante than ever.

ERNST.

This celebrated violinist performed at two concerts given by M. Rekert, the talented composer, at Brighton, during the current week. He came from Paris expressly to fulfil his engagement, and returns thither this evening. The vocalists who assisted Ernst were Madame Sontag and M. Müller; the instrumentalists—Madame Oury (pianoforte) and Madame D'Etchall (harp). Ernst played, with Madame Oury, a sonata by Beethoven, and his famous "Carnaval de Venise," at the first concert; and at the second his fantasia on *Otello*, and the "Carnaval de Venise," in both of which he was rapturously applauded and encouraged.

THE GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE is undergoing serious alterations preparatory to the great national entertainments which are to take place therein next month. The whole of the interior is being revised and corrected for the expected press. New furniture has been provided, Mr. Lumley having carefully removed his *Spitalfields* satin to avoid unaristocratic contagion. The boxes have had their partitions taken down, and are being made into stalls, and everything is being effected with a cunning eye to general convenience, and the furtherance of receipts. Rumour talks boldly of the new beauty of the house and its peculiar efficiency, and variously of the wonders to be worked out in the instrumental, vocal, dramatic, operatic, choral and other lines. But Rumour does not acquaint us with everything. She is entirely silent with regard to the orchestral, operatic, and scenic arrangements. We are, indeed, informed that an immense band is procured, and immense salaries paid to the artists, (is that good policy, Messieurs, the directors?) that at least three conductors are engaged, with a vast choral force, and all the vocal strength of the country; but we are not told how all these materials are to be employed. We are indeed given to understand that Edward Loder, George Macfarren, and Louis Spohr have written operas expressly for the new concerts, but we have not the most remote conception where or how they are to be performed. If the theatre is to be retained, then will there be no promenade, and the very scaffolding of the new entertainment falls to the ground. If, like Drury Lane, the stage and pit, boarded over, are to constitute the promenade, where or how can the operas be per-

formed? Will Mr. Vandenhoff or Mr. Bartley be retained to speak the dialogue and describe the action, and when the various *marceaus* fall in will either of these gentlemen have to call out, "Now, Miss Pyne, your cavatina! Mr. Harrison, your ballad! Messrs. So-and-so, chorus!" How are the singers to come on or where make their exit? Will Miss Dolby have to retire to the big drum to rest herself, or Mr. Sims Reeves seek side support from the ophicleide, unless Linley offer him his stuffed chair. What are to become of the exits and entrances, and how is the *mise en scène* to be supplied—wanting which, how can the "Opera" be performed? If nothing more than the musical pieces are to be given, then has the poor librettist worked in vain, and we cannot imagine why Messrs. Beale and Chappell should purchase the book never to be presented. In short, we confess we are sorely puzzled and can make nothing of the matter, which appears to be involved in inextricable obscurity. It is, perhaps, the intention and interest of the directors to puzzle the public, to forestall anticipation, and give curiosity a wider range by withholding all information. It is certain that an entertainment on a novel and vast scale is projected, but the details are kept sacred, and nothing as yet officially authenticated. That Belfie is to be one of the conductors, that Musard is to be another, that Mr. Lumley has received £3000 for the use of the theatre up to February, is about as much as any one of the uninitiated knows at present. As the prices will be considerably higher than those of Drury Lane, the National Concerts will not at all interfere with Mr. Jullien's concerts.

RHUDDLAN ROYAL EISTEDDVO.

(From our own Reporter.)

THE origin of the Eisteddvo, or Congress of Bards, cannot be estimated with any degree of certainty. The general voice of the learned, however, places it in the time of Gruffudd ab Cynan, who was famous for encouraging poetry and music. About the year 1100, this prince invited a number of the most accomplished musicians from Ireland to assist him in forming a code of laws for reforming the manners and correcting the art and practice of the Welsh bards, who, it appears, for a long time had indulged in the worst disorders and abuses. Prince Gruffudd was Irish by birth, and had a natural leaning towards the music of his country; but, as none of the remains of Welsh melody can be satisfactorily traced to an earlier date than his reign, and as the twenty-four measures of instrumental music conformable to the laws of harmony were proposed and settled in a congress at which he presided, many writers, with some show of reason, claim for Hibernia the merit of having invented the most ancient and beautiful of the tunes attributed to Cambria, and of having first introduced the art of written music in contradistinction to that of simple improvisation. A further colouring is given to this presumption by the strong

resemblance in style between the oldest Welsh and Irish tunes, and by the frequent employment of the minor mode in both. The question now is impossible to decide; nor has it any direct influence in the establishment of the Eisteddod, which was a triennial assembly of the bards, for regulating and amending the laws of poetry and music, conferring degrees on their professors, and contesting the office of chief bard, the successful candidate for which occupied the chair of the Eisteddod until one more worthy and skilful than himself should be found to displace him. These meetings, in early times, were held at Aberffraw, the royal seat of the princes of North Wales; at Dinwarr, the castle of the princes of South Wales; and at Mathral, the residence of the princes of Powis. Notice of the Eisteddod was publicly announced a year and a day in advance. Twelve umpires were selected by the candidates. These umpires were skilful in the Welsh tongue, in poetry, music, and heraldry. It was their office to propose a subject for the bards to sing upon, in any of the twenty-four metres—satire, personal abuse, and amatory infusions being forbidden. The bards were allowed a certain time to compose their poem, or piece of music, which they recited or executed in rotation before the umpires. The unsuccessful candidates were obliged to acknowledge their defeat in writing, and to pay homage and fees to the victor, who was installed forthwith in the chair of the Eisteddod, as supreme head of the order. The personal attendance of the prince at all the meetings, and the difficult conditions imposed upon the candidates, rendered the bardic honour a great distinction. Before the musical bard could rise to be docteur, the highest rank attainable, he was compelled to study three years as a novice, three as a graduate, and three as a bachelor, at the end of which period he was styled *Disgybl Ddysglaid*, or Master of Music. The fourth and last degree, that of Doctor (*Percerdd Athraw*), was obtained after three years' further application. A bard thus distinguished was supposed to know 40 *cwlwm*, four *colwyn*, 20 *cygwydd*, four *cadair*, 32 *caniadau*, and four *gosteg*, to understand all the laws and modifications of harmony, especially the 24 measures, and to explain them as they were written in the *Llyr Ddarpeth*, or book of musical divisions, to compose a *caniad* which practised bards should be unable to criticise, and to describe all its properties, divisions, and sub-divisions, licenses, rests, diatonic notes, flats and sharps, and every change of movement through the various keys. The *cwlwm* was a symmetrical piece of music, with words; the *colwyn*, a fundamental subject, or theme; the *cygwydd*, a composition in harmony, or parts; the *cadair*, a "masterly" piece of music (a somewhat vague definition); the *caniad*, a song, or tune; the *gosteg*, a prelude, or overture. Thus every docteur, to be worthy of his doctorate, was forced to exert himself in the composition of a tune—an amount of labour and ingenuity which now-a-days would render the distinction one of easy acquirement.

If the docteur was a harper he was supposed to know the three "famous" *muechel*, and the three "new" *muechel*, and to be able to play them in such a faultless manner that the established doctors should unanimously pronounce him competent as a performer, a composer, and a teacher. The *muechel* appear to have been the most elaborate and perfect pieces of music. The three "famous" or ancient *muechel* were equal to the four *colwyn* or fundamental subjects; the three new *muechel* were equal to the four *cadair*, or "masterly" pieces. Who originally composed these pieces, or what kind of pieces they were, it is impossible to make out; the researches of the bardic historians have left them enveloped in obscurity. As there appears to have been a prescribed

number of each, we may suppose them types or *formulee*, revered for their antiquity, which the bards were compelled to adopt as the basis of their own compositions, and hence we may explain why the Welsh, with all their boasted genius for music, like the Scotch and Irish, through a long succession of ages, left the art precisely where they found it. They produced a great many beautiful tunes which have outlived the names of their authors, and the dates of their composition can only be guessed at through the fog of tradition. In all probability these tunes are for the most part much more modern than it would please an antiquary to avow. Amidst a marked originality of style, the difficulty of adapting pleasing and natural bases to the majority of them is a powerful argument against those who insist that the early bards were skilled in counterpoint and harmony. All that the most assiduous explorers have been enabled to rake out of the ashes of the past fails to establish the shadow of a likelihood the other way. If the Welsh knew harmony at all, it must have been of the rudest kind. It is also confidently asserted that they were acquainted with the chromatic scale, but, with due deference, we have seen no authentic specimen of their earlier music which enables us to agree with that opinion. The *Llyr Ddarpeth*, which contained all the acknowledged principles of the art, in what the Welsh pretend to have been its most flourishing period, might have informed us in these matters; but unfortunately the MS. is lost.

From what I have adduced, which at first sight would appear a great deal, it may be gathered that to the rise to the highest musical distinction required on the part of the aspiring bard a memory sufficiently retentive to know by heart a certain number of received *formulee*, and a fancy sufficiently lively to help its possessor to the composition of one *caniad* or tune; or, if an executant, to play these *formulee* upon the harp, the only instrument highly esteemed by the bards, who consigned the pipe, the *crwth* (a small three-stringed harp), and the tabor, which they despised, to minstrels and buffoons. In the history of bardic music we read a vast deal about keys, flats and sharps, &c., as well as about metres and measures (the measure was regarded as a corruption of the ancient metre); but if we are to credit Giraldus Cambrensis, secretary to Henry II., who wrote a Welsh itinerary, the bards only sang in one key—B flat—or at least they always began and ended in that key. Giraldus asserted that they did not sing in unison, like the musicians of other countries, but in parts. Dr. Burney, however, doubts not merely the veracity of Giraldus, but his capability of judging. His own account bears absurdity on the face of it. He says (according to Edward Jones, author of the *Musical and Poetical Relics of the Welsh Bards*, and an enthusiastic advocate of Welsh music), "in a company of singers, as many different parts and voices are heard as there are performers, who all at length unite, with organic melody, in one consonance, and the soft sweetness of B flat." That there should be as many "voices" as performers depended, I presume, on the willingness and ability of the singers to make themselves audible; but that there should be as many "parts" is quite another affair. I am aware that Tallis, Bird, or Bull wrote a canon in 40 parts, as a trial of skill; but I never heard of any body of singers attempting to execute it, or any set of auditors desiring to hear it, as a trial of endurance. To write clearly in four parts requires the most profound acquaintance with the laws of counterpoint, and the highest facility in their application,—while more than eight parts renders good harmony impossible, and only engenders chaos and confusion. I very much doubt whether the Welsh bards were a bit more skilled in

part-writing than the Greeks, and I am quite sure that the zealous Giraldus was perfectly innocent of the matter. What he could discover "softer and sweeter" in B flat than in any other single note, moreover, I am at a loss to decide. In any case, he did not attempt to explain his sensations more minutely.

One of the earliest and most famous Eisteddfods was that held by Rhys ab Gronuffydd, Prince of Wales, in 1177, at Cardigan, when, in a friendly contention, the poetical bards of the north, and the musical bards of the south, came out victorious. At this assembly the most extensive privileges and franchises were conferred upon the bards. Music seems to have attained its highest perfection, according to Welsh notions, in the course of the 12th century, and by means of the Eisteddfod was preserved from degeneration until the death of the last Llewelyn, and the imputed massacre of the bards by Edward I. in 1270—an event commemorated by the poet Gray in one of his most celebrated pieces. From this period until the year 1400 no record of the Eisteddfod is extant. The bards appear to have devoted themselves particularly to heraldry; every rich and powerful chieftain had his own bard to apostrophize his pedigree in metre; and hence it is to be presumed the noted facility of the Welsh in tracing their descent to the remotest antiquity. The warlike deeds of the famous Owain Glyndwr gave a momentary revival to the spirit of bardism, and some poetry dedicated to that mystic hero, whose name has been made familiar by Shakspeare, is still extant. But it was Henry VII., a Tudor, and a liberal patron of the bards, who revived the Eisteddfod, after a lengthened period of decay; and, on the 20th of July, 1523, Henry VIII. himself summoned the professors of poetry and music to an Eisteddfod held at Caerwys, in the county of Flint, "according to the old statute" (as the summons states) "of Gronuffydd ab Cynan, Prince of Aberffraw." Again, after a long interval, Queen Elizabeth appointed commissioners to assemble an Eisteddfod, at the same place, in 1568, when Symonwyt Vychan was created chief bard. The same commissioners summoned another in 1569. At these meetings the skillful bards were reinstated in their rights, and in the exclusive practice of their calling; the "not worthy" were commanded, on pain of being "apprehended and punished as vagabonds," to betake themselves "to some honest labour and livelihood." How would such a statute be received in these days, when bards of every nation and every degree, exhibit their competency, or incompetency, "without let or hindrance!" It is probable that one or two further Eisteddfods were held in Elizabeth's reign, but the last Welsh harper of any celebrity, whose name we find recorded, was Twm Bach, of Glamorgan, who died in London in 1597. In the reign of George II. we read of one Powell, a Welsh harper, with whom Handel was so pleased that he wrote pieces for him, and introduced harp accompaniments, *obligato*, in some of his oratorios, expressly to make use of his talent. Can this Powell be the same as the Powell of whom I recently had occasion to speak in a history of the festivals of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester? The last Royal summons for an Eisteddfod was that issued by Elizabeth, in 1569, from which period, until 1798, the Congress of Bards was discontinued. In that year, however, some influential gentlemen of Wales, with considerable exertion, succeeded in reviving the time-honoured celebration; an Eisteddfod was held at Caerwys, and premiums were allotted to the most skillful competitors. Since then the institution has been maintained, with few intervals, at the chief towns of the principality in rotation. About twenty

years ago, Mr. Parry, *Bard Alaw*, made the experiment at Denbigh, of uniting some of the modern attractions of music with the ancient ceremony of the Eisteddfod. He was violently opposed by the exclusive Welsh party, and of course by the Welsh musicians, who preferred keeping the matter in their own hands. He effected his purpose, however, after some pains. Braham and Miss Stephens were among the singers, and a selection of sacred music was performed, in which those celebrated vocalists were assisted by a small orchestra and chorus. The innovation was warranted by complete success, and the only wonder is that Mr. Parry's example has not sooner led to great results. The present meeting was an attempt to carry out Mr. Parry's idea on a much grander scale; in short, neither more nor less than to introduce modern ideas of music into Wales, which, in respect of the "divine art," is at least a couple of centuries behind the rest of Great Britain. Mr. R. A. Atkins, organist of the cathedral at St. Asaph, was intrusted with the entire direction of the musical proceedings, and prepared a programme, the grand feature of which was *The Messiah*, which had never been performed in Wales, though familiar to every town in England, Ireland, and Scotland for nearly a century. Mr. Atkins was supported by the clergy, nobility, and gentry of North Wales, who seemed willing and anxious to cast aside all prejudice, and while continuing to uphold the ancient national festival, afforded it a better chance of protracted longevity by associating it with a festival of another character more suited to the tastes and habits of the present time. That Mr. Atkins should be strongly opposed by a certain party of exclusive Welsh, who both preach and prate against the introduction of modern music (*Handel is modern in Wales*) and "Saxon" musicians, as a desecration to the Eisteddfod, astonished none; but it is a matter of equal surprise and satisfaction that the hostile party should be so few in number and so weak in means.

The Eisteddfod began on Tuesday morning, under the most favourable auspices. The forebodings of wet weather, which had cast a gloom over the anticipatory proceedings, melted away before the influence of the sunshine, which, after some difficulty, broke through the clouds that hung in the heavens, like a pall, during the early part of the morning.

Rhuddlan Castle, the scene of the present Eisteddfod, was an important fortress in its day. It was built by Edward I., and was one of the strongest border castles between England and Wales. At this castle Edward published the memorable statute of Rhuddlan, which, while professedly consolidating the rights and privileges of the Welsh nation, effectually brought the country under the subjugation of the English crown. It was here that the title of the Prince of Wales was for the first time conferred upon the son of an English prince, in the person of the infant son of Edward I., who was born at Carnarvon. The castle was demolished in 1646, by command of Parliament, and little but the walls now remain. The town or village of Rhuddlan, or Rhyddlan, is a very poor place, which, but for the ruins of the castle, would be utterly destitute of interest. The busy crowds attracted by the ceremony of the Eisteddfod, however, gave an aspect of life and animation to the place, which, added to its picturesque situation on the banks of the river Clwyd, and the sombre prominence of the dilapidated ruin, as principal feature, offers a scene by no means uninteresting to witness or unprofitable to contemplate.

The arrangements in the great court-yard of the castle, destined for the ceremony of the Eisteddfod and the musical performance, were on an extensive scale. But for the many gaps and fissures which mark the encroachments of time upon

the face of the old walls, it would not be easy to imagine yourself in the ruin of an ancient castle. The architect, Talhaiarn, himself a bard of note, under whose superintendence the place has been fitted up, performed his task in a complete and masterly manner. The courtyard is of spacious dimensions—146 feet long by 129 wide—and capable of affording accommodation to a very large assembly. It is roofed over with light timber framing, in three compartments, something similar to the nave and aisles of a cathedral, although the actual form of the interior is amphitheatric. The timber was covered with asphalted felt, which made it rain proof, and light was admitted through the medium of thirty skylights, disposed in five rows, while each department of the roof was supplied with a ventilator. The reserved seats were ranged along the whole of the north wall and east and west angles. The chairs of the president (Lord Mostyn,) and vice-presidents, the Earl of Powis and Viscount Fielding, were situated on a platform at the front of them; and below this platform the table for the committee, and the depository for the works of art submitted by competitors for prizes, who were all compelled to be natives of the principality. The second class reserved seats were placed against the east and west walls, in the form of raised galleries. The base or pit of the area, devoted to the shilling audience, was a kind of promenade, as at Julien's concerts. The orchestra was erected at the south wing, opposite the president's chair, and the platform for the singers constituted a part of it. The walls were decorated on every side with arms, mottoes, and other heraldic emblems. Behind the reserved seats, on the north wall, were the royal arms, surmounted by the feathers and coronet of the Prince of Wales, with the motto, "Ich dien." On either side were the arms of Lords Mostyn and Dinorben, the Bishop of St. Asaph, Lord Powis, Viscount Fielhing, Sir Watkins Williams Wynn, Sir J. Williams, Bart., Hon. Mr. Rowley, Dowager Lady Erskine, Miss Lloyd, Mr. John Heaton, &c., all of which, I am informed, had been expressly painted for the ceremony by R. A. Atkins, the musical conductor, who joins to his proficiency in the "science of sweet sounds" a knowledge of heraldry and a talent for pictorial illustration. On the east wall the most remarkable object was a group of six portraits, which, on inquiry, were found to be the likenesses of six of the most distinguished bards of recent times: Owain Myvyr, a gentleman to whom Welsh literature is much indebted, and father of the well-known Mr. Owen Jones; Gutyn Peris, the winner of several prizes at *Eisteddfodau*; Dewi Wyn, a poet considered as second only to Goronwy Owain; Dafydd Ddu, another poet of renown; Tomos y Nant, the author of many plays and interludes, which have gained him, from his admiring countrymen, the cognomen of "the Welsh Shakspeare;" and Die Aberdaron, a great linguist, master of no less than sixteen languages, though otherwise not remarkable for mental superiority. Over these portraits, which are the property of Mr. J. Williams, M.P. for Macclesfield, and chairman of the committee of *Eisteddfod*, was printed in large letters of red, green, and black, the motto, "Cymru fu, Cymru fydd" ("Wales that was, and Wales that will be"), and underneath, "Oes y byd i'r iaith Cymrae" ("The age of the world to the Welsh language.") The other mottoes and arms were too numerous to specify, but they gave a motley and gorgeous appearance to the walls. The standard of England was raised behind the orchestra, and over one of the large transverse beams that supported the roof were suspended the arms of Mr. W. Shipley Conway, Constable of Rhuddlan Castle, with the significant motto, "Y gw'r a bia'r nendren," which was translated for me, "Owner of the roof-tree," but which an ancient

bard, to whom has been entrusted the custody of the castle, insisted should be "Him that possesses the main beam," as more literal and correct. Behind the orchestra the tables were arranged for the banquet, at which the president assisted. Two entrances admitted the visitors—one for the reserved places at the south-east, and one for the general visitors at the north-east. On the whole, though something more in character with the ancient style of architecture might have been devised, it is doubtful whether the convenience of the public and the active directors of the *Eisteddfod* could have been more advantageously consorted.

At nine o'clock all the friends and supporters of the *Eisteddfod* met, according to appointment, at the castle, and advanced thence in procession on the road to Pengern, the seat of the president, Lord Mostyn, whom they escorted to the castle. His Lordship, a gentleman advanced in years, and highly respected in the country, rode on horseback, accompanied by Mr. Shipley Conway, constable of the castle. About half-past eleven o'clock the procession reached the castle, and the noble president took his seat amidst tremendous cheering.

The crowd by this time had assembled, and the place was very soon full. The committee were all invested with blue ribbands, with various appropriate mottoes and symbols. Proclamation to open the *Eisteddfod*, delivered in Welsh by Mr. Morris Jones, and afterwards in English by the Rev. W. Edwards, was succeeded by a flourish of trumpets. The president was then called upon to take the chair, amidst the loudest cheering. Lord Mostyn addressed the meeting, insisting upon his own unworthiness to preside at the *Eisteddfod*, declaring his hope that some new Milton might issue from the ranks of the contesting bards. His Lordship was not versed in bardic lore, nor was he inclined to enter into the historical incidents connected with Rhuddlan Castle. He spoke warmly of the blessings Wales, like the rest of Great Britain, derived from our glorious constitution. The Queen and the Prince of Wales were the chief patrons of the present *Eisteddfod*, which gave his Lordship occasion to make an eloquent apostrophe to loyalty. While a just pride ought to be felt in the preservation of one of the most ancient, if not, indeed, the most ancient language of the earth, it should not be forgotten by Her Majesty's Welsh subjects that the English tongue was the high road to honour and preferment in this country. His Lordship was repeatedly applauded during his address, and resumed his chair amidst loud cheering.

The bards then recited their poetical addresses, all of which had reference to subjects connected with the proceedings. The poetical addresses were all of them short and all to the purpose, it would appear, to judge from the applause with which they were severally received. The names of the bards were Idris, Vechan, Eos Ial, Absalom Roberts, Cyhelyn Mon, Gwilym Bethedus, and Iwan Iwanr. Some of them were aged men, and spoke very low, while the younger ones were by no means overloud for so large an area. The poem of Cyhelyn Mon—an apostrophe to the virtues of our Queen—was in English. The addresses were followed by a brilliant speech from Mr. John Jones (Talhaiarn, the architect), who while rapidly surveying the *Eisteddfod* of Welsh bardism from the earliest times, introduced many topics of episodic interest, and concluded with a loyal apostrophe. He was applauded with enthusiasm. A military band then performed a march, composed on a Welsh theme, "Codid y'r Hedydd," and dedicated to the president of the *Eisteddfod*, by Mr. Edmund Chipp. The march is a work of great merit, the subjects are clearly defined, and the instrumentation displays both taste and experience. A slight reminiscence of Men-

deleah's overture to *Ruy Blas* was obvious in the trio, but by no means took away from the pleasurable impression derived from the entire composition. The march was exceedingly well played, and so much liked by the audience that it was called for again. It formed a striking contrast to the performance of "Morfa Rhuddlan," and another old Welsh melody, with which a harper, on a Welsh harp, in tones scarcely audible where I sat, celebrated the entry of the president and his escort.

After Mr. Chipp's march, the Dean of Bangor addressed the meeting at very great length. His speech embraced a multitude of subjects, among which were the objects of the Eisteddod,—viz., the improvement of agriculture, the progress of the arts and sciences, the promotion of hospitals and schools, the support and culture of the national talent for poetry and music, &c. In alluding to the last subject the Dean spoke of the great strides music had made among the Germans, French, and English, expressing his satisfaction that certain evidences recently exhibited by the Welsh choirs indicated that Wales was already beginning to follow the example of other nations, and to throw aside the motto, "*Laudatur temporis acti*." The rev. gentleman then gave a history of the privileges accorded to ancient bards, and concluded his address with announcing that the governing motive of the Eisteddod was "Combination with enunciation, and no compromise." The general tone of the Dean's speech, which was strongly impregnated with the spirit of modern liberalism and cosmopolitan notions, seemed to be unpleasing to some of the audience (the Welsh part), who frequently interrupted him with cries of "Question," and as soon as it was finished, the Rev. Hicks Owen, Vicar of Tremereion, rose and delivered a glowing apostrophe to the supremacy of Welsh language, literature, and music, accompanied by violent gestures and a hearty earnestness of voice and manner which won the most uproarious applause, and reiterated cries of "Clyweh, Clyweh." (Hear, hear.) The Rev. Hicks Owen belongs to the ultra Welsh party, and is, I am told, a zealous partisan.

The adjudication of the prizes followed next, the Rev. T. W. Edwards reading the special communications. The grand prize, which entitled the candidate to the distinguished honor of being seated in the bardic chair, was accorded to Ynywyr Cynddylab Cyfarche (the Rev. Evan Evans, of Christlton), for a poem on the subject of the Resurrection; 25 guineas and a gold medal were the premiums awarded. There were 28 competitors for this distinction, and seven of the poems were highly praised by the judges. Two were pronounced equal to anything in the Welsh language. To the second, written by the Rev. W. Williams, of Llanrwst, a dissenting preacher, was awarded a premium of £5. At this Lord Powis addressed the meeting, proposing the usual acknowledgments to the president, Lord Mostyn, and the meeting broke up at half-past three o'clock.

Among the distinguished persons present were:—Lord Mostyn, the Hon. Miss Lloyd, Lord and Lady Dinorben and party, the Earl of Powis, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., M.P., the Bishop of St. Asaph, Sir Love Parry, Mr. Shipley Conway, the Hon. Mr. Rowley, the Dean of Bangor, Lady Erskine, Sir Robert and Lady Vaughan and party, J. Heaton, Esq., Misses Williams, Aberpergwm, the Hon. E. M. Lloyd Mostyn, the Lady Harriett Mostyn and party, Sir Raymond Jarvis, &c.

The President's dinner on Tuesday was interesting for the manifestations of strong national feeling which accompanied it, and for the evidences of enlightened liberality that charac-

terised the speeches of the more influential personages. The sounds of feasts and revelry, which had been silent for centuries in the walls of Rhuddlan Castle, seemed more like a prophecy of the future than an echo of the past. A more uproarious assemblage never sat down to eat and drink together. Three long tables were spread out, which stretched along the entire breadth of the castle yard, and gave accommodation to upwards of 300 individuals. "The President's dinner," by the way, was not a dinner given by the President, but, as I understood, to the President, by the committee of the Eisteddod. The tickets were 5s., not including wine. Although there was a liberal provision of cold viands, hot potatoes, and Welsh beer, I am inclined to think that those who undertook to supply the necessities must have realized a substantial profit. Lord Mostyn presided at one table, and the Earl of Powis at another as vice-president. On Lord Mostyn devolved the chief labours of the evening, and no one could have sustained them with a more admirable combination of zeal and good sense. While showing the liveliest interest in what concerned the Eisteddod and Welsh nationality in general, his Lordship did all in his power to discourage those hot displays of ultra-Cambrian enthusiasm which, both in the morning at the Eisteddod, and in the evening at the dinner, but for some such respectable and respected resistance, might have overwhelmed the barriers of goodwill and swamped conviviality in a whirlpool of imaginary patriotism. Happily the same discreet and praiseworthy tone was observed by all the principal speakers—Earl Powis, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, the Hon. Mr. Mostyn, Archdeacon Williams (of Cardigan), Sir Stephen Glynne, &c., who by their sensible comments and unmistakable insinuations completely disarmed the eloquence of certain viraculous stieklers for "the leek, the whole leek, and nothing but the leek," of its tendency to discord and confusion. One of the bards, Aled o Fon, mounted his chair, and delivered an impetuous oration, the spirit of which, like that of the Rev. Hicks Owen yesterday morning, was evidently directed against the employment of the English tongue and the assistance of English musicians in a festival so purely and exclusively Welsh as the Eisteddod, but the hisses that greeted that gentleman's discourse long before its termination, almost overpowered the "Clyweh, clyweh!" from the ultra-Welsh, who, delighted with his train of argument, encouraged him to proceed. By the way, were he possessed of a little more physical power, Aled o Fon would make an excellent actor for the Victoria Theatre. His gestures were as various and grotesque as they were vehement. Grace was not his attribute, but the lack of that was atoned for by an energy which bordered on the convulsive. At the elbow of the President stood Meurig Idris, bard of the Eisteddod, whose duty it was, as in times of yore, to expound the sentiments of his chief and master in epigrammatic verse, which, judging from the applause he constantly received, he effected in an easy and pointed manner; but decidedly the most amusing of the orators was Talhaiarn, the architect, whom I mentioned above, and who among other bardic feats has distinguished himself by a translation of Burns poems in his own vernacular. Talhaiarn speaks with equal fluency and emphasis in English and Welsh; he improvises verse with extraordinary facility, and illustrates his discourse by a redundancy of gesture which may be termed emblematical. Talhaiarn, however, whose speech in the morning was considered the most masterly piece of oratory at the Eisteddod, found less favour at the dinner. His sentiments were, perhaps, bigotted, or peradventure warlike, for he had both the Church and the sword against him, in the persons of Archdeacon

Williams (of Cardigan) and General Sir Love Parry, who both called him to order, while loudly asserting his right to recite some verses *à propos* of one of the ordinary toasts. Archdeacon Williams especially admonished him in terms of undeniable earnestness, while at the same time paying testimony to his genius as a bard and an orator. Thus the sentiment which the dean of Bangor introduced at the tail of his discourse in the morning—"Combination with conciliation, and no compromise," was tolerably well enforced at the President's dinner.

After all I had heard of the Welsh harpers and the Welsh love of music, I was somewhat surprised and disappointed at the unceremonious manner in which the minstrel of the evening was treated. It was his duty, after certain and peculiar toasts, to get upon the table with his instrument, and play appropriate national pieces. His first performance, however, an air with variations, was interrupted before he had got half way through the first variation, with loud cries of "Pennillion"—which signified a wish on the part of the guests that he should play merely a short air, and not occupy the time of the guests with too profuse a display of his talent. The second and third tunes the minstrel attempted to play he was stopped *instantly*, and gave up his office in despair. In one piece he was assisted by a singing minstrel, whose style of vocalization bore a striking resemblance to that of the Ethiopian serenaders—not the party engaged by Mr. Mitchell. A band of wind instruments stationed in the orchestra was visited with several interruptions in its stout endeavours to play the national anthem and "Rule Britannia," both of which, by the way, were introduced in wrong places—the former before the honours that always accompany the great loyal toast, the latter after the health of the Prince of Wales (Prince of Cwmyri). A party of glee singers, who directly after dinner struck up a catch about "Frisky, frisky," when the guests seemed to have anticipated a Welsh equivalent to "*Non nobis Domine*," were welcomed with shouts of laughter. So much for the music that accompanied the repast. A miscellaneous concert had been announced in the evening, at cheap prices, for the ostensible purpose of giving the people an idea of the Saxon music. Some two hundred, who had paid their money, assembled, but the musicians had departed, and there was consequently no concert. It appears that the mere announcement of such a performance had been considered necessary without any notification to the performers, who, in happy ignorance of what they were expected to perform, were sauntering about Rhyl, St. Asaph, and other agreeable spots in the vicinity, and consequently not at hand when wanted. To make amends, the glee singers, of whom I have spoken, stood up in the orchestra and attempted to execute some glees; but the noise of the dissatisfied, who had paid their shillings, was so great that nobody could be heard, and the performance passed off in dumb-show. How the matter ended I did not remain to hear, having three miles to go; but I believe a dance was got up, or something of the kind.

The ceremony of awarding the prizes is exceedingly interesting, but as there are such a large number of successful competitors to dispose of it occupies a great part of the day, and becomes sufficiently tiresome before it is over. When the prizes are announced the judges who have decided the question deliver their reasons aloud. The honorary secretary of the Eisteddfod then proclaims the motto assumed by the successful candidate, who is forthwith summoned by Meurig Idris, bard of Eisteddfod, to come forward, if he be present. Stepping on to the platform the blushing bard is then invested with the prize by one of the lady patronesses, and both his

bardic and real name are disclosed amidst the applause of the assembly. The President shakes hands with him, and he receives the congratulations of his friends. The successful candidate for the bardic chair, to whom the grand prize is allotted, is conducted to the seat of honour by two graduated bards according to ancient custom. The cheering of the spectators at this imposing ceremony is tumultuous. On other occasions it is regulated by the amount of popularity enjoyed by the successful candidate among certain predominant parties.

On Wednesday the Eisteddfod was resumed, and further prizes awarded. Archdeacon Williams read an address upon Welsh literature, and Talhaiarn, the most popular of the bards, delivered an *impromptu* apostrophe to poetry in the Welsh language, exhorting his countrymen to a real display of national enthusiasm. He was greeted with tumultuous applause. The fine weather has had a most favourable influence upon the Eisteddfod. The attendance on Wednesday was as great, if not greater, than Tuesday. Rhuddlan and its environs had all the aspect of a fair. Booths, tents, and marquees were erected within a short distance of the castle, and the busy and animated crowd supplied the inns and hotels and other houses of public entertainment with a constant flow of customers.

The contest for the gold medal of the Dower Lady Erskine was decided, as every one anticipated, in favour of Mr. Ellis Roberts, a gentleman well known in London as a skilful performer on the Welsh harp. So superior, indeed, was Mr. Roberts to his rival competitors, that it was hardly fair to allow him to try for the prize. The nine "minstrels," who contended with him exhibited nothing beyond mediocrity, either as composers or executants. Their respective arrangements of the old air, "*Pen Rhaw*," were, for the most part, remarkable for a supreme disregard of the simplest rules of harmony. Their variations, all cut out of the same pattern, were so much of a colour, that it appeared as though I was listening to the same monotonous piece of music nine times in uninterrupted succession. The style of their compositions was, at least, a century behind this age. Some of the easy rondos and airs, with variations, of Alberti, Nicolai, and others, dedicated to juvenile performers on the piano more than fifty years ago, may be compared to them with a proviso that, while Alberti and Nicolai were always correct in their bases, the Welsh harpers are always the contrary. Violations of the grammar of the art seem to be a rule rather than an exception with these "minstrels." It was not surprising that Mr. Ellis Roberts, an expert performer, at least, although his own composition was neither free from faults nor overburdened with evidences of the inventive faculty, should have fairly run away from such feeble opponents, with Lady Erskine's gold medal (value £8 10s.). Mr. H. R. Atkins, the judge, had no option but to award him the prize, without an instant's hesitation. Had that gentleman come to any other decision, he would have been unanimously censured. It appears the committee requested Mr. Roberts to preside as judge of the musical contests, but Mr. Roberts declined that honourable post, preferring the more lucrative one of carrying away the prizes from his helpless brother aspirants. The eager interest with which the performances of the harpers were listened to by the great mass of the crowd shows that the national feeling in favour of an instrument which has nothing but historical associations to recommend it, is still strong in the hearts of the Welsh people. I may nevertheless state, without qualification, that whatever may have been the peculiar charm of the instrument in the hands of the ancient Welsh harpers, it has no attraction whatever at present for any other than Welsh ears.

It may be that the art of playing on the triple harp is lost, and that the modern minstrels, unworthy descendants of their forefathers, have been the main cause of bringing the instrument into contempt. Either the race has sadly degenerated, or all that has been written of the Welsh harp and of Welsh music is a gross fiction—one of those fond legends, the offspring of national egotism, to be found, in more or less abundance, in the early records of every people on the globe. The Welsh harp might, perhaps, have sounded very well before the invention of pedals and other modern devices, but it shows a sorry face by the side of the instruments of the present day. Its triple row of strings is a useless encumbrance, while the method of producing the accidentals by means of the middle row—the two outer rows being tuned as nearly as possible in unison—is, happily, now replaced by other means both simpler and more efficient. As there are no pedals on the triple harp, when a change of key is necessary the pitch of the instrument has to be altered by the mechanical expedient of a screw. No modern compositions, which contain frequent modulations from one key to another, can be played upon it; so that to maintain the Welsh harp, as the chief of musical instruments, as some of the natives desire, would be to carry the art back a couple of centuries, when nothing but the simplest forms of music were produced. How the ancient bards could manage to execute their *cadair*, or "masterly" pieces, or their *muchwl*, which were as good as four *cadair*, upon an instrument of such circumscribed means, is a mystery which I shall not pretend to solve. Perhaps, after all, the *muchwl*, if placed before a modern player, would be considered as anything but "masterly." A peculiar sweetness of tone has been cited by many upholders of the Welsh harp as an atonement for its mechanical deficiencies. No such quality, however, was apparent in the contest for Lady Erskine's medal, but, on the other hand, a wiry thinness, which the readiest execution and the most unexceptionable taste, as Mr. Ellis Roberts successfully demonstrated, could neither modify nor conceal. Under these circumstances, it appears but questionable policy on the part of the *Eisteddod* to devote so much pains to preserve a defective instrument. The harps of recent manufacture are such evident improvements that only the most perverse bigotry can be blind to their superiority. As well might the Jews, who claim among them some of the greatest musicians the world has seen, set up the psalter, or the kinnor, with its ten strings, as supreme among musical instruments—not to speak of the "Jew's-harp," a corruption of "jaw's-harp," so called because it was played from the mouth.

Of the specimens of the *pennillion*, or singing to this harp, which followed the contention for the gold medal, the less said the better. Whatever may have been the ancient excellence of the *pennill-singers*, it is evident their art is now utterly lost. One of their duties was "to strike into the tune (which the harpers might be playing) in the proper place, and conduct it with wonderful exactness to the symphony, or the close." But the *pennill-singers*, on the present occasion, seldom came in the right place, and were always wonderfully inexact; besides which, they sang out of tune, and their voices were destitute both of strength and quality. It was impossible to tell whether they were tenors or barytones, and to the great majority of the spectators they must have been nearly inaudible. While the harpist might be "wandering in little variations and embellishments" the singing of the *pennillion* was to be "unembarrassed and true to the fundamental tune," but, unhappily, the modern aspirants for vocal honours, on the present occasion, were always embarrassed, and "wandered" as much as the harper himself; so that the "fundamental

tone" was a sufferer, instead of a gainer, by their intervention. The *pennillion*, or "poetical blossoms," as they are called, are short epigrammatic stanzas of various metres, involving some particular sentiment, amatory, patriotic, or pastoral, which by artful management, and by coming in at certain parts of the melody, could fit several tunes. These singers might improvise these stanzas, if sufficiently skilled in the art of impromptu, or sing any that they knew by heart. Though not a great number have found their way into print, there were thousands of *pennillions* popularly known. The following epigram in praise of the Welsh nectar, mead, may be taken as a specimen of the *pennillion* :—

"Gwell na'r gwin yw'r Môd pêr hidaidd,
Diodd Beirdd yr hên Vrutaniaid;
Gwin a bair ynydyrwydd cynnen,
Ond yn y Môd mae dawns yr Awen!"

which has been translated into English thus :—

"Nectar of bees, not Bacchus, here behold,
Which British bards were wont to quaff of old;
The berries of the grape with Furies swell,
But in the honeycomb the Muses dwell!"

"Metre, music, and mead," were the invariable accompaniments of social relaxation in the palmy days of the Welsh mountaineers, before the march of human events had made them more intimately related with the great European family. "If the 'mead' be as much deteriorated as the 'music,' I should be sorry to drink it, 'nectar' though it be. It is worth observing that the English ballad, once so popular, 'Where are you going, my pretty maid?' is a translation from one of the Cornish *pennillion*, beginning 'Pa le ew why moaz môz vean whêg.' I believe it is agreed that the Cornish people divide with the Welsh the honour of being the only remnant of the aborigines of Great Britain.

The first miscellaneous concert, which brought nearly 1000 persons to the Castle from the hills and towns adjacent, took place on Wednesday night, and the impression produced was such as to make me tremble for the "national music of Wales." It was roundly asserted by many that the Welsh people would not listen to, and could not possibly appreciate, or derive any amusement from "Saxon" compositions and "Saxon" performers; but Mr. J. R. Atkins, the zealous director of the musical performances connected with the present *Eisteddod*, was of another opinion, and supported his opinion with such unanswerable arguments that the question is, I imagine, set at rest for ever. The Welsh have as much musical feeling as any other nation—their ancient melodies prove it; and it is only the prejudices of certain interested parties that have so long kept them in a state of ignorance about the claims of modern art and modern artists. I never assisted at a concert where more enthusiasm was exhibited. As nearly all the pieces and nearly all the performers were unknown to the majority of the audience, almost everything came upon them with the freshness of perfect novelty, and everything was heartily enjoyed. The overture to *Fidelio* introduced Beethoven to the inhabitants of Dyfayn Clwyd (the vale of Clwyd), who gave the giant of the orchestra a reception worthy of his genius. The band, though not numerous, was entirely composed of efficient performers, and numbered in its ranks Messrs. E. Chipp, Doyle, Jay, Betts, Cousins, Hill, H. Chipp, Guest, Pratten, Mount, Card, Horton, Williams, Larkin, Rae, Irwin, Clipp, and other well-known London players. They performed the overture with great vigour and decision. Mr. Machin, with one of the delicious songs of the gardener, from *Il Seraglio*, was applauded in a manner that proved Mozart to be as acceptable as Beethoven

to the Welsh auditors. Mr. Sims Reeves created quite a *furor*. But I must leave the concert at present, to speak of a less agreeable subject, which threatened to put a stop to the Eisteddfod altogether.

The proceedings of the Eisteddfod yesterday (the third and last) were unexpectedly brought to a close about half-past one o'clock by an accident that might have led to the most disastrous results, but which happily terminated without any loss of life, and with a wonderfully small amount of injury, considering the imminent danger incurred. While a young girl, Miss Lovitt, was performing on the harp, competing for one of the prizes, the centre department of the platform of the great northern gallery, close behind the chair of the President, Lord Mostyn, suddenly gave way, and a large number of ladies and gentlemen were precipitated into the vault beneath. The effect was electric. The crowd that filled the body of the hall rushed spontaneously to the platform, and attempted to climb up the barriers, eager to render assistance, and much harm was effected by well-meaning persons, who, stepping on the broken compartment of the platform, caused other beams and fragments of planks to fall on the unfortunate persons below, who, as the fracture occurred in the middle of the platform, were cooped up together in such a manner that to extricate them was a difficult matter. At length, however, an opening was effected behind the platform, through some canvas that covered one of the larger apertures of the decayed walls of the castle, and in a short time every one was got out. The committee then ordered the building to be cleared, which, after some time, was effected in the midst of the utmost confusion. Mr. Lodge, from Rhyl, and Drs. Stubbs and Owen, from St. Asaph, being luckily present, surgical advice was immediately obtained. The following persons were found to be injured:—Mrs. Dawson, of Gronant, a broken leg; Mr. Dawson, injured in the head; Mrs. Thompson, daughter of Mr. Fletcher, of Abergele, fractured leg; Lady Johnson, ankle sprained; Miss L'Estrange, hurt by a comb running into the back of her head; Miss Heaton, of Place Heaton, slightly injured. As neither Mr. Jones (Tallafarn), the architect, nor Mr. Evans, of Bangor, the contractor for the building, was present, the committee at once held a meeting to inquire into the cause of the accident. An engineer and some carpenters, &c., experienced in such subjects, were sent for to examine and report. The precise cause of the accident has not yet transpired, but the following announcement has been issued by the committee:—

"The committee beg to acquaint the public that, in consequence of a part of the benches in the centre compartment having given way this morning, the centre area of the Castle will be furnished with comfortable seats and appropriated to the audience, and that the proceedings of the Eisteddfod will be carried into effect as published, no serious consequence having ensued from the accident."

There was never so great a crowd at any known Eisteddfod. There were about 2,500 persons present, of whom, perhaps, 300 were on the platform. More than 700 arrived by the special trains from the various towns on the Chester and Holyhead line. The committee have been much praised for not stopping the concert to-night.

Rhuddlan, Thursday, September 26.

P.S. I shall endeavour to transmit my account of the concerts to be in time for your publication.

EDWIN LANDSEER.—Her Majesty has been pleased to confer the honour of Knighthood upon Edwin Landseer. Sir Edwin is now a guest of Her Majesty, at Balmoral.

JENNY LIND IN AMERICA.

(From the Times.)

THERE is a shrine for some divinity or other in every human heart. In this respect the Americans are made pretty much like the rest of us. They have not much reverence for a sovereign, or a lord, or even for a pope. In fact, their political engagements have rather cut them out of the old-fashioned circle. But set them once free, try them on a little new ground, and their innate loyalty will come out as strong as their own rivers and falls. Jenny Lind, after sitting about Europe as free as a lark, jilting queens, suitors, and opera lessees, has lighted on the New World, and made it her own. The Caribs were not more awe-struck at the landing of Columbus than the Yankees at the advent of Jenny Lind. Our own countrymen were mad enough, in all conscience, considering that of the multitudes who raved about Jenny, not one in ten had heard a note of her voice; and, though she sang for charities, she certainly did not sing to "the million." The Americans, however, bent us out and out in the pitch of their devotion, before a soul of them has seen her. It is already their belief, as expressed by one of the soberest of their journals, that "she has been raised up by the Great Spirit to make the rest of the world humble, while they adore His power." There is always a certain relation between the worshipper and the worshipped, and the most entranced homage will occasionally betray the contemplation of self. In the present instance the prostrate multitude cannot help being proud of their city, of their visitor, of themselves, and of their own singular good taste. "The Swedish Nightingale, the soul of song, has at length arrived in the empire city of the great republic of the New World, and her welcome has been corial and enthusiastic in proportion to her fame, and that intuitive instinct by which the people of New York never fail to recognise, and appreciate heroism, goodness, or genius." In this Pantheon of greatness, which is most admired, and which, stands on the principal pedestal—the Nightingale, the Empire City, the Great Republic, the New World, the people of New York, or the abstract excellencies that wind up the sentence?—Need we hesitate for an answer? They are all in proportion to one another, and the beauty of Jenny Lind consists in just being of a piece with New York.

Our readers are already acquainted with the splendour of Jenny Lind's reception; the desertion of the churches—for it was Sunday; the assemblage of the population on the shore; the triumphal arches; the myriads of eyes fixed on the *Atlantic* as she steamed up the river; the meeting of Jenny Lind and Barnum, with the brief but important interchanges of sentiment that ensued; the rush of the eager multitude through the dock-yard gates; the progress to Irving-house; the gorgeous apartments prepared for the "Nightingale"; her admiration of the scenery, of the stripes and stars, of the respectability of the mob, of the comfortable niggers, of the airs "Hail Columbin'" and "Yankee Doodle," and of everything that she heard or saw. As we have to epitomize the proceedings of ten days, each of which would fill several columns of this paper, we are forced most reluctantly to omit heaps of the most interesting and picturesque details. It is, however, satisfactory to know that everything is recorded, and if future ages should wish to realise these events they will not have to draw on their imagination, or to be content with these few scanty sentences in which the fate of dy nasties and empires have sometimes been recorded. Not a word, not a smile, not a downcast look, not a clinking of the utterance, not a flourish of the handkerchief, or wave of the hand, not a

pink riband has been omitted from the history of the first momentous day, from the instant when Jenny Lind was revealed to the 'cute gaze of the American world by her proximity to Barnum on the deck of the steamer, up to the witching hour of midnight, when, after a serenade by two hundred musicians and the whole population of New York, and a tremendous long address by the committee of the Musical Fund Society, "the deputation, having conversed a few moments with Jenny Lind and Mr. Barnum, then withdrew, and the Nightingale retired to her downy nest." We assure our readers that we have cut the first day very short indeed. We have left out incidents enough to fill an orthodox novel in three vols. duodecimo. There are nine days before us, so, adopting the conspicuous arrangement in the New York papers, we will proceed at once to the

SECOND DAY.

On Monday morning, the whole population of New York had come to the conclusion "that there was no humbug about Jenny Lind, and that she was a diamond of the first water." They flocked to the hotel, hoping to get a sight of her, and, as it rained very hard, they filled its halls and passages, the resident company of the hotel being already not far from a thousand. At twelve o'clock, the proprietor conducted Jenny Lind to the ladies' dining-room, and introduced her to the lady of Commodore Stockton and five hundred ladies, each of whom she shook by the hand. At two, she was driven, with no little difficulty, through the crowd, to inspect the Jenny Lind Hall, the Tabernacle, Niblo's Garden, and Barnum's Museum. Castle-garden received a more particular examination. By the evening, Mrs. and Miss Barnum had been telegraphed up from Connecticut. Presents now poured in from all quarters, as also tickets for fancy balls, &c. Mr. Beebe took the measure of her head for a riding hat. Certain intended visits were postponed, and the public press urge Jenny Lind not "to take Monday as a specimen of their glorious autumn." The papers are full of discussions on the price and sale of the tickets and the chances of Mr. Barnum's success, almost everybody in New York having a different opinion as to the proper scale of prices. "The choice seats," it was known, would be "auctioned." Another pecuniary topic, of great interest, was the furniture of Jenny Lind's suite of rooms, made expressly for the occasion, which must have cost at least 6,000 dollars. It now transpired that Jenny Lind had with her a middle-aged cousin (Mademoiselle Ahnansen), who, with Mr. Benedict, took care of her affairs. "So much for Jenny Lind's second day in New York.

THIRD DAY.

"The Castle-garden has been taken by Barnum!" The whole city was in ecstacy at the news. The Castle-garden will hold 8,000 persons, and as it will, of course, pay better at three dollars a ticket than a room less than half the size at double the price, it would evidently be Barnum's interest to give all his 150 concerts at New York as long as the room filled. Everybody's chance of hearing was so much the better, and, as Jenny Lind had no interest in the receipts, the choice of this room was a new proof of her goodness. The requisite alterations in the room are now minutely discussed, whether to assist the voice, or to prevent a cruel. Barnum is beset with splendid offers from Toronto, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and other cities south and west. The crowd before Irving House continues night and day. A perpetual stream of bouquets and other "elegant tokens of esteem" pour in, and Jenny Lind begins to be agitated at the

frightful debt of gratitude she is incurring. She asks at least to see her numerous benefactors, or to be excused receiving their presents. The charitable institutions are early in the field preferring their claims. In the afternoon Jenny Lind drove out with Mr. Benedict; and it was surmised that their object must be to look out for a quieter place than Irving Hotel—much as she was pleased with Mr. Howard and his splendid establishment. At all events, they called at the York Hotel. On her return from her drive, she dined at the public table at half-past three, where she and the company were delighted with one another. What Jenny Lind did after dinner does not immediately transpire, but the gap is filled up with Mr. Barnum's present of a service of plate to Mr. Wilton, the agent who effected the engagement. It was to be seen at Tenney's, in Broadway.

FOURTH DAY.

"The first question you are asked in the streets is, 'Have you seen the Nightingale?' Never was there such a *furor* about a woman before—at least not since the time of the Trojan war." Jenny Lind is "another Joan of Arc;" she has taken the city by storm. "From morn till dewy eve the Irving-house was crowded with human beings, within and without, and the steamboats and railway trains were loaded with passengers coming to this metropolis to see the Swede. Even the clergy and bishops are running to see her." Dr. Cummings, a splendid orator on the slavery question, has already been at her with some school-girls, and a six-dollar bouquet. Of course, he expects a concert for his school. "At twelve o'clock Bishop Hughes paid his *devotion*, and laid on the flattering unction in the most delicate manner. Jenny Lind felt highly honoured with a visit from so distinguished a churchman."

"Next came Major Woodhall, to tender the enchantress the welcome of the city of New York, and then proceeded to shower compliments on Mademoiselle. He said—'We have heard Malibran and other singers, but we all know you are the Queen of Song.'"

"Jenny Lind (interrupting him)—'You frighten me. Everybody frightens me too much praise. I fear I shall never come up to the expectations formed of me. I have been spoiled with flattery twice before, and I fear I shall be spoiled again.'"

"MAJORS.—We know that you are accustomed to this, and that it cannot injure you. We think you worthy of it."

"Jenny Lind.—No; it is always new to me. I cannot accustom myself to it. There is too much friendship shown me. I am full of imperfections, and if you continue to flatter me in this way, I shall tremble when I come to sing."

"It is quite evident," says the *Weekly Herald*, from which we quote this edifying conversation, "that Miss Lind, who is made of a mould peculiarly sensitive and susceptible of applause, was overwhelmed with the praises lavished upon her by the two distinguished individuals who had thus visited her in succession. Her cheek was mantled with blushes."

Miss Lind was then visited by about 400 ladies, after which she was carried off by the President of the American Art Union to a private view of the exhibition. The pictures honoured with her notice are all minutely described. The party is then walked into an adjoining room, where they find a magnificent collation, a crowd of "fashionable ladies," and a host of officials with singular names. Speeches ensue. Jenny Lind is enrolled a member amid a shower of compliments, and is with difficulty driven back through the crowd to her hotel. The near approach of the ticket auction, fixed for Saturday, creates intense excitement.

FIFTH DAY.

Jenny Lind's personal appearance, her intellectual qualities, her religious sensibilities, are now minutely discussed, and

fully appreciated. It is ascertained by an immense comparison of observations that she is not what is called beautiful, but a great deal better. The generous public had taken alarm at the prospect of her being fleeced in the way of charity performances, but is now consoled at the thought that they help to make up that spiritual ideal, in which consists her great charm. The press also makes the agreeable discovery that by its glowing descriptions of Jenny Lind it contributes to the same happy result. It is reported that the existing engagement between Barnum and his fair *protégé* is cancelled, and a new one substituted, by virtue of which Jenny Lind and Barnum are to divide the net profits—not only in the United States but all over the world—to the end of that lady's career. To obviate any momentary alarm this announcement may occasion, we may as well mention that Mr. Barnum is a married man. The prize of 200 dollars for the best poem on Jenny Lind's visit is now awarded to Mr. Bayard Taylor, out of 750 competitors. The other topics of Friday are the *fac simile* of the eard to the balcony, with directions to the bearer; an indignant denial by Mr. Howard that he had bribed Jenny Lind with 1,000 dollars to put up at Irving's Hotel; more monster banquets, multitudinous visits by ladies and great functionaries, some adventures of Jenny Lind in quest of "a sensible old horse;" and speculations on the mode in which she will pass next Sunday.

SIXTH DAY.

Saturday morning is occupied with anticipations of the auction to come off in that day. The policy of this price or that price, the produce of the sale, and the peculiar character of the musical world in New York, as compared with that of London, are discussed with financial vigour. The *Weekly Herald*, which has always been beating down the money value of Jenny Lind, while it cried up her talent and virtues, says that one dollar would be about the figure that would pay best, and reduces it to arithmetic. It now appears that the 750 disappointed competitors for the Jenny Lind prize are all deeply disgusted, and, what is worse, that Jenny is equally disgusted with the successful poem which she is expected to sing, and which is a fulsome eulogy of herself. The choice is declared to be a job. It was known before who was to have the prize, and the only merit of the poem is its adaptation to music. More bouquets. Jenny Lind's choice of a private secretary is announced, and we are told about him; as also that "she spends to-morrow with the Rev. Mr. Baird."

SEVENTH DAY.

Sunday is devoted to a review of the auction, the previous day. It was attended by 3,000 or 4,000, notwithstanding a heavy rain, and the unexpected imposition of one shilling a-head for admission to the Garden. Mr. Barnum and the auctioneer had much trouble to dispel some mystifications which rumour had raised. The latter took his stand in the very spot where Jenny Lind was to stand, and "proceeded to sell the first ticket, having the right to the first choice seat to the first concert of Jenny Lind in America." After a tremendous competition, it was knocked down to a hatter, for 225 dollars, amid vociferous cheering. The next choice seats went at much less prices. The names of all the purchasers, the numbers of their tickets, and the sums given, are published at length, and would occupy two columns of this paper. We must be content with the results. On Saturday there were sold 1,429 tickets, at the average price of 6 dols. 38 cents, amounting to 9,119½ dols.

EIGHTH DAY.

The hatter's reasons for giving 225 dols. for the first ticket, and his expressed determination to give 500 dols. if necessary, occupy the attention of New York, to the exclusion of all other topics, and even Jenny Lind is forgotten. As he lived next door to Barnum's Museum, many people thought it a juggle; but that does not account for five others bidding against him. The place selected by the hatter was by no means a good one, being directly under Jenny Lind, and one next to it only went for 10 dols. "There is a better solution for the mystery," says the *Weekly Herald*, "than to charge it to Peter Funk." What do our readers suppose that to be? They remember, probably, the hatter immortalised by Carlyle, for sending about the town a monster hat, with his name and address under it. It now appears that Mr. Genin's object was the same. His ticket will be worth 1,000 dols. to him, he says. There were others alive to its value. Three of the five unsuccessful competitors were patent medicine vendors. The name of Genin now stands before us at the head of the most portentous list of names ever published in America. He intends, it is said, to follow up the idea on the night of the concert, by sitting in the front of the audience, with an immense hat suspended over his head.

NINTH DAY.

Monday began with the adjourned auction, when 3,055 tickets were sold for 15,319 dollars. The event of the day, however, was the first rehearsal, on which we will not venture at present, only observing that Jenny Lind seems to have created quite as much enthusiasm, as in her first *début* in the British metropolis.

TENTH DAY.

On Tuesday was the second rehearsal, "when the great northern luminary of song," we are told, "was still more successful than on the previous day;" being, as the reporter explains, entirely satisfied with the building, the audience, and herself. "A curious incident occurred when she was commencing the 'Casta diva.' She had not got through half-a-dozen notes when a gun was heard. She immediately stopped and laughed. She went on again, and then the roar of another gun brought her to a complete halt, when she could not refrain from laughing a second time. She had to give it up. It turned out to be the firing of the 100 guns from the battery, in celebration of the admission of California into the sisterhood of States. During the firing, two or three wreaths of the smoke from the gun were borne right over Castle-garden, and had a very pretty effect. When she was informed of the cause of the interruption, she said it was to her a very agreeable interruption, as it was for the good of the country." Here we must break off. The results of the first public concert, which was to take place on the Wednesday, we have yet to learn.

THE PRIZE SONG FOR JENNY LIND.—Bayard Taylor, of the *Tribune*, has been pronounced by the Jenny Lind Song Committee the successful candidate for Mr. Barnum's prize of 500 dollars. We anticipated this result when it was announced that an *attaché* of the *Tribune*, and L. G. Clarke were members of the committee; but the whole thing is too transparent to impose upon the public the idea that Taylor has any one of the essentials for either a song writer or a poet; we are curious to see this successful specimen of song writing, and will refer to it hereafter in connection with the claims of its author. Neither has any member of the committee selected, a single requisite of a competent judge of the merits of a song.—*Saroni's Musical Times*.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

SADLERS WELLS.

THE most remarkable feature in the performance of *Coriolanus* at this theatre is the marked improvement in Mr. Phelps's representation of the hero since the play was revived two years ago. This gentleman evidently studies afresh each character of Shakspeare that he performs on the re-revival of the respective plays. The improvement was chiefly visible in the passages of sarcasm and in the greater finish in detail throughout. As for the energetic scenes, we cannot say a better or truer thing of them than that they are just what they always were. Mr. Phelps is resolved that the mantle of Macready shall not fall on unworthy shoulders.

A pleasant little piece, entitled *Michael Perrin*, has been produced with considerable success. The interest turns upon the fortunes or misfortunes of a poor French clergyman (from whom the piece takes its name), who, having been deprived of his curacy during the Revolution, is induced—with a view to promote the marriage of his niece Julie with her betrothed husband, Adolphe—to become, unconsciously, an agent of the police in detecting a conspiracy in which Adolphe is involved, and thus discovers that his exertions for his niece and her lover have served only to betray them. At the instigation, however, of Fouché, the police minister of the Consular Government, who has been a pupil of Michael's, Adolphe is pardoned, and the old clergyman restored to his curacy. The acting is exceedingly good; the simplicity and humour of the kind-hearted clergyman are nicely given by Mr. A. Younge, and the other characters are well supported, not omitting Miss Marston as Julie, who, in the dress of a French rustic, makes the most of her handsome face and young and graceful form.

G.

JULIEN IN THE PROVINCES.

JULIEN's recent tour has proved one of the most successful he has yet undertaken. Having for the last few years made the chief towns his head quarters, he conceived it would not be amiss if he would for one season honor the secondary cities with his performances. Julien no sooner conceived the idea than he carried it out. The secondary cities received Julien and his band with open arms, and, as far as we can trace his *tournee*, the new speculation has answered the highest expectations of the energetic *chef d'orchestre*. Having no correspondent in any of the towns in which Julien gave his late concerts, we have not, as we have been accustomed to do, rendered a weekly account of his doings. We are, therefore, compelled to draw on one or two provincial papers to speak for us as our reporter. The *Newcastle Courant* of the 20th instant thus alludes to the "Monstre Concert," given at Newcastle on the 19th:—

"Mons. JULIEN, the deservedly popular and talented artiste, gave a Grand 'Concert Monstre' yesterday evening at our Theatre Royal, and it was, as usual, honoured, with a crowded and splendid audience. Indeed, the genius and unrivalled musical skill of this celebrated conductor not only claim but irresistibly draw that degree of patronage, which his unceasing exertions as a caterer of the public justly entitles him to, for to him alone may fairly be ascribed the credit of introducing a style of orchestral music hitherto unequalled in the annals of the profession. The programme on the present occasion was well selected; and the most attractive feature in it was the announcement of the debut of the celebrated vocalist, Miss Dolby; but though, of course, 'the star' of the evening, yet, as brilliant orbs are destined occasionally to be obscured, so it was to be regretted that this far-famed exstinctive had to suffer a partial eclipse from slight indisposition arising from a cold. Under such circumstances, it certainly redounds much to her honor, that, rather than disappoint the audience, she sung the songs allotted to her, and

even with such a severe drawback, she made a favorable impression on the audience. Her voice, so far as could be judged, is full, mellow, and pure; her enunciation clear and perfect; and, had her powers been more at command, other evidences of her vocal capabilities would have no doubt developed themselves, and fully borne out the fame which preceded her coming. It is, however, to be hoped that our fellow-townsmen will hear Miss Dolby on a more favorable occasion. With respect to the other department of the *corps musicale*, they all exerted themselves in such a manner as to maintain that proud pre-eminence their talents have procured them. Herr König surpassed all his previous efforts on the cornet-a-piston, and a flute solo by Mr. Pratten excited general applause. The orchestra, though not so numerous as at some previous concerts, was equally efficient; and those artists who formed the leading portion of it were ably supported by the splendid band of the 33rd regiment."

We are glad to find that, in going so far north with his band, Julien did not "carry coals to Newcastle," although, from the account above given, he was not far from setting the town on fire. It is evident that the Newcastle folk have some appreciation for the fine arts, and that they have souls above pure carbon. We lament, with the writer of the *Courant*, that anything should have interfered with Miss Dolby's admirable talent to have prevented its being exhibited in the most advantageous light. We have no doubt, however, that the colliers will make every allowance, especially if Miss Dolby sang in the miner key.

Touching this same Newcastle concert, the *Gatehead Observer*, in language more diffuse, in wit keener, in statistics more express, and in broader type, thus apostrophises the performance and performers:—

"On Thursday night, the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, was crowded—boxes, pit, and gallery. Some of our neighbours, indeed, ladies as well as gentlemen, unable to squeeze themselves into that part of the house ordinarily allotted to the audience, were fain to make their 'first appearance on the stage,' rather than forego the pleasure of hearing the concert. Never did concert of M. Julien go off better—he had not said 'as well.' Because, perhaps, he was never before aided by the band of the 33rd Regt., the finest regimental band that has been stationed in Newcastle within our memory—not to say the memory of the 'oldest inhabitant.' Several of the pieces performed were M. Julien's own. One of them was a musical sketch (if the expression be allowable) of the race for 'The Derby!' and was full of effects which can only adequately be characterised by the epithet 'Julienic.' Selections from Beethoven, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Bellini, &c., were charmingly given. Miss Dolby sung Italian, Scotch, and English music; and being encased in 'Bonnie Dundee,' M. Julien, who had accompanied her from the foot-lights, quickly returned, and whispered the leader, Mr. Baker. Mr. Baker, the reader must understand, although a stringed performer, is the 'wind instrument' of the *corps* on emergencies; and, stepping forward, he said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Dolby respectfully begs you to excuse her from repeating the song. She is suffering from a severe cold, but undertook to go through her prescribed performances rather than disappoint the public.' The excuse was, of course, accepted; and the disappointment of the audience was shortly forgotten. In the delight afforded by Mr. Pratten's flute, who played a solo founded on Letty Treble's 'Trab, trab.' He retired amidst loud plaudits, which, however, he was too modest to interpret into an encore; but M. Julien, arresting him at the wings, kindly patted him on the back, and assured him (we could read the words in M. J.'s countenance) that he was mistaken. Thus encouraged, under a storm of approbation, he returned to the front, and repeated his performance. Herr König was (as he always is) encased in everything. His trumpet blasts and breathings are alike wonderful. The ophicleide or saxophone (Herr Sommers), experienced a similar compliment. Mr. Winterbottom was great on the bassoon; and a Zeckens of a performer, who eclipsed the nightingale with his flagolet, repeatedly enraptured the audience, and elicited their applause. But what most demanded our admiration, we confess, were the feats of a versatile performer, somewhat overtaxed by M. Julien in those pieces where ophicleide and flagolet, bassoon and triangles, trombones and fiddle, violin-cello and flute, are lashed into fury by the wand of the musician. The young gentleman to whom we allude worked and played with every limb and angle of his body—banging the tymbale, rattling the tambourine, and beating an 'outside size' (as it seemed to us) of a big drum—entitling himself to handsome wages for his individual share in the concert *monstre*. The closing piece in the programme was the famous 'Drum

Polka," which set young hearts a beating; and we thought that, from the Mayor of Newcastle downwards, we were all of us going to be 'drommed out'; but M. Julien was too courteous and too loyal for such an action—so concluded his admirable concert with 'God save the Queen!'"

M. Julien, we understand, was at Doncaster during the race week, and on the Leger day, it was currently given out, divided the interest with the "dead heat." If our informant may be relied on, a "Grand Leger Polka," companion to the "Grand Derby Polka," was composed for the occasion, and being played at the concert on the night of the "Selling," created a perfect *furor* among the winners. The losers could not afford to part so freely with their enthusiasm.

We are pleased to record the great success of Julien whithersoever he goes, and we hope to hear equally good accounts rendered of his doings in the remainder of his *tournee*.

JENNY LIND'S FIRST CONCERT IN AMERICA.

We have been transmitted by express the programme of Jenny Lind's first concert at Castle Garden. We print it entire for the benefit of European readers.

CASTLE GARDEN.
FIRST APPEARANCE OF M^{lle}. JENNY LIND,

ON
WEDNESDAY EVENING, 11th SEPTEMBER, 1850.

PROGRAMME:

PART I.

Overture—*Oberon* C. M. V. Weber.

Aria—"Sorlete," Rossini,
(Masnetto second)

Sung by Sig. Belletti.

Scena and Cavatina—"Casta Diva,"

Norma—Bellini.

M^{lle}. JENNY LIND.

Duett for two Pianofortes.

Messa. Benedict and Hoffman.

Duett—"Per Piazzi Alla Signora,"

M^{lle}. Jenny Lind and Sig. Belletti.

Il Turco in Italia,

Rossini.

PART II.

Overture—*Crusaders*.

Trio for voice and two Flutes,

Composed expressly for M^{lle}. Jenny Lind,

by Meyerbeer.

M^{lle}. JENNY LIND.

Flute—Messa. Kyle and Siede.

Camp of Silesia—Meyerbeer.

Cavatina—"Largo al factotum,"

Sig. Belletti.

Barbiers—Rossini.

"The Herdsman's Mountain Song,"

known also

as "The Echo Song,"

Swedish National Melody,

M^{lle}. JENNY LIND.

"Welcome to America."

composed expressly for this occasion, by Bayard Taylor, Esq.

M^{lle}. Jenny Lind Benedict.

The Orchestra will consist of Sixty Performers,

including the first talent in the country.

Conductor—M. Benedict.

Price of Tickets—Three Dollars. Choice of places will be sold by auction at Castle Garden, at half-past ten o'clock on Saturday morning, 7th September.

Doors open at six o'clock. Concert to commence at eight o'clock.
* * * No checks will be issued.
M^{lle}. Jenny Lind's Second Grand Concert will be given at Castle Garden, on Friday evening, 13th inst.

Choice places to the Second Concert will be sold on Tuesday morning, 10th instant, at half-past ten o'clock.
Chickering's Grand Pianos will be used at the First Concert.

This would read a moderate concert indeed in this country, as far as regards the amount, quality, and variety of the pieces, but Jenny Lind's name is a programme in itself, and needs no adventitious aid of great and high sounding names to draw the world after her. In our next we shall furnish full particulars of the first vocal doings of the Nightingale.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. BOYCE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—To ascertain the real merits of an established composer, may it not be justly said that his fame permanently rests on the resources he employs in his writings? Can a conception be endurable and enjoyable which unnecessarily adds to, or diminishes from, the point aimed at? In poetry, is not grave eloquence and over-profuse descriptions of simple subjects rather repugnant? whilst, on the other hand, noble subjects lose their power if rendered in the conventional expressions of the day.

Can a composer, who fails at either of these points, be held up as a model, and ranked an immortal musician? My present object is to answer these questions by examining the resources which the subject of this letter used in his works; and I may just add, that I think Dr. Boyce superior to his contemporaries who adopted the same school of harmony. Purcell, it must be observed, wrote in a higher school than he; his compositions, therefore, are of a higher order. Had he lived in our time, he would have been inferior to no one; and with due deference to Handel, I hold that Purcell's thoughts were very convenient helps to Handel. I might go further than this, by stating that the majority of Purcell's works are more original and ingenious than Handel's, although they are not so nicely pruned. The greater half of Handel's music is founded on sequence, and no one can use that such writing comes by inspiration—being nothing more than calculation. It may be thought by some that composers may lay claim to invention, where they select sweet florid melodic sequential figures; but, strictly speaking, this is more an evidence of talent than of genius. Dr. Boyce had no great talent this way, and should your correspondent, G. R. C., deem your censure, Mr. Editor, too severe when you wrote of him "His style is insipid," I fear there is more reason in it than the opinion G. R. C. quoted from *A Dictionary of Musicians*; for as you, sir, justly observed, "The sublime text never inspires him with a grand thought or a masterly combination." And why not? Because the dominant seventh and tonic-schooled harmonists are as empty and destitute of grandeur as poets who string together sweet, insipid, sentimental words, to denote sublimity. Sweet chords are to music what sweet words are to poetry. Words, like chords, are but the signs of ideas. For example, to describe joy, no one ought to use a combination of stern discords any more than stern words would suit that sentiment. Dr. Boyce, however, did not feel the force of this, for he employed the same combinations of chords for his simplest and sublimest subjects. Again, he did not use half the chords of the musical catalogue—Who then could call him a complete harmonist? Music is a language, its letters are the intervals, its words are the chords, and its sentences are made intelligible and interesting by a prudent adjustment of the intervals and chords. Did Dr. Boyce pay minute attention to the language of music? No, he wrote in a comparatively low school, and his language was the same, as I before observed, whether the subject were simple or sublime. Those then who seek to leave a lasting name behind them, must avoid the language of the Boyceites, which is not less reprehensible to cultivated musicians than minor poetry is to men of letters—I am, sir, your obliged.

FACCHÉ FLOWERS.

P.S.—Your foreign correspondent fraternizes with the Parisian critics, who, he says, "never draw their conclusions as to an artist's merits from her acts in private life." Does he mean to enforce that benevolent minds do not stir up pious associations in others, and that characters the reverse of this effect, in others, similar associations? Why there is, for instance, so much goodness expressed in Jenny Lind's singing, that it makes good men participatory of that goodness they perceive in her. Is not this an agreeable addition to a great artist? Yes, because the sentiment of the heart has to do with the sentiment thrown into the music; in fact, goodness will show itself in every capacity of life, and it will be admired so long as art is nature properly understood.

P.S.—I hope those of your readers who wish to be brought out as public vocalists, will not overlook the sentence I have introduced in the parenthesis of my advertisement of this week, nor think too lightly of it, for it is a grave matter.

SOCIAL POSITION OF MUSICAL PROFESSORS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—In continuation of my letter inserted in the *Musical World* of the 7th inst., I would ask, what is the feeling produced by these trials of skill in the minds of the auditors? Is it not that of pity, with a certain admixture of contempt, for those candidates who are unsuccessful? And not only so, but, after a brief period, even he who has won the prize—such as it may be—is looked upon as one of the same class, and gradually sinks in general estimation to the same level. Can we expect, therefore, if we continue to submit, in these trials of skill, to the degradation of furnishing, at a very cheap rate, a little occasional amusement and excitement for a few hundred individuals in a town or parish, that we shall as a class attain to that position in society to which we are entitled.

I will not allow the opportunity to pass, now I am commenting on this subject, without expressing the indignation which every right-feeling musician must feel at the introduction in some places of worship of secular melodies, which are totally unfitted, both in association and style, for the purposes to which they are applied, as psalm or hymn tunes; which should be not only solid in harmony, but simple, as well as sober and dignified, in melody. My readers will scarcely believe, that at the present time, as I am informed, such airs as "O rest thee, my babe," and "God save the Queen," are actually in use at an otherwise well conducted church in a fashionable watering-place in the Isle of Wight; which I consider not only a reflection on the good taste and right feeling of the congregation, but what is infinitely worse, a direct insult to the majesty of the Deity.

I will now proceed to give a rough sketch or skeleton of my plan for a musical association. I propose—

That an association of musicians be formed as early as possible, to be called —, and that all persons who have for two years preceding the date of formation practised music as a profession, shall be entitled to become members, within six months from the date of the formation of the society.

That six months after the date of formation, a Council of Examiners shall be appointed; after which, no person shall be admitted as an associate without first obtaining from such Council of Examiners a certificate that his knowledge and ability are of an order to qualify him for a membership.

That as early as possible after the formation of the society, a charter of incorporation be obtained.

That the association shall consist of a metropolitan association, and of provincial branch associations, in connection with the general association, and under the control of the general council, which shall be chosen annually by delegates from the metropolitan and each provincial association; and that such general council shall consist of twenty-four members, twelve of whom shall retire annually, and be ineligible for re-election for the period of twelve months.

That the general council shall have full powers for the general management of the association.

That as the objects of the association are the advancement of musical science and skill, an annual subscription shall be paid by each member in advance; and that after the association shall have been established six months, an admission fee of — shall be paid by each person on becoming an associate, in addition to the annual subscription; four-fifths of such subscriptions and admission fees being retained by each branch association for the formation of musical libraries, and to defray the necessary expenses of the practice of concerted music, both vocal and instrumental; the remaining fifth being handed over to the general council, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the general association.

I do not put forward these propositions as at all a matured plan, but rather, perhaps, as general hints, which will no doubt be much improved by the discussion of your correspondents.

I have left some blanks amongst them, one for the name of the association: for, although the repeated question of "What's in a name?" would appear to lead to the conclusion that there is nothing in a name, the public appear to think far otherwise, in consequence of which members of the musical profession occasionally Italianise, Germanise, or Frenchify their names, by foreign terminations and alterations, as well as by appending French or German titles to their publications.

Perhaps you will allow me to correct a misprint or two which occurred in my last letter; one in the third paragraph, at the words "for their patronage and condescension of your work," which should have been "for their condescension in the patronage of your work;" the other in the eighth paragraph, at "and would be least pleased by movements from the symphonies," &c., which should have been "and would be best pleased by movements from the symphonies," &c.—I am, sir, your very obedient servant,

EDWARD DRAKE.

LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Continued.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—May I venture to beg space in your valuable paper, to correct one or two errors which your Liverpool correspondent has fallen into in his notice published in your impression of the 14th inst. He states that at the last Philharmonic Concert the choir sang but once; which is not correct, as they gave not only the prayer from *Mozzart's* he alludes to, but also Mozart's beautiful madrigal, "April is in my mistress' face," and which was encored. He further says that the frequenters of the society's concerts have never heard the march from the *Phosphile*, if so, it is not owing to any fault of the band, who performed it in a very creditable manner at the April concert.—I am, &c.,

A CONSTANT READER.

LABLACHE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—To render the very interesting sketch you gave of the great basso last week more perfect, I beg to state that he was born in 1794, and is in his 56th year, just twenty years younger than Brahms. Frederick Lablache was born in 1815.—Yours, &c.,

I. P.

GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I have read the letter of your correspondent, "G. R. C.," in the *Musical World* of Sept. 21st, and am prepared to agree with him, that your remarks on Dr. Boyce's music are rather unjust; but as I think his own observations on the festival more calculated to injure an excellent charitable institution, I cannot, as one of your constant readers, and a great admirer of Dr. Boyce's anthems, let them pass without notice. The anthem in question is of a different character altogether from those he has enumerated, "By the waters of Babylon," "O give thanks," "I have surely built thee an house," and "Oh! where shall wisdom be found?" The anthem, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy," was written for the festival of the sons of the clergy, as the anthem, "Lord, thou hast been our refuge," and these anthems were alternately performed at the service in St. Paul's Cathedral; consequently, it cannot be admitted that the anthem was placed in a false position at the Gloucester Festival, but in the identical position the composer intended it. These anthems are written for orchestral accompaniments, and would not be so effective with an organ accompaniment only. If the tenor solo, "I did weep," as sung by Mr. Locke, and the duet, "Here shall soft charity," sung by Mr. Locke and Mr. H. Phillips, is not pure vocal music, I don't know where it is to be met with. If we may take Handel's choruses as a model, the last in each of these anthems are constructed upon the right system, and are both pleasing and effective. If there was anything to be regretted, it was that the anthem was not performed entire.

Your correspondent further states that it was a musical performance, and not a service. From this I plainly infer that he could not have been present. It is true we had the overture to *Esther* performed with all manner of instruments; and is not the 150th Psalm an exhortation to universal praise?—

"To praise awake each tuneful string;
Harmonious let the concert rise;
And to the solemn organ join,
That swells your rapture to the skies.
Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford;
In just returns of praise employ;
Let every creature praise the Lord."

The Rev. G. Hall's Version of the Psalms of David.

The day the anthem was sung and accompanied by instruments and organ was a cathedral service in every sense of the word; and I most add, that it is a libel on the clergy and the vast assemblage of Christians present to say that it was not a devotional service. We had the Morning Service for the day intoned with the psalms chanted, "Te Deum" and "Jubilate," and an anthem sung, with the Lessons for the day read, and an excellent sermon preached. If there was any part of the service which could not be entered into devotionally by the orchestra, it was the sermon, as, from the low tone of voice in which it was delivered, it was inaudible at the portion of the cathedral in which they were placed, and was a source of regret to many; but I will add that I do not believe there was a person left his seat till the whole service was concluded. It is a strange thing that the clergy, with the lay-clerks and organists of the cathedrals of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, cannot meet together annually, to aid a deserving charity, with the assistance of the lay-clerks of St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and the clerks and organists

of many of our metropolitan churches, who, because they take a violin or a music-book in their hands, are to be considered as the vilest of the vile, and the place they meet in to be designated as a den of thieves.

"Who 'G. R. C.' may be, Mr. Editor, I know not, but I add my name to the remarks I have made upon his letter.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
J. SUMMAN.

9, Exeter Hall, Sept. 23, 1850.

P.S.—It certainly would be more consistent if the song singing and dancing could be done away with at these meetings, and the evening performances conducted more on the style of the Philharmonic Society, by the introduction of grand symphonies, overtures, pianoforte concertos, and solos on different instruments. An entertainment of this kind, to last about three hours, would do much for the advancement of the art, and would go far to remove the objections that exist in the minds of many of the religious public on the propriety of musical festivals. Let the song singing and dancing be postponed till Julian visits the provinces; they are both more in his line.
J. S.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JAMES WALLACE is at present residing in Bath for the benefit of the Waters.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—This society (established by Mr. Surman on his dismissal from the parent institution in 1848) has just made public the report of their proceedings of the past year. From this it appears that fourteen additional subscribers have been obtained during the year, that six subscription concerts and one repetition had taken place in the same period, the receipts from which were 398*l.*, an average of nearly 57*l.* per night; that the society also undertook a performance of portions of Haydn's *Creation and Seasons*, for the benefit of Mr. Surman, the conductor, but the committee regret their expectations of thus making him some recompense were not realised, as the expenditure exceeded the receipts; and that, in accordance with the wishes of some of the subscribers, it is intended in future to devote portions of the Monday evening's rehearsal to the practice of chanting and psalmody. The outstanding liabilities appear to be about 500*l.*

THE LATE GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The collection made at the late festival on behalf of the charity was the largest ever known at Gloucester. The following shows the amount collected for the charity at these festivals for the last twenty years:—In 1831, at Hereford, 634*l.* 4*s.* 10*d.*; in 1832, at Gloucester, 804*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.*; in 1833, at Worcester, 901*l.* 18*s.* 7*d.*; in 1834, at Hereford, 676*l.* 11*s.*; in 1835, at Gloucester, 660*l.* 11*s.* 10*d.*; in 1836, at Worcester, 828*l.* 6*s.*; in 1837, at Hereford, 818*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.*; in 1838, at Gloucester, 704*l.* 16*s.* 5*d.*; in 1839, at Worcester, 950*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*; in 1840, at Hereford, 1,061*l.* 2*s.* 1*d.*; in 1841, at Gloucester, 642*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*; in 1842, at Worcester, 1,061*l.* 1*s.*; in 1843, at Hereford, 901*l.* 13*s.*; in 1844, at Gloucester, 648*l.* 17*s.*; in 1845, at Worcester, 850*l.*; in 1846, at Hereford, 812*l.* 18*s.* 2*d.*; in 1847, at Gloucester, 666*l.* 2*s.* 11*d.*; in 1848, at Worcester, 909*l.*; in 1849, at Hereford, 833*l.* 14*s.*; in 1850, at Gloucester, 864*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*

LIVERPOOL.—**THEATRE ROYAL.**—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean appeared at the Theatre Royal during the past week, for a limited engagement of five nights in some of their principal characters. They have been well supported by an efficient company, and the thanks of the public are due to the management for the treat which has been afforded. Crowded houses have testified that Mr. Copeland's enterprise has been duly appreciated; and it is scarcely necessary to add that "The Kean" have been received with that rapturous mood of admiration which is so eminently their due. Our space at command forbids anything like criticism, nor is it needful. The parts assigned to Mrs. R. Power and Miss Fanny Baker were sustained with much ability.—*Liverpool Mail.*

MANCHESTER.—**THEATRE ROYAL.**—We had an opportunity, on Monday, of viewing the interior of the theatre, which has undergone a thorough process of decoration, painting, and cleansing, preparatory to opening for the ensuing season. All the work has been executed under the superintendence of Mr. Chester, architect and surveyor. Outside the front displays no change, except that the statue of Shakspeare, and the royal arms above the entrance, have been cleaned. The entrance hall has been painted, the walls

with an imitation of granite, in which the sparkling mosaic is ingeniously represented by the mixture of tiny laminae of glass. The pilasters are painted with a light sienna brown. The walls of the upper saloon have also been painted in imitation of granite, the columns and pilasters being white. The fittings and coaches in this apartment will be crimson, as before; and in the arched roof, all the squares, or "coffers," as technically called, will be filled with gold stars set in a blue ground. The lower saloon has been re-papered, with striped crimson flock paper; the doorways, pilasters, and pilasters, being painted in sienna. The whole building, with all the staircases, corridors, and passages, have been thoroughly painted. In the theatre itself there is no change whatever as regards the character of the decorations; but everything has been renewed and refreshed, so as to look as brilliant as when it was first opened. The massive gold carvings around the tiers of boxes and gallery have been regilt; and the white panels which form the ground have been painted again; a tint of pink is introduced into this white, in lines parallel with the tiers of boxes, so as to harmonise with the crimson walls, and produce a peculiar effect. The walls or partitions at the back of the boxes are covered with crimson flock paper; and the chairs are crimson as before, as well as the silk cushion in front. The orchestra has been enlarged by taking two feet three inches off the stage. This will provide additional accommodation for eight or ten more musical performers than could be accommodated previously; and it will also tend to throw the glare of the foot lights more back upon the actors than before. We were informed that the company have already arrived, and commenced rehearsals this week. Great preparations are being made to illustrate with novel scenery and mechanical contrivances a magnificent spectacle of oriental romance, which is already announced for representation.—*Manchester Examiner.*

Bristol.—**MADRIGAL SOCIETY'S CONCERT.**—The second of these agreeable concerts for the present season was given in the Music-hall at the Corn-market, on Tuesday evening week, and was well attended. The company, by whom the large room was completely filled (about 800 being present), comprised the leading families in the city and its environs. Several of the officers and many of the "Queen's Own" were also present, attired in their uniform. Mr. Done, of the Cathedral, to whose exertions the public are indebted for the revival of these popular concerts, conducted with his customary ability, and Mr. Haines presided at the pianoforte. The orchestra was filled by a well-selected band of performers, who ably discharged their duties.—*Relief Farley.*

Miss Schlessinger.—This lady will appear in a concert in this city in the course of the next month. It is pleasing, at all times, to welcome a new candidate for public honours, who comes to us so warmly recommended by continental journalists and composers as Miss Schlessinger does, and we hope that her success will be equal to her merits. We have seen several notices of Miss Schlessinger's performances, and from these we select the following from the *Dresden Journal*, of the 2nd of April, 1850:—"Johanna Schlessinger, a very young and highly talented pianist, who received her information from eminent masters as Mendelssohn, and was lately under the instruction of Clara Wieck, pianiste to the Emperor of Austria, and Mr. Chas. Kragen, pianiste to the King of Saxony, is now about to depart for England, enriched with German talent, to realise the fruits of her rare perseverance and success. Her playing, according to the opinion of all competent judges who heard her performances at the last Harmonic Concert, excited the most brilliant expectation of the same pleasing success.—*Bath Gazette.*

HAMBURG, SEPT. 19.—A concert was given yesterday in the Kursaal, at which the talented pianist, Herr Adolph Gollnick (for several years domiciliated in London) performed. He played three of his own compositions, "Gage d'amitie," "Valse Stricquenne," and a "Grand caprice." The chief merit in Herr Gollnick's performance is a very elegant delivery, whether in the cantabile or brilliant styles; it therefore affords general pleasure, without fear of fatigue to the listener. The compositions of Herr Gollnick will become, no doubt, acceptable to a large share of amateurs. Herr Gollnick gave also a concert with Mdlle. Reumel at Wiesbaden, which proved one of the most successful of the season.

THE DISTIN AT BALMORAL.—On Monday evening there was a distinguished circle at dinner, and a grand concert took place in the castle, where the Distin Family, the celebrated Sax-horn players, who are now on a professional tour in this country, had the honour of appearing, by command of her Majesty, before the Court, and performed the following selection of music:—

Quartette, Fantasia on Airs from *Lucia* and *La Figlia del Re*—*Donizetti.*
Maria, Mr. Distin and his Sons
 Madrigal, "Down in a flow'ry vale," Miss M. O'Connor and
 Messrs. H., W., and T. Distin, composed in 1511—*Festa.*
 Terzetto a Canone, "Yvonne a Cole," Sax Horns, Messrs. H.,
 W., and T. Distin—*Casta.*
 Madrigal, "Since first I saw your face," Miss M. O'Connor
 and Messrs. H., W., and T. Distin, composed in 1600—*Ford.*
 Solo, "All is lost" (*Somnambula*), Sax Horn Alto, Mr. H. Distin
 Glee, "Sleep, gentle lady," Miss M. O'Connor and Messrs.
 Distin—*Bishop.*
 Fantasia on themes from *La Prophète*, Sax Horns, Messrs. Distin Meyerbeer.

In addition to the programme, the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini was performed. The different pieces were listened to with evident pleasure and delight by all the party who heard them, and the Messrs. Distin received the warm encomiums of her Majesty and the Court. Her Majesty seemed highly delighted with the vocal music.—*Aberdeen Journal.*

ABERDEEN.—The far-famed Julian is to be in Aberdeen on Monday next, when he is to give two concerts in the Music Hall. We are sure that all lovers of music in this city will flock to hear him. He is a host in himself, and his orchestra is always of the first class. Miss Dolby, the vocalist, is also well worth hearing. The Distins gave a concert here, which was well attended.—*Aberdeen Journal.*

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.—A Concert was given on Tuesday evening last, at the above locale. A band of thirty performers was engaged, led by Mr. Augustus Eames. The singers were numerous and new, and the performance in general had all the attractions of novelty. Mr. George Thomas conducted.

BRAINTREE AND BOCKING HARMONIC SOCIETY.—(From a Correspondent.)—The annual public performance of Sacred Music by this Society, took place at Braitree Corn Exchange, on the 30th inst. Mr. J. T. Frye, of Saffron Walden, ably conducted an efficient band, led by Mr. C. Frye, of Northmarket. The vocalists engaged on the occasion were Miss Thornton and Mr. Land, whose efforts were much applauded. Miss Thornton was encored in a song from the oratorio of *Sephtha*, and Mr. Land in Handel's impassioned recitative, "Deeper and deeper still," and the lovely air that follows, "Waft her, angels, thro' the skies," a compliment well deserved, for the expression and artistic manner in which Mr. Land sang them. The choruses were executed in a style reflecting the greatest credit on the members of the Society, who chiefly belong to the operative classes of Braitree and Bocking, and the whole performance gave unmingled satisfaction to a large audience, including the principal gentry of the neighbourhood.

ADOLPHE HENSELT.—In the *Musical World* of the 14th Sept., we gave an account of a private performance given by this celebrated pianist and composer. We therein stated, that the overtures to *Oberon* and to *Der Freischütz* as played by him, were arranged by Liszt. We are given to understand that such was not the case; the arrangements were by M. Henselt.

ALBERT SMITH IN THE PROVINCES.—The facetious and multiple-talented Albert Smith, has been perambulating the provinces, and furnishing to hungry audiences the rare delights of his new Constantinopolitan entertainments. Success dogs his steps like a shadow, and mirth and content are ever at his elbows. Albert Smith's "Overland Mail" is now one of the recognitions of 1850. It vies in publicity with the sea-serpent, in interest with the new comet, and excites as much curiosity as the Building for the Great Exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park. Scarborough, Leeds, Ashton-under-Lyne, Harrogate, Huddersfield, Derby, York, Doncaster, and many equally northern and famous cities, have rejoiced in Albert Smith's eloquent descriptions and mirthful spontaneities. The worst of it is, if we are to accredit the journals—and when do they not speak truly—that everybody is refused admission, or nearly everybody, so dense and rushing are the congregations, and with so much anxiety do Mr. Albert Smith and his "Mail" occupy the

provincial mind. Our friend "Albertus" is making ingots—but what will he do with so much gold? Not speculate, we hope, on a third Italian Opera.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—This popular place of amusement will open this evening under the management of Mr. Charles Kean and Mr. Kealey. Mr. Maddox did not find patrons enough to support English Opera, and now Mr. Charles Kean and Mr. Kealey are about to try their hands on comedy and tragedy. The campaign commences with *Twelfth Night*, and a new farce. A good working company has been brought together, and we have no doubt the talented managers will make both ends meet. Among the stars of the new establishment we may particularise Mrs. Chas. Kean and Mrs. Kealey. Several new bands have been procured, and it may be overheard that the management enters upon operations with every prospect of success.

MUSICAL CHAT FROM LEIPZIG.—(From the *Journal of Commerce*.)—Leipzig has always been the cradle for good music, long before even Mendelssohn's residence there made it conspicuous as such to the English public. The Conservatoire is visited by pupils from all nations, and the musical education given is a healthy one, not pedantically excluding all that is new and good, nor wrapping up all the old without judgment, which is but too frequently the case at conservatories. There is also a general interest taken in music at Leipzig; every one is musical. There are many students without fortune, who, to enable them to pursue their studies, are obliged to resort to giving lessons during part of the day, and make up the time for their own study at night; this is a fact highly creditable to those who pursue the thorny path of knowledge under such difficulties. I have seen many of these students read a score at the pianoforte in a manner that would have done credit to a chapel-master, and after that play either violin or violoncello at a quartet party as only a thorough-bred musician could do it; and be it well understood that these are not by any means exceptions, although the fact is startling enough. Where they find time to acquire only the technical skill, is really surprising, even allowing them to possess superior talents. Amongst the most important works which were produced this year at Leipzig ranks, undoubtedly, the new opera by Dr. Schumann, *Genoveva*. As far the choice of a subject, there could not have been a more fortunate one, since the simple-touching story of the ill-used heroine is perfectly known to all, and enters so well into the feelings of the great mass—combining equally the most naive, tender affections, with deep poetic sorrow, and admitting scenes of powerful interest. However, the writer of the libretto has, if fortunate in the choice of the subject, not been so in his treatment of it, which is the more surprising as he had Tiek's magnificent work before him; and a closer following of it could only have saved him, as the faults are just those where he departs from the original. The story is too well known to need a lengthened narrative. Golo, an orphan, is adopted by the Countess Genoveva's husband; the latter leaves his castle to go to the wars; Golo remains with Genoveva, becomes deeply enamoured of her, and, forgetting all he owes to the count, acknowledges his guilty passion to the lovely countess, who, pure as snow and gentle as the breeze on a summer's eve, kindly recalls him to reason, reminds him of the gratitude he owes to the count, and forbids a repetition of such boyish folly. Golo—before this a pensive, but inoffensive youth—becomes violent, and all the evil passions that slept before, being called into life by this his first great repulse, tempt him to take revenge; he cleverly fabricates a story of ill-fortune between Genoveva and Drago, a knight and friend of the count's, whereupon the latter, listening to and believing it, follows his excited passion, and, not listening to reason, hires two murderers to kill the countess. These men are softened by her prayer for pity, and leave her alone in the woods, where she remains and gives birth to a child, which is nursed by a deer that attaches itself to the unfortunate woman, and in company of which, at the end, she is found by the count, who believed her dead. In the end, Golo is punished by death; the count prays for forgiveness, and obtains it. These are the outlines of the popular tale which have been loosely and unskillfully strung together into a libretto. The music bears strong evidence of the composer's originality; the choruses are grand, massive, and effective, excepting the finale, which I cannot relish; but a strong drawback to the opera is the attempt of doing away with the recitatives, and substituting a kind of arioso music, which, too, much

resembling the arias and ensemble pieces, makes one weary. The attempt is, moreover, logically wrong, since the recitative consists invariably of exclamations that cannot admit of being put to continuous melodies, which logically should follow only when the exclamations, proceeding from undecided momentary excitement, settle into one decided feeling. I must also strongly object to the overloading of the score, which drowns the voice, splendidly as it is done—regarding the scoring only as such—it befits a symphony when the orchestra has to speak alone, but not when it ought to be subservient to the voice; the "vox humana" should never be drowned by overloaded accompaniments. Notwithstanding these faults, the opera is a work of eminent merit as regards the dramatic conception of the music; and we only wonder how a man of such mental powers as Schumann could put music to so faulty a libretto—in which Drago, the count's friend, is made an old man, whom, nevertheless, the count believes to be guilty; in which, moreover, the count becomes ridiculous from too easy credulity; and Golo's sudden change, from the love sick, romantic page, into the deep cunning fiend is unnatural, and contrary to the legend.

CHORUS, the FRENCH COMPOSER.—This musician was born at Caen, in 1772, and died at Paris in 1831. He was a man of rare merit, the founder of the celebrated musical school from which have emanated Duprez, Madame Stoltz, Hippolyte Moupon, and numerous other distinguished artists. Before becoming a learned theorist Choron made his essay in several ballads, the words of which were inspired by the English romance of "The Monk," by Lewis, then very much à la mode. From the earliest period of our literature there has existed a strong connection between romances and ballads. "La Sentinelle" is a ballad which has made the tour of the world; it appeared about 1809. The words are by a person named Brault, a poet much sought after, who wrote them for his friend Edouard Roger. Roger's music was published six months when Choron found the words to his taste, and appropriated them to his use by setting them to new music. Brault, who was a passionate man, wished to avenge himself of the insult offered to his friend by Choron; but the latter, a quiet man, calmed his adversary by inviting him to dinner. "La Sentinelle," of Choron, was sung at all the theatres, and translated into all the languages of Europe; it underwent variations on all instruments, from the violin to the fife. In the course of the two years twenty thousand copies of it were sold. Thanks to this melody Choron became celebrated, and he was so proud of his success that he signed his learned books on music, afterwards published, as "By Alexander Choron, author of 'La Sentinelle.'" It is, in fact, a fine inspiration—a melody elaborately rhythmized, which at the same time expresses the courage of the soldier, who devotes himself to his country, and the regrets of the lover on thinking of his *bien aimée* far away. The subject forms a poetic picture, perfectly in harmony with the period at which it appeared—a mélange of chivalric courage and tenderness. "La Sentinelle" was the "Marschalline" of the empire, and forms part of its history.—*Musical.*

MIDLE RUMMEL.—This distinguished vocalist has been giving concerts at Frankfurt, Hamburg, Wiesbaden, &c., with great success, and has since entered into engagements for the winter concerts at Brussels, Ghent, and other Belgian towns.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. R.—The first question of our Correspondent is not easy to answer. All is dependent upon the talent and application of the singer. Certainly, as a term of not less than three or four years would be required. For the second, Signor Crivelli is the best, and would furnish all information on the subject. For question third, we refer Correspondent to Mr. Cipriani Potter, Royal Academy of Music, Hanover Square, for full particulars. Question fourth is not easily answered. Many great singers have had voices not naturally flexible. Malibran was an instance. But nothing can supply this defect in a female singer but genius or the highest art. A singer may certainly acquire flexibility by practice.

A CONSTANT READER OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD" is informed that there are many works of the kind, all of which would be found useful. Crivelli, we believe, has devoted a work to the subject specified. Inquire of Cramer, Beale and Co., for further particulars. We are not publishers.

SEVERAL LETTERS are unavoidably postponed UNTIL next week.

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DISTIN'S CONCERTS.

MR. DISTIN and his SONS, in returning from Balmoral Castle, (where they have had the honour of performing, on Monday Evening, the 23rd inst., by command, before Her Majesty the Queen, H. R. H. Prince Albert, H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, and the Royal Family,) will give Concerts in the following places:—Bath, Monday Evening, Sept. 20th; Glasgow, 7th and 11th Oct.

Vocalist, Miss M. O'Connor—Pianist, Mr. J. Willy.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1850.

PRICE THREEPENCE
STAMPED FOURPENCE

THE GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

THE prospectus of the Grand National Concerts has just been issued. The performances commence on Tuesday the 15th inst. As the entire scheme is given in our advertisement sheet, we refer the reader thereto for full particulars. We may remark, however, that the promises are abundant and satisfactory, the intention undeniable, and the mode of administration such as is most likely to conciliate all parties. There is one point in the prospectus to which we would direct especial attention. It is that which sets forth that,—

"A highly important and distinctive feature in this undertaking, and one which the Committee are most anxious should be in every way worthy the support both of English artists and English audiences, will be the introduction of original instrumental and lyrical works, by native composers, to whom every opportunity will be afforded of obtaining a satisfactory interpretation of their labours. That this object may be carried out as completely as possible, entire works in an operatic form will be given, somewhat after the manner of short secular oratorios, combining the services of soprano, contralto, tenor, and basso-cantante, with the full band and chorus."

This is really admirable, and would entitle the speculation to support in spite of a thousand faults. It might perhaps have been as encouraging had the committee decided upon establishing an English opera. But after all, we question if it would have answered as well the purpose of introducing the native composer to the public in the most favourable light. A musical work will now have the advantage of being heard with a splendid band and chorus, and interpreted by the first vocalists in the country—an accomplishment that could hardly be attained in a theatre devoted to opera with English artists only. We shall speculate no more at present, but leave the reader to chew upon his imagination after perusing the scheme, and draw his own conclusion therefrom. In less than a fortnight we shall have to discuss the merits of the new establishment in reality.

We shall add a few words about the materials brought together by the projectors. The prospectus contains the names of the vocalists, instrumentalists, soloists, composers, arrangers, masters, &c., &c. In the orchestra there are sixteen violins (Herr Molique, principal); sixteen second violins; ten tenors; ten violoncellos; eleven double basses; two harps; two flutes; one piccolo; two oboes; three clarionets; four horns; two trumpets; one cornet-a-piston; three trombones; one ophicleide; with drums, cymbals, and triangle; making in all a force, in number eighty-eight, being four more than the band of the Royal Italian Opera. Of these eighty-eight, forty have been selected from the Royal Italian Opera, forty from Her Majesty's theatre, and the remaining eight from different sources. Among the vocalists we find the names of Mademoiselle Angri, Miss Poole, Mrs. Alexander Newton, and Madame Biscaccianti, from Milan; with Signor Calzolari, Mr. Sims

Reeves, Mr. Frank Bodda, &c., &c. Among the pianists we recognise Miss Goddard, Charles Hallé, Thalberg, and young Heinrich Werner. The solo performers on other instruments are numerous, and include the names of Sivori, Piatto, Cavallini (clarinet), and many more popular artists. Mr. Balfe is mentioned as musical director, composer, and conductor; Signor L. Negri as conductor of operatic selections; Mr. Willing as organist; Herr Ganz as chorus master; Mr. Frederick Osborne Williams as deputy chorus master. The "principal composers" are Messrs. Balfe, G. Macfarren, E. Loder, and Howard Glover.

There are sundry other items in the prospectus which deserve specializing, but we shall wait a more fitting opportunity to decant upon their merits.

RHUDDLAN ROYAL EISTEDDVOG.

(FROM OUR OWN REPORTER.)

(Concluded from our last.)

On Thursday night the following handbill was circulated about Rhyl, St. Asaph, and all the environs of Rhuddlan:—

"RHUDDLAN ROYAL EISTEDDVOG.

"Rhuddlan, Sept. 26, 1850.

"The committee beg to announce that a full investigation of the galleries of the Castle has been made, and that the same are found to be in a perfectly safe condition, with the exception of the reserved seats, which gave way this morning, but which will be restored to a thoroughly secure state by eleven o'clock to-morrow; and that the proceedings of the Eisteddvo will go on according to the programme already published, with this difference—that the last day will be Saturday, instead of Friday.

"R. T. ROWLEY.

"N.B. The concert is now going on, and the audience in attendance cannot be less than 2,000 people."

A body of "criers," dispersed in all directions, proclaimed the substance of the above in town and country, so that the information it contained was speedily known to the inhabitants round about the neighbourhood. That the result was all the committee could have desired will presently be shown. I give the following as explanatory of the cause of the accident:—

"We, the undersigned, having been appointed as a special committee to investigate the cause and extent of the accident which took place this morning, Thursday, the 26th of September, 1850, during the proceedings of the Royal Eisteddvo at Rhuddlan, and having minutely examined that portion of the structure which gave way, and taken the opinions of practical persons and other evidence on the subject, beg to submit the following observations as the result of our investigation.—We attribute the accident entirely to the defective and unworkmanlike manner in which the timbers are put together at the west end of the Castle, most of the supporters upon which the whole fabric rested being in several pieces, and not protected by braces or holdfasts. Owing to these imperfections the superstructure was not sufficiently able to resist the oscillations which must have been anticipated from the applause that followed the performance of the first female candidate on the triple harp. We consider that such a palpable imperfection ought not to have existed, and that the conduct of the builder, or contractor, and also that of the other persons whose duty it was to receive the work from the contractor's hands and to report upon its efficiency, have been highly reprehensible. With regard to the culpable conduct of the builder in parti-

cular, we are unable to find words to express our censure and indignation. Secondly, we have examined the condition of the side galleries, which we find sufficiently secure; but we recommend additional braces to be put up immediately, for the purpose of re-establishing confidence by preventing any undue oscillation in that part of the building. Thirdly, we recommend that workmen be employed during the night to reconstruct the gallery constituting the reserved seats.

"C. M. LLOYD MOSTYN.
"R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.
"DAVID WILLIAMS."

The crowd that assembled on Thursday night at the second miscellaneous concert insinuated a vote of restored confidence, not the less remarkable from the rapidity with which it had been acquired. There must have been nearly 1,500 persons present. Many of these were attracted to the Castle through a judicious resolution which the special committee arrived at, after their sitting in the afternoon, to inquire into the causes of the unfortunate accident that so unexpectedly arrested the business of the morning. This was to admit all those who had been disappointed at the Eisteddod to the evening's performance without further charge. A vast number availed themselves of this advantage, and the concert passed off with as much *décal* as if nothing had happened to cast a gloom over the meetings. Information that those persons who had been physical sufferers from the disastrous accident of the morning were going on well, and that no danger existed in any quarter, was carefully spread about the room by the committee and their agents, which succeeded in lulling all further apprehension, and raised the spirits of every one. The broken and dilapidated gallery was looked at as an object of curiosity; the carpenters and joiners, in their working dresses, under the *surveillance* of special constables, were enjoying the music with evident delight, ready, when the last note should be played, to begin their labours. The fear that the performance of the *Messiah*, the grand musical event of the festival, would not take place, or that, should it take place, it would be in the presence of bare walls and empty benches, had been general. Such a result would have been sad, indeed. The opportunity of introducing this immortal work to the Principality, once lost, might not again occur. A cathedral organist, obstinate in the furtherance of the good cause, like Mr. R. A. Atkins, and a liberal and enlightened patron like Lord Mostyn, might in vain be sought elsewhere. In short, if the *Messiah* had not been given, this first attempt to unite a grand musical festival to the general business of the Eisteddod would have proved a failure, and its re-occurrence, at the best, would have been problematical. In a musical point of view, however otherwise important and interesting, the Congress of Bards would have been likely to remain for many a long year in that condition of rude and exclusive barbarism which has characterised it ever since music has been regarded as a great and beautiful art in the eyes of civilised Europe. No such ill-luck, however, was in store for the inhabitants of the hilly regions of Western Britain. No sooner had the concert terminated, and the audience prepared to take their leave, than the work of demolition, preface to that of renovation, commenced. Hammers, chisels, and saws were heard, making a music of their own, which, if not so harmonious as what preceded it, was at least instrumental in stirring up a hope in the breasts of all who heard it that the morrow's sun would shine upon a joyful and numerous assembly, listening with rapt attention and a devout and profound delight to the solemn and majestic strains of Handel, singing the mighty story of the birth and passion of the Redeemer, and of the faith which inculcates that "death is swallowed up in victory." It gives me unmixed satisfaction to add that this hope was triumphantly realised.

I have rarely seen a more imposing sight than was presented yesterday morning on entering the Castle. The weather was superb, and the rays of the sun made glad the hearts of those, who, on foot, or in vehicles of every description, from the carriage of the wealthy to the omnibus, and down even to the common cart of the peasant, were making their way to Rhuddlan Castle from every direction, far and near—many of them to listen to Handel's *Messiah* for the first time, although the trumpet of fame has proclaimed it, for a century, the masterpiece of sacred music, the work which most entirely reconciles all tastes, goes to all hearts, and unites the humble and the learned in one common sentiment of admiration. The platform had been restored, as if by magic. The workmen must have laboured zealously at their task in the night. Not an indication was visible that any accident had happened, and but that some familiar faces were missed, hardly a thought would have been given to the event of the preceding day. The President, Lord Mostyn, took his seat, long before the commencement of the performance, and his presence was the signal for a general hum of satisfaction throughout the vast assembly—between 3,000 and 4,000 persons, if we can rely upon the testimony of those best acquainted with the dimensions of the place, and the number it is capable of accommodating. It is due to Lord Mostyn to add, that he was the only one of the highest dignitaries of the Eisteddod who had not been dissuaded from coming by fears of any future accident. The empty seats of the vice-presidents were almost the only vacant places in the Castle. Yet when the accident occurred on Thursday, only one narrow plank intervened to save the noble and venerable President from being precipitated into the abyss that yawned behind him. The consequences might have been fatal, since, had this plank given way, his Lordship would have fallen backward in his chair. His escape was therefore providential, and, indeed, it was scarcely less than miraculous that the results of the accident were so comparatively slight and unimportant. I cannot, however, refrain from expressing my admiration of the presence of mind, and real devotion to the interests of the Eisteddod, displayed on the present occasion by Lord Mostyn, who, I understand, has more than attained his 80th year.

All the coats of arms, mottoes, and other insignia of the Eisteddod, still decked the castle walls. The harps, however, had disappeared, and the bards who were present had, for the most part, left their honours and investments at home, appearing in undorned simplicity of costume, like the rest of the company. Conspicuous among the audience were some Welsh ladies, attired in the picturesque dress of their country, with close jackets and hats of the strictest nationality. Richard Richards, of Carnarvon, father of the present race of Welch harpers, who, besides his venerable age, is stone-blind, was observed in his usual place completely absorbed by the music. The orchestra, now crowded to the extremities by the members of the chorus belonging to the Philharmonic Society of Liverpool, who were ranged on either side of the band, with the principal singers—Misses Lucombe, Williams, and H. Chipp, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Machin—in front, as at Exeter-hall, now looked very imposing, and effectively filled up the background of the picture. The general appearance of the interior, with its amphitheatric form, its vast *parterre*, and the long and low-raised galleries on either side, bore a striking resemblance to the idea which has been handed down to us of the great public ceremonies of the ancient Romans. The old walls of the castle, protruding their dilapidated sides through all the gaudy heraldic emblems that but half covered their

nakedness, gave a peculiar physiognomy to the whole, and suggested the idea of the past and the present, the dead and the living, paying homage, in strange and unprecedented fellowship, to the mighty genius of Handel. Altogether, this was certainly the most memorable day of Eisteddvod, and, being entirely divested of popular clamour and egotistical displays, was all the more grateful and imposing. It was worth a journey to Rhuddlan, if only, at one and the same time, to see the ancient castle, arrayed in such motley colours—a grave decked out in flowers—and to hear a performance of the *Messiah*, which would in no respect have disgraced the metropolis, or one of the great musical festivals. The Liverpool chorus, acknowledged to be one of the strongest and best-trained in England, proved itself fully worthy the reputation it enjoys. The band, led by Mr. Edmund Chipp, though small, was compact and thoroughly excellent, while the principals, experienced in the music of the *Messiah*, were in every respect efficient. To describe the effect produced upon the audience, high and low, rich and poor, is impossible; stricter attention, keener enjoyment I never witnessed. It showed, beyond dispute, that the Welsh people have a real feeling for music, and that only the most perverse adherence to antique prejudices and national instruments has prevented them from exhibiting it long ago, in quite as strong a light as the other inhabitants of the empire. No applause was allowed, which made the performance all the more impressive. The "Hallelujah" chorus, during which the entire assembly rose, produced an electrical effect. At the request of Lord Mostyn, this sublime piece of choral harmony was repeated at the commencement of the second part. It is worth noting, that his Lordship was present at the celebrated commemoration of Handel, at Westminster Abbey, in 1782, when George III. commanded a repetition of the "Hallelujah," a custom which has prevailed ever since. It is needless to enter into any long details about the execution of the oratorio, nor is it requisite, since all the performers are so well known in London. Suffice it that the choruses were splendidly given from first to last, and that the chief singers all distinguished themselves highly. Mr. Sims Reeves, who has made quite a sensation here, never sang more finely. Miss Williams, in "He was despised," and Miss Lucombe, in "I know that my Redeemer liveth," created a most profound impression on the assembly. Miss H. Chipp, the second soprano, is a young singer of evident promise. There is but one feeling among the audience, that of unqualified delight. The first performance of the *Messiah* has opened a new era for Wales, the importance of which can hardly be over-estimated.

Among the company present yesterday morning were:—The Right Hon. Lord Mostyn, the Right Hon. the Earl of Powis, the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Fielding, the Right Hon. Lord Dinorbin, the Hon. E. L. M. Mostyn, M.P., Sir John Hanmer, Bart. M.P., Sir Piers Mostyn, Bart., Mr. John Williams, M.P., Mr. E. L. Richards, the Dowager Lady Erskine, Sir Stephen R. Glynne, Bart., Sir John Hay Williams, Bart., Mr. William Shipley Conway, Mr. B. W. Wynn, Lady Hall, Mr. John Copner Wynne Edwards, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, the Hon. T. Price Lloyd, the Hon. R. T. Rowley, Lieutenant-General Sir Love Parry Jones Parry, the Misses Luxmoore, the Rev. Thomas Wynne Edwards, Mr. R. Lodge, M.D., Mr. C. W. Wyatt, the Rev. D. James, the Rev. W. Hicks Owen, the Rev. R. W. Wyatt, the Rev. Aneurin Lodge, Mr. Aneurin Owen, the Dean of Bangor, the Archdeacon of Cardigan, the Rev. J. R. Owen, M.A., the Rev. E. Hughes, the Rev.

Morris Williams, the Rev. Evan Evans, and the Rev. J. Williams, with their wives and families.

A ceremony of peculiarly national interest took place yesterday morning—the *Gorsedd Gwynedd*, or Assembly of Druids and bards, for the purpose of conferring degrees. The spot pitched upon for this very ancient ceremony was the castle-yard, within the precincts of the moat. The assembly was convened about ten o'clock, by sound of trumpet, according to time-honoured usage. The twelve stones representing the months, with a large stone in the centre to signify the *Gorsedd*, or throne of the arch-druid, were arranged, as was the sacred circle of old, with a large entrance, facing due south. None were permitted to approach the sacred circle but the Arch-Druid, Druids, and their officers. The bards and oviates, at the invitation of the heads of the ceremony, then appeared in order, bareheaded, as they were respectively to be installed in the various grades of distinction conferred upon them. The sword, which had been placed on the altar, was unsheathed by the assistant-bard, and the presiding bard pointed it to his own breast—a type of his resolution to injure no one, and never to use it except in case of absolute necessity. The nature of the ceremony having been expounded by the Arch-Druid of Gwynedd, in Welsh and English, the bards and oviates were called upon to enter his circle, and take part in the installation of such persons as were found competent to graduate as bards. Those who responded to the summons were obliged to make their acknowledgments in verse. Others were summoned to take rank as druids, which was only eligible to the ministers of religion, the office of druidism being purely spiritual. There were several initiated. In response to the summons to take grades as oviates, Gwylim Arfon (William of Carnarvon—William Powis Smith) came forward and claimed his right to that distinction in Gwynedd (a particular division of North Wales) as the editor-in-chief of a journal which devotes great consideration to the preservation and encouragement of Welsh literature. This gentleman's claim was at once admitted by the Arch-Druid, who expressed his sense of the services performed, and he was forthwith invested with the green riband (the insignia of oviateship) in addition to the blue riband (the sign of bardism), which had already been conferred upon him at a previous Eisteddvod. Gwylim Arfon replied in an appropriate address, which was received with loud cheers by the surrounding bards, and his address was placed upon record by order of the Arch-Druid.

I state with pleasure the opinion unanimously expressed, that no fault is imputed to Talhaiarn, the architect, in the accident that happened on Thursday.

The most brilliant Eisteddvod that perhaps ever occurred since the Congress of Bards was first instituted came to a conclusion to-day, when several prizes for the harp and the *penillion* were awarded. The president, Lord Mostyn, was in the chair at the commencement, and remained until the end of the meeting. The attendance was thin in comparison with that of the preceding days; but this must be attributed to the unexpected prolongation of the Eisteddvod, which, according to the original announcement, should have terminated yesterday.

The proceedings were twice interrupted by oratorical effusions. The Rev. Mr. Hicks Owen, to whose discourse I alluded in my short notice of the second day, rose to reply to my animadversions of last week, which he considered complimentary to his patriotism, although evidently intended to lampoon him. He would not deny that, when speaking on the subject in question (Welsh language and literature), he

was completely swayed by enthusiasm, and he "gloried in it." I can assure the rev. gentleman that he entirely mistook my intentions. I have the highest respect for national feeling, expressed with no matter what amount of earnestness. My objections were simply urged against a policy that, while professing to aim at the preservation of the Welsh language and literature, started from principles of exclusiveness, which, as things are constituted, rather militate against the desired object than assist in its attainment. The other speech was from Talhaiarn, the architect, who, after the accident of Thursday, considered it his duty to offer some explanation to the public. He spoke, as nearly as I could gather, as follows:—"My Lord Mostyn, ladies, and gentlemen—I deeply lament the unfortunate accident which took place the other day. I, unhappily, was in a state of excitement bordering upon delirium when I saw the gallery down, and the first idea that crossed my mind was our beautiful Welch motto, "Gwell angau na chwylydd" ("Death is better than disgrace.") On the irresistible impulse of the moment I foolishly left the place. I much regret it. But, my Lord Mostyn, I respectfully request the committee—I demand it—that you will appoint an architect, at my expense, to examine my plans, sections, and specification, as well as the construction of the galleries. I will abide by his decision. I believed the contractor to be an upright, honest man—and I still believe it. Heaven forbid that I should blame him. I ask you for justice. I ask no more, and I will take no less." This address was received with such uproarious cheering, that Talhaiarn must have been perfectly satisfied he was exempted from blame in the opinion of the great majority. I should have said that the Rev. Hicks Owen terminated his address with a complimentary apostrophe to the courage and coolness displayed by Lord Mostyn and his family, which on the occasion of the accident on the platform had preserved many others from imminent peril. He proposed three cheers for the noble president and his family, which were given with due zeal by the assembly. The business of the Eisteddfod then proceeded. The musical prizes were contested by the harpers. Viscount Fielding's harp (value 10*l.*) for the best performance of the Welch air, "Morfa Rhuddlan," with variations, on the triple harp, was awarded to Henry Green. Mr. Atkins, the judge, informed the audience that Edward Hughes had played a more difficult set of variations, but that Henry Green showed a better knowledge of harmony, and a purer style, which induced him to decide the contest in his favour. The gold harp brooch, for the best female performer on the triple harp, was conferred unanimously upon Miss Mary Ann Brewer; but the judges, in announcing their decision, recommended the revision of her composition by some competent musician before confiding it to the hands of the engraver, since it was by no means perfect. To John H. Jones a premium of 3*l.* was awarded, as the best performer on the triple harp among the unsuccessful candidates. Some more *penillion* singing then commenced, which resulted in the prizes being awarded—first, to John Jones, of Dolgelly; second, to Joseph Williams, of Bagot; third, to Abraham Evans, of Liverpool. The themes upon which the *penillion*-singers introduced their *penillions* were the Welch airs, "Merch Megan" (Margaret's Daughter,) and "Serch Hodobad" ("The Allurement of Love,") which were performed with changes and variations upon the harp by Mr. Ellis Roberts. A more ludicrous exhibition I never listened to. Even the Welch part of the audience could not, in many instances, refrain from laughter. If anything can throw discredit upon the proceedings of the Eisteddfod I it is certainly the *penillion* singing. The harpers are indifferent enough; but the *penillion* singers would not be listened to in a

provincial public house in England. Why such a stupid farce should be permitted in a grave assembly, which, among other objects, proposes the maintenance and encouragement of the arts and sciences, it would be difficult to explain. I can overlook a great deal on the score of nationality; but the *penillion* is something beyond endurance. The solemn absurdity of the matter was somewhat enlivened on the present occasion by Talhaiarn, who unexpectedly interrupted the proceedings by an improvised *penillion* of his own—a tribute to the youthful Prince of Wales—which was welcomed with unanimous applause. Talhaiarn certainly does not shine as a singer. He has no voice, and no ear for rhythm: but his earnestness of manner, and his ready talent at impromptu, carried everything before them, and he obtained more applause than all the professed *penillion* singers together. After the *penillion*, Richard Roberts, the blind harper, played the old melody, "Glan medd'dwdd"—which signifies "pleasantly inebriated"—on the Welch harp, and was much applauded. Mr. Roberts may be considered the best representative of the ancient glory of the Welch minstrels. Though what he plays is exceedingly simple and bucolic, there is a certain charm about it which cannot be denied. The glee-singers then contended. Four gentlemen from Liverpool, who were blessed with something like voices, obtained the prize for "the best set of Welch singers in parts" (5*l.*), and that for "the best glee-singers" (3*l.*), against three gentlemen from St. Asaph, who had no voices at all, sang disagreeably out of tune, and gave every movement about twice too slowly. The glees were T. Cooke's "Strike the lyre," Calcott's "Peace to the heroes," and "Seek for comfort." A very little girl then attempted to sing a well-known Welch melody, but I was not apprised of her name. Seven hours having now been consumed in these contentions, I was compelled to take my leave, which I did with the conviction that anything more dull, trivial, and uninteresting, anything more utterly useless and unworthy could not easily be devised.

The number of prizes to be awarded at the Eisteddfod, according to the printed list, amounted to fifty-seven. Some of these were uncontested, but only a very few. To attempt anything like a catalogue of them would demand ten pages of your journal. Suffice it that the prizes are divided into five classes—poetry, essays, music, education, arts and manufactures. Four of these departments are always respectably, sometimes eminently, sustained; but one of them, music, is far below mediocrity. If this fine art is to continue a prominent feature of the Eisteddfod, it can only be by means of the plan now successfully essayed for the first time of uniting the general business of the meeting to a musical festival on a grand scale. Welsh music has had its day. It appeals no longer to the associations which gave it an extrinsic value of yore, and must shortly be consigned to its place as a simple matter of history, interesting and instructive because it has been intimately related with so many things that are worth remembering, but wholly unconnected with the present ideas of art. That the Eisteddfod just concluded has been so eminently successful, is mainly attributable to the *Mesiod* and the miscellaneous concerts. At the same time, I have reason to believe that more than an average amount of talent and industry has been evinced in the literary departments essentially belonging to the great national celebration. It is confidently stated that in the Rev. Evan Evans (Jean Glan Geirionydd), of Ince, in Cheshire, who was promoted to the Bardic chair, for the second time, having already been honored with that distinction at an Eisteddfod held at Denbigh, Wales has found a poet anxious and able to throw aside the re-

strictions which have so long held Welch poetry in durance, and to dispense with the twenty-four metres and the alliterative consonants, as useless and pedantic encumbrances. In Mr. T. Stephens, too, of Merthyr Tydfil, author of the *Literature of the Kymri*, who carried away no less than three prizes, a new and distinguished talent has been acknowledged. But it was the *Messiah* which drew nearly four thousand people from all parts of the country, who, though imbued with the strongest nationality, would hardly have been attracted to the ordinary Eisteddfod. The committee are, therefore, indebted to the musical director, Mr. Atkins, and to his professional assistants, for the handsome surplis which, in all probability, will be realized, and, according to the received law, will be devoted to the publication of such works produced at the Eisteddfod as the committee may consider advantageous to the literature of Wales. It is just to state that the Eisteddfod is not a little indebted to the directors of the Chester and Holyhead Railroad for the facilities they afforded in the shape of special trains, at reasonable terms, from all the towns on their line, which brought a vast number of persons to the meeting every day. The fine weather, also, which continued up to the evening of Friday, has been singularly beneficial. At the ball last night, which was brilliantly attended, the weather changed, and wind and rain did their utmost to shake the walls of the castle and damage the temporary arrangements. All passed off safely, nevertheless, although the rain forced its way through the light timber framing of the roof, and strangely discommoded the dancers, while outside, the wind blew away the covered entrance, and a special constable was almost smothered in its ruins. He was ultimately extricated, however, with some pains. The dancing did not terminate, for all this, until a very late late hour. Lord Mostyn, true to his office to the last, was observed among the busy throng, as well as Lord Ward, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, and many other distinguished individuals.

Before concluding I have to make the *amende honorable* to Mr. O. Rowland (Aled O Von), the purport of whose speech at the President's dinner I did not estimate with precise correctness. Mr. Rowland, while advocating the necessity of addressing the meeting in the Welch language, in consequence of so many being present who did not understand English, maintained that the people ought to be educated in the knowledge of the English tongue, as the only possible medium of general information. This is consistent with the position of Mr. Rowland, who, formerly honorary secretary to the committee for appointing Welch bishops conversant with the Welch language, is at the present moment secretary to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge in Wales, of which Lord Powis is the President.—*Rhyl, Sept. 28.*

JENNY LIND IN AMERICA.

THE FIRST CONCERT.

JENNY LIND has sung to the Americans, and, as was expected by everybody, has astounded her hearers. The account in the *New York Herald* is highly interesting, and exhibits the Nightingale in a more favourable light than any in which she has yet been shown to the public. Her reception by the Yankees frightened her out of all self-possession; she was terrified lest after so much expectation she should fail, and when she commenced her first song she was literally unable to sing for some seconds. This was a predicament from which nothing but a talent like Jenny Lind's could bring her forth victorious. The audience most generously made every allowance, the singer by degrees

regained her confidence, her voice resumed its beauty and its power, and then came the excitement. But we shall not detain the reader from the picturesque and enthusiastic accounts in the *New York Herald* and *Daily Tribune*. The first-named journal gives the following copious details:—

"The long-looked-for event has come off. Jenny Lind has sung in Castle Garden to an audience of five thousand persons, and they have confirmed the opinions we had expressed upon her matchless powers of song. They have pronounced upon her merits in a manner not to be mistaken; and the small critics who venture to disparage her in some particulars, must look very silly by this time, even in their own estimation. Never did a mortal in this city, or perhaps in any other, receive such homage as the sovereign of song received from the sovereign people on this memorable occasion. We say from the sovereign people—for it was not the aristocracy who were there, it was the middle classes—the mechanics and the storekeepers, with their wives and daughters and sisters, presenting an array of dazzling beauty, in which the upper tiers were lost as a drop of water in the ocean. In the old country, none but royalty and the aristocracy could afford to pay such prices, even for one night, to hear the nightingale sing. Here the majesty of the people were present, and presented such a spectacle as we have never seen before. From the ceiling to the stage it was one dense mass of human beings, and the passages all around were filled with those who were fortunate enough to obtain promenade tickets. Yet was there no confusion; for every part was not only numbered, but the colour of the paper on which the number was printed was the same as the colour of the ticket. The middle section of the house was yellow, the left red, and the right blue. At each section lamps were hung, of the same colour as the section, whether in the balcony or parquette. Ushers were also stationed in different portions of the house with wands and rosettes of ribbons of the three different colours, indicating the portion of the house where they were required to conduct the ticket holder. In addition to all this, at the entrance to each tier of seats were painted on the floor the numbers they contained, so that no person need have any trouble in finding out his own place. Thus there was a seat for everybody, and everybody had a seat corresponding with the number of his ticket. The seat of Mr. Genin, the latter, was a very handsome spring cushion crimson velvet chair, placed right against the front of the centre post, and just opposite to Jenny Lind. It was marked A 1, and Genin was first among the foremost, and no mistake. Every eye was upon the \$25 dollar seat. "Opposite the stage and over the balcony, was the following inscription upon a white ground, bordered with green, and ornamented with flowers:—'Welcome, Sweet Warbler.' The building was beautifully lighted with magnificent chandeliers.

"To facilitate egress, a large door was opened in the rear of the building. To secure order and prevent confusion, as well as imposition, there were three doorkeepers to be passed before you obtained admission to the temple of song, which Jenny Lind was to consecrate by her divine melody. From the outer gate to the Castle, the bridge was covered with a grand awning, at the expense of 1,000 dollars. At the gates of the Battery, police officers were stationed to compel the drivers of hacks and carriages to enter by one gate and return by another. The police were in attendance in large force all around the Garden, and did their duty admirably. It was rumoured that there was to be an attack made by the unfettered in boats on the rear, and that was effectually guarded against by a force stationed there by Mr. Matell, the chief of police. The rumour turned out to be well founded. The scenery was truly surprising. The river was completely covered with boats, filled with the hardest kind of locking customers. They had absolutely besieged the Castle, and made several attacks to force themselves into the garden. They numbered something like five hundred, and would have succeeded in forcing a breach, but for the chief placing a very active body of policemen to repel the invaders. As it was, however, a bold effort was made, and several landed in the garden. The police pursued them, took them into custody, and expelled them from the premises. The boats continued to the end of the performance, and we learn that those who occupied them could distinctly hear the powerful voice of the Nightingale as it issued from the open doors of the balcony. Around the outer gate, for a considerable distance, a chain was extended, and no person was admitted inside who could not show a ticket. To this contrivance the visitors were indebted for an easy passage through the dense crowd that filled the Battery.

"In fact, all the arrangements were most perfect. The orchestra was admirably disposed on the stage, and this arrangement was facilitated by substituting light iron music stands instead of wood. We mentioned before that the orchestra was placed behind, instead of in front, of the singers, as formerly, a change decidedly for the better. Instead of the curtain was a sounding board, which added wonderfully to the effect. It was handsomely papered, and the whole appearance of the garden last

night was very beautiful. Since this alteration was made, there is no building in the world better adapted for singing. The voice sounds most powerful in it. Besides, it is isolated by water, and removed to a distance from those confused noises of a city which more or less destroy the effect of the voice. In a poetical sense, could any spot be more appropriate for the Nightingale than an island garden, washed by the great ocean, on whose bosom floats the commerce of the world? And imagination fails to picture any scene more beautiful than that presented to the spectator standing at the door of the outside promenade, looking up to the spangled heavens, down on the blue waves upon one side, and on the other upon the great city of the new world, with its shores on either river lined with shipping, and within the building, upon the Queen of Song, the bright particular star of the firmament of music, swaying all hearts by her enchantment.

"At four o'clock Jenny Lind arrived at the Garden, in order to pass quietly and unobserved through the crowd. She dressed there, instead of at her hotel. At five o'clock the gates were thrown open; and from that time until eight o'clock there was a continuous tide of human beings passing into the capacious building. The numbers from the country were very considerable. They were from New-Haven, Newport, Albany, Newark, and various other cities; and when all were seated it was indeed a splendid sight. The ladies' dresses were very magnificent, and such as the great mass of women in no other country in the world can afford to wear. The fair sex were not as numerous as might be expected, the gentlemen out-numbering them considerably; but those who were present seemed to enjoy the concert in the highest degree. It is very probable that many ladies were kept away for the first night by the fear of being crushed; but when they find that their apprehensions were groundless, they will doubtless take the Castle by storm to-morrow night.

"The excitement, which had been rising higher and higher every day for the last week, reached its climax last night, and the absent can form only a faint idea of it from the best description in the world. And here let us inquire into the cause of all this tumult of passion and excitement. Besides the innate harmony planted by nature in the human soul, sympathizing with all harmonious sounds, and especially with the sweetest and most melodious, there is in every ear the love of the wonderful; and many who visited Castle Garden last night went to see and hear not so much to gratify their love of music as their propensity for the marvellous. Is Jenny Lind a wonder? We answer, yes—the greatest prodigy in song that ever appeared upon the theatre of this world. For centuries Italy, the cradle of music, gave birth to all the great singers that delighted Europe with their talents. Their style was characteristic of their country and climate—soft, and sweet, and passionate. It was the school of the South. Jenny Lind arose like meteor, or the aurora borealis, in the North, and flashed over the world, establishing a new school of song—possessing the excellencies of all that went before her, but distinguished from every one of them by peculiarities of her own. Endowed with powers of voice beyond the best of them, she has excelled them all in the cultivation of the gift of heaven. Her style is, therefore, a rare combination of originality and the highest and purest emanation of musical science. There is voluptuous and earthly—hers is intellectual and divine. In her high moral character she excels them as much as she does in song. She is good as well as great; and her goodness captivates many a heart that her wonderful talents would fail to influence. Her magnanimous deed of yesterday could only emanate from a heroine of no common mould. She gave the entire proceeds of her share of the sale of tickets, amounting to 10,000 dollars, to the charities of New York.

"Her motive in devoting the proceeds of her first concert to charity is of that lofty kind which we might expect from her benevolent character. She said she would not take the money of the rich, who paid such high prices to hear her: she preferred the money of the people who would come to hear her when the prices became lower. In this Middle Lind is mistaken; for if only the rich went to hear her, she would have a very poor attendance indeed. It is emphatically the people who went to hear her at her first concert, and the high prices they paid for the enjoyment—prices entirely unprecedented in this country—are many evidences of the admiration, respect, and love with which they regard this singular and glorious woman. With all her high intellectual and moral qualities—with all her transcendent execution—she is, in the unaffected simplicity of her manners, like a child, and apparently as unconscious of the mighty power she exercises over the human mind as if she did not possess it at all. Her first appearance, therefore, in Castle Garden, was a triumph such as was never witnessed on this continent before.

"At eight o'clock Signor Benedict took his post as leader of the orchestra, with baton in hand, and was well received by the audience. The concert then opened with the overture announced in the programme, which was performed very creditably, and elicited much applause from the audience.

"Belletti then sang 'Mahomet's Address to his Warriors,' an aria from the opera of *Maometto Secondo*, by Rossini. The approbation of the audience was manifested in the most decisive manner at the close. He was very warmly applauded. His style of singing and execution are faultless. It is a very hard, indeed, to find such a baryton as Belletti.

"But now the great object of attraction made her appearance. Jenny Lind was now face to face, for the first time, with an American audience—the largest before which she had ever sung anywhere—making her debut in the new world, where such high expectations had been formed of her. She trembled from head to foot, turned deadly pale, and the drops of perspiration ran down her face like rain. She had been dejected all the evening, lest she should not come up to her own high standard of surpassing excellence; but when she actually came before the audience her heart sunk within her, nor did the hurricane of applause with which she was greeted sufficiently restore her tranquillity in time to permit her to sing the 'Casta Diva' as she sang it at the two rehearsals. When she made her appearance on the stage, there was a universal burst of cheering, which lasted several minutes, the audience all rising and waving their hats and handkerchiefs, and casting a shower of bouquets at her feet. After the first tumult subsided, and she came forward to her position to sing, she was welcomed with another tremendous burst of enthusiasm. She looked well, and was very chastely dressed. In the first part of the 'Casta Diva,' as we have already said, she faltered evidently from the excitement under which she laboured; but as she proceeded her self-possession returned, the sound of her voice seeming to act like magic upon her. In the concluding line of the second stanza the audience began to feel her power, where her voice died away in a most angelic whisper, and then rose in a glorious swell that electrified the house. The enthusiastic applause she received here lent her an impulse which brought her well through to the close, where she again became quiet, and executed a cadenza with such thrilling effect, that the audience, carried away by their feelings, drowned the most effective part of it in a storm of applause. Again a shower of bouquets fell on the stage, and the cheering and waving of handkerchiefs lasted for several minutes. On the whole, the 'Casta Diva' was not equal to her rehearsal, and a New York audience do not yet know what she can do in that glorious scene.

"In the duet with Belletti she was at home, and was rapturously received. The applause was tremendous, and another shower of bouquets descended upon her, which were gathered up by Mr. Loder.

"But her great triumphs were yet to come. The flute song amazed and confounded everybody who did not hear it before. They heard something they never heard before, and may never expect to hear again from any other lips. The audience were transported, and the applause continued till it literally split itself with fatigue.

"One might suppose that one such song as this would be sufficient for an evening. But a more delicious morsel in this feast of music was reserved for the end, like a desert at dinner. In the Swedish melody, known as 'The Echo Song,' in which she sings in her own native language, and with ineffable sweetness imitates the herdsman calling his cattle, and the echoes of his voice in the mountains, her triumph was complete. It was extremely difficult to realise the fact that there were not two or three voices, so perfect were her wonderful echoes. The audience were now wrought up into a fever of excitement, which was gently softened down by her final effort, which was not so dazzling, but as sweet as any. We mean the 'Greeting to America,' of which Benedict is the composer. It is a fine martial air, in the style of the 'Marsellaise.' The following are the words:—

"I greet, with a full heart, the Land of the West,
Whose Banner of Stars o'er the world is unrolled;
Whose empire o'erashadows Atlantic's wide breast,
And opes to the sunset its gateway of gold!
The land of the mountain, the land of the lake,
And rivers that roll in magnificent tide—
Where the souls of the mighty from slumber awake,
And hallow the soil for whose freedom they died!

"Thou Cradle of Empire! though wild be the foam
That swells the land of my fathers and thee,
I hear, from thy bosom, the voice of the free,
For song is a house in the hearts of the free!
And lo! as thy waters shall gleam in the sun,
And long as thy heroes remember their scars,
Be the hands of thy children united as one,
And peace shed her light on the Banner of Stars!"

"Her pronunciation of the English was very pretty, and the way in which she executed the cadenza was called forth by the thunder of applause. This was the termination of the concert, and she was called by the audience and vehemently cheered, when the last shower of bouquets fell upon the stage, and she withdrew, bowing gracefully to the audience.

"Here there were loud cries of 'Where's Barnum!'

"Mr. Barnum then made his appearance on the stage, and addressed the audience, amidst loud cheers, as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have but one favour to ask of you—and that is that in the presence of that angel (pointing to the door where Jenny had just passed out) I may be allowed to sink where I really belong—in utter insignificance. If there has ever been a moment when I aspired to have the question generally asked, 'Where is Barnum?' that time has passed by for ever. I acknowledge frankly, that after such a display as we have had to night, Barnum is nowhere! But, my friends, I beg to tell you where Jenny Lind is. I shall not speak of her musical talent; you know that they are better than I can tell you; you have shown, by your ungovernable applause to-night, that you appreciate her incomprehensible and indescribable vocal abilities; but I must announce a circumstance regarding her which I cannot allow you to leave without knowing—she begged me not to do it; and, on ordinary occasions, I would obey her every wish; but I feel that it is due to you to state the fact I allude to. Under the contract between Jenny Lind and myself, she is entitled to one-half the net proceeds of every concert given under our agreement. On this occasion, the expenses being more for the first concert than will usually be the case, her portion of the profits will be in the neighbourhood of 10,000 dols. I received a message from her this morning, in which she declared that she would not receive one penny of the proceeds of this concert, but will devote every farthing of it to-morrow morning for charitable purposes. It will be disposed of as follows:—

To the Fire Department Fund	3,000 dols.
Musical Fund Society	2,000
Home for the Friendless	500
Society for the Relief of Indigent Females	500
Dramatic Fund Association	500
Home for Coloured and Aged Persons	500
Coloured and Orphan Asylum	500
Lying-in Asylum for Destitute Females	500
New York Orphan Asylum	500
Protestant Half Orphan Asylum	500
Roman Catholic Half Orphan Asylum	500
Old Ladies' Asylum	500
Total	10,000 dols.

"In case the money coming to her shall exceed this sum, she will hereafter designate the charity to which it shall be appropriated.

"Three enthusiastic cheers were then given for Barnum, and the assemblage separated in the most perfect order, and without crushing, owing to the excellent police arrangements. On their way home the wonderful songstress was the subject of discussion among the different groups who returned from the Garden together, each selecting from the wonders of her performance some beauty or feat that seemed more dazzling than the rest."

We confess we did not peruse the above article without experiencing the most intense sympathy for Jenny Lind. The position in which she was placed on the occasion of her introduction to the American public was absolutely unparalleled, and had she appeared otherwise than half frightened out of her senses, she would have been more than human, and would have endeared herself less to her new hearers and her old admirers. The Americans, with all their phrenetic foolery, behaved like trumps, and, by good feeling and tact, brought the Nightingale victorious through the most trying moments of her eventful life. We grasp Jonathan warmly by the hand, and give him a hearty shake right across the Atlantic. In spite of his buffalo madness, he has the right sort of feeling; and henceforth we shall take him under our wing and call him "Brother." That Jenny Lind did not sing the "Casta Diva" in her best style, was proved by the fact of its not being encored. We are glad she did not—her diffidence is a great recommendation, and her trembling with fear when she first appeared is, to our humble thinking, the most captivating and delicious shake she ever made in her life. It proved, if any proof thereof were wanting, that Jenny was true woman, and not at all artist as some have imagined.

We cannot say we greatly admire Mr. Bayard Taylor's lines. They are common-place, and the personification of "foam" for the "Ocean" is a stretch truly Yankee.

We next present our readers with the article from the *Daily Tribune*, less critical than the *Herald*, less real, less enthusiastic, less discriminative, more comical, more grotesque, more bombastic, but interesting enough to warrant insertion. The critic writes thus:—

"Jenny Lind's first concert is over, and all doubts are at an end. She is the greatest singer we have ever heard, and her success is all that she anticipated from her genius and her fame. As this is something of an era in our history of art, we give a detailed account of all that took place on the occasion.

"All the preparatory arrangements for the concert were made with great care, and from the admirable system observed, none of the usual disagreeable features of such an event were experienced. Outside of the gate there was a double row of policemen extending up the main avenue of the Battery grounds. Carriages only were permitted to drive up to the gate from the Whitehall side, and pass off into Battery-place. At one time the line of carriages extended to Whitehall and up State-street into Broadway. The order specified in yesterday's *Tribune* was observed, by which means everything was accomplished in a quiet and orderly manner. The Chief of Police, with about sixty men, came on the ground at five o'clock, and maintained the most complete order to the end.

Mr. Barnum, according to promise, had put up a substantial framework, and thrown an immense awning over the bridge, which is some two-hundred feet in length. This was brilliantly lighted, and had almost the appearance of a triumphal avenue on entering the gate.

"There was an immense crowd on the Battery clustering around the gate during the whole evening, but no acts of disorder occurred. When Jenny Lind's carriage came, but very few persons knew it, and no great excitement followed. The principle annoyance was occasioned by a noisy crowd of boys in boats, who gathered around the outer wall of the Castle, and being by their position secure from the police, tried to disturb those within by a hideous clamour of shouts and yells, accompanied by a discordant din of drums and fife. There must have been more than 500 boats and 1,000 persons on the water. They caused some annoyance to that portion of the audience in the back seats of the balcony, but the nuisance was felt by none in the parquette. By ten o'clock they had either become tired or ashamed of the contemptible outrage they were attempting, and dispersed. We may here remark that if the river police asked for by Chief Metcalf had been in existence, this attempt could not have been made.

"On entering the Castle a company of ushers, distinguished by their badges, were in readiness to direct the visitors to that part of the hall where their seats were located. Coloured lamps and hangings suspended to the pillars indicated at a glance the different divisions, and the task of seeking for the audience of near 7,000 persons was thus accomplished without the least inconvenience. The hall was brilliantly lighted, though from its vast extent the stage looked somewhat dim. The wooden partition which was built up in place of the drop curtain is covered with a painting representing the combined standards of America and Sweden, below which are arabesque ornaments in white and gold. Considering the short time elapsed for these improvements, the change was remarkable. The only instance of bad taste which we noticed was a large motto, worked in flowers, suspended over the pillars of the balcony directly in front of the stage, 'Welcome, sweet Warbler' (no man the words) was not only tame and commonplace, but decidedly out of place.

"The sight of the grand hall, with its gay decoration, its glittering lamps, and its vast throng of expectant auditors, was in itself almost worth a five dollar ticket. We were surprised to notice that not more than one-eighth of the audience were ladies. They must stay at home, it seems, when the tickets are high, but the gentlemen go, nevertheless. For its size the audience was one of the most quiet, refined, and appreciative, we ever saw assembled in this city. Not more than one-third were seated before seven o'clock, and when the eventful hour arrived, they were still coming in. A few of the seats were not taken when the orchestra had assembled, and Mr. Benedict, who was greeted with loud cheers on his appearance, gave the first flourish of his baton.

"The musical performances commenced with Jules Benedict's overture to his opera, *The Crusaders*, himself conducting the orchestra of sixty instruments. It was an admirably balanced and effective orchestra, end notwithstanding that we had to listen as it were round a corner, we felt the vitality and full force of its strong chords, and traced the precise and delicate outline of its melodies with a distinctness which proved that a clear musical idea was there, too clearly embodied to be lost even in that vast place. We liked the first half of the composition best; it had the dark shading end wild vigour and pathos of Von Weber; the slegro which set in upon it was more in the light popular manner of Auber end the French. Yet Mr. Benedict has proved his mastery in this work, which the vast audience acknowledged with very hearty plaudits.

"Sigior Belletti was the next mark of expectation. In one of Rossini's most ornate and florid bravura songs (from *Alfonso Second*) he produced a harmony of such warm, rich, solid, resonant and feeling quality as we perhaps have never heard in this country (though without closer observation from the less remote position in which a barytone naturally requires to be heard, we hardly dare to place it above Badiali's); while in refinement of conception and of execution he left little to be desired."

Of the great American barytone, Badiali, we know nothing, and shall take for granted that Signor Belletti is not to be placed above him. We advise Mr. Lumley and Mr. Costa to keep an eye on Signor Badiali; he may prove another Tamburini, or a Ronconi. In his allusion to the performance of Mr. Benedict's overture, we cannot exactly make out whether the writer alludes to the orchestra or the composition, when he says, "He felt the unity and full force of its *strong chords*, and traced the precise and delicate outlines of its melodies, &c." Perhaps for "strong chords," we should read "concordo." The writer goes on:—

"Now came a moment of breathless expectation. A moment more, and Jenny Lind, clad in a white dress, which well became the frank sincerity of her face, came forward through the orchestra. It is impossible to describe the spontaneous burst of welcome which greeted her. The vast assembly rose as one man, and for some minutes nothing could be seen but the waving of hands and handkerchiefs, nothing heard but a storm of tumultuous cheers. The enthusiasm of the moment, for a time beyond all bounds, was at last subdued, after prolonging itself by its own fruitless efforts to subdue itself, and the divine songstress, with that perfect bearing, that air of all dignity and sweetness, blending a child-like simplicity and half-trembling womanly modesty with the beautiful confidence of Genius and serene wisdom of Art, addressed herself to song, as the orchestral symphony prepared the way for the voice in 'Casta Diva.' A better test piece could not have been selected for her debut. Every soprano lady has sung it to us; but nearly every one has seemed only trying to make something of it, while Jenny Lind sang the very music of it for the time being. We would say no less than that; for the wisest and honestest part of criticism on such a first hearing of a thing so perfect, was to give itself purely up to it, without question, and attempt no analysis of what too truly fills one to have yet begun to be an object of thought.

"If it were possible, we would describe the quality of that voice, so pure, so sweet, so fine, so whole and all-pervading, in its lowest breathings and minutest *fortissimos* as well as in its strongest volume. We never heard tones which in their sweetness went so far. They brought the most distant and ill-seated auditor close to her. They were tones, every one of them, and the whole air had to take the law of their vibrations. The voice and the delivery had in them all the good qualities of all the good singers. Song in her has that integral beauty which at once produces it as a type for all, and is most naturally worshipped as such by the multitude."

According to this writer Jenny Lind's is a telescopic and accommodating voice, "it brings the most distant and ill-seated auditor close to her." This is decidedly the most novel compliment ever paid to the Nightingale, and merits embalming in Catinna's last new penny album. But Jenny Lind's tones were not merely telescopic and accommodating, they were something more; "they were tones, every one of them, and the whole air had to take the law of their vibrations." What felonious mischief the vibrations of Jenny Lind's voice committed that "the whole air had to take the law of them," we cannot by any fancy make out. Verily, the critic is a madman, and deserves encouragement. What more says he?

"Of those who have been before her, we may most frequently remind of Madame Bishop's quality (not quantity) of voice. Their voices are of metal somewhat akin. Jenny Lind's has incomparably more power and more at all times in reserve; but it has a shade of that same velled quality in its lowest notes, consistently with the same (but much more) ripeness and sweetness, and perfect freedom from the crudeness, often called clearness, as they rise. There is the same kind of versatile and subtle talent," too, in Jenny Lind as appeared later in the equal inspiration and perfection of her various characters and styles of song. Here is a genuine soprano, reaching the extra high notes with that ease and certainty which make each highest note a triumph of expression purely, and not a physical marvel. The gradual growth and subsidence of her tones; the light and shade, the rhythmic undulation and balance of her passages; the bird-like ecstasy of her trill; the faultless precision and fluency of her chromatic scales; above all, the sure reservation of such volume of voice as to crown each protracted climax with glory, not needing a new effort to raise force for the final blow; and indeed all the points one looks for in a mistress of the vocal art, were eminently hers in 'Casta Diva.' But the charm lay not in any point,

but rather in the inspired vitality, the hearty, genuine outpouring of the whole—the real yet truly ideal humanity of all her singing. That is what has won the love to Jenny Lind; it is that her whole soul and being goes out in her song, and that her voice becomes the impersonation of that song's soul, if it have any, that is, if it be a song. There is plainly no vanity in her, no mere aim at effect; it is all frank and real in her, and harmoniously earnest.

"She next bewitched all by the delicate *molto* and sparkling *epigramme*, interchanged with true low pathos, of her duet with Belletti, from Rossini's *Turco in Italia*, the music being in the same voice with that of his *Barber of Seville*. The distinct rapidity, without hurry, of many passages, was remarkable in both performers. But perhaps the most wonderful exhibition of her vocal skill and pliancy, and of her active intimacy with Nature, was in the *Trio Concertante*, with two flutes, from Meyerbeer's 'Camp of Silecia.' Exquisitely her voice played in echo between the tasteful flute warbling of Messrs. Kyle and Siede."

We should like greatly to know what the writer intended by saying the "music of the *Turco in Italia* was in the same voice with that of the *Barber*." But hush! hearken to him now!

"But do not talk of her flute-like voice; the flute tone is not one of a real voice need cultivate; except where it silvers the edge of a dark mass of orchestral harmony, the flute's unmitigated sweetness must and should contrast with the more clarinet and reed-like quality of a voice as rich and human as that of Jenny Lind."

It would be an insult to common sense, grammar, and the whole army of penny-a-liners, to comment upon this paragraph.

"Naturally the favourites of the evening were the two national songs. Her Swedish 'Herdsman's Song' was singularly quaint, wild, and innocent. The odd musical interval (a sharp seventh) of the repeated loud call of the cows, the joyful laugh, and the echo, as if her singing had brought the very mountains there, were extremely characteristic. This was loudly encouraged and repeated: and when again encored was of course answered with her 'Greeting to America,' the national prize song, written by Bayard Taylor, and set to a vigorous and familiar style of music, well harmonised, with the words, by Benedict.

"We have but now to acknowledge the fine style of Belletti's 'Largo al Factotum,' (though the gay harper's song always requires the stage), and the admirable orchestra performance of Weber's overture to *Oberon*."

"We are now sure of Jenny Lind, the Singer and the Artist. Last night she was herself, and well accompanied and gloriously responded to. But we have yet to hear her in the kind of music which seems to us most to need and deserve such a singer—in the *Agatha of Der Freischütz*, and in Mozart, and the deep music of the great modern German operas."

"At the close, the audience (who made no movement to leave till the last note had been uttered) broke out into a tempest of cheers, only less vehement than those which welcomed her in 'Casta Diva.' She came forward again, bowed with a bright, grateful face, and retired. The cheers were now mingled with shouts of 'Barnum!' who at last came forward, with some difficulty obtained sufficient order to speak. 'My friends,' said he, 'you have often heard it asked—Where's Barnum?' Amid the cheers and laughter which followed this, we could only catch the words: 'Henceforth you may say—Barnum's nowhere!'"

Then follows the announcement of the donation, as given in the *Herald*, after which we are told:—

"The members of the Musical Fund Society, on hearing of Mlle. Lind's magnificent donation to them, immediately repaired to the New York Hotel, accompanied by Doddworth's band. The occasion was not so much a symphony as a renewal of the ovation in the Garden. The band played animated airs; the thousands assembled roused the midnight with their incessant cheers; and at last Mlle. Lind was obliged to appear on the balcony and acknowledge their jubilant salutation. She was accompanied by her cousin and her secretary. The members of the Society expressed their heartfelt thanks on the occasion, and at last the great crowd dispersed. So ends the night of Jenny Lind's last concert in America—truly the greatest triumph of her life."

Thus far of the Nightingale's first vocal essay in the New World. That she has come up to the highest expectation formed of her in generally allowed, despite the extreme nervousness under which she laboured. Not a single journal we have read which is not enthusiastic in the highest degree; and although one or two condescend to compare, it is acknow-

ledged on all hands, that Jenny Lind is the greatest artist that has yet appeared in America. The next accounts will doubtless be still more exciting and enthusiastic, for Jenny will, by that time, have recovered her power of voice, and will convince the Yankees of the fact, which at first they took for granted, that she is one of the greatest vocal wonders of the day. We have heard it rumoured that she intends devoting nearly the entire of her earnings in America to building hospitals in Stockholm.

THE ITALIAN OPERA AT PARIS.

THE report recently circulated regarding the transfer of the leasehold of the *Theatre Italiens* to the hands of Mr. Lumley is not exactly correct. The Paris correspondent of the *Times* of Thursday, after alluding to sundry topics of moment, thus diverges to the affairs of the Italian Theatre:—

"Do not believe, however, that all these serious subjects occupy the exclusive attention of the Parisian public. No such thing. This amiable, *spirituel*, but occasionally intractable people, pay, at this moment, nearly as much attention to the prospects of the Italian Opera as they do to politics. It has been stated that it has been finally decided to entrust the administration of this favorite place of national amusement to Mr. Lumley. This is not the case as yet, however probable it may be. The anxiety of the Government to secure, and of the musical public to possess a brilliant opera this winter, has induced them to submit the matter to an official commission, composed of men distinguished for their knowledge of art, and presided over by the *Directeur des Beaux Arts*. Those gentlemen have, after mature examination, drawn up a report, in which, after alleging strong reasons for doing so, they have decided in favor of the transfer of the privilege to other hands, and designating the London *impresario*, Mr. Lumley, as the person most competent to meet all the stipulations. It now remains to be seen whether Mr. Lumley will undertake the direction, which, it is earnestly hoped, in the interest of the opera, he may. The *élite* of Parisian society, particularly of the Faubourg St. Germain, who, since the revolution, have been deprived of their favorite *Bouffes*, are charmed with the prospect of possessing Sontag, Labiche, and the celebrities who are soon to follow in the train of the London *impresario*.

There is, however, little doubt that the management will be entrusted to the direction of the enterprising lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, which will bear us out in the opinions we expressed when first commenting on the subject. The decision of the official committee is highly complimentary to the talents and aptitude of Mr. Lumley for conducting the affairs of a theatre which has for so many years neutralised speculation and baffled success.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

(From the Glasgow Herald.)

IN the evenings, towards the end of the year 1846, when the typhus fever was making its ravages amongst the poor in the populous districts of Glasgow, a female was often heard singing at the edge of the pavement before the Western Club House. Her dress consisted of little more than a petticoat and a shawl. With the latter she covered her face, head, breast, and shoulders. The passer-by could not distinguish whether she was well-formed or crooked, good-looking or marked by the small-pox, young or old, but the musical connoisseur could judge, from the melancholy strains that forced their way from within the all-protecting shawl, that the sounds came from the voice of a girl of about seventeen years of age. She never solicited alms, but took whatever was given her with a curtesy, and now and then with a blessing, murmured in a low voice. One night, when "the winds were whistling cold," and the rain was pouring down in torrents, two young German gentlemen were passing the girl, who was striving all in her power against wind and weather, to keep her features concealed from the world. They gave

her a trifle, and hurried on, always accompanied by the heart-touching tones of her voice. Suddenly one of them stopped, and said, "Do you hear that voice? What beauty and power! Does no one try to save the possessor of such a voice from destruction? Shall a girl with such a gift from Heaven die from hunger or worse?" "Let us see what we can do," answered the other. They returned—called the watchman of the district, and sought information from him. The watchman could say very little about her. He did not know where she lived, nor what her name was, nor had he ever seen her face, but he gave her an excellent character as far as he could judge. He was told to ask her for her name and address; and one morning, after having got this, the two young philanthropists went to the assigned place, but were very much disappointed by finding that no such place existed. After having again spoken to the watchman, they got an answer through him that the girl purposely gave a wrong address, in order to get rid of the young men, and that she also decidedly refused to give her right name and address, or go to see any person, adding, that "no one knew who she was, and no one ever should know." After about a month's diplomatic negotiations by means of the watchman, the girl agreed at last to visit a German lady universally esteemed in Glasgow for her kindness and benevolence. Arrived there, and patting the jealous shawl aside, a pale interesting face was discovered. The girl gave satisfactory references as to her former life. It appeared that she was a native of Edinburgh; that, having become destitute from the death of her father,—the illness of other members of her family, (they were bed-ridden with fever), and many other circumstances, and not being able to get work sufficient to provide for a sick mother and young brother, and being possessed of a good voice—her only family inheritance—she resolved to try to make a precarious living by singing on the streets during the twilight and evening. Being asked to sing, she readily complied. Mr. Seligmann, the well-known professor of music, who was present, and one of the young men who had first taken an interest in the voice, said—"The voice of that young girl is not the one we admired so much." He remarked as something peculiar, and which he had observed on previous occasions, that the voice sounded on some evenings most beautifully, while at other times it was very indifferent. The girl insisted that she was the person in question, and by repeating her conversation with the watchman, by naming over the list of songs she was in the custom of singing, established beyond doubt that she was the individual in whom they seemed to take an interest. The matter remained unexplained at the time, and the visit ended by the lady and Mr. Seligmann promising to call on her sick mother, after having had inquiries made into the character of the family. Having found this to be in all respects satisfactory, the promised call was given, and then it was found that the girl had a sister, who was then with a distant relation in Paisley, and who, when she happened to be in Glasgow, sometimes relieved her from the task of singing on the streets. The two girls were taken by the gentleman and the watchman for only one, and as the two sisters communicated their adventures to each other, the mistake was thus easily explained. The second girl, who was the elder of the two, was sent for, and her voice soon proved her identity. Most satisfactory information as to her character having also been received, another benevolent German lady instructed her in reading, writing, and other elementary branches of education; and Mr. Seligmann gave her singing and piano lessons. When her kind instructor left Glasgow the girl

was put at board to different respectable families in succession, and her education soon took a higher bent. Her conduct and diligence gave great pleasure to her patrons, who, by private subscription, raised a sum of money for her support. After more than two years' instruction in Glasgow, it was considered expedient to send her to Germany to pursue a higher branch of musical study than this country affords. From thence, where she has been labouring successfully for eighteen months, we receive the most flattering accounts of her voice, the compass of which is from C below the lines to E flat in alt, nearly three octaves. We hear, moreover, that she makes great progress in every female accomplishment, and that she is received into the best society. As she is to appear very soon in concerts in her native country, we consider it our duty to direct the attention of our readers to her history, and to interest them in her behalf. The name of the handsome young lady, in whose elegant manners, lady-like deportment, and great musical abilities, no one could find out any trace of the street singer, is Christina Dawson.

We have watched the progress of Miss Dawson's education since she was taken in charge by her philanthropic protectors, and have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the rapid and steady progress she made under her different tutors before her removal to Germany. We may also add, that we have been long acquainted with the facts contained in the above simple narrative, and would have given them publicity, but we delayed the recital until their publication might be of service to her on the occasion of her first public appearance as a professional vocalist.

We may here add that the father of Miss Dawson was through life an industrious mechanic, originally, we believe, from Rothsay. Christina, the heroine of the above little story, is his eldest child. The widowed Mrs. Dawson, with her eldest daughter and son, are now in Edinburgh, where they have been, by the kind aid of Miss Dawson's patrons, put into a small and respectable way of gaining their livelihood, so that they are now placed beyond the necessity of depending upon eleemosynary aid. Miss Dawson's professional career, it is to be hoped, will farther remove them from want, and may, as she has always shown great filial and sisterly affection towards her relatives, place them in a more comfortable position in society than their late gloomy prospects would have led them to hope for.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

BRUSSELS.—A deplorable scene recently took place at the Theatre de la Monnaie, in consequence of a strong discontent manifested openly by some interested persons; quarrelling and fighting in the pit ensued. The quarrel arose in consequence of the managers having taken away the free admission of the following journals, *L'Indépendance*, *L'Observateur*, *Le Politique*, &c., for having made a severe criticism on Meyerbeer's work. The managers have even gone further, and have published in large letters the names of the proprietors of those journals, who, however, have carried a complaint before the Tribunal de Premiere Instance.—*Diapason*, (a musical journal of Brussels.)

FLORENCE.—Madame Guiliotta Bors-Deleurie took her benefit at the Theatre Alfieri, on the 21st ult. She performed Rosina in the *Barbieri*, and introduced the *aria di sortita*, from the *Linda di Chamouni*, for the lesson-song. The audience received the fair and charming artist with immense plaudits, and covered the stage with bouquets and coronals at the conclusion of the performance. A sonnet was also written for the occasion, and appeared in all the journals.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRINCESS'S.

THIS theatre opened for the winter season on Saturday night, under the joint management of Mr. Charles Kean and Mr. Keeley. The interior of the house has been considerably improved in appearance; not merely by renovating, cleansing, and new decorating, but by a thorough revision of the painting. It had been a universal complaint that the massive gilding of the ceiling and *façades* of the boxes was not sufficiently set off by light colours, and that a sombre appearance was the consequence, despite the extra quantity of gold used in the embellishments. This complaint can be no longer urged. An excessive lightness, comparatively speaking, is now given to the theatre by the introduction of as much white as possible between the mouldings, and the whole wears a chaste and agreeable look. The lighting is also much more brilliant than formerly, a great improvement being effected in the globe lamps in front of the boxes. The managers were evidently determined to make a favourable impression, and as far as the eye was concerned, they achieved an immediate success.

The play chosen by the managers for their initiative essay was Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*; or, *What you Will*. We very much doubt if any other play in the whole range of the drama could have better suited the means of the company. As for instance: Mrs. Charles Kean played Viola—one of her most finished and admirable Shaksperian assumptions; Mr. Keeley was the Sir Andrew Aguecheek—an imitable performance, worthy of the best efforts of Dicky Suett; Mr. Harley was the Clown—a veritable Shaksperian clown, not to be equalled by any clown-actor living; and Mrs. Keeley was the Maria—as lively and brisk a personation as could be desired. Then there was Mr. Meadows in Malvolio, who, although he showed himself occasionally out of his line, by the indulgence of a little buffoonery, made the part exceedingly amusing. To be sure we cannot be lavish of our praise on Mr. Addison in Sir Toby Belch; or Miss Phillips in Olivia; or Mr. Belton in the Duke. Mr. Addison has hardly a requisite for Sir Toby. He lacks face, deportment, manner, and conception. Miss Phillips is not devoid of judgment and power, but she has by no means a captivating voice. Mr. Belton would do better if he would not imitate Mr. Anderson and Mrs. Stirling. A certain eternal uneasiness about this gentleman's legs is to be deplored, and should be amended. We are justified in speaking well of Mr. J. W. Cathcart, who played Sebastian, and, as we believe, made his *début* on the London boards. His face, figure, bearing, and voice are all in his favour. Mr. J. W. Cathcart is, we fancy, a son of Mr. Cathcart, the well-known tragedian, who last season joined Mr. Anderson's company at Drury Lane. The son has great advantages in receiving his dramatic instructions from his father, who is a clever man and an excellent artist. Mr. J. W. Cathcart pleased us much in the small part of Sebastian, and we shall be glad to see him in a character where he shall have more to do.

The play was received throughout with great acclamations. The duel scene created roars of laughter. It was exceedingly well played both by Mrs. Charles Kean and Mr. Keeley. By the way, we must say a good word for Mr. J. Vining, who gave the part of Fabian unusual importance.

At the end of the comedy, after the usual honours, "God Save the Queen" was given, the entire of the company appearing on the stage. Miss Ransford sang the first stanza; Mrs. Keeley, Miss Mary Keeley, Mr. Ransford, jun., and Mr. Ransford, sen., in quartet, gave the second stanza; and

Miss Annie Romer followed with the third. The loyal applause having died away, Mr. Charles Kean was called forth and received with prolonged and vociferous demonstrations.

A new farce was produced after the anthem. It is called *Platonic Attachments*, and is from the pen of Mr. Bayle Barnard. The plot runs somewhat thus:—Mr. Thistle-down (Mr. Keeley) is a married man residing with his wife in a retired cottage somewhere near London. He has been wedded a twelvemonth, and has heretofore led a quiet and happy life. Previous to his marriage Mr. Thistle-down had been somewhat of a *roué*, frequenting the Red House, keeping a boat on the Thames, and giving sundry other indications of liveliness not quite compatible with sober matrimony. Mrs. T. (Mrs. Keeley) is in utter ignorance of the oblique tendencies of Mr. T., and Mr. T. is in no hurry to acquaint Mrs. T. with his little derelictions before marriage, the more especially as he knows her to be deeply susceptible to the green-eyed monster. Now Mr. T. has an office in town, or some business that calls him frequently to London, and he meets a certain Miss Milman (Miss Murray) one day in Newgate-street, and lends her an umbrella, and endeavours to attract her attention. The lady gets rid of him, and promises to send the umbrella to his office. When the farce opens Mr. T. is lamenting that the lady had not sent home his umbrella. He describes her charms with warmth, and tries to excuse his admiration for her under the semblance of a platonic feeling. Much to Mr. T.'s horror, an old boasting friend, Tom Rawlings (Mr. Wigan), who had been in pursuit of a bonnet, jumps over his garden-wall and confronts him. The friends recognize each other with very different sentiments. Tom Rawlings is delighted to meet an old acquaintance so comfortably circumstanced, and visions of brandy and cigar carousals float before his eyes. On the other hand, Mr. T. is terrified lest this roaring blade should disclose, or hint at, his anti-matrimonial pranks to his wife. There is a good deal of fun when the wife enters, and Tom and Mr. T. discover that it is Mrs. T.'s bonnet Tom has been in pursuit of. Tom's impudence carries him swimmingly through everything. He happens to obtain a knowledge of the little affair between the young lady in Newgate Street and Mr. T., and turns it to the best advantage. Mrs. T. then announces that a lady is coming to tea. The husband ascertains that it is his Newgate Street lady, and hides himself in a melon hot-bed to escape her seeing him. Of course Mrs. T. and the young lady discover him there, but, by some artifice of Tom's, his wife does not suspect, and the young lady is influenced to hold her tongue. All now goes well for Tom's peace until a servant from a neighbouring cottage where Miss Milman was staying comes for her, and brings the identical umbrella Tom had lent her. Mrs. T. sees the umbrella, and the truth flashes on her; she goes to pour the vial of her wrath on the head of her husband, but while she goes out, Tom takes off the handle of the umbrella and puts it on his own. By this stratagem Mr. T. escapes the anger of his wife, and the piece concludes with an apostrophe to the borrowing and lending of umbrellas. The farce is smartly written, and neatly put together; and, like all the author's dramas, is purely indigenous. The acting was excellent, and the success unequivocal.

On Monday *Hamlet* was performed, and Mr. Charles Kean made his first appearance. The cast embraced all the strength of the company. Mrs. Charles Kean was the Ophelia; Miss Phillips, the Queen; Mr. Ryder, the King; Mr. C. Fisher, the Ghost; Mr. Belton, Horatio, &c.

Mr. Charles Kean's *Hamlet*, and Mrs. Charles Kean's

Ophelia, have been too frequently recorded in these pages to call for more than a confirmation of what we have already asserted. Mr. Charles Kean has long identified himself with the part of *Hamlet*, which is universally allowed to be his best Shakespearian personation; and Mrs. Kean's Ophelia is acknowledged to be one of the most graceful and perfect performances of the modern stage.

After the farce on Monday, a new ballet *divertissement* was brought out under the direction of Mr. Flexmore, the popular dancer and pantomimist. The action of this *divertissement* turns on the surprisal of a party of rejoicing nymphs by a party of lusty satyrs. The chief of the nymphs was Made-moiselle Aurilol, and the chief satyr Mr. Flexmore, who displayed more than his usual amount of elasticity and strength in some of his *pas*. Miss Carlotta Leclercq, a very pretty and interesting *danseuse*, made her first appearance, and fascinated all eyes with the grace and ease of her motions. The ballet was exceedingly well put upon the stage, the dresses very elegant, and the scenery beautifully painted by the Messrs. Gordon and Lloyd.

The performances during the week have been *Twelfth Night* and *Hamlet*, alternated, with the new farce and new ballet every night.

Our Scrap Book.

[We shall be obliged to any kind friends who may be able and willing to contribute to our Scrap Book.—Ed.]

CHERUBINI.—Amongst the many interesting monuments in the Cemetery of Père la Chaise, at Paris, is one dedicated to Cherubini. It is placed close to the tombs of Chopin and Habeneck, and consists of a pedestal, on the top of which is a bust of the celebrated composer, whom Fame is represented as crowning with a wreath of laurels. The likeness and execution are equally perfect. On the pedestal is inscribed a list of his works for Grand Opera; the following are enumerated: *Lodiska, Elisa, Médée, Deux Journées, Faniska, and Abencerrages*.

ALTERING HANDEL'S MUSIC.—Dibdin, in his "Tour to the Land's End," relates the following anecdote:—"As I was passing through a village in Cornwall, one Saturday afternoon, I met several men carrying music books. I asked them where they were going; they answered 'to church, zur, to practise zalm zinging.' I then asked what music they sang; they proudly answered 'Handel, zur, Handel.' Did not you find his music rather difficult, said I; 'cees, we did at vurst, zur, but then we altered ud, and then we did very well with un arterwards."

CAFFARELLI.—Porpora, one of the most illustrious masters of Italy, conceived a friendship for a young pupil, and asked him if he had courage to persevere with constancy in the course which he should mark out for him, however wearisome it might seem. Upon his answer in the affirmative, the master noted, upon a single page of ruled paper, the diatonic and chromatic scales, ascending and descending—the intervals of third, fourth, fifth, &c., in order to teach him to take them with freedom, and to sustain the sounds, together with trills, grons, appoggiaturas, and passages of vocalization of different kinds. This page occupied both the master and scholar an entire year—and the year following was also devoted to it. When the third year commenced, nothing was said of changing the lesson, and the pupil began to murmur; but

the master reminded him of his promise. The fourth year slipped away, the fifth followed, and always the same eternal page. The sixth year found them at the same task, but the master added to it some lessons in articulation, pronunciation, and, lastly, in declamation. At the end of this year, the pupil, who still supposed himself in the elements, was much surprised, when his master said to him—"Go, my son, you have nothing more to learn; you are the first singer of Italy, and of the world." He spoke the truth, for this singer was Caffarelli.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE Theatre, which has been completely renovated since Miss Newcombe's concert, presents as brilliant an appearance as most of those I have seen in England. The decorations of white and gold, relieved by the crimson flock paper at the back of the boxes, are most chaste and elegant, while the costly cut-glass girandoles give a splendid effect to the whole scene. This week Mrs. Nisbett, Miss Jane Mordaunt, and Mr. Mordaunt, have been the stars, and from the success they have achieved, I am inclined to think that they would enrich both themselves and Mr. Newcombe if they were not planets of such erratic tendency. The first performance I had an opportunity of witnessing was *She Steeps to Conquer*, on Thursday evening, when the house was fully and fashionably attended. Mrs. Nisbett's Miss Harcastle was a charming performance—one that draws you irresistibly to the theatre—it reminds you of the Jordans and Davisons; it was a joyous, delicious comedy, coming from the soul—not acting; it was reality on the stage, full of life, fun, and buoyant spirits; and ably was Mrs. Nisbett supported by Miss Louise Dorette as Miss Neville, and Miss Jeimima Cooke as Mrs. Harcastle. The latter is unusually happy in the representation of old women. Mr. Mordaunt, as Young Marlow, was excellent—full of racy comedy and gentlemanlike; and was ably played up to by Mr. Leslie, who gained much applause by his spirited and judicious acting. Old Harcastle, by Mr. Ray, was irresistibly humorous; this gentleman is capital as the old men in comedies of this description. Emery, who has returned to his old quarters after a successful season in London, seemed, if possible, to have increased in popularity, and acted with his accustomed fun and comic drollery. A word of praise is due to Mr. Miles, who was Digory; he is not to be surpassed on the stage for certain comic bits. The farce called *Delicate Ground* followed the comedy, which brought Mr. Mordaunt and Miss Jane Mordaunt before the audience. It is a neat little piece, by Dance, but owes the success with which it was received to the excellent acting of Miss Jane Mordaunt and her brother. *The Dead Shot*, in which Mrs. Nisbett played Louise, and Emery Hector Timid, finished the evening's amusements, and sent the audience home in high good humour.

On Friday the performances were under the patronage of the Countess of Mount Edgecumbe, and for the benefit of Mrs. Nisbett. To say that the house was more than full is almost needless. The first piece was Kooles' favorite comedy, *The Love Chase*, and never did Mrs. Nisbett look or play Constance with greater spirit and effect. The joyous laugh, so peculiarly her own, the description of the chase, and many points I have not time to refer to, were responded to by the audience with loud and constant plaudits, and at the end of the comedy, when led on by Mr. Mordaunt to receive the congratulations of the audience, her reception must have been most gratifying. Master Wildrake was admirably acted by Mr. Mordaunt; and the Lydia of Miss Jane Mordaunt was graceful and ladylike. This lady's acting in the same comedies with her sister gives a completeness to the cast we seldom see, even in Plymouth. Mr. Sydney Davis played Master Waller to oblige the talented *beneficaires*, which gave no scope for his abilities, which, I hear, are of a high order. The Sir William Fendov of Mr. Ray, and Widow Green of Miss Jeimima Cooke, were both reentered with great excellence. *The Soldier's Courtship* and *The Rendezvous*, in which Mrs. Nisbett,

her brother, and sister played, finished as brilliant an evening's performance as was ever witnessed within the walls of the theatre. Nothing can exceed the perfection with which the pieces were placed on the stage—thanks to the liberality of Mr. Newcombe, which, I am happy to say, is felt and responded to by the Plymouth public.

Sims Reeves and Miss Lucombe sang at a concert given at the Assembly Rooms on the 16th; I have not yet seen the programme, but will send you a notice of it.

T. E. B.

LEEDS.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

MR. H. PHILLIPS, an old favourite, of whose musical triumphs one has many pleasant recollections, treated the Leeds public with his popular entertainment, on Friday evening, to the Music Hall. I have seldom heard Mr. Phillips in better voice than he was on the occasion. The first part of the entertainment was a sort of outline sketch from Miss Miford's *Our Village*, consisting of ballads and songs, with original music, and descriptive and anecdotal narrative introducing and connecting the musical portions. The descriptive scene, "The Squire of Age," a combined and bustling composition; the air, "There's a land which no mortal may know," a melody of pathos; and the song, "Adieu, adieu, ye village green," sprightly and original—were very pleasing. The second part of the entertainment was a miscellaneous selection of songs, the first being the fine old sea-song, "The Arcturians," (the air of which, by the way, is Irish; vide Desmond Ryan's *Songs of Erin*, and Bunting's celebrated work on Irish music,) which Mr. Phillips gave with the spirit and vigour that properly belong to this noble composition. A delightful contrast to it was Barnett's canonized to the words, "I ask'd my fair, one happy day," and Mr. Phillips' own song, "I esna leave my Highland hilt," was excellent both in composition and execution, eliciting repeated bursts of applause, and receiving a boisterous encore. The concluding song was also one of Mr. Phillips' compositions, "The Bear Hunt," descriptive of the hazardous and exciting sport in which the author had taken part, during his late visit to America. The anecdotes and descriptions of American manners with which Mr. Phillips varied the latter portion of the entertainment were exceedingly well told. The whole performance fully sustained the reputation of Mr. Phillips.

THE LEEDS MADRIGAL AND MOTET SOCIETY resumed its meetings after the summer vacation, on Wednesday evening last, the 2nd of October, at St. George's National School Room. A very interesting and important feature will, I am informed, be added to the performances at the future Madrigal Concerts, by a trial for a prize "for the best singing of a four-part glee for male voices, to be competed for by members only." The want of a thoroughly efficient glee party in Leeds has been long felt, and this politic step, on the part of the Committee of the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society for the improvement of this beautiful and important branch of English part singing must meet with universal approval.

Sims Reeves appeared in a concert which took place at our Music Hall, on Thursday.

A MONIFICENT BEQUEST.—A few months ago an unusual lawsuit was decided at Paris. A very rich gentleman, passionately fond of the theatre, left by will all his fortune (about two millions of francs) to the theatre at Strasbourg, his native town. His heir-at-law protested, and the judgment was, that a quarter of the fortune should be given up to them. In about two years the theatre of Strasbourg will have thus an annual income of 200,000 francs, and be the richest theatre in France. The testator's name was M. Apffel.

EDWIN FORREST, the tragedian, was arrested by Sheriff Canby at the Astor House yesterday morning, on the complaint of Catherine Forrest, his wife, and held to bail in the sum of 10,000 dollars to keep the peace so far as Mrs. Forrest is concerned, she being fearful of an assault from him. An injunction has also been granted to restrain Mr. Forrest from conveying away his property to the injury of the right which Mrs. Forrest has therein. Mrs. Forrest has also, within a few days, commenced a suit in the courts of this State for divorce against Mr. Forrest, on the charge of adultery committed with several persons.—*New York, Sept. 12.*

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—There are weighty reasons for supposing Mr. Flowers not to be far wrong in imputing to some of the Gregorianisers a far more subtle design than the ostensible one put forth by them, of being moved simply by a laudable desire to see an improvement made in the choral service of the English Reformed Church. I wish I could think otherwise, but really the farther I go into the subject the more ample proofs do I meet with, that to seek after the truth, and to abide by the truth, have not been, and are not, the main objects of the chief movers in this pretended English Church Musical "reformation." Indeed, a system comes to light, the adoption of which is only to be explained by some such dogma as "the end justifies the means." And this will be more manifest before long.

Still, as the organs of the party have started the question partly as a musical one, and have advanced reasons, historical data, rules, &c., (specially designed to serve their own purpose,) we cannot, I fancy, do less than accept and continue to discuss it as such, and to examine their supposed authorities; when I think it will be discovered that some of the most scandalous perversions of facts of which they have been guilty have, up to this time, not even been proposed, still less dwelt upon. It may be doubted, however, whether any good can be done with the ring-leaders. There is good reason, I fear, for supposing that they, at present, entertain no intention of being reasoned into conviction as to the unsoundness of their claims. On the other hand, there is a remarkable unanimity of opinion among those who are the most competent to decide in the matter.

As we shall now be coming to close quarters with the Gregorianisers, it is necessary that all should have a clear view of the correct Gregorian scheme, which I have therefore strangled in a simpler form than it has ever yet been given, and in such a manner that all its particulars may be seen and comprehended at one view. A description of this scheme will be all I shall be able to contribute this week; but next, I hope to begin to deduce important facts from it.

The scheme on the opposite page presents at one view—

1. The four *authentic* modes, adopted by St. Ambrose in the fourth century (distinguished by the *uneven* numbers), in their *true positions*.

2. The four *plagal* modes added by Pope Gregory in the sixth century (marked by the *even* numbers), also in their *true positions*; from a comparison of which it will be seen that each *plagal* mode commences a fourth lower than the *authentic* of the same name.

3. The *plagal* modes are distinguished from the *authentic* by the addition of the word "Hypo," which means, "under the influence of." The eight Gregorian Chants then follow.

4. Each Gregorian Chant is written in a different mode to that of the seven remaining chants; and,

5. The mode in which each chant is written is marked by the same number; as, the third chant in the third (or Phrygian) mode; the fifth chant in the fifth (or Lydian) mode.

6. To facilitate reference, corresponding figures are placed both before the chants and the scales from which they are derived; and, 7. For the purpose of further comparison, a straight stroke is placed over those notes of each scale which are comprised within the compass of the chant. Some of the various endings (all of which, to save space, are not given) descend one or two notes lower.

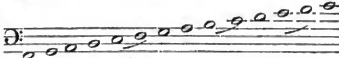
8. The curved lines below mark out the situation of the semitones.

9. The Diatonic series of notes in the first line represent that portion of the modern pianoforte scale in which is comprehended all the notes of the eight old scales, and in their original positions. Any one starting from either of the lower seven notes, and ascending to its octave, will play a sublime old scale.—I am, dear sir, yours truly

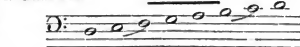
AN ORGANIST.

August 27, 1850.

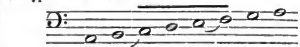
Diatonic Series, comprehending the range of all the eight old church scales.



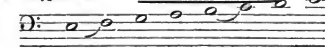
1.—Dorian mode.



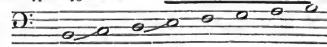
2.—Hypo-Dorian mode.



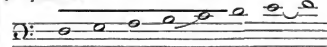
3.—Phrygian mode.



4.—Hypo-Phrygian mode.



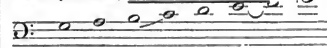
5.—Lydian mode.



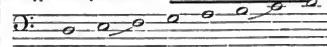
6.—Hypo-Lydian mode.



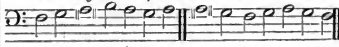
7.—Mixo-Lydian mode.



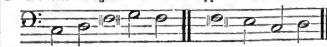
8.—Hypo-Mixo-Lydian mode.



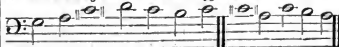
1.—The first Gregorian Chant, in the Dorian mode.



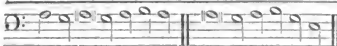
2.—The second Gregorian Chant in the Hypo-Dorian mode.



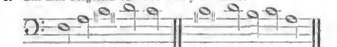
3.—The third Gregorian Chant in the Phrygian mode.



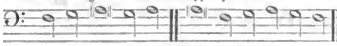
4.—The fourth Gregorian Chant in the Hypo-Phrygian mode.



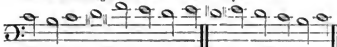
5.—The fifth Gregorian Chant in the Lydian mode.



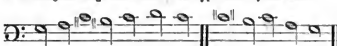
6.—The sixth Gregorian Chant in the Hypo-Lydian mode.



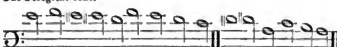
7.—The seventh Gregorian Chant in the Mixo-Lydian mode.



8.—The eighth Gregorian Chant in the Hypo-Mixo-Lydian mode.



The Peregrine tone.



THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF VOCALIZATION.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—The object of this institution (unlike the Royal Academy of Music,) is to bring before the public *first-rate native solo singers*, who in style and voice shall compete with the foreigners who come over here in swarms to get the bread that Britons ought and shall have. Britons are accustomed to pay Italian masters large sums of money for years instruction, and Italians have the double satisfaction of receiving the cash and afterwards knocking them out of the field, by imparting a better style of vocalization to their own countrymen than to the former. Yes; it has been the practice of foreign teachers to conceal their secret art from us—I say it boldly—and I have long, very long observed it, but would not make my opinion public till I had, myself, discovered the right way of producing sound in the larynx; because, I feared I might be doing more harm than good by stirring, if I could not assist singers out of their difficulty, and out of the grasp of foreigners. The advertisements I have put into the papers have brought me very odd and shameful intelligence, through the very numerous applicants. I am now in the possession of such dark deeds—such frauds—as would startle honest men. Thank God! however, I shall be able, before long, to startle the doers of these deeds, and to prove every word I write, and even more than I have already written. Foreigners tell us that Britons have not the voices to make great singers, nor the requisite perseverance. I tell them that we have both;—and my ear, observation, and knowledge is equal to theirs;—but their voices have been impaired by injudicious, tedious, very tedious methods of instruction; I will prove all this in two years from the date of this letter. It is by no means gratifying to me to have occasion to make these public complaints respecting others; but justice to a very hard-working class of my fellow countrymen, who have borne and still bear a national stigma with calm humility and unsuspecting innocence, simply, by reason of the wrongs of others, aims me to activity at the risk of personal calumny and abuse: but as I would not wrong foreign teachers, I will cause them to bear witness of themselves. On the horns of the following dilemma they must stand or fall:—*Can they or can they not; will they or will they not; do they or do they not teach Britons to sing like Italians?*

It is too evident that their styles are different; then how comes it so? If they seek justice, they will openly explain the reason; if they continue silent, it will be no evidence of their integrity: but even silence will not remove the obliquity which must fall on them. Mark this—foreign singing masters have the courage to talk of my unfairness to them, and speak otherwise against me! They can write privately to me on the subject of my public letters on them, but they are not manly enough to face me in the public press!! (Do you know why, gentlemen of the committee of the sinking Royal Academy of Music?) But let them and their supporters talk secretly against me; let them set on their little assistants to hit at me in the dark; I prefer to strike in the light of day, the cause justifying me. They may accuse me of vanity (having no other argument, and this is none, so long as they assume modesty), while I am contented to rest upon the simple course I am pursuing for British vocalists, who, with heart and voice, shall soon, (if I live) sing the solo parts in “God save the Queen” at Her Majesty’s Theatre, after the first act of a grand opera. I am, Sir, your obliged,
FRENCH FLOWERS.

3, Koppel-street, Bloomsbury-square.

BARDIC FESTIVALS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In observing that you mention my name, in your account of the Rhuddlan Eisteddfod, as having introduced modern music at a festival held at Denbigh, I beg to state that I did so at several other festivals held in Wales from 1820 to 1834. At Cardiff, in 1834, the bardic meeting was held within the castle walls, under the patronage of the Marquis of Bute, two concerts were given in the Town-hall, and a performance of sacred music in the church, with the greatest success, in which the following vocalists took a part:—Mr. Braham, Mr. W. Knyvett, Mr. Horncastle, and Mr. John Parry; Miss Stephens, Mrs. W. Knyvett, and Mrs. Bishop; Mr. Bishop presided at the organ and pianoforte; a band of London performers was engaged, including the following eminent artists:—Messrs. Nicholson, Harper, Lindley, and Dragonetti. So that the recent meeting in North Wales was by no means superior to many others which have taken place in the Principality within these thirty years, especially at Brecon, Welshpool, and Cardiff. Several Cambrian concerts were given in the Freemasons’ Hall, from 1822 to 1836, at which most of the popular vocalists of the day were engaged, including Miss Stephens, Mrs. Knyvett, Mrs. Bishop, Miss Clara Neville, &c., &c. Prizes were annually awarded for poems and essays on Welsh subjects. Penillion singing by natives of the Principality was always introduced, under the auspices of the Royal Cambrian Society; patron, his late Majesty King George IV.

Welsh airs, harmonised with poetry by the late Mrs. Hemans, were sung at all the meetings.—Yours respectfully,

JOHN PARRY, *Bardd Alow*.

“Eisteddfod” means a congress or sitting of bards and minstrels. “Gorsedd,” a gathering of bards and minstrels to confer degrees on candidates.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MANCHESTER.—The intended bazaar in aid of the liquidation of the mortgage debt on the Athenicum promises to be very successful. Poetical and literary contributions from some of the most distinguished writers of the day have been received for an Album, which will probably be published and sold at the Bazaar. The list of contributions already includes the well-known names of Tennyson, De Quincey, Gilliland, Delta, Currer Bell, Tupper, J. E. Carpenter, Camilla Toulmin, C. Swaine, J. C. Prince, Mrs. C. Tinsley, D. Holt, and many others. With a view to give a little more time to those who are preparing articles, the directors’ and ladies’ committee have fixed the opening for 22nd October instead of the 8th, as hitherto intended.—*Manchester Courier*.

MADAME ANNE THILLON is to make her *debut* at Willis’s Rooms next month, in a new entertainment written expressly for her by Messrs. Oxenford and Albert Smith.

MR. WILLIAM FORDE.—This well-known professor of music in Cork died in that city on the 2nd inst., aged 54.

STENOR BODAS, the celebrated tenor, has arrived in London from Paris, and will forthwith join Miss Catherine Hayes in her operatic tour in Ireland and the provinces.

WORDSWORTH—His CHARACTER AND GENIUS.—In private, Wordsworth, we understand, was pure, mild, simple, and majestic—perhaps somewhat austere in his judgments of the ering, and perhaps somewhat narrow in his own economics. In accordance, we suppose, with that part of his poetic system which magnified mole-heaps to mountains, *pennies* assumed the importance of *pounds*. It is ludicrous, yet characteristic, to think of the great author of the "Rudens" squabbling with a porter about the price of a parcel, or bidding down an old book at a stall. He was one of the few poets who were ever guilty of the crime of worldly prudence, that ever could have fulfilled the old paradox, "A poet has built a house." In his young days, according to Hazlitt, he said little in society, sat generally lost in thought, threw out a bold or an indifferent remark occasionally, and relapsed into reverie again. In later years, he became more talkative and oracular. His health and habits were always regular, his temperament happy, and his heart sound and pure. We have said that his life, as a poet, was far from perfect. Our meaning is, that he did not sufficiently, owing to temperament, or position, or habits, sympathise with the on-goings of society, the fulness of modern life, and the varied passions, unbelief, sins, and miseries, of modern human nature. His soul dwelt apart. He came, like the Baptist, "neither eating nor drinking," and men said, "he hath a demon." He saw at morning from London Bridge, "all its mighty heart" lying still; but he did not at noon plunge artistically into the thick of its throbbing life, far less sound the depths of its wild midnight heavings of revel and wretchedness, of hopes and fears, of stifled fury and eloquent despair. Nor, although he sung the "mighty stream of tendency" of this wondrous age, did he ever launch his poetic craft upon it, nor seem to see the *whitewards* of its swift and awful stress. He has, on the whole, stood aside from his time—not on a peak of the past, not on an anticipated Alp of the future, but on his own Cumberland highlands—hearing the tumult and remaining still, lifting up his life as a far-seen beacon fire, studying the manners of the humble dwellers in the valleys below, "piping a simple song to thinking hearts and striving to walk to brother spirits the fine infection of his own enthusiasm, faith, hope, and devotion." Perhaps, had he been less strict and consistent in creed and in character, he might have attained greater breadth, blood warmth, and wide-spread power; have presented on his page a fuller reflection of our present state, and drawn from his poetry a yet stronger moral, and become the Shakspeare instead of the Milton of the age. For himself he did undoubtedly choose the "better part," nor do we mean to insinuate that any man ought to contaminate himself for the sake of his art; but that the poet of the period will necessarily come so near to its peculiar sins, sufferings, follies, and mistakes, as to understand them, and even to feel the force of their temptations—and though he should never yield to, yet must have a "fellow feeling" of its prevailing infirmities.—*Eclectic Review.*

MUSIC AND REVOLUTION.—At the outbreak of the famous conspiracy of the 13th of June, at Paris, an occurrence took place that proved friendship stronger than political feeling, and does not lack a certain romantic colour. When the excited mob broke into the printing office and destroyed everything they could lay hands upon, they entered also the *Democratic Pacifique*. There sat quietly, at his desk, Alynne Bureau, a musical critic and composer—a quiet, gentle character. Two of his most intimate friends, but political opponents, doing duty as National Guards, entered with the mob; when they saw them furiously searching for a victim, these two, with many rough exclamations, took the poor astonished critic by the collar of his office coat, and dragged him with much noise to the "Tuilleries," where he was imprisoned with some other victims. On the way he gave vent to his astonishment and bewilderment, having only a few days before played quartettes with these two friends; these loudly threatened him with everything dreadful, but whispered at the turning round a corner to him, "to be quiet and hope," and the day after he certainly was nowhere to be found, nor did he re-appear till all was quiet and forgotten. Need we say that his friends had taken the right way to save him? No doubt any open intercession on their part would have proved fatal to him.

REVIEWS.

"The Voices of the Night," Recitative and Air; the poetry by PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW, the music composed by ERNEST REINHOLD. C. JEFFERTS.

PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW has written words full of feeling, and very poetically strung them together; and Ernest Reinhold has composed a song not behind-hand in poetical feeling with the Professor, while he displays a real talent for tune and a legitimate mode of expressing the meaning of words in notes. We are inclined to think the song would have been better without the recitative; not that the recitative is indifferently written, but that it breaks the poem into fragments, which should commence with the air. The accompaniments are exceedingly simple and unambitious. This song would suit well a mezzo soprano voice, as it does not go above F natural.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BUPS, CORNWALL.—Our correspondent, who writes from this place, is informed that any old scraps containing information on musical matters would be acceptable. The interchange shall be effected from this day.

HAM.—We do not know what has become of our Manchester correspondent, but hope he is in the land of the living and doing well. He has had, we suppose, nothing to write about lately.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE most Perfect Edition ever issued of this Opera, with English and Italian Texts, and Memoir of DONIZETTI. In the same form, FIGARO, 16s.; DON JUAN, 18s.; NORMA, 12s. 6d.; SONAMBULA, 12s. 6d.; IL BARBIERE, 16s.; and DER FREISCHUTZ, 12s. 6d., all in BOOSEY'S series of OPERAS.—THE STANDARD LYRIC DRAMA.
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Various preparations are commonly sold for this purpose; but, from the large quantity necessary to maintain the desired effect, great injury is done to the delicate tissues of the Skin by their use. To obviate these evils, A. F. PEARNS has obtained the Recipe for preparing a most innocent Liquid, free from all irritating qualities, which has been constantly used by a celebrated Actress, from her earliest youth; and whose pearl-like Bust and Arms have astonished all admirers of the truly beautiful. This Liquid imparts a most delicate softness to the Skin, combined with a highly beautiful transparent whiteness—ready to be met with in nature.—Price 2s. 6d. per bottle.

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The Roset Bloom of Health can in all cases be permanently ensured by the use of that perfectly innocent and wonderful LIQUID EXTRACT, OBTAINED FROM THE ROSE, as prepared by A. F. PEARNS, who has received innumerable testimonials, from Ladies of the highest rank, of its invaluable and innocent properties. It imparts a most exquisite tint, which is not destroyed either by change of air or by perspiration, and is, therefore, invaluable to those frequenting public assemblies. This article has now been in use by the fashionable world upwards of thirty years, and is the sole property of A. F. PEARNS, Perfumer, and Inventor of the Transparent Soap. It may be had of the leading Perfumers in Town and Country, and at his Warehouse, 91, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, near the British Museum, London. Price 3s. 6d. per bottle; by post, 12 extra stamps.
* Inquire for PEARNS' LIQUID BLOOM OF ROSE.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

The Executive Committee, Directors, and Managers of "The Grand National Concerts" have the honour to announce that the First Series will commence on Tuesday, the 15th of October next.

In laying before the Musical World and the Public to general the principal arrangements that have been entered into for the carrying out this great national requirement, the Committee trust to prove that they have spared neither expense nor exertion in endeavouring to form a nation of artists, hitherto unknown in any country. Their constant aim will be to present an intellectual entertainment of the highest order, embracing the Greatest Works of the Greatest Masters, illustrated by the most eminent Artists in Europe, and that at the cheapest possible rate consistent with prudence to themselves and justice towards those whose interests they have mainly in view. Every effort has been used to render the selection of Artists wholly free from all undue partiality to country or individual, and first-rate excellence being the only passport to an engagement at these Concerts, it is confidently believed that the most splendid available talent will thus be brought together—a consummation next to impossible when the arrangements are confined to one person, more or less fettered by national prejudice, connection, or interest. A similar independence will also characterize the choice of works to be produced. No exclusive preference will be given to any particular School or Nation. The monumental productions of Germany, Italy, France, and England, ancient and modern, will be presented in succession. On certain evenings, during the Series, the Concert will be closed under one National head, and the entire performances will consist of Works by the most celebrated Composers of one of the above four Musical Nations. It is also in contemplation to devote several evenings to the exclusive performance of Sacred Music, particulars of which will be duly announced. The usual Evening Programme will be a varied Programme—such as to meet, as far as possible, the wishes and tastes of all, and thus gratify the lovers of the higher class of Music, as well as those who may prefer a lighter school.

A highly-important and distinctive feature in this undertaking, and one which the Committee are most anxious should be in every way worthy the support both of English Artists and English Audiences, will be the introduction of original Instrumental and Lyrical works, by native composers, to whom every opportunity will be afforded of obtaining a satisfactory interpretation of their labours. That this object may be carried out as completely as possible, entire works in an Operatic form will be given, somewhat after the manner of short operas (ratorios), combining the services of Sopranos, Contraltos, Tenors, and Basses-Cantantes, with the full Band and Chorus. Mr. George Macfarren and Mr. Edward Loder have already completed two new short operas in the above form, which will be produced early in the season; Mr. Howard Glover is now engaged on a similar work, and arrangements are also pending with other English composers. Mr. Macfarren's work is founded on the popular Arabian tale entitled, "The Sleeper Awakened," the poem by Mr. John Thackeray. Mr. Loder has secured the services of Mr. George Soane, who has selected for his libretto, "Tedeschini." The Committee are also in communication with the great master Spohr, M. Marschner, and Felicien David, relative to the production of several original works; and the latter composer will personally attend and conduct the production of portions of his opera, "Christophe Colomb." M. Balfe will assume the post of Musical Director, Conductor, and Composer; and an engagement is pending with the renowned *Chor de Theatre, St. Leon*, from the Jardin Mabille, who will have the entire direction and arrangement of the Large or House Music, Chorus, Valors, &c., written expressly for these Concerts, by the most celebrated native and foreign authors, will be rapidly produced. Amongst other novelties will be—a "Quadrille of all Nations," composed by Massard, in celebration of the Great Industrial Exposition of the year 1861. "The Grand National Poika," by the author of "The Agnes Poika," a new Introductory MS. overture to the Grand National Poika. The composers of "The Hardy," "Fuschia," "Arlian," and other popular music, will also contribute various novelties to the dance repertoire.

The Committee have the utmost pride and satisfaction in announcing that, by the gracious permission of His Majesty the King of Prussia, they have been enabled to secure the entire Chorus of the Berlin Chapel Royal, consisting of the male voices of the Imperial Chapel Royal, and the Imperial Chapel of the Cathedral of Berlin. The reputation of this chorus is well known by reputation to every artist and amateur in Europe, but the opportunity of hearing them in any town or country, except their own, has never hitherto been afforded. During their engagement several pieces entirely new to this country, and composed expressly for the Royal Chapel by Mendelssohn, Neithardt, &c., will be sung in addition to the choruses of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, which have been celebrated by the Berlin Chapel Royal, which has created so extraordinary a sensation in Germany. An extra Chorus for the Serenatas and other Sacred Music has been selected with the greatest care from the principal Lyrical Establishments, and will be under the direction of Herr Ganz, Chorus Master of Her Majesty's Theatre. The arrangement of the Operatic Selections, &c., will be under the direction of M. Balfe.

The Prices of Admission have been fixed at as low a scale as prudence will admit; but as the Committee mean to be guided wholly by circumstances, and no wish of idea of profit will in any way influence them, they beg it may be distinctly understood, should the returns justify any further reduction, that it will be instantly made.

The Concerts will commence at Eight, and terminate usually about Eleven. The Theatre has been entirely re-decorated for these entertainments. In addition to the following list, numerous engagements are pending with other Vocal and Instrumental Artists, particulars of which will be announced as soon as possible.

VOCALISTS.

Madenesle ANGERI, Miss POOLE, Miss MESSENT, Mrs. A. NEWTON, and Madame RISCACCIANTI (the celebrated Prima Donna from Milan, who will make her First Appearance in England). Signor CALZOLARI, M. JULES LEFORT, M. JULES STOCKHAUSEN, Mr. F. BOUDA, and Mr. SIMS REEVES.

INSTRUMENTAL SOLO PERFORMERS.

I GRAND PIANOFORTE—Miss Goddard (Pupil of M. Thalberg, who will make her First Appearance in Public), M. Charles Halle (who will perform Beethoven's Concerto in E flat with full Orchestra on full organ, and will perform a Concerto on each evening of his engagement), Master Hirsch (who will perform the whole (whose performance at Buckingham Palace before her Most Gracious Majesty and Prince Albert, and the Professor of Melodica, has been the marvel of the whole Musical World, and M. Thalberg (who will introduce several New Morceaux written expressly for these Concerts). VIOLIN—M.M. Malique, Henry Blagrove, Henry Cooper, and M. Sainton (Solo Violin in her Majesty's); an engagement is also pending with the renowned Artist, Signor Sivori, who is on his way to England, and the Lithuanian, TENOR—Mr. Hill. VIOLONCELLO—M.M. Patti, Hansmann, Hincok, and Rousset. BASS—M.M. Anson, Rowland, and Herr Muller (the celebrated contrabass from Darmstadt, who will make his First Appearance in this country. HARP—Mr. Ap Thomas and Mr. H. J. Trust. CONCERTINA—Mr. R. Blagrove. FLUTE—M.M. Richardson, Bicknell, Carr, and Remond. OBONE—M.M. Barrett and Nicholas. CLARINET—M. Franc (the renowned Artist from the Grand Opera, Paris) and M. Maycock. BASSOON—M. Baumann. HORN—M. Siegrich. CORONA—M. Arabian. FRIGOLINO—M. Prospero. TROMBONE—M. Winterbottom.

ORCHESTRA.

Musical Director, Composer, and Conductor		M. BALFE.	Conductor of La Musique du Danse		M. CHAS. D'ALBERT.
FIRST VIOLIN.		Willy (Principal), Royal Italian Opera.	THOMAS.		THOMPSON.
SECOND VIOLIN.		W. Blagrove, Royal Ital. Opera.	THOMAS.		THOMPSON.
VIOLA.		Harnett, M.M.T. Kelly, H.M.T. Hume, H.M.T. Hume, H.M.T. Jay, R.I.O. Tallage, R.I.O. J. Loder, R.I.O. Marshall, R.I.O. Ridgway, H.M.T. Schudi, H.M.T. Thewlis, H.M.T. Vilein, H.M.T. Zedoni, R.I.O.	THOMAS.		THOMPSON.
Principal Composers.		M.M. Balfe, G. Macfarren, Edward Loder, and H. Glover.	THOMAS.		THOMPSON.
Arranger of Operatic Selections, &c.		Signor L. Negri.	THOMAS.		THOMPSON.
Chorus Master		Herr Ganz.	THOMAS.		THOMPSON.

* The Music of the Serenata will be published by Messrs. CHAPMAN, BEALE, and Co.

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Box Stalls, TWO PAIRS	2	0
Half Circle, DITTO	1	0
Half Circle, DITTO	1	0

PROSENAE.

N.B.—It is respectfully announced that all persons attending the Private Boxes, and the First and Second Tier of Box Stalls, will be required to appear in Evening Dress; and the Public is most earnestly requested to assist in carrying out this regulation so far as may be practicable in all of her Majesty's Theatre. Applications for Private Boxes and Stalls to be made at the Box Office, or to Messrs. Andrews, Alcock, Leader and Cook, New Bond-street; Mitchell, Hookham, and Jones, Old Bond-street; Sams, St. James's-street; Bailey, Regent-street; and Dyle and Son, Strand.

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STAMPED FOURPENCE.

GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

THE prospectus issued by the "executive committee, directors, and managers" of this new undertaking is lengthy and elaborate. That its tone is somewhat magniloquent may be laid to the general failing of speculators in musical matters, who are never known to lose a point from excess of modesty. We object, however, to the term "grand national entertainment," applied to an enterprise, the conduct and influence of which have yet to be tested. When the performances have been tried and found superior to anything that has previously been attempted, and when the public, by large and continued patronage, has declared its approval of the scheme, some color, perhaps, may be given to an appellation which, at present, is simply preposterous. After a careful perusal of the catalogue of principal performers, vocal and instrumental, including the orchestra and superintendents of the various departments, we are unable to believe, with the authors of the prospectus, either that "the most eminent artists in Europe" have been engaged, or that the committee have "endeavoured to form a union of talent never hitherto witnessed in any country." That a very numerous catalogue of names has been brought together is evident; but "the most splendid available talent" does not appear upon a perusal of the details. The chief solo singers are ten in number, the most eminent among whom are Mdlle. Angri, Signor Calzolari, and Mr. Sims Reeves; Miss Poole and Mrs. A. Newton figure conspicuously among the secondary names, and the rest, including Mdlle. Biscaccianti, "the celebrated *prima donna* from Milan," whose name, in spite of her celebrity, has now for the first time come under our notice, are for the most part of little note. Among the instrumental soloists are two children—Miss Goddard, a young pianist, to whose talent, though quite unknown apart from private circles, we have much pleasure in bearing witness; and Master Heinrich Werner, whose performance on the pianoforte at Buckingham Palace before Her Majesty, has, according to the prospectus, "been the marvel of the whole musical world." That Master Werner should have been able to astonish the whole musical world by playing the piano in a drawing-room, even in a royal drawing-room, indicates that his talent partakes of the miraculous; we look forward, therefore, to be astonished in our turn, when we have the privilege of hearing him.

The pianoforte department, however, is fortified by the announcement, that M. Charles Hallé is to play some of the concertos of Beethoven; and that Mr. Thalberg will write several new pieces expressly for the concerts. Herr Molière, M. Sainton, and two of our best English players, Messrs. Blagrove and Cooper, make the list of solo violinists strong; and if Signor Sivori, who has been "on his way" from the Havannah to England, for the last three years, succeeds in arriving in time for the present series of concerts,

as the committee anticipate, it will be yet stronger. Nor can any one complain of the violoncello soloists, with the incomparable Signor Piatì at their head. The announcement of Mr. Hill, as principal tenor, or viola, is incorrect, since the duties of that admirable performer in Her Majesty's private band obliged him to decline the engagement proposed by the committee, as he was equally compelled to decline the offer of M. Jullien last year. It appears we are also to have solos on the double-bass, horn, flute, clarinet, oboe, bassoon, ophicleide, trombone, concertina, and cornet-a-pistons. In all, there are no less than thirty-two solo-players announced, among whom, five violinists, three pianists, four flutists, four violoncellists, three contra-bassists, two harpists, two oboists, and two clarionetists (an engagement has been "offered" to Signor Cavallini from Milan), the other instruments being represented by single champions. Where all these soloists are to find a place in the programmes, especially since each is expected to give a series of performances, it is difficult to guess. We have no objection to solos, but as, with the exception of the pianoforte and violin, there is very little even tolerable music written for solo instruments, we may be permitted to ask how such a vast quantity of fantasias and airs, with variations, the sole merit of which must necessarily lie in the perfection of their execution, can be reconciled with "an intellectual entertainment of the highest order, embracing the greatest works of the greatest masters," which the committee state it will be their "constant aim to present." The question, it will be owned, is difficult of solution.

The announcement that Messrs. Macfarren, Loder, and Howard Glover are composing original works for the concerts, will be heard with general pleasure. The form of compositions they have been invited to furnish, however, presents serious difficulties. It remains to be seen whether musical illustrations of a story—in other words operettas, occupying an entire act of a concert—can be effective without the aid of scenic and dramatic adjuncts. We doubt it, but hope to find our apprehensions unfounded. Spohr is also to write something, but what the prospectus fails to state. The name of this great composer is alone a tower of strength; hardly so that of Marschner, who, though a clever musician, is deficient in the inventive faculty; while the *Christophe Colomb* of M. Felicien David, having failed in Paris, is not very likely to succeed in London, even under the direction of its composer. Mr. Balfe is to provide a "new introductory MS. overture," and a "hunting chorus." We shall be glad to hear both, although we should have been better pleased to have seen something in the dramatic form announced in the name of that deservedly popular composer. While on the chapter of native composers, some surprise is naturally created at the absence of Messrs. John Barnett, Vincent Wallace, Henry Smart, T. M. Mudie, C. Horsley, and Sterndale Bennett from the list of names announced. With the object so strongly expressed by the committee, the neglect of these eminent musicians is an unaccountable over-

sight. Everything, however, cannot be done in one series of concerts, and doubtless if the new experiment be crowned with success, it will encourage the directors to speculate further on the talent of our own composers.

Mr. Balfe will assume the entire direction of the musical proceedings. A better appointment could not have been made. About the "renowned *chef d'orchestre*, M. Charles d'Albert," however, who is invited to direct and arrange "the light or dance music," we are less confident, since we never heard of him until the prospectus of the Grand National Concerts was placed before us. Nor, except a new quadrille by Musard, to be entitled the "Quadrille for all Nations," does the promised list of ballet music offer any very prominent attractions. We do not wish to derogate from the celebrity of the composer of "the Agnes Polka," nor would we willingly take one leaf from the laurels that may possibly adorn the brow of the lady or gentleman, whichever it may be, who gave the "Firefly," the "Fuschia," and the "Arban," to the world; but, with the utmost deference, we are obliged to own the state of utter darkness under which we have laboured. Until the present moment the existence of those inspirations, evidently popular—since new works by their authors are announced among the promised attractions of the "Grand National Concerts"—was unknown to us. May this ready acknowledgment of our ignorance plead as its excuse, and, further, as an avowal of our readiness to appreciate and applaud when occasion shall enlighten us on the subject.

The engagement of the entire chorus of the Berlin Chapel Royal, by permission of His Majesty of Prussia, is, we think, anything but fair to our own excellent choristers, of whom there are enough, and good enough, in all conscience, to serve the purposes of the Grand National Concerts, and to sing the compositions of Mendelssohn and "Neidhardt" (the juxtaposition of names has a taste of the antithesis), without bringing over a swarm of foreigners, who may perhaps be induced to take up their quarters in this metropolis, and thus render it even more difficult than at present for our professional choristers to gain a scanty and precarious existence. With some experience in Continental music, we must confess we have rarely heard the choral works of the great masters executed so well as in England. The engagement of the Berlin choristers is therefore unnecessary and unjust. It is to be hoped that they may not, like the members of a late German Opera speculation, be compelled to appeal to the aid of charitably disposed persons to find them the means of returning home again at the end of the season.

Having noted all the essential points of the prospectus, we may conclude with the assurance that although we have felt it our duty to deliver our opinions with unmeasured frankness, we sincerely wish success to the Grand National Concerts. The speculators, or rather projectors, all, it would appear, noblemen and gentlemen of means, avow their chief object to be the interests of the members of the musical profession, and disclaim any "wish or idea of profit." If by their performances they can afford extra means of livelihood to a deserving and hard-working body of the community, without being themselves serious losers, we shall be delighted. If, at the same time, they can improve the public taste, and help the progress of art, by giving concerts of a pure and elevated order, so much the better; the benefit they confer will be two-fold. But we warn them, in the friendliest spirit, that their task will be one of infinite difficulty; and, while endeavouring to appreciate the meaning of a statement

contained in their prospectus—that such a consummation as they contemplate (the "bringing together of the most splendid available talent") "is next to impossible, when the arrangements are confided to one person,"—we beg them not to overlook the adage that "too many cooks spoil the broth," a piece of worldly wisdom not seldom illustrated by fact.

Her Majesty's Theatre has been fitted up expressly for the Grand National Concerts, and it is anticipated that everything will be in readiness on Tuesday the 15th instant, on the evening of which day the performances are announced to commence.

JENNY LIND IN NEW YORK.

THIRD—FOURTH—FIFTH—AND SIXTH CONCERTS.

THE Lind hurricane still rages with unabated fury. No monsoon in the tropics ever set in with greater violence or more persistence. The whole, or nearly the whole of the New York world is at the Nightingale's feet, and it seems to us a wonder indeed that Jenny Lind's head is not turned. But good sense is one of Jenny's prominent qualities, and keeps her unscathed amid the fires of enthusiasm which blaze around her on every side. The second concert in New York was a repetition of the first in the programme, but surpassed the first greatly in point of the sensation created. It was universally allowed that the Nightingale sang with more command of voice and greater power. Of this concert we need not adduce any particulars derived from the journals. They are but iterations of what has already appeared. Of the third concert, we copy the following extract from *Savani's Musical Times*:—

THIRD CONCERT.

We attended, on Tuesday last, the third concert of Jenny Lind. The programme was a much more effective one than that of the first and second concert, but on the whole did not meet with the approbation it really deserved, nor were the orchestral performances any too good.

The concert was opened with the overture to *William Tell*. It was evident that there had been few or no rehearsals. The violoncello solo of Mr. Eichhorn was drowned in the confusion of a noisy multitude, and when the music could be heard, it seemed as if the noise had been transferred from the audience to the orchestra; for *sois* it was, and nothing but noise. There was not a single *piano* in the whole overture, with the exception of the accompaniment to Mr. Wieser's wretched English horn solo, and then it would have been far better if the noise had drowned the solo.

"*Vi ravviso*," from *La Sonnambula*, was then sung by Sig. Bellotti. We do not remember at this moment, whether we have expressed an opinion of this gentleman's performance or not, but, be that as it may, the "*Vi ravviso*," though well sung, produced an almost chilling effect upon us.

"*Qui la voce*," from *I Puritani*, the next piece of the programme, was then sung by Jenny Lind, and it was sung as we never heard it before. What is Grieg, Persiani, Pasta, and perhaps even Malibran, to this Swedish prodigy? They all had the voice, the execution, the passion requisite; but where is the intellect, which makes of the sugar-and-milk composition of Bellini a master-work, worthy of admiration? Her embellishments and ornaments betrayed the good method, as well as a thorough musical education, and we think that her *mezza voce* stands there unsurpassed.

After an insignificant duet for piano and violin (insignificant at least, for the occasion) by Messrs. Benedict and Noll, Signor Bellotti sang *La Tarantella* "Gia la luna," by Rossini. His rapidity of execution, and the buffo effect which he undertook to embody into this sprightly composition, secured to him from one part of the audience a rapturous *encore*.

As we now again glanced over the programme, we started involuntarily. We have come to a name which, alas, but too rarely, graces our concert bill—a composition of Mozart before a New York audience of more than seven thousand persons!! Astonishing! And this composition meeting with a repetition, by earnest desire of the audience—still more astonishing!! So much for "*F in all*." But no, Jenny Lind

sang it, and therein lies the secret. It is true she did sing *f in alt*, and that with perfect ease, but this is hardly worth mentioning, when we think of her interpretation of "Non pavenar" from *Il Flauto magico*. Then for the first time did we really become aware of her immense excellence, did we realize the exquisite beauty of Mozart's *imagination*, did we feel assured of the susceptibility of the singer to the most interior beauties and meanings of the art which she so nobly interprets, and the almost infinite capacity of her voice to express the most beautiful and remote conceptions of the composer. Reproach upon all who persist in trying the artist who claims the honours of greatness by an inflexible and narrow or partial standard. If Jenny Lind has not passion, it is well for her; she possesses something much higher and better than that—a delicate intellectual perception, a subtle sensibility to the conception of her authority, which enables her to arouse, in so far as music can do so, the aspirations of her hearers, instead of touching their sensibilities alone. To accomplish the former is a much greater triumph for the artist than the latter. In listening to Mdlle. Lind, you are not fired with that enthusiasm, that *passionale* admiration which accompanies the efforts of some other singers. You do not experience that peculiar sensation which follows the linking of the chain of sympathy of feeling between you and the artist, and which emancipates you from the control of the pure intellect. But you are astonished, enchanted, and delighted beyond measure. Even in the act of listening, while enjoying intensely every tone that flows from her throat, and before you can analyze your feelings, you have an involuntary homage for the artist. The purest sources of enjoyment within you are opened, and your highest emotions aroused. You are not thrilled and excited, but the spirit (not the sense) of beauty and harmony within you is awakened. Her singing is not cold, but chaste and pure. But this much was quite unintentional; we have been led into it by the disposition evinced by some of our critics to earn a reputation for accuracy and acuteness at the expense of Mdlle. Lind, and though we are convinced that a comparison of her with other artists would not be just, still she need not shrink from the contrast.

The fourth concert was a repetition of the third. The fifth is thus commented on in the columns of the *New York Mirror*:—

FIFTH CONCERT.

On Saturday night last, Jenny Lind attracted a larger audience, we should suppose, than had been present at any of the previous ones. It is impossible to tell how many the immense saloon of Castle Garden will accommodate, for the estimate varies so much; but if the former estimates be correct, there could not have been from nine thousand persons present. The usual difficulty, with regard to the promenade tickets, was experienced; and very shortly after the holders of them had been admitted, a general rush was made for the vacant seats, although a large placard was placed conspicuously on the stage, stating that none were considered to be forfeited until after the first overture. It is evident, therefore, that the majority of the purchasers of these tickets have little regard for the rights of others, and it has become necessary to adopt very different regulations with reference to them still, we must admit that the arrangement promulgated on Friday and Saturday was a very good one; and it is to be regretted that it was not strictly carried out.

It seemed to us that the enthusiasm evinced on Saturday night was greater than ever; and not alone had reference to Jenny Lind, but the audience seemed to appreciate the efforts of the other performers, and rewarded them with well deserved applause. The overtures to *Der Freischütz* and *Tempo* were played in fine style. M. Benedict may well say that he has never found a better orchestra in Europe; for if not true to its full extent, the compliment is, at least, no altogether undeserved; and, in fact, is not very far from the truth. Many of them form a part of George Loder's band; and that gentleman's knowledge of music, his judgment and experience, form a sufficient guarantee for the superlative excellence of a band to which he is willing to give his name.

Signor Bellotti sang better, to our taste, than at any previous concert—he seemed to be in better voice; and his rich tones, and neat graceful execution, were strikingly exhibited. "Ecco il pigno" was remarkably well sung; the audience was exquisitely given. The barcarole, "Sole poppa dei mio hrik," was also given in a most artistic manner—with great spirit and dash, and elicited a vociferous encore. Mr. Hoffman's fantasia was also encored, and it well deserved the compliment. The themes were, "God save the Queen," "Rule Britannia," "Hail Columbia," and "Yankee Doodle," with variations on each air, which were executed with unusual brilliancy. M. Benedict's march from *The Creole* was also complimented with an encore; it is a glorious, soul-stirring composition.

It is sufficient to say that Jenny Lind sang; for those who have heard her understand all that we would convey by that expression; and those

who have not, could form no idea of what that singing is like, were we to write a column. We would not intimate that she sang half a note too flat here, or that her voice was "ragged and throaty" there; she has altogether too magnificent an organ to be submitted to the ordinary rules of criticism, and she is altogether too glorious a creature to be hyper-criticized by those who are "nothing if not critical," and very little when they are. We cannot imagine anything more exquisite than the andante of "Prendi per me" or anything more wonderful than her execution in the trio concertante with two flutes; or in the duo from the *Fanatico per la musica*; excepting of course the laugh in the "Herdsmen's Song," which we consider the greatest piece of vocalism ever heard.

It has been said that Jenny Lind does not touch the feelings; but we imagine that few who heard her sing the ballad "By the Sad Sea Waves" will subscribe to that opinion. It evinced a keen appreciation of the poetry; and there was a deep passion, and a thrilling expression given to the following lines that we should think touched every heart:—

O how sweet mid the dew,
Every flower that I know
Brent! d a gentle welcome back
To the worn and weary child.
I awake in my grave,
By the sad sea wave;
Come again, dear dream,
So peacefully thou smildest.

The song closes with a repetition of the words "Come again," and the dying fall of the last note is indescribable; the audience seemed spell-bound, and truly they were—the utter silence that prevailed at the note grew fainter and fainter until you scarcely knew when it ceased, was the highest compliment that could have been paid to the powers of the vocalist.

There can be no question that the desire to see and hear Jenny Lind is still increasing; for that desire must be more than usually intense, when we see persons engaged in business down town leaving home at an early hour in the morning to secure seats, mingling in the crowd which at seven o'clock in the morning throngs the entrance of the Museum, moving forward by inches, until, after two hours' jostling and struggling, they finally reach the office. Such has been the case previous to the last two or three concerts, and were Barnum not compelled to yield the garden to the American Institute, we have no doubt that Jenny Lind would fill it three nights a week for months to come.

The last concert for the present will take place to-night, when the programme of Saturday will be repeated.

We are told that Jenny Lind, with usual goodness of heart, has personally interested herself in the individual members of the band, being ever anxious to discover fitting objects on whom to bestow her charity. She made herself acquainted with their pecuniary condition; and where she could with propriety offer assistance, she has always done so in a delicate but substantial manner. It is asserted that she has already given away not less than sixteen thousand dollars. When we consider the character of Jenny Lind, therefore, we need not be surprised that so much enthusiasm should greet so splendid a vocalist and so glorious a woman.

The sixth concert is thus alluded to in the *New York Herald*:—

SIXTH CONCERT.

Last evening, the Swedish Nightingale gave her sixth, and for the present, her last concert in Castle Garden. The numbers were decidedly greater than on any former occasion, and the enthusiasm and excitement partook almost of the character of madness. There were upwards of nine thousand human beings, who seemed to be all carried away, as it were, by the wand of an enchantress, or the strains of a siren. There was not a standing spot in the building that was not covered with human beings. The stairs, and even the passages leading to the stairs, were densely filled. Yet the programme was the same as on Saturday evening. For the first time, the holders of promenade tickets did not get a seat, for the simple reason that there was not one in the building long before the concert commenced. Nor was it the inside of the building alone that had listeners of Jenny Lind. There was stretched out beyond the walls, filled with people who did fifty cents each, and the waters all around were black with small boats, a seat in which cost two shillings.

From the closeness of the weather, and the density of the people, the atmosphere within the building was very oppressive—far more so than on any former occasion. Strong men had to quit the garden, and women in great numbers were compelled to leave in a fainting state, their dresses dripping with perspiration. Had the building not been surrounded by the sea air, it would have been intolerable.

The people—the middle classes—were there in all their majesty; but

not the upper ten. It is a curious fact that the up-town aristocracy, who would monopolize every reduplication if they could, have not yet patronized Jenny Lind. They find that the high prices have not made her concerta exclusive, and they appear to be dissatisfied. Perhaps they are waiting till she appears in the new hall in Mercer street, when they may condescend to meet her half-way. We never expect to see them very cordial with her, for they have not the taste or soul, or sense sufficient to appreciate her genius. A penny whistle would please them better than a flute. The Swede is evidently the vocalist of the people. Sprung from them, she loves it, and possesses the secret of reaching their hearts beyond any woman now living, or that we have ever read of. The people intuitively sympathize with her, and recognize her as one of themselves. The qualities of her mind and heart and physical organization are those which the people admire—strength and originality, excellence in art, lofty virtue, and a soul highly susceptible of the generous impulses of humanity. To form a just estimate of her power—the enormous volume of her voice—it is necessary to consider the tremendous building she not only thoroughly fills in every note, with 8,000 or 9,000 dampers upon the sound in the shape of men, women, and children, but has some to spare for the gondoliers on the waves. In Castle Garden, with such a multitude, some of the best voices in the world would be lost to half the audience. There was no man within its walls last night who could say he did not thoroughly hear Jenny Lind, unless he was as deaf as a post. Her power as a soprano is only equalled by the deep bass of Laïs. As a musical lady well observed to us while hearing her in Castle Garden, "Her voice is an orchestra in itself." Yet, with this vast power and volume, there is exquisite sweetness and the highest finish. Most artists, she possesses at the same time the skill which is peculiar to good poets—the art to conceal art. Nature has done much for her, art has done more; but to the mass of people her singing is as natural as that of the lark or the canary, the mocking-bird or the nightingale. This is the very perfection of art.

If Jenny Lind has faults, they are like spots on the sun—swallowed up and lost in the glorious effulgence of the luminary of the world. The astronomer may detect these spots with his glasses, but the mass of mankind do not see them nor care for them. It is sufficient for them that they are made happy. These supposed blemishes do not, therefore, detract from the utility, the power, or the splendour of the source of light. It is the same with Jenny Lind.

No one with a soul for music could listen to her last evening, and think of criticizing her real or supposed faults. There was too much of surpassing excellence to find fault with the minutiae. From the moment she appeared in the aria from Donizetti, till she concluded the wild echo song of her native mountains, she had one continued triumph.

The enthusiasm was greater, if possible, than on any other evening, and she was encored in most of her songs, and would have been encored in all, but for a considerate feeling not to require too much from her, especially as she always obeyed with alacrity the first call of the people. "The Singing Lesson" became a prodigious favourite, and was enthusiastically encored. She was also encored in Benedict's ballad, "By the Red Sea Waves," in which her voice peals with the power of an organ and the sweetness of a flute. At the conclusion of the inimitable wonderful flute song, which was also encored, a shower of bouquets fell upon the stage. In this performance, Mr. Kale, the first flutist, acquitted himself with great credit. He is an excellent artist.

The "Ah! non giungo" was ineffably sweet, and sung with finer feeling and expression than we ever heard it from human lips, and as for the "Echo Song," instead of wearying the audience by repetition, it still the favourite. It comes fresh as the mountain breeze, and never fails upon the sense.

At the close, the applause was most vehement and protracted. Bellotti's performance was beyond all praise. His fine chest voice, with the most distinct articulation and volume, that thoroughly fills the house, was regulated by great judgment and taste. The applause which he received was most cordial.

The concert, altogether, was the most successful we ever heard. The numbers were greater, and the receipts were larger, than were ever produced by any concert in the world. It is the last for the present. The next concert in New York will take place on the 6th of October. This evening, the "Nightingale" proceeds by the steamboat *Empire State* to Boston, where she will give a concert on Friday.

The following correspondence has passed between Mademoiselle Lind and Mr. Howard, of the Irving House:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK HERALD.

"SIR—Many persons having expressed surprise that Madlle. Jenny Lind should visit the Irving House, at the time she did, after the extensive arrangements which had been made for her accommodation, I deem it no more than justice to myself to lay the following letter before the public. It is needless to remark that the communication was not intended by Madlle. Lind for publication; but, in view of the circumstances of the case, I have obtained her consent to my present dis-

posal of it. At the time she left I had no other suitable apartments unoccupied, and very reluctantly parted with my estimable guest.

"I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

"IRVING HOUSE, Sept. 16, 1859.

"DEAR SIR.—I regret very much to say that I am obliged to look out for some more retired residence, but, before leaving your house, I take this opportunity to express my sincere thanks for the great kindness and attention which have on every occasion been shown me, and beg that you will accept the enclosed little trinket as a slight token of my gratefulness for the same.

"I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

"D. D. HOWARD, Esq."

"JENNY LIND.

"The trinket alluded to above by Madlle. Lind, was a costly diamond pin, set in beautiful style, which I shall take great pride in presenting, as the most acceptable token of regard and esteem I have ever received.

"By giving the above as insertion in your columns, you will oblige

"Yours respectfully,

"D. D. HOWARD.

"Irving House, N. Y., Sept. 31, 1859."

The capacity of Castle Garden was fully tested last night. It will hold from 8,000 to 9,000 persons, and some have even stretched the reckoning to 10,000. We prefer, however, the smallest figure as within the bounds of certainty, though, from the impression the eye took in, the largest may be correct. Sure it is, at least, that Castle Garden never before held so many mortal men and women within its wide circle. When we entered, at seven o'clock, borne in the gateway on a dense stream of spectators, nearly every seat in the house was occupied by one child of two by ladies. From that time to the hour of commencement the influx of the people was unbroken. At eight o'clock, when the holders of promenade tickets were admitted, there seemed to be no end to the rush. All disorder, as on Saturday evening, was rendered impossible by the fact that there was not a vacant seat.

All the standing room in the balcony and parquette was soon filled, the aisles blocked up, the stairways covered, and about five hundred stood on the outside balcony, looking in through the doors and windows. The hall was one solid mass of human beings; yet, notwithstanding the great heat and fatigue which to many of them were obliged to endure, the most thorough order was preserved through the whole of the evening. There was real sublimity in the scene, when Jenny Lind's voice, after one of her brilliant soarings into the highest heaven of melody, floated away into silence, and a hush as complete as that of death fell upon the house. In this respect these Castle Garden concerts are unequalled in moral grandeur, and we doubt whether they have ever been surpassed in Europe in brilliancy and magnificence.

Jenny Lind, the centre to which all minds were drawn, looked radiant with good spirits and a grateful recognition of the splendid ovation bestowed upon her. She sang with even more than her usual inspiration, and was received with a warmer and more hearty greeting. The programme was the same as that of Saturday evening. Nearly every piece was encored, as a matter of course, and at the close Madlle. Lind received a hush, at least, of splendid bouquets. Bellotti, who was also most cordially received, was encored in his spirited *entracte*.

After retiring, when the echoes of her "Herdman's song" had ceased to reverberate through the halls, Madlle. Lind was again called forward; yet still the crowd seemed loth to leave. Mr. Barnum, who had also been loudly summoned from all parts of the hall, then came upon the stage and announced the gratifying intelligence, which appears in our advertising columns this morning, namely, that the seventh concert will be given in the New Music Hall, on Monday, October 7, and that the concert will be encored, therefore, until all in this city and the neighbouring regions have had an opportunity to hear Madlle. Lind. This announcement was received with cheers and every expression of satisfaction. Splendid as is the New Music Hall, and without its peer in the world, we doubt whether it will ever give to the eye a spectacle so grand and impressive as Castle Garden presented last night.

The order dispersed quietly and in excellent order, beating the tight squeeze at the entrance with great good humour. A large number of strangers from Philadelphia and Boston were present, and many of them seemed willing to admit that we occasionally get up things on a grander scale here than our sister cities can produce. However, in the words of the ancient Cartesian philosopher, *Ritcheus, nous verrons*.

About half-past one on Monday afternoon the Tribune office was honoured with a visit from Jenny Lind, accompanied by her friends, Mr. Benedict, Sig. Bellotti, and Mr. Barnum. She had previously expressed a desire to witness one of the large newspaper establishments of this city, as an interesting contrast with those she had visited in London, and as some evidence of the character and enterprise of the American press. Accordingly, after a ride to the *Empire State*, where she inspected her quarters for the trip to Boston, she called upon us on her way home. Immediately after the party entered, the office was surrounded, and during the half-hour spent in exhibiting to them the various departments of the office, the Tribune buildings were in an actual state of siege.

Our guests took their leave, expressing their gratification at all they

had witnessed. There was some difficulty in starting, on account of the immense crowd which had gathered in the meantime. Egress was had, however, through the adjoining building into Spruce street. The carriage not being in readiness, Mdle. Lind was obliged to take refuge from the crowd in a piano warehouse, into which they followed. It was at first feared that there would be difficulty in reaching the carriage, but a bluff fireman cried out, "Don't be afraid, Jenny; we shall not hurt you!" And when the carriage drove up, all made way with great good humour, cheering loudly as it rolled away.

Mdle. Lind's time is now so much occupied with her professional duties, that she sees but very little company. On Friday, however, in company with Mdle. Ahlman, M. Benedict, and Signor Belletti, she visited Mayor Woodhull, who had invited some forty or fifty of his friends to meet her. The entertainment, we are told, was conducted on strictly temperance principles.

On Saturday morning she received the Hutchinson family, who were desirous of calling upon her before their departure for the west. She received them with great cordiality, and expressed a wish to hear some of their songs. Whereupon, the brothers and sisters drew together in a group so familiar to all, and sang "The cot where we were born." After this, they sang an original "Welcome to Jenny Lind!" the words of which were written by Jesse Hutchinson, jun. It was a simple and genial expression of feeling, and sung with touching and appropriate expression. Mdle. Lind, who sat with downcast eyes during the song, at the close expressed her acknowledgment of the graceful compliment, and the family withdrew, evidently highly gratified with her frank, cordial bearing, as simple and unaffected as their own.

On Saturday night a handsome supper was given to Mr. Benedict by the orchestra which he directs at the concerts.

We cannot exactly agree with the above writer, that "the Swede is evidently the vocalist of the people"—he would have affirmed quite the opposite had he seen her at Her Majesty's Theatre; nor do we think the comparison holds good between her powerful soprano and Lablache's bass voice. The critic has listened to the Nightingale with unaccustomed ears. By the way, why did not the "upper ten" patronise Jenny, and who are, or who is, the "upper ten?"

As every thing relating to the Nightingale in America is deemed of the highest interest, we quote the following from the *New York Mirror*, which exhibits the vocalist in a new light and in a different atmosphere:—

VISIT TO THE MIRROR.

On our return yesterday from an official visit to the Navy Yard, we found our office, and the whole neighbourhood, in fact, in a great tumult; and, on inquiring the cause, found that we had been honoured by a visit from Jenny. In our absence, the duty of entertaining our distinguished visitor and her suite was well discharged by our foreman, Mr. Mar, and Tom, the devil, who, to give the devil his due, behaved himself with greater propriety than devils are apt to do. Jenny had just been to look at the splendid state-room she is to occupy on board the *Empire State* on her passage to Boston, to-morrow, and was in the first spirits, having hardly recovered from the astonishment into which she was thrown by the splendours of that renowned steamboat.

On alighting at our door in Nassau-street, she was received by Mr. Spriggins, a well-known bar to the establishment in a neat complimentary speech. Jenny exclaimed, "Is it possible that this is the office of the *Mirror*!—the place whence emanates that elegant and witty sheet that has so often amused and instructed me in my native Sweden!" She was first shown into the lower office, where she and her suite inspected the various works of art which were displayed, and exclaimed, after taking a comprehensive view, in an arch manner, "Really, Mr. Barnum, this is a great country!" Mr. Barnum replied, in his mild and emphatic manner, "It is!"

Jenny took great interest in examining a picture representing the late Whig Cabinet, and seemed for a few moments quite lost in admiration as she gazed at the plaster bust of the late President, which stands above our desk. She was also much pleased with a fine daguerotype of our present chief magistrate, Mr. Fillmore. Mr. Belletti, who, being an Italian, is, as a matter of course, imbued with a love of art, was greatly pleased with a view of the entrance of the "New York Cemetery." The novelty of the architectural ornamentations gave him great delight, and, in reply to an expression of astonishment at the magnificence of the chapel, Mr. Barnum remarked it would be perfectly splendid if it should ever be built. Jenny, being much struck by the size of our ledgers, cash-books, and the grand scale of our ink-stands, innocently inquired about the amount of our circulation.

On being told by Mr. Spriggins it was considerably less than a million of copies daily, she seemed very much surprised, and remarking naively that every little helps, begged that her name might be added to our subscription list. By this time a great crowd had gathered in front of our office; and the opposite buildings, which had suddenly broken out with an eruption of human heads, resembled a boiled ham stuck full of cloves. A fireman in the street called out, "Here's a lark!" upon which Tom, our devil, replied, "No, it's a Nightingale!" Jenny laughed archly, and Mr. Benedict and Mr. Belletti smiled in a most gracious and condescending manner. Our distinguished visitor, followed by her suite, who really appeared, like herself, to be well soiled, then ascended to the composing-rooms and editorial rooms in the fifth story. Jenny's manner of ascending the stairs is one of the most natural and pleasing movements conceivable. She raises one foot above the other, and in this manner continues the ascent until the top stair is reached, when she walks straight ahead, without the slightest embarrassment whatever.

What particularly charmed us, was her seeming unconsciousness of having done anything out of the common order of things. On being shown through the composing rooms, she was particularly struck by the immense number of hands employed, and the rapidity with which they picked up the metal types. Seeing a heap of types on the floor, she asked what they were, and was informed by Mr. McDevitt, our foreman, they were pie. "Oh!" said Jenny, smiling archly, "I see—a pie-ear of literature!" All the company laughed but Mr. Belletti, who, never before having witnessed the processes of converting "written words into the solid language of metal," or, more properly speaking, into the solid metal of language, was too much absorbed by the novel spectacle to observe anything else. Mr. McDevitt exhibited to her a handful of quins, a shooting stick, a composing stick, and a mallet, and explained to her the use of these abstruse implements.

As she was about leaving the lobby to enter the editorial rooms and office library, he made a very neat and at the same time eloquent speech, remarking that although some of the critics of the largest sized papers, accused her of not touching the feelings, yet he could only say that when he heard her mention the name of "Hoe, Hoe," in her Swedish song, his feelings were most deeply excited by so marked a compliment to an American mechanic, who had done so much for the newspaper press by his inventions. He concluded by offering her, in the name of the Typographical Society, a free ticket to the reading-room at that institution, of which he was an officer. The boys now gave her three cheers, when she entered the editorial rooms, where every attention was shown to her and her attendants by our able and accomplished assistant, Mr. McLachlan. She inquired most kindly after our musical critic, and "our own correspondent," but neither of those gentlemen being present, she was shown the scissors used by them, and remarked naively that they were very sharp and very pointed.

She took great interest in inspecting the library, which consists of several valuable Congressional documents, printed and circulated at the public expense, but never read by anybody; the "Patent Office Report," a full set of "Hunt's Magazine," and a valuable presentation copy of "Harper's Edition of Webster's Dictionary." Mr. Jay remarked to Signor Belletti, that he, being one of the *belles lettres* family, would be interested in inspecting the library. Mr. Benedict and Jenny Lind appeared to enjoy the view of Mercer's Eating House, which can be had from our office window. The party had spent about an hour in inspecting the various curiosities of our extensive establishment, when Mr. McLachlan being nudged by Barnum, to remind him that a speech was looked for, cleared his throat, and said, in his bland and gentlemanly manner:—

"Mdle. Lind, it is a remarkable circumstance that the two foremost women of all the world, at this time, are both natives of Stockholm, a remote city to the hyperborean region, which has hitherto been known to us as the producer of the best quality of iron; and that these two women should both, at this time, be on a visit to this free and happy ("and great," added Jenny, with a look of scorn) country of ours."

"It affords me the sincerest gratification to have the honour of welcoming to one of the most extensive and flourishing" ("and influential," added Mr. Barnum, nodding emphatically to Mdle. Lind) "newspaper establishments in the New World, one of the most gifted and generous women of the old."

Jenny, in reply, made one of her characteristic curtseys, and said, in a tremulous voice, "I thank you." Mr. Benedict inquired if there were any other newspaper establishments in Nassau Street, and was told by our devil, who had insinuated himself into the room, that there were two or three in the neighbourhood of so great account.

The party then left, and expressed themselves highly delighted, as well as instructed, by their visit.

We should never have "calculated" that Jenny Lind was in the habit of reading the *New York Mirror* in her far-away

home across the Atlantic. But who can doubt her own pretty and pithy words—"Is it possible that this is the office of the *Mirror*—the place whence emanates that elegant and witty sheet that has so often amused and instructed me in my native Sweden?" We have a shrewd suspicion that it was from the perusal of "the elegant and witty sheet" that Jenny Lind studied the English language. As a specimen of the "elegant and witty" in the above article, the description of the "Nightingale's" going up stairs is not to be despised:—"Jenny's manner of ascending the stairs is one of the most natural and pleasing movements conceivable. She raises one foot above the other, and in this manner continues the ascent until the top stair is reached, when she walks straight ahead, without the slightest embarrassment whatever."

The article of the *Mirror* reads somewhat fanciful, and were it not for the implicit faith we place in the dicta of "that elegant and witty sheet," we should feel inclined to think it was nothing more nor less than a "puff positive." But we shrink from such an assertion. The *New York Mirror* could not condescend to bespatter itself with its own praise.

Of Jenny Lind's visit to Boston, and her doings therein, we have received official accounts. But these must be reserved until next week. We have already furnished our readers with a *quantum suff.* for one publication.

BARNUM AND JENNY LIND.

(From *Saron's Musical Times*.)

We have often been asked what put it into Barnum's head to bring Jenny Lind over here, and were never able to give a good reason for it. Now, that she has come, that she has sung, we are at liberty to give the following facts, which were communicated to us, from the best authority, more than three months ago.

It seems that one day, Barnum was at *Iranistan*, his magnificent Turkish palace. He had just returned from a successful cruise against intemperance, and completely exhausted by his labours and the subtleness of the weather, he sat down in one of the luxuriant settees which abound in this semi-heathenish edifice, and contemplated the field of his actions. He commenced at the foot of his career, and was following it up to the present time, when his head began to move majestically from one side to the other. His eyes seemed to grow heavier and heavier, and at last they closed. We do not know at what period of his remarkable career this happened, but enough, it did happen, and by one of those strange freaks of *Nemus*, things around him were so vividly impressed upon his mind, that when his eyes were closed he imagined himself a Pacha of nine tails. He had given orders for the sacking of at least a dozen Turkish beauties, and his finger had passed perhaps the hundredth time, and in the most significant manner, across his throat—when suddenly the scene changed.

He was in the American Museum—he, a Turkish Pacha, and all alone. And as he looked into the enormous glass cases, and wondered that people ever spent money to see the curiosities contained therein, he thought he heard a strange kind of rustling. He turned round, and, oh horror! from one of the romantic caves in the glass cases on the opposite side, moved a grizzly bear with most majestic steps. Crash went the glass, and before the Pacha had time to collect his senses, which had been somewhat scattered by this unforeseen movement, the bear was before him, and greeted him with a most unusual groan, at the same time lifting one of his huge paws, to shake hands with Mr. Barnum—the Pacha, we meant to

say. The latter was not any too much pleased with these friendly proceedings of Master Bruin, and he retreated behind the show case, in which Tom Thumb's presents were exhibited, just to decide upon what course to pursue. But he trod upon the toe of a furious lion, who until then had cowered, in peace with himself and the rest of the world, in a neighbouring glass case. The groaning of the bear was nothing in comparison with the growling of the lion, and the Pacha said to himself—"I better look out how I tread on people's toes in this confounded Yankee-land; at Bethel they don't mind it so much, but blast this New York!"

He retreated from Tom Thumb's show case and took up a position near the collection of coins, ready to run up stairs the moment these monsters should prove troublesome to him. But while he was thus looking on, and while monster after monster came to life, "up stairs" began gradually to disappear. He had a vague feeling of expansion come over him, and as he saw a huge anaconda winding and creeping towards him, he felt rather queer about the *region of the heart*, (a Turkish Pacha has no heart,) and turned to carry out his resolution. But a cocoa-nut of immense size fell before his feet and blocked up his retreat. He looked up towards the ceiling, and, oh, wonder! he could just perceive it receding into mist, and above him was the blue sky of the tropic regions, with an intensely hot sun. Another cocoa-nut, evidently aimed at him, broke the glass of another show case, and a huge alligator made his appearance, opened his jaws as if he was determined to swallow the Pacha, and *Iranistan* to boot.

"Hang my curiosity! Why didn't I stay at Bethel!" thought the Pacha, as the perspiration ran in streams from his face. To make a long story short, we will just state, that the American Museum changed and expanded into an Arabian desert, and the Pacha changed into Mr. Barnum, the proprietor of *Iranistan* and the American Museum; and then came a scene, which, we are told, makes Mr. Barnum's hair stand at an end, even now, when he thinks of it. Every single animal so carefully preserved in the show cases had come to life, and were determined upon revenging their long confinement. Here was a hyena, there a tiger; here a whale, and there a flying fish; here an orang-outang, and there a squirrel. Enough, almost every species of the animal world was represented, and all were bent upon revenge on their jailor.

Mr. Barnum thought his time had come. He turned round to take a last look at this beautiful world, when he beheld five negro minstrels coming towards him. To take them one, to take them all, and throw them amongst the indignant beasts around him was but the work of a moment, and another moment was sufficient to put an end to their existence. All that remained of them were a few bones, now bones of contention between the belligerents. A few minutes elapsed thus to the greatest consternation of the "Indefatigable," and then not a vestige of even the bones was left. Again the crowd of blood-thirsty beasts approached him, and with every moment the circle in which he moved became smaller. A box constrictor came now crawling along, and in its many coloured rings Barnum read his fate too surely. And looking up he beheld his friend, Dr. Valentine. Despair and fear of death killed every spark of friendly feeling within him. He grasped him as if with giant power, and hurled him amongst the contending brutes. Great Western, Miss Hiffert, the Bell Ringers, and heaven knows how many other stars of the Museum came walking along, and they all had to share the same fate, but to no purpose. General Tom Thumb came now most opportunely, for a parcel of monkeys were just getting very trouble-

some, by sending all kinds of missiles towards the unfortunate proprietor of the museum. Barnum gave him first a lift, and then hurled him amongst the monkeys. Another five minutes' rest, and then the roaring, grunting, growling, grumbling, shrieking, whistling, bellowing, and howling began again. A tremendously large elephant came trotting along; he lifted his immense trunk, as if to crush the poor victimised Barnum in one fond embrace. His consciousness almost left him; he closed his eyes, and awaited his fate with the most heroic resignation.

And suddenly he heard the sounds of distant music. As the vibrations approached nearer and nearer, the hideous, unearthly noises around him became subdued. He ventured to open his eyes, and he saw a chariot of clouds descending gracefully from the sky. A youthful figure of heavenly beauty was seated in it; on her lap rested a silver lyre, and long curls were waving in the breeze.

She alighted, stepped amidst the beasts, and began to play and sing. The beasts were all charmed to the spot, and the pseudo Iachia was if anything even more charmed. He felt the pockets of his wide breeches open to an extraordinary extent, and out rolled the gold in amazing quantities. He could do nothing but listen, and it seemed as if the very air around him became tuneful, so sweet were the strains which issued from her throat. And gradually the sky became darkened; flashes of lightning chased each other in quick succession; peals of thunder broke through the vast expanse, and filled him again with terror. Suddenly a flash of lightning struck the chariot, and in an instant it was on fire, and as it now took its way up to the clouds, he perceived the words

"JENNY LIND"

in flaming writ on the chariot.

A dreadful peal of thunder awoke him, and he was again the P. T. Barnum of the American Museum, at Iranistan, near Bridgeport. But that dream left an impression which was not so easily effaced. He thought of it night and day; he dreaded that this event might actually happen; he grew actually thin, and could think of nothing else. It was in such a state of mind that he was met one day, by his friend, Mr. Wilton. He told him of his troubles, and no sooner had he finished his doleful account, than Mr. Wilton exclaimed—"I will get her for you." Papers were soon made out, authorising him to engage Jenny Lind at any cost, and the result is well known to every reader of the *Musical Times*.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

SADLER'S WELLS.

THE production of *Much Ado about Nothing* at this house is highly interesting, from the circumstance that it exhibits Miss Glyn in an entirely new light. Hitherto she has been confined not only to tragedy, but to the sterner section of tragedy; and there was some reason to doubt that a lady who has once adopted the elevated manner of interpretation would be able to realise the vivacious Beatrice. The result of her attempt has surpassed even the most favourable expectations, Beatrice, as represented by Miss Glyn, is full of healthy hilarity, indicated by the play of the countenance and the nimble readiness of the movements, but she does not overpower her hearers with those incessant bursts of laughter that sometimes become fatiguing. It is the distinctive feature of her interpretation, that she thoroughly displays the mental peculiarities of the character, without recourse to violent phy-

sical expedients. Her attack on Benedick at the ball, when she rallies him as the "Prince's jester," is a remarkable instance of discrimination. She throws out her words with more than ordinary force, making them hit harder and faster, as if aware that she has seized on a happy suggestive notion and delighted with its capabilities.

Mr. Marston has returned to the theatre, and plays Benedick in this comedy. Notwithstanding his vocal peculiarities he is always a serviceable actor, and his temporary absence left a gap which was not easy to be supplied save by his recall. His Benedick shows intelligence and a thorough knowledge of the traditions of the part.

There are signs of a new talent in Mr. F. Younge, who plays the small part of Verges, and puts on an appearance of feebleness and mental obtuseness with a great deal of truthful feeling.

The stock plays of late have been *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*, which, with Mr. Phelps in the principal parts, have drawn good houses.

ADELPHI.

THE Adelphi company having closed their performances at the Haymarket, opened on Wednesday week at home quarters, under the management of Madame Celeste. The performances were *Giralda*, the new successful drama produced at the Haymarket, *His Last Legs*, and the *Double-bedded Room*. Mr. Lover's popular drama *Rory O'More* was revived on Monday, for Mr. Hudson. Miss Collins, a fair individual of the numerous genus "Collins," made her debut as Mary O'More, and was highly successful. The theatre has been crowded every night since the opening.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WE have at last come to our senses, after our severe attack of the Lind fever, and are at length setting about our usual musical affairs in a sober and discreet style. First, I must beg of you to insert the enclosed critique, from the pen of the clever critic of the *Courier*, respecting our Societa Armonica, of whose opening concert he thus eloquently discourses:—

"The Societa Armonica, under the direction of Mr. C. B. Hermann, gave their fifth concert on Friday last, to a large and apparently highly pleased audience, at the Great George-street Assembly-rooms. The band of the society, principally composed of amateurs, was one of the principal features of the evening, and their performances speak much for the care and labour bestowed upon them by their conductor. The society evidently contains the best possible materials for considerable future success, if the members exert themselves, and prosecute their studies with care under their present good instructor; but we should not be doing right were we not to acknowledge that much in the shape of delicacy and precision was at times wanting. The selection of instrumental music embraced a symphony in E flat by Fesce, pleasing in parts, but not peculiarly remarkable for excellence; an extremely pretty and well-written overture by Reisinger, which was admirably played and deservedly encored. It contrasted in point of merit most forcibly with the more lengthy composition which preceded it. Mozart's grand symphony in D commenced the second part. The only fault we should find with the society is, that they do too much: the great work of Mozart is quite as much as we should hear at the London Philharmonic in the shape of symphony on one evening. We do not wish it to be inferred that we individually were tired of two great works, nor yet that the audience generally were so, because it was peculiarly constituted. We doubt the wisdom of long concerts on most occasions, and of long instrumental performances at all times, and fear the members themselves being prevented by fatigue from doing justice to so liberal a programme. On these grounds we feel bound to abstain from censure, and are glad at being able to say that the performance was highly creditable to all parties; and from what we see of the society, we are sure with time and care and a judicious selection of music, regard being had to the capabilities of the body, future per-

formances will not only claim at our hands the modified praise we now award, but be entitled to rank with those of more professedly complete bodies, and elevate Liverpool in the character of a musical town, as being possessed of a first-rate orchestra of amateurs. An overture, *à la Espagnole*, closed the programme.

In addition to these four works the band accompanied the duet from Rossini's *Soirée Musicale*, 'Mira la bianca luna,' sung by Miss Jessie Hammond and Mr. Miranda. 'From mighty Kings,' by Miss Hammond, and a Polish version of Chopin's, played by Mr. W. B. Rogers in admirable style on the piano. We have not had the pleasure of hearing this gentleman as a soloist in public before, and are very glad at being able to state that his success was unquestionable. His execution of this delicate and elegant but extremely difficult work, was highly to be commended; his touch is firm without the slightest thumping, and his phrasing of the music was marked by good taste and appreciation of the peculiarities of the composer. He was loudly applauded at the close, and, in lieu of the repeat which was demanded, played two of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* in very good style. We liked the second better than the first. Miss Miranda sang Kallivoda's song, 'Home of love,' and Miss J. Hammond rendered Molière's exquisite serenade, 'When the moon is brightly shining,' in the second part of the concert. Both singers acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of the audience, and certainly spared no exertion to please. Mr. Miranda was encored in 'Home of love.' Mr. E. W. Thomas executed a portion of Beethoven's second concerto in most masterly style; his reading is bold and artistic, and his execution of most difficult passages, as well as passages in harmonics, is happy in the extreme. His reception both before and at the close of his solo was very warm, and proved that he has gained a firm footing in the good opinion of the public, though not more so than his talents entitle him to. Mr. Charles Herrman's conducting was distinguished by much vigour, and so soon as he has his forces fully under control, we shall feel his influence on other respects more than we can possibly do at present. We wish the society every success, and the support of the public, which it well deserves.

Catherine Hayes has, I am glad to say, made quite a hit here, and deservedly so; for when she was first heard here at the festival, she was then suffering so much from ill health that her truly great talents were displayed but to poor advantage. She sang at the eighth concert of our Philharmonic Society, of which the *Times* of this day gives the following *resumé*:—

"One of the most pleasing concerters ever given by the Philharmonic Society took place on Tuesday evening, for which Miss Catherine Hayes, Madame Macfarren, Herr Carl Fornes, and Signor Bordas, were engaged.

"Miss Catherine Hayes, a vocalist in whom, as a countrywoman, we take a deep interest, on this occasion proved herself to be an artist of whom we may well be proud. She has quite recovered her health, and could scarcely be recognised as the delicate and *sensitive* vocalist heard at the opening of the hall. Her voice is now full, clear, and powerful, and possesses a sympathetic sweetness without which mere vocal skill rarely pleases. Her execution is tasteful and brilliant, and her intonation true. She now pleases equally in the vocal difficulties of the Italian and the sweet melodies of the English composers. Her first song, 'O gioio mio,' from the *Prophète*, composed by Meyerbeer for Garcia, was sung in French by Miss Hayes, with great pathos and fluency, displaying not only the extent of her voice, but also its great flexibilities. With a full recollection of Garcia in our mind, we are bound to confess that Miss Hayes not only pleases us by her daring but by her success, and was deservedly and judiciously encored.

"The next effort was a perfect contrast—being a quiet and simple ballad of Laveru's—which, notwithstanding that it possessed little to recommend it, was given by the singer with so much taste as to be likewise encored.

"Our native *prima donna*'s great triumph was the *finale* from *Sonnambula*, 'Ah non piangere.' Now the most hackneyed piece of music in the whole operatic repertoire, and which has been sung by every great vocalist, both contralto and soprano, since it was first heard. Notwithstanding this, Miss Hayes managed to invest it with so many charms as to create a *furore* of applause, little inferior to that which greeted Jenny Lind when she sang in the Meersich. This admirable vocal display completed a series of triumphs, and made the audience, as well as ourselves, feel proud that we have at last a native *prima donna* worthy of taking her place beside the Italian artists.

"Herr Carl Fornes, like Miss Hayes, has so much improved that her friends could scarcely believe their ears. One single season at the Royal Italian Opera has done wonders with his voice, one of the finest and most sonorous basses ever heard. When he first appeared in England his style was rough and heavy; now he sings with taste, and his voice is much

sweeter and more flexible than formerly. In addition to the beauties of his voice, Herr Fornes sings with that fervour so peculiar to German artists, and displays, even in the concert-room, wondrous and varied talents. His first air, 'In diesen heul'gen Hallen,' sung with great feeling, was loudly encored, as was also the celebrated 'Jaffa Paß,' from the *Huguenots*, one of the finest displays of energetic vocalism ever heard in Liverpool. Those who have only heard Marini and Bellotti sing this peculiar and difficult war song can have but little idea of the effect it creates when sung by Fornes. Being encored, he gave in its place a song entitled 'Der Hochzeits-Ring,' or the 'Bride Ring,' one of the sweetest German melodies we ever listened to. This song, which has never been displaced, is one of the earliest compositions of Weber, who wrote it when only seventeen years of age. It bears the true impress of his genius, and being sung to perfection by the vocalist, was loudly applauded. We hope to hear it frequently again, and to see it soon published. Much as Fornes astonished us in the course of the evening, we were little prepared to hear him sing 'Largo al Factotum' with so much comic humour and rotundity. He did what few German vocalists ever succeed in doing, namely, convulsed the audience with laughter. We hardly know whether to admire him most as a comic, enigmatist, or sentimental singer. Like a true genius, he can be anything at a moment's notice.

"Madame Macfarren is evidently a careful and talented vocalist, and her voice gives expression to her ideas. In concerted pieces she is more than useful, she is pleasing. The two German songs were given by her with irrefragable good taste.

"Signor Bordas, a Frenchman, we believe, by birth, is evidently a novice in the concert-room. The quality of his voice, a tenor, is sweet and pleasing, but hard, and destitute of that *suave* quality so delightful in Italian vocalists. It is a curious fact, that Frenchmen scarcely ever succeed on the Italian stage, however great a position they may hold at the Académie Royale or Opéra Comique.

"Mr. H. P. Sarge, who performed a solo on the clarinet, met with much applause. For one so young he possesses great talents; his tone is pure and decided, and his fingering neat, but a want of refinement was visible throughout. The Philharmonic band are justly proud of this young performer, who, we hope, will strive to play and deport himself with a little more elegance.

"The band and choir were in first-rate order, and shared the applause with the soloists. The improvement displayed by both at each successive concert is worthy of high praise; and will, we hope, induce them to exert with the peer, 'Exceller!' Both ought, in time, to have no equal."

Madame Macfarren, I think, made a mistake by singing German songs, which, being in a harsh and foreign tongue, and of a gloomy description, failed to please—and really Madame Macfarren possesses great talents—but it is a pity that she did not sing something in English of a popular character; for instance, a song or two from her husband's beautiful opera in *King Charles II.*, which produced so much effect at the Princess's. Our Festival Choral Society, of whom I here send you a full history from the *Liverpool Mail*, commence their present season this evening, by giving a performance at the Collegiate Institution, under the patronage of the Mayor.

Mr. William Sudlow, the talented and pious secretary of our Philharmonic Society, has announced a series of lectures on the musical services of the Church of England as appointed by the Book of Common Prayer, which cannot fail to excite considerable interest, as the admirers of that music in Liverpool are a multitude. Mr. W. Sudlow is eminently fitted for the task which he has undertaken, as his knowledge of the subject is very extensive both in practice and theory. Ample illustrations of the discourses will be given by the members of the society. Mr. Sudlow is the organist of one of our principal churches, and, in addition to the deep interest which he takes in music, he possesses a fine musical library and a most refined taste matured by time, and an intimate acquaintance with the best works of the ancient and modern composers.

Dr. Mainzer, whose practice of teaching vocal music has met with such extraordinary success in Edinburgh and Manchester, intends spending a portion of his time in Liverpool. To-day he made his *début* in this town, by giving a short lecture explanatory of his principles, at his own class-rooms in Church-street, which were filled by those who take an interest in the progress of musical education.

The *Courier* says the Misses Hammond purpose giving a con-

certain on the 18th instant, on which occasion Miss Jessie will make her debut as a pianiste. We sincerely wish them every success. In addition to their individual exertions as vocalists and soloists on the harp and piano, we see Mr. Ryalls is engaged, while Mr. Percival will add to the attractions of the evening by one of his fine flute solos, and also play a flute obligato to a MS song of his own composition. Mr. Lither is to accompany.

While I was busy providing these scraps of news for you, the *Pacific* arrived in the Mersey from New York; with some difficulty I got a file of papers, the musical portions of which you will receive with this from Yours, &c. J. H. N.

Liverpool, Thursday, Oct. 10.

FESTIVAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

This long-established society is about to give its forty-ninth public performance. As it has been in existence for nearly half a century, a few particulars concerning its rise and progress may prove interesting to its friends and the musical public generally.

In 1804 the Liverpool Choral Society held its meetings at the Marble Street Rooms, and in the winter season gave a series of concerts. The following are the names of some of the principal performers:—Leader, Mr. Clough; organist, Mr. Henshall; violoncello, Mr. Craythorne; double bass, Mr. Taylour; vocalists, Mrs. Henshall, (now Mrs. Gillow), Mr. Leach, Mr. W. Holden, Mr. Thomas Holden, Mr. W. B. Dickins, (the composer), Mr. John Molineux, Mr. Dixon, and Mr. Meredith, a very extraordinary bass singer at that time. In 1807, through a falling-off of subscribers, and consequently getting involved in pecuniary affairs, they ceased giving any more public performances at the Marble Street Rooms.

Some years afterwards they had oratorios performed at St. Anne's Church and St. John's Church at the close and beginning of the year. The principals were:—Leader, Mr. Thos. Atterton; violins, Mr. Leo and Mr. Aldridge; vocalists, the celebrated Mrs. Salmon, Miss Pye, (now Mrs. Byers of London), Messrs. W. Holden, T. Holden, Molineux, J. Davies, W. Maybrick, and James Taylor, (late parish-clerk). In the year 1814 the society commenced holding their quarterly public meetings at Lady Huntingdon's Church, in Russel Street, when rules, &c., were made for the object of making it permanent. The following gentlemen constituted the committee at that time:—Mr. W. Maybrick, conductor and secretary; Mr. Thomas Holden, treasurer; Mr. Aaron Jackson, librarian; Messrs. E. G. Deane, J. Houghton, (Castle Street), John Johnston, (Hutton Garden), Joseph Blackburne, Edward Cairns, and Joseph Marsden.

About two years after this we find them holding their performances at St. Anne's Church, where they continued for a number of years, having an excellent chorus, and a full list of subscribers.

Somewhere about the year 1824 there was a division amongst them, and a new society formed, called the Liverpool Musical Society, under the management of Mr. Maybrick, conductor, and his son, Mr. M. Maybrick, organist. They held their meetings at St. John's Church, and subsequently at the Old Church, St. Mark's, and finally at the Welsh School, in Russell-street, where they eventually "gave up the ghost," and a few years afterwards joined the parent society, the present Liverpool Festival Choral Society, in 1839.

The following are now the principal performers:—Leader, Mr. Herrmann; violoncello, Mr. Saunders; organist, Mr. J. Richardson; secretary, Mr. W. Laidlaw; vocalists, Mrs. G. Holden, Mrs. M'Dougall, Miss Whitnall, Mr. Ryalls, Mr. Armstrong; conductor, Mr. G. Holden.

Such was the celebrity of this society for many years, that a great number of its members were engaged at the following musical festivals, viz.: London, Dublin, Edinburgh, York, Aberdeen, Derby, Manchester, Worcester, Gloucester, Hereford, Birmingham, &c. The lovers of good music are greatly indebted to this society for fostering and cultivating a taste for the most sublime of musical compositions; had it not been for the existence of a choral society little would have been known of the existence of the magnificent oratorios of the immortal Handel and other great masters.

The Liverpool Festival Choral Society may be justly deemed the parent of almost all the musical societies that now exist in Liver-

pool; for in all the musical societies that have lately sprung up, a great number may be found who either are or have been amongst the number of its members. Much praise is also due to this society when the fact is taken into consideration, that it had been almost self-supporting, having received but little aid from the public.

One of the principal objects of the Liverpool Festival Choral Society, as its name implies, was to have in readiness an efficient choral body to assist in the praiseworthy act of festivals, the proceeds of which were devoted to charitable purposes; and it is to be hoped the day is not far distant when the services of this society may be called into requisition for the same laudable purpose, and when we may again welcome those triennial meetings wherein the *dulce et utile* were so happily blended; where, whilst the admirers of art were enjoying the glorious emanations of transcendent genius, the suffering poor were receiving a substantial benefit.

MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

For your information and that of your correspondent who calls himself "Ham," (query, any relation to *Ham* Peggotty? vide *David Copperfield*.) we are in the land of the living, but as to music, it has been a dead letter to us; you judged rightly, we had nothing worth writing about. There has not been so barren an autumn in Manchester for public musical or operatic performances for years. The Hargreaves Society is in *statu quo*; our theatrical manager, Mr. Knowles, was so sickened with the poor patronage his spirited engagements got last year, that this autumn he would not venture on a party from either of the Italian opera-houses; consequently, we have had no Sontag! no Lablache! no Alboni!—we have not even had Mons. Julien!! There is some hope of revival at last, for the Gentlemen's Glee Club renewed its gatherings last month. Our Theatre Royal opened its season ten days ago, with English opera. *Somerset, Lucia, La Fugita, Fanny, and The Enchanted Stream*; it is more than probable we should have seen and reported before this, but at the time the theatre opened we were enjoying the fine evenings in the country. The Concert Hall has had three grand concerts,—two a month ago—with Mlle. de Merie, Parodi, Gardoni, Colletti, and Vivier; of one of which some notice did appear in your journal. The third took place last night—Miss Catherine Hayes, Madame Macfarlane, Signor Bordas, and Herr Formes being the *parti*. We hear (for though non-admissible ourselves, one's family can go) that Miss Catherine Hayes gave great satisfaction; so did Herr Formes. Signor Bordas was pretty well liked. The programme was nothing remarkable, as you may see; it is scarcely worth insertion, and there were two alterations in it. This is too bad. Directors of a society like our Gentlemen's Concerts ought to have some voice in the selection of the music, and not give the subscribers the *cramble* repetition of the past London season, whether good music or bad, or however often it may have been heard in the Concert Hall. The vocal ansie ought also, with very few exceptions, to be given with orchestral accompaniments, and not, as on this occasion, many of the pieces accompanied by the singers themselves on the pianoforte. One feature last night was good, and that was a new overture, composed by one of the new members of the orchestra, principal second violin, M. Baetens. It was a spirited affair, and got great applause, both from the band and audience. We are glad to hear this; it speaks well for Mr. Conductor Hallé, and messieurs the directors.

No doubt we shall hear more about it in the newspapers, on Saturday. Mr. Seymour is re-opening his winter campaign of quartet concerts very shortly, and that it is more than probable you will hear quite often enough soon from

YOUR MANCHESTER CORRESPONDENT.

(From the Manchester Courier.)

We have already had a satisfactory performance of three operas in Manchester, and we think from these we may predicate the success of the speculation. We plainly say that the present *corps*, small as it is in number, and coming with but little flourish of trumpets, is greater in capability and efficiency than others that have visited us with more exciting announcements. Miss Isaacs, the *prima donna*, is well known here; she formerly belonged to the regular establishment of the Theatre Royal, and then displayed abilities which have been developed by a London training and considerable study. Her voice has gained strength and roundness, and where it was less perfect, execution now comes in to make up for the deficiency. Her delivery of many passages is admirable, and without exciting the adulation which it has now become the custom to expect to be obliged to offer to a public singer, she calls forth warm applause and the expression of encouragement and praise. There is also a power of endurance which enables her to go through exertion without appearing to falter, or exhibiting marks of fatigue, which always prove a drawback. Her acting generally is natural and unexaggerated. The three characters in which we have had an opportunity of seeing her are very diverse. Amina, in *La Sonnambula*, Lucy, in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, and Maria, in *The Daughter of the Regiment*, require varied powers, which it was our pleasure to see Miss Isaacs manifesting. Mr. Travers, the tenor, seems well fitted for the part. He has a voice of good *timbre*, but he scarcely appears to have the power to go through long-sustained exertion. His falsetto is good, and used with discrimination, not for mere display, but as a means of expressing soft and pure sentiments. He falls occasionally into the fault of singing loudly, apparently in the belief that he is singing with power; and this in no small degree tends to exhaust him. Mr. Borani is a capital bass—correct, but unostentatious—striving more after accuracy and excellence than mere display. Mr. E. L. Hime is well known in Manchester; he has acquired an excellent style of singing, especially pathetic ballad music, but he is deficient in spirit and ease as an actor, apparently merely learning his part to walk through what does not require to be sung. We see no reason why, if he gave more attention to it, he might not be a proficient both as singer and actor. Miss Lanza, who is well remembered for the share she took in the short series of last year, is the contralto, and as Liza especially was successful. We protest against the introduction of such an evident impossibility as the Theresa of Miss Veymouth presented—a mother some years younger than her daughter; there are some features on which to lavish all the consumer's resources would be unavailing to throw an iota of the air of age about them. Mr. Wood, Mr. Harris, and Mr. Summers, have each been called on to take a share in the operas, and their excellent eye-play has given a tone of humour and of reality to the scenes that has increased the completeness of the *ensemble*. Mr. Latter has been called out but once, and that in a subsidiary part.

The spectacle was brought out with much *éclat* on Saturday night. The previous dress rehearsal to which we were invited had only given a faint idea of the reality, and that Eastern gorgeousness had been equalled in the appointments, whilst necromantic art could scarcely have surpassed the transformations that took place. The libretto is exceedingly dull—the circumstances are some of them absurd. But it is a capital vehicle for the display of the immense resources of the theatre, which have never been so fully developed in the way of machinery. The various transformations from earth to sky, down to the subterranean depths of the globe, are effected with a quickness and a certainty that we have not seen excelled. There is a prodigious amount of display in gorgeousness of dress and of appointments, while, to keep in mind the traditional gardens of the Arabian Nights, trees grow nothing but diamonds of the first water, so brilliant that not even the Nepanese princes could equal. Miss Isaacs performs the slave girl with *naïveté* and a want of knowledge respecting the world

and its more tender concerns, for a full acquaintance with which she sighs with a gushing tenderness of new-born love, that is to be spoken of with admiration. Mr. Hime labours under the defect we have before alluded to. Mr. Payne, whose pantomimic powers have been so well displayed on two occasions, plays the part of Grand Vizier with a consequential air that he knows well how to assume and sustain. In a most amusing scene with the imp of Atalmea some surprising feats of agility are wrought by the former, greater than even Robert Houdin in his famous trick of *escamotage*. A more India-rubber man has not appeared at the Theatre Royal for some years. Lastly, we must mention that the ballet *corps* is decidedly the best brought forward for some years. The orchestra has been considerably strengthened; and Mr. Seymour's exertions to give completeness to the music has met with signal success. The light compositions which are introduced in the spectacle scarcely attract so much notice, though most of them are undoubtedly worthy of it. Mr. Harris is entitled to the highest praise for the style in which the arrangements confided to him are conducted.

LEICESTER.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE first of the series of the Leicester Subscription Concerts came off on Monday evening at the New Hall under the most favourable auspices. A large subscription list, a very numerous non-subscribing auditory, and a good performance sustained by the first musical talent in this country, contributed to render it a perfectly satisfactory commencement, and to give promise that the remainder of the concerts will carry out the intention of the promoters, viz., to establish a first class musical entertainment during the winter months in Leicester, at as reasonable a rate as prudence will admit. Miss Helen Taylor, of the Royal Academy of Music, and Mr. Sims Reeves, were the vocalists. Miss Taylor made a very favourable impression on the audience, not only by her singing, but by her personal appearance, so perfectly ladylike and free from affectation. Her English songs were better liked than the Donizetti cavatina "O luce di quest'anima," which pretty though it be, is like most Italian music of the modern school, unsuitable to our fair English vocalists. Miss Taylor was encored in "Loi here the gentle lark," the flute obligato to which was admirably played by Mr. H. Nicholson.

Mr. Sims Reeves has created quite a *furore* on this, his first visit to Leicester. The audience, unreasonable as audiences always have been, are, and will be, when they hear anything which pleases them much, would have encored *all* his songs, and were but half contented with a repetition of two of them. The "Adelaide" of Beethoven was finely rendered, and duly appreciated by all the true lovers of music present; and in contrast, "The Death of Nelson" was spontaneously received by the popular taste, upsetting in a few minutes all the preachments of our Leicester branch of the Peace Society, several of whom, by the way, were seen vociferously applauding this anti-peace-tendency ballad. The instrumental music was good in its way; the *andante* and *finale* to Beethoven's first symphony was played as well as we have ever heard it in Leicester, though, I suppose from the defective construction of the orchestra, the wind instruments were at times rather too loud. The overture to *Faust* seemed to please by the lively polka-like style of its *finale*, and Meyerbeer's *Prophète* march bids fair to be almost as great a favourite as the "Wedding March." Messrs. A. and H. Nicholson performed a duet concertino for oboe and flute on Scotch airs, which was greatly applauded. The piece most relished was an adaptation of several of Mendelssohn's subjects as a kind of *scotet*, for two pianofortes, violin, flute, oboe, and contra-bass, by Cullott, in the series entitled "Half Hours with the Best Composers." This was admirably performed by Miss Deacon, Messrs. Mayne, H. Gill, H. and A. Nicholson, and Weston. The attention it received might suggest to the directors of these concerts that at one of the series a complete work of this kind might be given, and yet not prove "caviare to the" public. The next concert is announced early in December, when the *Creation* is to be performed, for the first time here these twenty years.

SUNDERLAND.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I HAPPENED to read in the *Sunderland Herald* a notice of a "Grand Farewell Concert" by a Mr. H. Hiles, to come off on Monday evening, Sept. 30. There were certain points and promises in the announcement which induced me to ride down to Sunderland and honour the good folks performing there with the formidable presence of one of our "own's." I don't know whether I am welcome by some parties to give publicity to the musical doings of this place, seeing that the innocent letter of our friend Anthony Windpipe raised such a loud and indecorous shout of indignation as to frighten the poor old man from indulging any longer in his unprofessional and "uncalled-for" criticism. In writing, as I am going to do, I shall probably expose myself to the danger of being roughly handled by that self-same "T. W." who stifled our friend Anthony's windpipe; but it would not do for one of your "own correspondents" to be deterred from doing his duty by the fear of getting into a "T. W.'s" hands. Besides, if need be, we are not so utterly destitute of means of self-defence that we should not be able to make a good stand-up "for the honour of the *Musical World*," even against more formidable men than this "T. W." appears to be; and I have, moreover, some experience in fighting against windmills. From the above introduction you will guess already what sort of report you have to expect. The fact of the matter is, I was never at a concert where bombastic announcements and promises were so unsatisfactorily carried out, and where pretensions put forward by performing parties were so little made good at the time of trial. The concert was not only advertised as a "grand" one, but it was also stated that the chorus would be "the most numerous and efficient ever assembled in Sunderland." I will not say much of this numerous and most efficient chorus; suffice it to mention that this consisted of almost twenty-eight ladies and gentlemen, who performed several compositions—amongst others "Awake, Aeolian lyre," Muller's eternal glee, "Now is the month of Maying," &c., in a style I never heard before. Yet fancy a conductor accompanying the first four or five bars of every chorus on the piano and then rising, and beginning to beat time with his baton, stamping at the same time upon the floor with all his might, and yet neither two nor time in the singing crew! The Mayday quartette especially was the finest piece of bungling to which I ever had the pleasure of listening. As for expression for pianoforte crescendos, diminuendos, and such like foreign-fashioned things, our honest Sunderlanders appeared to care but little, whilst the conductor himself mistook the "*tempo di polacca*" for "*tempo di marcia*," of course much to the improvement of Muller's production. In token of great satisfaction of Mr. Hiles' exertions as a conductor of the Sunderland Choral Society, he had been presented by the latter with a glittering silver baton; and this baton, as the editor of the *Sunderland Herald* slyly observes, "was decidedly the most brilliant feature of the evening." As the greatest attraction of the evening, however, had been announced in gigantic type, the appearance of Mrs. Wood, the former Miss Paton, late Mrs. Lennox, as everybody fancied. But just think of my astonishment when instead of *the* Mrs. Wood ("of the principal metropolitan and provincial concerts," as stated in the bills), there appeared on the orchestra a huge female form of a most masculine appearance, who, without bowing or smiling to the audience, commenced to pour out strains that would have driven old chapel-master Kreissler stark mad. No voice, no school, no feeling—what could you require less, except it be the utter absence of everything which characterises an accomplished and well-bred lady. She sang, or rather squeaked, Handel's quaint air, "Let me wander not unseen," and "All the good folks of Sunderland, being under the impression of listening to the charming strains of the former Miss Paton, appeared enchanted, and applauded enthusiastically. This happy delusion lasted for the greater part of the evening; to the no small amusement of the few initiated ones, who towards the close spread the rumour of there being a mistake, and had the gratification to observe that all at once the star of the evening had lost its lustre and eclipsed rapidly, so much so, that the singing of the pretence Paton was declared by several "connoisseurs" to be *anything but good*, the only wonder being that they did not find this out long before.

There were three more solo singers: two of them—a Mr. Robson and a Mr. Terry, whom I understand to be amateurs from Newcastle—sang in a very plain and creditable style, especially Mr. Robson, who has a very pleasing tenor voice, and who rendered Mendelssohn's "Man of God" with much feeling and truthfulness. The third soloist was a young girl of Sunderland, who claims our indulgence on account of her youth, but whose parents had better hide her talents yet for awhile under a bushel. All four solists executed together two quartettes by Mendelssohn, and two by Mr. Hiles, the conductor. The former were sung tolerably well; of the latter I shall speak anon, when reporting the doings of the hero of the evening, who was no other than Mr. Hiles, the organist, whose playing old Mr. Windpipe characterized as "rather in the florid style," and which observation drew upon him the wrath of "T. W." of Sunderland.

Mr. Hiles, a young man of not altogether unprepossessing exterior, leaves Sunderland, on account of "having been repeatedly urged to reside permanently in Manchester," as he informed the public. Manchester—being now in want of a first-rate man, seeing that only such minor ones as Hallé and Panofka, &c., hold up the reputation of that musical place—will no doubt rejoice at the good news I bring in my letter: there will be an era in its musical history, and your talented contributor there will now have something worthy to speak of. Mr. Hiles appeared during the evening in the threefold character of conductor, composer, and performer. Of the former I have already given my opinion; it was, to say the least of it, *unique*. As a performer on the piano, Mr. Hiles has considerable claims; his right hand is well trained, and wants only a more efficient help-mate to do good work; but as a composer, the young gentleman must allow me to give him a piece of advice, which is—to go to school again, and learn the musical A B C, before he attempts to delight with his effusions any other ears but his own. In making this remark, I am conscious of committing a daring and dangerous act, seeing that Mr. Hiles' fame as a composer is already so well established, that extracts from one of his works need only to be mentioned as "Selections from H. Hiles' *David*," just as we say "from Handel's *Israel*," or "Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*." I am sorry to be obliged to confess that I, your own correspondent, should be so ignorant of our musical literature as not to know Henry Hiles' *David*, but I have asked several of my friends, who are in the same predicament, and must therefore request you to inform me when and where the said oratorio was performed, and who published it, if it be printed. The selections given from "Mr. H. Hiles' *David*" comprised two airs, a quartet, and a chorus. The melody of the first of the airs, "My soul thirsteth for God," evinced considerable talent of imitation, for it was uncommonly like Bartholdy's "Oh, trust in the Lord," only less elaborate in the bass, and more naturally harmonised. In the chorus, "As the heart panteth," there occurred a stunning bit of *fuga ricercata*, or master fugue, the great cleverness of which consisted in this, that each part, after having gone through its subject, rested for awhile, to allow the following imitation of the other voice to be heard to the better advantage. I decidedly approve of this plan; it gives clearness and perspicuity to the composition, and is—according to my taste—far superior to that adopted by Sebastian Bach and Handel, who, not content with letting each voice sing its strain in turn, must needs interrupt and confound the latter by the introduction of so-called counter-subjects, by which their fugues become so complicated and confused, that a simple musician like myself at last does not know which is the melody and which the accompaniment.

I was near forgetting the performance of Bortini's "Fair Lady" on the piano, by Messrs. Hiles and Loder, in which bass and treble were managed according to the law that the left hand is not to know what the right hand does; and of a quartette of Beethoven's (I forget which), in which the tenor was represented by a clarinet, and the violoncellist acquitted himself most creditably, happening only in his zeal a few times to place his fingers no more than a quarter of an inch too high or too low on the fingerboard, a thing which frequently occurs to enthusiastic players on instruments of a similar construction.

"God Save the Queen" furnished the appropriate finale to this grand Farewell Concert, which was graced by the presence of a number of interesting-looking young ladies, of whom you know I am very fond both to speak and to think.

I have since heard that another concert is shortly to take place in Sunderland, under the superintendence of Mr. Loder; when H. Philipps is going to sing, and the Distins will play. I have also been informed, that the last concert by no means fairly represented the musical talent of Sunderland and its vicinity; and as I like to give credit where credit is due, I shall make it a point to attend the next and send you an account, together with my report from this place.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

A. B.

P.S.—In order to give you a further specimen of the musical talent of Sunderland, I enclose a new polka, entitled the "Sunderland Jugg Polka," by T. A. Wetherell, of that place, which it will afford you some pleasure to peruse, and on which the editor of the *Sunderland Herald* bestows great praise, enjoying his readers to dance to no other during the ensuing season, for the honour and encouragement of local talent.

HITCHIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

A CONCERT was given at the Town Hall on Thursday evening, the 26th ult., by the members of the Philharmonic Society, which was attended by a very large audience, comprising nearly four hundred of the *élite* of the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood. This being the first concert ever given by this Society for the practice of vocal and instrumental music, it created no small amount of interest among its friends, as well as among those who had assembled from mere curiosity. The room was densely crowded, and, in order to record the event, I subjoin a copy of the programme:—

PART I.

Overture— <i>Lodoiska</i> .	Kreutzer.
Chorus Glee—"The Chough and Crow."	Bishop.
Trio—"Blow, gentle gales."	Bishop.
Song—"The Gay Crusade."	Rodwell.
Madrigal—"All ye who music love."	Donato.
Duet—"When thy bosom heaves a sigh."	Brakem.
Polka—"Undine."	Mrs. Mackinlay.
Glee—"The Village Chorists."	Muscles.
Solo and Chorus—"Hark! the Vesper."	Stevenson.

PART II.

Overture— <i>Il Barbiere di Siviglia</i> .	Rossini.
Chorus Glee—"Now, Tramp."	Bishop.
Glee—"See out Dave."	Stevenson.
Song—"Gentle Waver."	Ajyell.
Chorus Glee—"Roderick Vich Alpise."	Mossinghi.
Duo Concertante—Pianoforte and Violin.	Kummer.
Glee—"Sleep, gentle lady."	Bishop.

"God save the Queen."

It will be seen from the above that the preponderance of the pieces was in favor of the vocal. The execution of the two overtures afforded much satisfaction, and the more creditable to all parties concerned must this be when we take into consideration the limited resources, the short time for practice, and the fact that the Society consists entirely of amateurs. I have heard the overture to *Lodoiska* in early days. Its "old familiar face" brings to the mind's eye scenes and associations almost buried. The grave and solemn opening movement in D minor, so full of melodramatic colouring, with its gloomy, mysterious modulation and rallentando at its close, produces an almost painful and lingering suspense, when lo! the leaf is turned, and out comes forth the brilliantly quick and march-like subject which for more than thirty years kept possession of every musical aspirant—no matter the instrument, whether piano, violin, flute, or fife! It was well performed, and received at its conclusion, long and loud applause. Bishop's universal "Chough and Crow" served to introduce Miss Paul, a young aspirant for vocal honors, who sang the opening solo with great care and considerable finish. She has a voice of no common order or sweetness—extensive in its range, with a quality of tone rich, full, sound, sweet, and vibrative. If it be the intention of this young singer to brave the public ordeal, she has many chances in her favor; and, if so, I take the liberty of recommending to her constant study and the best tuition, for her voice deserves both, being of fine quality, rich, and capacious. There was a slight

tendency to sharpness of pitch, but this, I am convinced, only arose from nervous excitement, and will vanish by a more frequent repetition of public performance. The chorus was effectively rendered, and the pianissimo conclusion well managed. "Blow, gentle gales," one of the most elegant and choice glees extant, was equally well sung, and it soon became evident that in this music the society was eminently strong. One of Rodwell's pleasing songs, "The Gay Crusade," was enthusiastically encored. Mr. Norris has a voice of great power, and of a superior quality. A better delivery of the words—a more careful attention to the vocal phrasings, and a wiser economy of the breath, would do much for a voice so full of capability as this. The madrigal—"All ye who music love"—brought out the whole strength of the chorus. As a composition it is one of the most beautiful of its class. Donato was a composer of great celebrity in the latter part of the sixteenth century. With the recollection of the Westminster and St. Paul's boys, and the achievements of the Madrigal Society, I can only say of this performance, that it was but little short of perfection, so nicely balanced the voices, the points so well taken up, the holding notes so firmly sustained, and the alterations of light and shade so finely blended. It was received with great applause, and rapturously encored—the repetition of it did not suffer by a comparison with the first. I cannot say so much for the duet, "When thy bosom heaves a sigh," the earnestness of its delivery did much to produce the attention with which it was received. The "Village chorists" was well sung; but what was deficient in this was amply made up by the judicious and excellent delivery of "Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing," containing the same nice gradations of tone as in the madrigal, and it was throughout most carefully sung. Thus concluded a performance which reflected on all the highest credit, particularly on the conductor, Mr. Harrop, and the gentlemen amateurs who had so kindly patronised it by their personal attendance and zeal.

The overture to *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* opened with brilliancy the Second Part—inferior only to the overtures to *Semiramide* and *Guillaume Tell*, it is one of the most celebrated of Rossini's genius. The stately and majestic opening was most artistically given—accents well observed; the wind instruments in tolerable subjection, and far better in intonation than at first; all combined to produce a superior effect—so much so that it was loudly encored, and played with greater spirit than before. The pianos and fortes, as well as the crescendos, were well attended to, and though a horn, a clarinet, or a flute might be wanting, *cui buono?* There are instances where this is a blessing to the auditor, though a blight on the score of the composer. I once heard the horn-player in the opening movement to the overture to *Oberon* most heroically defy and set at naught the "il tutto pianissimo possibile" with which Weber deemed it necessary to preface the performance. What was that to him? He was in possession of a fine-toned instrument, and who was to know it if he did not let it be heard? so he gave tongue right manfully; to be sure it did astonish the natives, who had rather prematurely prepared their ears for the soft and distant ringing of the fairy horn; but that could not be helped; no doubt he thought himself perfectly justified in seizing upon the three first notes of the overture; they were written for him, and why should he not do as he liked with his own? If people don't like to hear it, let them stop their ears until he has finished. In young and inexperienced instrumentalists there is no greater or more common fault than this. The "Tran" chorus, Sir John Stevenson's pretty glee, "See our oars," and "Roderick Vich Alpise," were sung with the same degree of vigour and excellence with the previous glees. "Gentle waves," a charming little song, too, with a beautiful and characteristic accompaniment for the pianoforte, was sung by Miss Paul, the young lady I have previously noticed; it was also enthusiastically encored. The duet for piano and violin was performed with excellent style and effect by the conductor and a gentleman who resides in the town. The old and most favourite madrigal by Ford, "Since first I saw your face," was sung with the same perfection as the first, which is saying all that can be said of it, and, like it, producing the demand for its being repeated. Bishop's glee, "Sleep, gentle lady," was one of the gems of the per-

formance; and the whole concluded with the "national anthem.— Other concerts will follow, and it is intended to give a sacred concert in the week preceding Christmas.

PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

On Friday evening last Mrs. Nesbitt, Mr. and Miss Mordaunt, returned from Teignmouth, where they had been stalling, to give one representation, which was under the patronage of General Murray. The play selected was *The Honey Moon*, with two farces, *Delicate Ground* and *The Dead Shot*, in which Mrs. Nesbitt and her sister played during their last engagement in the previous week. Added to this attraction Captain Dincey Roebuck, of no mean repute as an amateur, lent his valuable aid, so that it was not astonishing to find the house crowded in every part.

Mrs. Nesbitt was a charming Juliana—indeed there is no one now on the stage who could approach her in it. From beginning to end she kept the audience with her, and left an impression so favourable as not easily to be effaced. The Duke in the hands of Captain Roebuck had an able representative; one completely lost sight of the amateur in him, and he went through the part like a versed and cogent actor who had many requisites for the stage, added to a distinguished appearance, which is a *sine qua non* in such a part as this. Rolando was judiciously acted by Mr. Mordaunt, and the Zamora of Miss Jane Mordaunt is beyond praise. It could not have been better acted, and it would be difficult to say whether she looked prettiest in her own clothes, or in the disguise of the page. The Mock Duke by Emery was excellent. He invested the character with genuine humour. The Count of Mr. Leslie was played with gentlemanly ease, and Volante, by Miss Dorette, was sustained with much *aisiété*. The little part of Lopez met with an able representative in Mr. Miles, who rendered the part prominent from the fun in the cottage scene. Indeed it was impossible for the comedy to have been better played in any provincial theatre in the kingdom. At the end Mrs. Nesbitt and Captain Roebuck were called before the curtain, as was the popular Emery, to receive the honours of the evening. Mr. Aldridge, the African Roscius, has been playing his round of characters this week to overflowing pit and gallery audiences. Sims Reeves and Miss Lucombe sing on Wednesday at the Assembly Rooms. T. E. B.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS.—(From a Correspondent.)—The transfer of the Italian Opera was completed on the 6th, by Mr. Lumley counter-signing the document accepting the privilege. Mr. Ernest Ber has protested publicly in his own name and that of his associate, Ronconi, against the ministerial decision. The *Menestral* declares that Grisi and Mario, who were engaged by Ronconi, were determined to withdraw their services should Mr. Lumley succeed to the direction. This is a mere waste of words. Mr. Lumley, as a matter of course, would choose his own company.

After a good deal of management, Albini has been prevailed upon to re-appear in the *Prophète*, Madame Viardot not being enabled to come to Paris until the latter end of the month. The revival of Halévy's *Charles the Sixth* has not proved so successful as was anticipated. Albini's *Odette*, though to my thinking, most admirable in every respect, was not so effective as her Leonore. Nor indeed was that possible. The music of *Odette* belongs to Verdi's school, and is but little adapted to Albini's melting voice and touching style. Albini could not fail to succeed, but many agreed with me that her singing the music of *Odette* was a lavish waste of pearls. She will no doubt come out more forcible than ever in Fides, which half Paris is longing to witness again. The *Barbieri*, Frenchified, will be produced shortly for Barroilhet's

last appearance, Albini of course being the Rosina. I have not been able to ascertain what character in the Opera Barroilhet will sustain on this interesting occasion: whether it will be Fiorello, the Count, Bartolo, Basilio, Figaro, or Margellina. No more at present.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CHURCHES AND CONCERT ROOMS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Having been absent from London, I did not see the letter signed "J. Surman," in the *Musical World* of Sept. 28, until Saturday last; hence the delay in my reply, in the outset of which I must say that Mr. Surman has intentionally or accidentally misconstrued the whole bent of my letter. To begin with. Nothing can be further from my purpose than to wish to injure that which I have no doubt is "an excellent charitable institution." It would have been better, perhaps, had I written generally against the practice of turning cathedrals and other churches into concert rooms (concert room is what I intended to fill up the blank, not den of thieves) rather than against the Gloucester authorities; but the reformation must be begun somewhere, it is therefore, as well to take the opportunity of remarking upon evils, as passing events bring them to light.

If the coffers of a deserving charity are empty, and they cannot be refilled but by concerts, then in charity's name have them, but not in churches, for they are to be used as houses of prayer, not as concert rooms. I am quite aware that the lessons were read, the psalms chanted, the prayers intoned, and a sermon preached at Gloucester; with the exception of the latter, this, in my opinion, to be done every day; people do not, however, pay for this; but we are told that "On Tuesday morning, September 10th, at the Cathedral, will be performed in the course of the service—overture, *Esther*, Handel. Grand "Dettingen Te Deum" Handel. Anthem, "Blessed is he," Boyce. Anthem, "Here shall soft charity," Boyce. Grand "Coronation Anthem" Handel." The prices of admission being, "Numbered seats, 3s. 6d.; nave of gallery, 2s. 6d.; aisles, 1s." Surely this bears out my assertion—the service was a musical performance, and not a service in which music was employed as an aid to devotion, but, as in a concert room, to draw money. Was it not so, I ask? Refer to the back sheet of the *Musical World*, Sept. 27, and what do you find? Clearly an advertisement of a series of musical performances; nothing is said about a sermon or anything else but music, balls, railway arrangements, &c. In short, about the propriety of such exhibitions as the one I complain of there cannot be a reasonable doubt; and those who think otherwise I would refer to *The warden of Berkingholt*, and *S. Antholius*, by the Rev. W. Paget, where they will find the subject fully discussed. With regard to Boyce, Mr. Surman should recollect that you, Mr. Editor, made some remarks upon his capabilities generally, and I ventured to suggest that which you found wanting existed in some anthems which I enumerated. What, therefore, did it signify that they were of a different character with those sung at Gloucester? I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

G. R. C.

October 9, 1850.

THE OLD BLIND HARPER.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I was glad to see you mentioned the performance of Richard Roberts, the blind harper of Carnarvon, in your interesting notice of the Rhuddlan Fete-dieu. For thirty years past I have considered Roberts the best performer on the triple harp in Wales. He gained the silver harp at Wrexham in 1820, and the gold harp at Denbigh in 1828. When I led him upon the platform at Denbigh to be invested with the badge of merit by the Duke of Sussex, his Royal Highness complimented him on his performance, when the old man spoke as follows:—

"May it please your Royal Highness, I never saw the blessed sun, but I never regretted the loss of sight so much as I do at this

moment, when I might behold the hand that confers on me such honour."

His Royal Highness appeared deeply affected by the simple but touching address of the venerable dark minstrel.

Roberts played the Welch airs with variations in their integrity, as the celebrated blind Parry composed them a century ago. Mr. Parry and his son used to play several of Handel's choruses on two Welch harps, before King George III., some 60 years ago. And I have heard Richard Roberts play several of the "mighty master's" compositions on the triple harp with much effect. He always played the proper basses, and did not treat with contempt consecutive fifths and octaves, as too many of the present Welch harpers do. Poor Roberts is lame as well as blind; but he is a well-informed sensible man, and is better acquainted with Welch music in general than any other harper in the Principality.

I remain, yours respectfully,

JOHN PARRY,

Bard of Alow (or Professor of Music.)

Our Scrap Book.

[We shall be obliged to any kind friends who may be able and willing to contribute to our Scrap Book.—Ed.]

POETRY ALL AROUND US.—Poetic element? Yon lassie, rejoycing in her disfigurement and not her beauty, like the nuns of Peterborough in auld time—is there na poetry there? That pair lassie, dying on the bare boards and seeing her Saviour in her dreams, is there na poetry there, callant? That auld body owre the fire, wi' her "an officer's dochter," is there na poetry there? That ither, prostituting herself to buy food for her freen—is there na poetry there?—tragedy—

With hues as when some mighty painter dips
His pen in dyes of earthquake and eclipse.

AY, Shelley's gran'; always gran'; but fact is grander—God and Satan are grander. All around ye, in every gin-shop and costermonger's cellar, are God and Satan at death grips; every garret is a hail Paradise Lost or Paradise Regained; and will ye think it beneath ye to be the "People's Poet?"—*Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet.*

NATIONALITY is a good thing to a certain extent, but universality is better. All that is best in the great poets of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal. Their roots are in their native soil; but their branches wave in the unpatric air, that speaks the same language unto all men, and their leaves shine with the illimitable light that pervades all lands. Let us throw all the windows open; let us admit the light and air on all sides; that we may look towards the four corners of the heavens, and not always in the same direction.—*Kavanagh Longfellow.*

TEXT FOR THE ARTIST.—The world still wants its poet-priest, a reconciler, who shall not trifle with Shakespeare the player, nor shall grope in graves with Swedenborg the mourner; but who shall see, speak, and act, with equal inspiration. For knowledge will brighten the sunshine; right is more beautiful than private affection; and love is compatible with universal wisdom.—*Emerson.*

The country is lyric; the town dramatic: when mingled, they make the most perfect musical drama.—*Longfellow.*

Critics are sentinels in the grand army of letters, stationed at the corners of newspapers and reviews to challenge every new author.—*Longfellow.*

MR. WHITWORTH.—This talented barytone has returned to London, we are happy to say, quite recovered from his late indisposition. We hope to hear him at the concerts about to be given at Her Majesty's Theatre.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN PARRY AT BRIGHTON.—The universal John has treated the Brightonians to his new vocal and instrumental feast. Thursday was the festival day, when a numerous assembly sat down to partake of the capital fare, and capital indeed it must have been, or the partakers were very gourmands, for every body demanded a repetition of each dish. John helped every body a second time to everything, and so the entertainment, with peculiar propriety, might have been dubbed the "Feast of encorees."

DOWTON. The numerous friends of this once popular and talented comedian will be glad to learn that he continues to enjoy good health, notwithstanding his advanced years (being nearly 90.) and that he is comfortably provided for in his old age. A small life annuity was purchased for him some years ago, out of the proceeds of a benefit and private subscriptions, which Mr. Harley took a most benevolent and active part in promoting. With a comparatively small sum, owing to his great age, a yearly income was purchased, which has rendered his latter days comfortable.

GLASGOW.—THE DISTIN FAMILY.—The concert of those gentlemen in the City Hall, on Monday night, was in reality an "event." There is one grand characteristic about their performances, it is never unequal, and it is never mediocre. The family have been trained from early life in instrumentation—they have been kept together, without, we believe, any severance. When the sons were mere lads they exhibited an amount of talent not to be expected save from people who had what Jonathan calls "the genuine material"; and that talent has been well cultivated. A dozen of years back, when the sons did "second" to the father, it was a picture to look on the youngsters, with their fair faces and their braided uniforms, "standing together," actuated by one impulse, and vying to attain the same object. And there stood the father, with his key-ledge, directing, guiding, and bringing to a point the talent of his children. The boys are now men. Time and experience have taught them to "discourse the most eloquent music." The opening of their concert—a quartet from Donizetti's *Belisario*—played on the Sax horns, was enough to fix them in every mind as people of the right stamp. There was no blundering about it. Taste and elegance and strength were displayed in such a way as to enforce applause. So it was with the fantasia from *Lucia di Lammermoor* and *La Figlia del Reggimento*. We speak of the family now as they stood, instrument with instrument. Separating them, just let us take the solo, "All is lost now," as an individual effort; and if an encore, enthusiastically given, with a "narrow escape" from a third, be any test of popularity, the player of the sax-horn, in this case, had it at will. Applause followed applause, and the enthusiasm was loud and long. It was similar with the Selection from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*. The fact is, the Distin "look" their audience, and no tribute of appreciation was ever more worthily given. Beyond the instruments the vocalism was excellent. We were not before aware that the "family" had cultivated voices as well as mouth-pieces, and it was something more than usually pleasant to hear "Down in a flowery vale"—a madrigal of three hundred years old—executed in a style that might reflect honour on the old beefsteak Club, which, we presume, Mr. Distin remembers. We cannot notice—though we should be very much inclined to do it—every musical incident in this concert. It was an admirable display of cultivated talent, and we can have no hesitating thoughts in recommending the next appearance of those performers to the patronage of our fellow-citizens.—*Glasgow Mail.*

NEW YORK.—We learn, from undoubted authority, that Mr. Marshall, of the Broadway Theatre, has succeeded in making an arrangement with Madame Ponsi, whose admirable personification of juvenile tragedy has been stamped with unbounded success in the old world. Madame Ponsi is of the Helen Faunt and Ellen Tree style. She is young, and her appearance is exceedingly prepossessing. She is expected to appear at the Broadway Theatre in a few weeks, and will doubtless be most warmly received. The able manager of this theatre has been most indefatigable, and we think successful, in thus catering for the winter season.—*New York Weekly Herald.*

A RUSSIAN YANKEE.—It is said that a skipper in New York has so often crossed the Atlantic that he knows every wave by sight.

MACREARY took his last farewell of the Glasgow public, the week before last, in the character of *Virginius*. The theatre was crammed to suffocation; and the excitement and display of feeling were such as had not been witnessed in the city for very many years.

MACHESTER.—The English version of Donizetti's serious opera *La Favorite*, was brought out at the theatre on Saturday evening. On Monday evening it was repeated, when we had the opportunity of being present. We feel gratified in being able to say Mr. Travers gave a vivid idea of what is demanded by the composer. His voice has not the freshness it possessed three years ago, when he first made his appearance at Drury Lane, but it is still round and clear; his enunciation is distinct, and his action natural. He impressed his auditors with a belief that he was in earnest, and in two acts produced an excitement which can only be the result of a truthful delineation. This success must be considered the more praiseworthy when we listen to the wretched English text adapted to the music, a text which even in reading excites to laughter, becoming the more dangerous when allied to music and situation of an impassioned character. Its difficulty was sufficiently observable when uttered by the gentleman undertaking the part of the "King," a more languid-moving barlesque having, perhaps, never been witnessed on these boards or any other. Miss Rebecca Isaac and Mr. Barrall were both effective in their parts.—*Manchester Examiner*.

THE PLEASURES OF EDITORIAL LIFE.—We could wish geatly whose criticism expressed in the order "Stop my paper," no worse punishment than a week spent on the wheel of a newspaper. They would soon find the situation too hot for them. They would acquire some notion of severe drudgery of which they are in blissful ignorance. Melifluous particles of matter, each of them insufficient in itself, yet important in general combination, to be selected, analysed, compressed to please a diversity of tastes without offending any; reports to be stripped of their veilings and transformed into a presentable shape; comments on topics, political, literary, commercial, esthetic as well as popular, to be obtained or prepared; paragraphs to be prepared on every imaginable subject, from a monstrous gooseberry to the revolution of an empire; correspondence to be licked into shape—for the *Bruti Decii* often require a great deal of correction; in a word, all the local events of the week, and all the striking incidents of the four quarters of the globe, i.e., its N. E. W. S. to be cooked on the gridiron of memory. All the time, too, a flood tide of "unavoidable matter" comes sweeping along, crumbling away plans, destroying arrangements, and making the heart sick with the overbeginning never-ending toil. Talk of the hardships of "six upon four" on board ship!—certainly it is disagreeable to lack beef when you abound in appetite, but it is nothing near so bad as the newspaper ill—a month's reading and writing to be got through in a week, and whole volumes of matter to be crammed in a few slender columns. Then there is the incidental harass of the editor's office—to have a train of thought cut in two by the unceremonious appearance of "the devil," and the imp's uncompromising cry of "copy!" and to be summoned from the editorial "den" to be overwhelmed by the patronage contained in the promised purchase of next week's paper, if the letter, signed "A Constant Reader," is inserted therein. An efficacious wet blanket is thus thrown upon the unfortunate editor, and he is decomposed in the very throes of composition. No wonder that the editor can so seldom be seen—no wonder that his mind is sometimes bewildered as to which contributor and which class of readers he shall please, or rather displease—this being the inevitable result, should he show a preference to any. Such, ordinarily, is the provincial editor's toil; sick and well, inclined and disinclined, in joy and sadness, whether assailed in a controversy or annoyed by some critic who has discovered that there is an "e" turned up-side-down in the forty-fourth line of the fifth column of the eighth page. He must work in all seasons, and under all circumstances!—

He never tires nor stops to rest,
But onward still he goes;

except, indeed, to die; and then, nine times out of ten, he dies, poor man, in harness.—*Tait's Magazine*.

METZGERER has arrived in Paris, and is said to be in treaty with the direction of the Opera for the production of a new work.

HAYMARKET.—This theatre opens on Monday. Macready commences his last farewell performances on the 25th. They are announced as being absolutely his last performances on any stage.

WORDSWORTH.—It is satisfactory to us to be enabled to announce that upwards of 9000 have already been subscribed towards a befitting monument to Wordsworth.—*Art Journal*.

ENGLISH BALLAD MUSIC.—A course of lectures, with illustrations, on the ballad music of England, has been commenced at the Polytechnic Institution, by Mr. G. Barker. The compositions are well selected, and the subject treated in a popular manner. The lectures are well attended, and the lecturer was rewarded by the applause of his audience.

THE SINGER, PARODI.—We understand there are rumours by the *Niagara*, the old Duke having been taken captive by her beautiful face and enchanting voice. We trust the rumour is ill-founded, or that if true, the marriage may be postponed till next spring, so that she need not be led to break her engagement with Marczek.—*American paper*.

MAIDSTONE.—The Maidstone Choral Society has commenced its rehearsals at the Corn Exchange, under the presidency of C. G. Whittaker, Esq., and leadership of Mr. H. Tolhurst. The society intend giving two concerts during the winter, tickets to subscribers admitting them to the privilege of attending the rehearsals on Monday evenings. The choir will consist of 100 performers. At the concert of this society last year upwards of 1,000 persons were said to be present, and the society presented ten guineas, their profits, to the charitable institutions of the town.—*Maidstone Gazette*.

CITY OF LONDON LIBRARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.—The usual fortnightly concert of the music class was given here on Friday, the 20th ult. The band performed the overtures to *Oberon*, *Cenerentola*, and *Zampa*. The singers for the occasion were Miss Messent, Miss Cubitt, Miss Law, and Miss Henderson, a debutante, pupil of Mr. Jolly; with Mr. G. Perren, and Mr. Parquharson Smith. Mr. Lake played a solo on the concertina, and Mr. Hay ditto on the cornet-a-piston. The concert was tolerably attended, and the performances were quite satisfactory. Mr. Patey officiated as leader, Mr. Cornish presided at the piano, and Mr. Westcott acted as director and conductor. These concerts are in every way entitled to public support.

MR. BUNN AT GLASGOW.—This gentleman's benefit at the Prince's Theatre, and, it is therefore to be presumed, his last appearance in Glasgow, takes place this evening. We have already given our opinion as regards his entertainment, and we need not now recapitulate what has already been written. We may, however, observe that there is something really touching in Mr. Bunn's being obliged to give his series of lectures at all. For many years he was the firm friend of the legitimate drama—he was a devoted slave to everything that could elevate the actor's art—he held the reins of Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres, when hundreds of men with less courage would have thrown them up—he made and he lost a fortune—he has been the companion of the noblest blood in the land, and the patron of the highest genius in his profession—and yet now, "in the seer and yellow leaf," it is compulsory on him, the patron, to seek patronage—for the bygone man of many luxuries to perform for, it may be, the necessities of life. As a man of taste, enterprise, and integrity, Mr. Bunn deserves support, and eventually he will obtain it.—*Daily Mail, Glasgow, Oct. 7, 1850.*

THE BARREL ORGAN REFINER.—An instrument called the "Autophony," has been patented by the inventor, Mr. C. Dawson, organ-builder, of the Strand, by which a person totally unacquainted with the mode of playing upon keys can produce all manner of tunes by the more mechanical process of turning a handle and applying the foot to a pedal. The music is produced by perforated sheets of mill-board, which are passed between rollers or cylinders. In their transit, the wind is forced through the perforations or notes, and passing through small pipes or tubes, creates the sound. Each sheet produces a separate tune. The instruments, of various sizes and power, but comparatively of small dimensions, are adapted to private houses, chapels, and churches where an organist is not employed.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Various preparations are commonly sold for this purpose; but, from the large quantity necessary to maintain the desired effect, great injury is done to the delicate tissues of the Skin by their use. To obviate these evils, A. F. PEARL has obtained the Receipt for preparing a most innocent Liquid, free from all irritating qualities, which has been constantly used by celebrated Actresses, from her earliest youth; and whose pearl-like Bust and Arms have astonished all admirers of the truly beautiful. This Liquid imparts a most delicate softness to the Skin, combined with a slightly beautiful transparent whiteness—rarely to be met with in nature—Price 2s. 6d. per bottle.

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The Rosette Bloom of Health can in all cases be permanently ensured by the use of that perfectly innocent and wonderful **LIQUID EXTRACT, OBTAINED FROM THE ROSE**, as prepared by A. F. PEARL, who has received innumerable testimonials, from Ladies of the highest rank, of its invaluable and innocent properties. It imparts a most exquisite tint, which is not destroyed either by change of air or by perspiration, and is, therefore, invaluable to those frequenting public assemblies. This article has now been in use by the fashionable world upwards of thirty years, and is the sole property of A. F. PEARL, Perfumer, and Inventor of the Transparent Soap. It may be had of the leading Perfumers in Town and Country, and at his Warehouse, 91, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, near the British Museum, London. Price 9s. 6d. per bottle; by post, 12 extra stamps.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

THE Executive Committee, Directors, and Managers of "The Grand National Concerts" have the honour to announce that the First Series will commence on **TUESDAY**, the 13th of October instant.

The Committee have the utmost pride and satisfaction in announcing that, by the gracious permission of His Majesty the King of Prussia, they have been enabled to secure the entire Chorus of the Berlin Chapel Royal, consisting of fifty male voices, under the direction of Kapellmeister Niddhardt. The extraordinary perfection of this chorus is well known by reputation in every artifice and avenger in Europe, but the opportunity of hearing them in any town or country, except their own, has never hitherto been afforded. During their engagement several pieces, entirely new to this country, and composed expressly for the Royal Chapel by Mendelssohn, Niddhardt, &c., will be performed, in addition to selections from the choral works of Bach, Handel, and Marcello, together with the celebrated "Battle Chorus," which has created an extraordinary sensation in Germany. An extra Chorus for the Serenatas and other English music has been selected with the greatest care from the principal Lyrical Establishments, and will be under the direction of Herr Gana, Chorus Master of Her Majesty's Theatre. The arrangement of the Operatic Selections, &c., will be confided to Sir Neger.

The Concerts will commence at Eight, and terminate usually about Eleven. The Theatre has been entirely re-decorated for these entertainments.

In addition to the following list, numerous engagements are pending with other Vocal and Instrumental Artists, particulars of which will be announced as soon as possible.

VOCALISTS.

Mademoiselle ANGLI—Miss POOLE, Miss MESSENT—Mrs. A. NEWTON, Madame BIRKBECK (the celebrated Prima Donna from Milan, who will make her First Appearance in England).

Signor CALZOLARI. M. JULES LEFORT,
M. JULES STOCKHOLM, Mr. F. BOUDA,
Mr. SIMS REEVES.

INSTRUMENTAL SOLO PERFORMERS.

GRAND PIANOFORTE—Miss Goddard (Pupil of M. Thalberg, who will make her First Appearance in Public). M. Charles HALL (who will perform Beethoven's Concerto in A flat with full Orchestral Accompaniments on the Opening Night, and a different Concerto on each evening of his engagement). Master Heinrich Werners (whose performance at Buckingham Palace before Her Most Gracious Majesty and Prince Albert, and at the Profusionat Matinee, has been the marvel of the whole Musical World), and M. Thalberg (who will introduce several new Morceaux written expressly for these Concerts).

VIOLIN—M. Moliere, Henry Blagrove, Henry Cooper, and M. Salomon (Solo Violinist to Her Majesty); an engagement is also pending with the renowned Artist, Signor Nervi, who is on his way to England from the Hawaiian.

VIOLON—Mr. Hill.

VIOLONCELLO—M. Platt, Hausmann, Hancock, and Rousset.

DOUBLE BASS—M. M. Angles, Rowland, and Henry Muller (the celebrated Con-trastant from Darmstadt, who will make his First Appearance in this country).

HARP—Mr. Ap Thomas and Mr. H. J. Trust.

CONCERTINA—Mr. R. Blagrove.

FAUTE—M. M. Richardson, Ricciardi, Carte, and Remusat.

ORGAN—M. M. Barnes and Neger.

CLARINET—M. Franc (the renowned Artist from the Grand Opera, Brussels), and M. Maycock.

BASSOON—M. Baumann.

HOBO—M. Stedlich.

CORNET—A. FISTONS—M. Arban.

TRUMPET—M. Prosper.

TRUMPET—M. Waterhouse.

ORCHESTRA.

Musical Director, Composer, and Conductor... M. BALFE.

FIRST VIOLIN.	VIOLON.	FLUTE.
M. Moliere (Principal),	R. Hughes (Prin.), H.M.T.	Richardson, Flautist to the
late Kapellmeister at	R. Blagrove, R.I.O.	Duke of Devonshire.
Stuttgart.	Boden, H.M.T.	Ricciardi, La Scala, Milan.
Brown, Royal Italian Op.	Calkin, H.M.T.	PICCOLO.
Henry Cooper, R.I.O.	Gank, H.M.T.	Remusat, H.M.T.
Dando, R.I.O.	Glaister, R.I.O.	OBONE.
Dawson, H.M. Theatre.	Rice, H.M.T.	Barret, R.I.O.
Goffie, R.I.O.	Trust, R.I.O.	Nicholson, R.I.O.
H. Grimsbach, R.I.O.	West & Westlake, R.I.O.	CLARINETTS.
Hartog, H.M.T.	Violoncellos.	M. Franc, G.O., Brussels.
Kreuter, H.M.T.	Flaut (Prin.), H.M.T.	Maycock, H.M.T.
Quarby, H.M.T.	Gardner, H.M.T.	BASSOON.
Patey, R.I.O.	Goodman, R.I.O.	Hausmann, R.I.O.
Pigot, H.M.T.	Gust, R.I.O.	Larkin, R.I.O.
Shargren, H.M.T.	Hancock, R.I.O.	HOBO.
Thurwell, R.I.O.	Hausmann, R.I.O.	Stedlich, H.M.T.
Wetkiss, R.I.O.	W. Loder, R.I.O.	YACHTMANS.
Zerlous, R.I.O.	Wood, Phipps, R.I.O.	Calcott, H.M.T.
SECOND VIOLIN.	Thurwell, Boeth, G. Soc.	Carroll, Jan., H.M.T.
Willy (Principal), Royal	Rooley, R. R. Manchester	Zaria, H.M.T.
Italian Opera.	Anglois (Prin.), H.M.T.	Dray, H.M.T.
W. Blagrove, Royal Ital.	Casclani, R.I.O.	Arban, Conserv., Paris.
Opera.	Castell, R.I.O.	YACHTMANS.
Harnett, H.M.T.	Mount, R.I.O.	Neger, H.M.T.
Hall, H.M.T.	Muller, Grand Op., Darm-	King, H.M.T.
Hengen, H.M.T.	stadt (first appearance).	Winterbottom, H.M.T.
Jar, R.I.O.	Perceval, H.M.T.	Prospero, R.I.O.
Kelly, R.I.O.	Pickart, H.M.T.	CHORUS.
J. Loder, R.I.O.	GALLERIES.	CHORUS.
Marshall, R.I.O.	STALLS.	CHORUS.
Ridgway, H.M.T.	Rowland, R.I.O.	CHORUS.
Ridgway, H.M.T.	Russell, H.M.T.	CHORUS.
Schmidt, H.M.T.	Sutton, H.M.T.	CHORUS.
Tallance, H.M.T.	HARP.	CHORUS.
Thurwell, H.M.T.	Ap Thomas, H.M.T.	CHORUS.
Villain, H.M.T.	Trust, Royal Italian	CHORUS.
Watson, R.I.O.	Opera.	CHORUS.

PRINCIPAL COMPOSERS.

M. Spohr, Balfe, G. Macfarren, Edward Loder, H. Glover, and Hector Berlioz.
Arranger of Operatic Selections, &c., Signor L. NEGRI.
Chorus Master... Herr Gana.
Deputy Chorus Master... Mr. Gana.
Organist... Mr. Willoughby.

*. The Music of the Serenatas will be published by Messrs. CALWELL, BALL, and Co.

BOX STALLS, ONE PAIR
DOOR, TWO DITTO
HALF CIRCLE, DITTO
GALLERY, STALLS
SEAT STALLS
GALLERY

N.B.—It is respectfully announced that all persons attending the Private Boxes, and the First and Second Tiers of Box Stalls, will be required to appear in Evening Dress; and the Public in most cases required to assist in carrying out this regulation as far as may be practicable in all parts of Her Majesty's Theatre.

Applications for Private Boxes and Stalls to be made at the Office (where, to Messrs. Andrews, Alcorn, Leader and Co., New Bond-street; Mitchell, Hook, Ham, and Evers, Old Bond-street; Sims, St. James's-street; Craxer, Bosc, and Co., and Bailey, Regent-street; and Dyke and Son, Strand.

BY Command of Her Majesty the Queen, the DISTINS had the
honour of performing at Balmoral Castle on Monday, Sept. 23, 1861
the 6th time they have appeared before her Majesty and his Royal Highness
Prince Albert. DISTINS will give Concerts as follows:—Oct. 10th, Starting
16th, Edinburgh; 18th, Edinburgh. Vocalists, Miss M. O'Connor, Piamma,
Mr. J. Willy.

MR. HERBERT begs to inform his Friends and the Public
that he has REMOVED his residence from St. John's Wood, to No. 43,
Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "NASSAU STEAM PRESS,"
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Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, Oct. 13th, 1860.

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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No. 42.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1850.

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STAMPED FOURPENCE.

GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

"THE mountain divided, and out came a mouse!" The executive committee, managers, and directors of the Grand National Concerts opened their campaign on Tuesday night, and the solution of that enormous problem, their anticipatory prospectus, was obtained. The promise of something unknown and unsurpassable was accomplished, so to speak, *ab retro*. The mouse was a three-headed mouse. The first head represented the terpsichorean face of the many-visaged Jullien. The second was emblematical of the ballads, &c., with which Mr. Joseph Stammers is in the habit of indulging the surplus population of the Strand, and its vicinities, at the "London Wednesdays." The third head illustrated the Italian cavatinas, instrumental solos, and what not, of the fashionable monster concerts, at the Hanover Square Rooms, and the music room of Her Majesty's Theatre. Thus were the promises of a new Jerusalem fulfilled, in the realisation of an old Gomorrah. Promises, they say, are made to be broken. Here they were broken into three parts, none of which individually, nor the whole collectively, answered the expectation of the public. The Philharmonic may enjoy its holiday in peace, and the Sacred Harmonic need not postpone the alterations in Exeter Hall. There is no danger for them at hand. The great year, 1851, will find them still "alive and kicking." The Grand National Concerts are not yet prepared to knock them upon the head, whatever may be the case by and by.

Meanwhile we wish to be charitable. We are not opposed to the Grand National Concerts. On the contrary, we wish to support every speculation that tends to put money in the pockets of the members of the musical profession. Empty pockets than those of the majority never required filling. Hungrier mouths never gaped for provender. For this alone the projectors of the Grand National Concerts deserve and will obtain such aid as we can give. But, on the other hand, we have the progress of music and the education of the public to look to. These also demand consideration, and when these are at stake we are compelled to speak out—wherein we but consult the interests of all.

The first concert took place on Tuesday evening, according to the announcement, and was attended by a vast crowd that filled every corner of the theatre. The promenade was so full that the crowd seemed like a large dark sea, swayed to and fro by an unseen impulse, ebbing and flowing, roaring and splashing. We never saw such a tumult, and never heard such a row. Good humour, however, prevailed, and the better part of valour—since though many rings were formed there were no fights.

We believe that the following is not to be taken as a model-programme. We believe that the "executive committee, managers, and directors," will improve upon it. But, as it was

the programme of the first concert, it behoves us to place it upon record:—

PART I.

Grand Introductory Overture, M.S. (Composed expressly for these Concerts—First time of Performance)	<i>Balfe.</i>
Chant Maritime, "Ma Barque," M. Jules Lepout	<i>A. Quidant.</i>
Concerto in E Flat, Grand Piano-forte, with Full Orchestral Accompaniments, M. Charles Halé	<i>Beethoven.</i>
Cavatina, "Abi quel giorno," <i>Semiramide</i> , Mlle. Angri	<i>Bossini.</i>
New Quadrille, "Tram de Plaisir," (Composed expressly for these Concerts—First time of Performance)	<i>Bossini.</i>
Ballad, "Why do I weep for thee?" Miss Moseout	<i>W. Wallace.</i>
Valse, "Esmeralda"	<i>Doszins.</i>
Fantasia on an Original Air—Violin—M. Sainton—(First time of Performance)	<i>Sainton.</i>
Overture (William Tell)	<i>Rossini.</i>

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

PART II.

Grand Selections from Donizetti's opera, <i>La Fipia del Reggimento</i> , with Solos for Violin, Bassoon, and Cornet—Fistons, performed by Herr Molique, M.M. Baumann and Arban. Arranged expressly for the concert, by <i>L. Negri.</i>	
Duet, "O, du Geliebte!" Miss Mesent and M. Henri Drayton	<i>Niccolai.</i>
Fantasia on Airs from <i>Lucia di Lammermoor</i> , Grand Piano-forte, M. Charles Halé	<i>List.</i>
Aria, "No! No! No!" Mlle Angri, <i>Les Huguenots</i>	<i>Meyerbeer.</i>
Polka, "The Arban," Cornet—Fistons Obligato, M. Arban	<i>Arban.</i>
Aria, "Piff, Paff!" <i>Les Huguenots</i> , M. Henri Drayton	<i>Meyerbeer.</i>
Solo, Flute, Mr. Richardson, National Air, "Rule, Britannia"	<i>Dronet.</i>
Galop "Immergrun"	<i>Lobitsky.</i>

Conductor MR. BALFE.

Principal Violin HERR MOLIQUE.

Mr. Balfe's new overture is a dashing and vigorous composition, instrumented with great brilliancy and varied colouring. It is evidently an attempt to show off an orchestra of ninety players, with a "tit-bit" for each of the principals. As such it must be viewed, as such criticised, and as such pronounced eminently successful. The public was of this opinion, no doubt, to judge by the great applause bestowed at the conclusion.

Mlle. Angri created a furore. She sang the great *contralto* air from *Semiramide* with the energy and breadth of style for which she is noted, and was encased in an uproar, which was not quelled till she recommenced the *cabaletta*.

The concerto of Beethoven was a grand treat. Such superb music and such superb playing as that of M. Charles Halé deserved every consideration, and we are at a loss to guess at whose dictation the two last movements were omitted. As it was, the first movement—the only one retained—was the feature of the evening, both in regard to its own merit and the warmth of its reception.

M. Sainton's solo was a highly successful performance in a

totally different style. The theme—M. Sainton's own property—on which the fantasia is based, is graceful and original; the variations are brilliant, well contrasted, and effectively written for the instrument. The execution of M. Sainton was first-rate in every particular, and he retired amidst a tempest of applause.

The overture to *Guillaume Tell*, magnificently played by the band, which, as a contemporary remarks, is only inferior to that at Covent Garden, was followed by a storm of excitement, which ended in a furious contention. Anxious for the immediate performance of the National Anthem, some hundreds of persons in the promenade hissed the encore violently; the others responded with approving demonstrations, and amidst an inconceivable noise the band repeated the two last movements. Scarcely a note was heard, but the conclusion was followed by one universal bellow, that seemed to come from a thousand throats of brass. Then came "God save the Queen," Miss Messent and Mdlle. Angrî endeavouring to make themselves audible in the solo verses, and the multitude annihilating every thing by the strength and quality of their voices, which, in the choral refrains, came out like a song of thunder. It was a grand unison, a little unsteady here and there, and a thought wavering as to intonation; but "Papa Haydn" would have been in ecstasy, as he was at St. Paul's.

In the second part the remarkable points were Mdlle. Angrî's "No, no, no!" which was enthusiastically demanded; M. Hallé's fantasia, in which he rivalled Liszt himself in mechanical whodders; and Richardson's flute solo, the ancient "Rule Britannia." The appearance of the little flautist was followed by an uproar, and the termination of his *morceau*, so familiar to us all for many a long year, was succeeded by another, which suggested and obtained a repetition.

We have no space to add more of the performance than a word of praise in favour of Miss Messent, who was encored in Wallace's sentimental ballad, and another in favour of M. Lefort, and Mr. Drayton, who, though they sung well enough, were not similarly complimented. The truth is, that Quilidan is a very "dull dog," and "Piff Paff" is lost away from the stage. Formes himself could hardly make it acceptable in a concert-room.

Between the parts there was an awful rush of persons wishing to go out, and an awful counter-rush of persons wishing to come in. For a long time neither were successful. It was, as it were, two contending hosts, so closely wedged, that neither could make impression on the other. At length, however, some fifty policemen, with staves and sturdy bearing, enforced a passage either way, and there was speedily a flux which flowed in two directions—at any rate a passage practicable, if not over free, for incomers and ongoers. It is calculated that upwards of 4,000 persons were present at the first concert.

At the second concert, on Wednesday, which was thinly attended, a Mdm. Biscacianti, from Max Maretzek's company at New York, a high *soprano* of power and considerable vocal facility, added to unusual energy of style, somewhat modified by want of finish in execution, and by variable certainty in intonation, made a highly favourable impression. Mdlle. Angrî sang the "Brindisi" from *Lucresia*, and was encored. Mr. Rowland, in a solo for the double-bass, proved himself one of the ablest and most effective executants of the day. A young pianist, Master Heinrich Werner, essayed one

of the fantasias of Liszt, and one of the capriccios of Wilmers, both far beyond his reach, although the boy showed no little daring in the attempt. We have heard Master Werner highly extolled, and a pamphlet was circulated among the audience in which wonderful things are said of him. If these be true, his friends and advisers are very wrong to allow him to risk his reputation, in the public performance of pieces demanding the strength and experience of a man, or the prodigious genius and precocity of such a phenomenon as little Charles Filtch. Such marvels, however, are of rare occurrence. M. Arban, the cornet-a-pistons from M. Laurent's Casino, has hardly come up to general expectation. His execution of rapid passages is astonishing, but his tone is poor, and his articulation wants finish. At the second concert there was a symphony—the *Eroica* of Beethoven; but want of faith in good music was here again demonstrated in a notable manner. The first movement of this prodigy of genius was played at the beginning, and the three last movements at the end, of the first part. So that the train of serious and elevated thought, into which the hearer was thrown by the music of the mighty master, was interrupted for an hour and a half by a string of commonplace.

The third concert, on Thursday, was by much the best of the three. There were two concertos—not halves of concertos, but wholes. Both were by Mendelssohn, which was a mistake; and both were in the first part, which was another. Nevertheless, both succeeded, and the public were enchanted with both. The first was the pianoforte concerto in G minor, magnificently played by M. Charles Hallé; the second was the violin concerto in E minor, capably executed by Mr. Henry Cooper. The orchestral accompaniments in both instances, especially in the first, were admirably played, under the steady and skilful guidance of Mr. Balfe, whose overture was repeated at this concert with increased effect. The overtures to *Paniska* and *Egmont*, both masterpieces in their way, and strongly characteristic of the respective styles of Cherubini and Beethoven, their composers, were also played with great fire and vigor. A duet by Wolff and Batta, for piano and violoncello, a somewhat trivial composition, but enormously difficult, was played to perfection by M. Hallé and Signor Piatti. This is not the first time that the latter has proved himself the first violoncellist living. M. Arban's cornet solo, and a fantasia for the orchestra on *La Figlia*, by Signor Negri, the remarkable points in which were the solos for violin and bassoon, admirably played by Molique and Baumann, completed the catalogue of the instrumental pieces. The vocal music at the third concert was not effective. Mdlle. Angrî was present, but had nothing to sing except "No, no, no!" and a duet. Mad. Biscacianti gains upon the public. Her "Come per me sereno" was greatly applauded. Mr. Gustavus Geary, from Dublin, made his *début*, but his choice of music was indiscreet and interfered with his success. The grand tenor air from *Oberon* (the vulgarst thing, by the way, ever composed by Weber) was expressly intended for Braham in his prime. Mr. Geary has not the *physique*, or the voice, of England's greatest tenor, and such a piece is beyond his powers. He has good qualities, however, which will come out better if more prudently employed. The third concert was better attended than the first. The promenade was full.

There has been a letter from Mr. John Barnett, addressed to the *Times*, and an answer from Mr. Harry Lee Carter, Honorary Secretary of the Grand National Concerts, both of which we shall insert and comment upon in our next.

be offended if you had not asked me; but I have made a contract with Mr. Barnum which prohibits me; and you know, as he is a man of business, that I must toe the mark as a woman of business in America." The Mayor turned away rather abashed, observing that he knew it was not right to ask her.

"Glory to you, Jenny!" said I, *seto voce*, and I thought of the story of Mrs. Wood, who, when in this country some years ago, was asked to sing under similar circumstances, and at first declined, but afterwards, on being informed by the lady of the house that it was for this reason she was invited, cheerfully sang all the evening. Next morning, Mr. Wood sent in a bill for 1000 dollars, which was paid." Had Jenny Lind sung for the Mayor and his friends, I suspect Barnum would have sent a far larger bill than that."

She sails for Boston in the *Empire State* steamer, which also inspected in the morning. The *Boston Evening Traveller*, anxious to afford his readers the earliest information of the Nightingale's approaching advent, despatches a special traveller, who dates his communication from the steamer, on Thursday evening, September 26, ten o'clock. His communication causes a blaze of excitement in the city of Boston: "Coming events cast their shadows before," said the poet, but coming Jenny Linds do precisely the contrary. And yet the appearance of the Nightingale at Boston must be regarded as an event, and a great event ergo:—Jenny Lind has overtaken the credit of one great line of Campbell, which henceforth must be read backwards:—

"Before shadows their cast events coming."

We give the correspondence of the "Editor's traveller," entire:—

Correspondence of the Traveller.

JENNY LIND'S VOYAGE FROM NEW YORK.

Steamer *Empire State*, Thursday Evening, Ten o'clock.

Editor's Traveller.—This afternoon, the waving of a flag bearing the name of Jenny Lind, shewed that this was the favored boat among the several rivals for the honor of bearing Miss Lind to Boston.

At half-past four she came on board very quietly, and after visiting her state-room, took seat with some of her friends upon the stern of the boat, where she could observe as well as be observed.

Spectators increased upon the shore until the boat began to move, when they raised three hearty cheers, which were followed by a salute from the steamer *Crescent City* lying near. The extravagant enthusiasm of the New York people seems to have given place to a more just appreciation and decent treatment of their idol; for not more than one thousand assembled here, and these observed the utmost order and propriety. An unattended lady might have come on board or returned at any time, without the slightest danger or inconvenience.

In anticipation of her coming, the inmates of the several charitable institutions along East River had arranged themselves in nicest order, and as near the shore as possible, to salute their benefactor as she passed.

The children of the Orphan Asylum, one of the objects of her recent charity (upon Randall's Island), had prepared a small flag, and also an arch of evergreen, both bearing her name. Captain Brayton directed his boat as near to them as possible, and as it passed, the little creatures raised their voices and waved their kerchiefs, as if they felt the gratitude they expressed. Miss Lind waved her's in return, as long as it could be seen by them, and as she turned away, sighed to herself, "poor little creatures!" We have no doubt that this little tribute was really more valued by her than the noisiest applause she ever received at her concerts.

The passage to Fall River was marked with no important incident. Her state-room was adorned with a very gorgeous bouquet and some magnificent clusters of grapes, from the gardens of Doctor Duffy, of Fall River.

The tea table was an object of considerable interest. Among other things, we will mention a model of Castle Garden, wrought in sugar, and placed in front of the seat occupied by Miss Lind. It stood upon four Doric columns, between which and upon a pedestal stood a peasant girl holding a bouquet. Near by was an exceedingly delicate bouquet of flowers, wrought also in sugar, which Miss Lind brought along with her. There were also two large pyramids of flowers, upon the bases of which was the name of Jenny Lind, wrought in small red flowers upon a white groundwork of flowers.

There were also three pagoda or pagoda-shaped ornaments, standing some 2½ feet high, very delicate, and transparent as glass; these also were wrought from sugar. Flowers were everywhere in the greatest

profusion. The other arrangements at the tables were all that care and taste and money could make them. They exceeded anything of the kind we have ever witnessed. Miss Lind seemed to enjoy it all, no less than the 400 passengers who either observed or partook of it. On the whole, we were very favourably impressed with Miss Lind's general appearance and carriage. She seemed perfectly at ease at all times, and when engaged in conversation with a friend, decidedly engaging. That she has perseverance and her humane feelings amid all that she has passed through, is the best thing that can be said for her. We imagine that an hour's acquaintance or even an hour's observation of her deportment would put one into the best possible mood to enjoy her singing.

Miss Lind will breakfast to-morrow morning on board of this splendid steamer, in which she has been so gorgeously entertained, and will then take a special train for Boston, where you will probably have an opportunity of seeing her about ten o'clock.

A superficial reader might inquire—since the "Editor's traveller" and the "Swedish Nightingale" were sailing to Boston in the same boat, how could the communication reach Boston before the Nightingale? Perhaps it was confided to the jaws of a swift-finned shark. But this by the way.—The communication is not less graphic from its improbability.

As the *Boston Evening Traveller* obtained the news of Jenny's starting from New York before the *New York Herald*, so the *New York Herald* obtained the news of her arrival at Boston before the *Boston Evening Traveller*. A superficial reader might suggest that the two respective articles, each written before the event commemorated took place, met each other half way, in anticipatory special steamers. The electric telegraph is nothing to this. Of the glowing description which the *New York Herald* "Editor's Traveller" gives of the voyage from New York to Boston we will not lose one line. First of the starting, which took place in a glorious sunset, amidst a great quantity of shipping, and in sight of the glittering spires of Gotham:—

The *Empire State*, Captain Benjamin Brayton, was delayed about five minutes after her time in leaving her wharf, yesterday afternoon, at five o'clock. As the last moment came, the multitude vastly increased around the docks, and all turned an anxious eye to the boat, to catch a glimpse of Jenny Lind. She sat in the ladies' saloon, with Mr. Benedict, Mr. Belletti, and her aide, on the side farther from the wharf, in order to avoid observation. One of the crowd, however, recognised her from the opposite side, and pointing towards her, shouted, "There she is!" just as the boat was going off. Immediately the cheering rose loud and long, which she acknowledged by waving her handkerchief. As the boat rounded the pier, the *Crescent City* fired a gun as a salute to Miss Lind, for which she was so unprepared that she started from her seat. On hearing what it was she laughed heartily. The Battery was filled with people, and on coming opposite the Castle Garden she expressed her delight with the view it presented from the water, and seemed to be enraptured with the whole scene around. She was amazed at the extent of our shipping along the East River, and at the ship yards filled with vessels in progress of erection. She inquired about each conspicuous building that struck her eye; and, as one of the finest sanctuaries we ever witnessed exhibited its gorgeous glory beyond the glittering spires of Gotham, she burst into enthusiastic admiration of the scene.

She nears Blackwell's Island, and is affected at the sight of the prisoners:—

On nearing Blackwell's Island, she seemed delighted with the building; but when she was told that the men who were drawn out in line there to give her a salute and cheer her as she passed were prisoners, she turned away with pain, and was quite overcome.

She reaches Ward's Island, and waves her kerchief to the children:—

On reaching the Emigrant Refuge, Ward's Island, she saw the children in their uniform, marshalled along the shore, like a youthful regiment, with life and drum, the American flag—which one little fellow most energetically waved together with a large banner, inscribed with the words "Jenny Lind," borne by another, her feelings were evidently touched—especially when the cheers of so many little boys were wafted to her upon the breeze. She waved her handkerchief to them in the most excited manner.

She comes abreast of Randall's Island, and waves her keel-chief to other children, who, in the distance and darkness, appear, as it were, rocks!—

Shortly after, on coming abreast of the upper part of Randall's Island, there was another array of children presented to her view. Owing to the increased distance, and the coming darkness, she did not recognise them, but thought, at first, they were rocks, from their grey uniform, their great numbers, and the close order in which they stood; but, when she saw the flags move, and heard the sound of their drum, and were told that these poor children were orphans under charge of the Alms House Department, she was almost affected to tears, and again waved her handkerchief.

At Astoria they know and cheer her;—

At Astoria the people were collected on the wharf, and loudly cheered her. Every where along the river the people seemed to know who was on board, and expressed their friendly feelings by cheers.

At half-past six she sups with the captain, and occupies the third seat from the head of the table. All the passengers sup with her, and the able and efficient steward, Mr. Franklin L. McGowan, presents her with a bouquet. The *Empire State*, like all the American steamers, is the finest in the world, and cost 227,500 dollars, four years ago. Her officers are all excellent and wonderful officers:—

At half-past six o'clock supper was announced, and Captain Brayton led Mlle. Lind into the cabin, followed by her suite. The party marched around the tables in order to see the manner in which they were decorated when the distinguished guests were present. The arrangements, and seemed astonished at the taste and magnificence displayed, while she felt highly flattered by the compliment thus paid to her. The captain took his seat at the head of the table, and Mlle. Lind and her friends occupied the upper seats on either hand. Miss Lind did not occupy the first seat, but the third from the head of the table, it being her wish to be too conspicuous. There was great anxiety manifested by the guests to obtain seats as near as possible to the Nightingale, and there was so smart a competition on a small scale for the choice ones, that there was at the ticket stand at Castle Garden or at Tremont Temple, in a short time every seat around the two ranges of tables extending the whole length of the cabin, was occupied; and a more splendid sight than those tables presented, we have rarely witnessed. On first meeting the eye the tables exhibited the appearance of parterres filled with the choicest and rarest flowers. Each was literally covered with bouquets of the most gorgeous description, nearly all of which came from the garden of Dr. Nathan Duffy, of Fall River, one of the principal owners of the line. Besides the bouquets, there were two magnificent temples of flowers, consisting of the most beautiful exotics. The cabin was filled with their fragrance. The other ornaments were numerous, tasteful, and appropriate. The most striking was a very fine model of Castle Garden, in sugar, supported by four columns. This ornament attracted the attention of Miss Lind, and she was greatly pleased with it. The next was the temple of liberty, with a figure of Jenny Lind as "Child of the Regiment," standing on the tower, waving in triumph a flag inscribed "Victoire," while on the summit stood Cupid, bearing in his hand the stars and stars of America. This delicate compliment to the Nightingale was duly appreciated. Then a magnificent temple of bouquets, with the words "Welcome, Jenny Lind, to the *Empire State*," formed with groups of various colours. Another ornament that attracted notice, was a castle of candied oranges, surmounted by two cornucopias. The table groined beneath the weight of the viands of every description. There was no delirium that the season afforded wanting from this splendid banquet. There was one dish which was a curiosity of culinary art. It represented a structure supported by four pillars, consisting of snipe, quail, plover, soft crabs, surmounted by a rabbit in the attitude of leaping. Last, though not least, was an exquisitely beautiful artificial bouquet, done in sugar, so well as to deceive the eye, unless it was closely examined. It was presented to Mlle. Lind by the able and efficient steward, Mr. Franklin L. McGowan, under whose superintendence all the arrangements of the supper table were effected. The tables were lighted with splendid new chandeliers, purchased for the occasion, besides a host of wax lights in ornamented candlesticks. The sup of *d'anj* presented to the eye a grand spectacle. The expense incurred by the line for this memorable occasion must be very great indeed. Even upon the barber's shop and wash-room a sum of 500 dollars was lavished. Elegant as these rooms had been before, they were now decorated with very handsome coloured engravings, and a large number of silver shaving cups, with the figure of the *Empire State* steamboat

beautifully engraved upon them. A new set of shell combs completed the additions to the ornaments of this part of the boat. Altogether the thing was most handsomely done, and reflects great credit upon the line.

There is not, perhaps, in the world a finer river boat than the *Empire State*, which cost, four years ago, the sum of 227,500 dollars. Her excellent officers, Captain Benjamin Brayton, Mr. S. Argie Chase, the clerk, and Mr. F. L. McGowan, are deserving of all praise for the manner in which they acquitted themselves, and for the pains they took to render every person happy, in which they were most successful.

Half the passengers cannot obtain room at the table, and are obliged to wait until the others have done. Dr. Duffy presents some grapes. Jenny Lind goes to bed at ten, and sleeps ill. The night is fine; there is a little swell; and it is very pleasant:—

As half of those on board could not be accommodated at the first call of the gong, a number were admitted who could procure no seats, and they stood gazing at Miss Lind all the time she was at supper. This repeat being done, the guests retired, and their seats were all filled by others. Mademoiselle Lind ascended to the saloon, and after promading there for a considerable time with M. Benedict, she retired to her state room, the door of which was left open. On the table lay a magnificent basket of grapes, presented to her by Dr. Nathan Duffy, who obtained the prize for them at Boston. She retired to bed at ten o'clock, but did not get much sleep. The night was fine, though dark, and, with the exception of a little swell, when the boat got into the ocean, the passage was a very pleasant one indeed.

Passing Fort Adams at half-past two, there is a serenade. She gets up at seven, and breakfasts amply in the cabin. Besides Dr. Duffy, there are Col. Borden, Mr. Borden, Mr. Havens, and two widows Duffy, all proprietors:—

On passing Fort Adams, near Newport, at half past two o'clock this morning, the United States band performed a serenade in honour of the Nightingale.

This morning she rose at seven o'clock, and immediately afterwards was summoned to an excellent breakfast in the cabin. Immediately after breakfast she was waited on by Col. Richard Borden and Mr. Jefferson Borden, and other proprietors of the line, together with Mr. George Havens, the superintendent. Dr. N. Duffy, another proprietor, had been on board from the night before, and two widows named Duffy, also proprietors.

She does not go by the regular train, but by a special. One man is nearly injured at Titica. At Bridgewater and Brimtree (South) there is rain, but the scenery is so Swedish that she exclaims, "This is not America, but Sweden!" Autumn is not sad in America, and a lady makes a poetical observation near Boston:—

Mademoiselle Lind's party did not proceed by the regular train, but waited for a special train, which was in readiness at a quarter before eight o'clock. By this time a large crowd had collected about the railway terminus, who evinced the utmost curiosity to see her. It was with considerable difficulty she could pass through them to the train, and when they saw her they cheered her most vehemently. When the train was going off several still clung to it, and one man was very near being injured. At Titica the president of the line, who had accompanied her so far, got out, and the train had to wait for full half an hour for the passing of a freight train that was delayed beyond its time. Here again the people showed the same curiosity to see and cheer her. At Bridgewater, South Brimtree, and every village along the way where the train stopped for a moment, the same feeling was manifested. Rain, which had been threatened during the night, came on shortly after the train started, but it did not prevent Miss Lind from enjoying the scenery. She was in raptures with it. She said it was so like her native Sweden; and at some points the resemblance was so striking that she exclaimed, "This is not America, but Sweden." There was one feature in it, however, which quickly reined in her imagination. It was the glorious autumn tint of the trees, peculiar to this climate. She was greatly attracted by this, and said, "Autumn is not sad in America." A lady who sat beside her observed, "It is like the people, who are gay even in death."

She is delighted with the first view of Boston at a quarter past ten. The people are wild. The carriage is gained by a ruse. The welkin rings. The people follow. They "cheer

voicerously." Excitement prevails. The Swedish flag floats. The hotel is full.

On coming in view of Boston, she was captivated with its appearance. At a quarter past ten o'clock the train reached the terminus, where an immense crowd were assembled, which would have been still greater but for the weather. They seemed wild with excitement and enthusiasm, and some climbed over the railing, to the danger of their lives. By a rush she was got to the carriage from the Revere House, which was in waiting for her at a different point from that at which the largest portion of the crowd were collected. The carriage was immediately driven off, but not before the crowd overtook it, and made the welkin ring with cheers. They followed the carriage to the Revere House, where another crowd was assembled, covered by a forest of umbrellas. They cheered vociferously, and she acknowledged the compliment at a window, which was the signal for renewed cheering. The greatest excitement prevails. The Swedish flag floats from the Revere House. The hotel is filled to overflowing.

At Boston there is another Mayor, not Woodenhead, but anonymous. She prefers a handsome to an ugly man. "Who can blame her? She is no better than other people, &c."

A small number of persons, including the Mayor, Aldermen Grant and Holbrook, and ex-President Faneuil, called upon and were introduced to Jenny Lind, by Colonel Stevens, about half-past seven o'clock last evening. She bowed gracefully as each individual was presented to her, and afterwards designated a seat to each of the party. She then selected a seat beside the handsomest man in the group. [Who can blame her?] Signora Benedict and Belletti came in, and were also introduced. A conversation took place, which was opened by the Mayor, who spoke much satisfaction at the pleasure which this meeting afforded him. "And," said he, "I assure you, madam, that you will receive as much cordiality in Boston as in any city you have visited or may yet visit. We may be less enthusiastic in our demonstrations, but we are not less capable of appreciating your merit and testifying our respect for virtue. It is not your superhuman musical endowments that have captivated our senses, it is your unobtainable purity of heart. Here, the world has had you, who had up to this time listened with profound attention to the Mayor, interrupted him, and said, "Ah! sir, you praise me too much." After these words, she paused and looked earnestly, and then continued—"What do you know of my private character? Sir, I am no better than other people. No better." These words she uttered with great earnestness, and all the time she spoke her brilliant eyes looked sincerely, and her countenance beamed with the expression of truth.

Another dialogue with a Mayor, not Woodenhead, but anonymous:—

The Mayor resumed: "Madam, where there is so much goodness of heart as you display, there must be virtue. Your Christian conduct is a sufficient excuse for allusion to your exalted reputation. It has charmed the world; and though small communities may be deceived in their estimate of an individual, I think, madam, that the world has conceded to you all that I have pronounced of your history. Your fame has been domesticated, not only in your own country, but throughout Europe; and in America your name has become a household word. The object of this visit, Miss Lind, on the part of myself and the aldermen and other gentlemen who accompany me is not to utter fulsome adulations; we have come to do honour to ourselves, and to testify respect for genius and virtue. We are happy to find you in such good health and spirits, and hope that your visit to America may be pleasant."

Jenny Lind bowed to the address, and replied that her heart "was too full now. I cannot speak to you, sir. I am delighted to see you. I had heard much of the generosity and kindness of your people—but am now able to speak of them from personal experience. You are welcome, sir; and you, too, gentlemen, are welcome. I wish that I could have received you in my saloon, but the crowd in the street—other people, I am sorry they will get wet—make such a noise, that, had I taken you there, we would not have been able to hear each other speak. But your visit gives me extreme pleasure."

A general conversation ensues. Sweden has had many wise kings, and that is why it has always remained on good terms with the United States. The interview is "most happy;" the party remain half an hour, and on retiring Jenny shakes every one by the hand:—

These few formalities being despatched, a general conversation ensued, in which the lady took a lively part. To a remark made from some gentleman, that Sweden was almost the only European power with which

the United States had at all times lived on friendly terms, she responded that "Sweden had had many wise, good kings, and that, perhaps, was the reason." She expressed much regret at the ruin which was falling—not on her own account, she said, but "those persons who have assembled in front of the house will take cold. But they should not have come from their homes this inclement night." These remarks she made with great feeling. She alluded to the enthusiasm prevalent, and observed, "I am sure there is not much to see." The conversation again became general, and ran upon various topics—the climate and scenery of various countries, and the manners of the people thereof—on all which matters the distinguished warbler spoke with intelligence and propriety. The interview was most happy. Nothing could exceed the affability and true politeness of her demeanor throughout.

The party remained about thirty minutes, and as they were about to retire, she shook each individual cordially by the hand. Her grasp had all the firmness of a sincere greeting, and when she said "good night," there was a goodness which beamed from her fine eyes which spoke more eloquently than words.

The following, from the same paper, containing but particulars, we quote entire. Comment is unnecessary:—

The Swedish Nightingale, after enchanting the public of New York, left this city last Wednesday for Boston, by the magnificent steamer, *Empire State*, of the Fall River line. Long before the hour of starting, the dock at which the *Empire State* lay was crowded by people, who were anxious to get a glance at the fair cantatrice. Jenny Lind and her suite arrived in carriages, and as soon as she got on board she made direct for her state room with all possible haste, so as to avoid coming in contact with the multitude. She was safely escorted there before the crowd could get on board.

On looking through the *Empire State*, we observed the splendid manner in which that noble vessel was fitted up for the occasion, and the excellent arrangements which Mr. Franklin L. McGowan, the steward, had made for the supper. Indeed, the supper table alone was a magnificent spectacle. The waiters wore white jackets, with blue badges extending from the shoulder to the bottom-hole, in the form of a scroll. On each edge was printed "*Empire State*." An infinitely and luxuriously decorated candlestick, with coloured wax candles, were placed on the table, besides several candelabras and globe lamps. Every dish was tastefully ornamented, and the confections were really superb. Among them we observed a sugar model of Castle Garden, several beautiful pieces in the form of temples, with Jenny Lind in the character of the "Daughter of the Regiment," the temple itself being surrounded by a Cupid and the American flag. We also noticed some beautiful pieces of flowers, with the name of the steamer and that of Jenny Lind beautifully worked on them; and likewise a costly and elegant sugar bouquet of beautiful workmanship, which was to be presented to her in the course of the evening. The confections were from the store of H. Mallard and Co., Broadway.

At length the time for her departure arrived, and the noble steamer left her dock amid most vociferous cheering, and cries of "Hurrah for Jenny Lind." There was a very large number of passengers on board. It will be seen by the following letter, a special train was despatched from Fall River to convey her to Boston:—

Fall River, Sept. 24, 1859.

MESRS. TISDALE AND BORDEN—

GENTLEMEN,—We shall send a special train to take Miss Lind, and the party with her, to Boston, leaving here at three-quarters past seven o'clock, A.M., and will arrive in Boston about ten o'clock. This train will go straight through, without stopping at Fall River, and will be ready to start at 10 o'clock, except the car for them. You may say to Mr. Barnum that we shall be ready to take them from Boston to New York in the same way as we take them to Boston. Yours respectfully,

RICHARD BORDEN,
President of the Bay State Steamboat Company.

The Randall's Island boys and girls were to salute Jenny Lind as she passed the institution, in the *acameo*, on her way to Boston.

About eleven o'clock, on Wednesday afternoon, Jenny Lind sent a thousand dollars to the Swedish Episcopal Church, now being erected at Chicago. We understand that this last munificent act of the generous cantatrice grew out of her own impulse alone; and that she learned of the circumstance of the embarrassments of the church but an hour or two before she sent the money. It appears that Jenny has instituted a system of inquiry, by which she is receiving continually authentic information in regard to the state of the church in every part of the nation. Her donations fall as unexpectedly as a thunderbolt, but as kind and healing as breezes from "Araly the blest."

It is a natural consequence of her appearance in this country that there should be numerous. It is not, however, so inevitable that they should be good. But we have seen too which ought to give satisfaction. Mr. Anthony, whose name has long been connected honourably with the

progress of art in this country, published a truthful likeness of Jenny on her arrival. It was an engraving on steel, made by Mr. Ritchie, and has been very widely circulated. Mr. Brady, the daguerrean artist, had the honour, we believe, of the first sitting of the *comtesse*, and he procured several remarkably good portraits, and one daguerrean miniature on ivory, by a new and beautiful process, which will be likely, in the end, to supplant the old daguerotype, so long suffering, with its agency, it possessed, the beauty and finish of miniatures in oil or water colours. Mr. D'Avignon, the distinguished lithographer, and author of the superb heads which are being published in the "Gallery of Illustrious Americans," has just executed, from Brady's miniature, a large likeness of Jenny, which is all that possibly could be desired. It is not only faithful and life-like in every particular, but, as a work of art, it is finished with extreme beauty; and we are glad to learn that, although it is got up with a great deal of expense, it is sold for half a dollar. A thousand catchpenny likenesses of such distinguished people are always afloat, but it is not often that two rival pictures are published of the same individual equal to Anthony's on steel, and D'Avignon's on stone. We recommend, in fact, the admirers of the Nightingale to get both. Either of them certainly are good enough, and will be at once recognised as faithful presentments of the Northern Light.

We understand that Miss Lind's next concert in this city will take place on the 6th of October. When she returns we are informed that she will not again leave New York until all of our citizens and visitors shall have had an opportunity of hearing her.

The seats are being removed from Castle Garden, in order to prepare for the fair of the American Institute, which will soon open there.

At Boston the tickets are again sold by auction. Genin, the batter, is extinguished by Dodge, the vocalist, who gave 625 dollars for the first choice of places. Take the account of a Boston paper:—

THE SALE OF THE CHOICE SEATS.—GENIN NO MORE.

The sale by auction yesterday, for the choice of seats at the first concert of Jenny Lind, in Boston, was well attended, the Tremont Temple being quite filled, to say nothing of a street-full of disappointed applicants who could not get in. The bidding was prompt. The auctioneer, before opening the sale, made a short address. He pledged his honour that nothing but fair competition would be tolerated, and that he who would give the highest price would secure the choicest seats in the hall. He alluded to the excitement concerning the "Nightingale," and the anxiety to hear her sing, and he expressed his regret that there was not a place in Boston of more ample dimensions, in which she might give her concerts. Jenny Lind and Mr. Barsum, he said, have a decided aversion to having the seats at her concerts sold at auction; but as there is not a hall large enough to accommodate all who desire to hear her, this only remedy that convenience and propriety would suggest is to let those who have the longest purses take the seats. Colonel Thompson then alluded to the purchaser of the first ticket in New York, the notoriety thus gained to his business, and the "undying glory" to himself, his children, and his children's children! "Another opportunity is now offered," he remarked, "to purchase fame!" and he anticipated that it would not pass over without a contest.

The sale was now commenced, and the first bid for the first choice of a seat was two hundred and fifty dollars. This first effort of the "immortal" Bostonians at once clapped a broad-brimmed beaver extinguisher upon the flaming glories of the mammoth Manhattan batter, and the great ticket that owns him for a champion. Genin was instantaneously swamped in ticket-buying supremacy—his eaks of immortality was dough—his falt and fur transcendentalism scattered to the four winds, and he sunk with a crashing *rouse* into a mere eighteenth century oblivion! *Se transiit, &c.* Three loud and hearty cheers burst forth from the assembled multitude at this first bid, which announced that Boston can begin a notch higher than New York. *and* fifty dollars," cried admiringly, were the auctioneer, who plaintively ejaculated, "Only two hundred and fifty dollars is bid!" but before he had time to sigh, some one in the crowd exclaimed, "Two hundred and seventy-five dollars and my hat!" Then, in rapid succession, the bids were, 300 dollars, 325 dollars, 350 dollars. Here there was a pause, the competitors looked wildly at each other, and one of the enthusiasts, just as the auctioneer was inquiring if all had "done at three hundred and fifty dollars," cried suddenly, "I saw the four hundred dollars!" The cheers which succeeded this extravagance having partially died away, parties bid again rapidly, 425 dollars, 450 dollars, 475 dollars—and it was thought this was the highest figure; but a tall, lanky-looking chap, with a few hairs on his long face, elevated himself on one of the seats, as if determined to crush all other aspirants, and bid 500 dollars! This bid was instantly followed by another one of 600 dollars, from F. Gleason, the yellow-covered-literature publisher; but the tall figure again appeared, and bid 625 dollars, at which price the

price was knocked off. The auctioneer now inquired who the purchaser was, and the tall phenomenon again appeared, and articulated, "Oswin E. Dodge, vocalist." Tyrone Power's best effort on the stage never excited so much merriment, and there was a general call for "Dodge," who loomed up again and was about to address his admirers, when Col. Thompson interrupted and told him to select his seat, which the vocalist did, in the centre of the lower floor, taking seat No. 566, being exactly in front of the rostrum.

Col. Thompson here remarked, that the prices paid here to-day were to be for the privilege of selecting a seat in any part of the hall, and that three dollars additional must be paid for tickets. He then went on with the sale, and the next bid on the second choice of from one to ten seats was 14 dollars, but this sum was quickly swelled to 24 dollars, and knocked down to L. H. Hale, daguerotypeist, who took one right, and selected seat No. 567—next south of Dodge. Mr. G. W. Farnson, of the Revere House, purchased a row of eight seats, being the fourth from the rostrum, at 16 dollars premium each, and Mr. Parker of the Tremont House took seats 507 and 508, at 10 dollars 50 cents each. The "vocalist" again made his appearance—bid 10 dollars 50 cents for the two seats, 564 and 565, north of his purchase, and it being deemed useless to contend with him, they were sold at that price. The choice of two seats were sold to W. P. Feinridge at 10 dollars each; eight seats to the Revere House at 10 dollars each, two to L. B. Comins at 19 dollars; Nelson Edwards, ten seats, 9 dollars 50 cents, and about three hundred seats were sold to various persons, at premiums ranging from 10 dollars to 7 dollars, which was the lowest figure at which a right to a single seat on the lower floor was sold. The Tremont, Revere, Montgomery, Abdon, Adams, and other hotels, bought largely at these figures. The auctioneer here observed that time would not allow him to continue the sale of single seats, and that the future sale would be for one slip of paper, the rest of the premium would be the same—so much a seat. The first slip of ten seats put up brought 7 dollars 50 cents a seat, and some thirty or forty slips on the lower floor sold at from this figure down to 5 dollars 50 cents. The two rows of settees in front of the stage, containing 36 seats each, went for a premium of 4 dollars a seat, the front row being purchased by Nelson Edwards, and the next by Mr. John Olmsted, of the Tremont House. The front seats in the gallery brought as high as 8 dollars premium, and Mr. Elworth bought eight at that price. Those on the side brought 7 dollars 50 cents and less. All the available seats in the galleries went as high as from 4 dollars to 7 dollars. All the seats in the hall were sold at auction, and the lowest premium paid was 1 dollar 50 cents for positions more distant from the organ.

It is impossible, at present, to ascertain with exactness the total amount of premium-money realised by this sale; but it cannot be far from 20,000 dollars. Mr. Barsum's agent thinks that 7 dollars 50 cents have been realised upon each seat. This would give an aggregate of 19,200 dollars. Add to this the sum of 7680 dollars, being the original cost of the 2560 tickets sold at 3 dollars each, and there is a grand total of 26,880 dollars. This is certainly an extravagant sum of money. It is not only the largest sum—the number of tickets issued taken into consideration—ever paid for a musical entertainment in money in this country, but it surpasses any sum ever given for the same in any of the cities of Europe. In twenty minutes after it was announced that "Dodge Vocalist" had purchased the first ticket; a portrait of him, with the fact printed in capital letters, was displayed in various parts of the city, thus showing that his only object in purchasing the first chance of a seat, had been to secure notoriety. It will cost some wear and tear of body and mind to collect together again as many twelve-and-a-half cent pieces as he has, on this occasion, suddenly scattered and then, again, if he should lose his "voice," and be unable to pursue his vocal profession, what will become of him? "Will honour set a leg or mend an arm?" It is said that Dodge was prepared to go as high as 1200 dollars for the ticket, and would have given that price for it rather than lose it.

Yesterday's operations, of course, entitle Boston to the "banner." We may exclaim, in the language of a contemporary, that, although we had great confidence in the folly of our people, we did not think it would quite reach the point it has now attained.

Dodge, the vocalist, has, by this dodge, become immortal. By this sudden jerk he has shot himself out of nothing into entity. Henceforth Dodge will be a synonyme for "done." Well done, Dodge!

The *New York Herald* gives the following statistical account of the sale:—

The first bid was 250 dol., by Mr. John D. Olmsted, of the Tremont House, which was rapidly run up to 425 dol. by 35 dol. bids. Feinridge, a privileged dealer, sent in the 425 dol. bid, including his hat. The ticket was then run up to 500 dol., then 600 dol., was offered at one

jump—625 dols. took it—Ossian E. Dodge, a vocalist of some note, being the lucky purchaser. Dodge was not known as a competitor for the prize, and the result created a sensation. Mr. Dodge made a humorous speech after the ticket was knocked down to him.

Ticket No. 2 was taken by Mr. Hale, a daguerrotype artist, at a premium of 24 dols.

A large number of seats then sold as follows:—

Names of the Purchasers.	No. of Tickets.	Price for each Ticket.	Names of the Purchasers.	No. of Tickets.	Price for each Ticket.
		Dol. Cent.			Dol. Cent.
Revere House . . .	10	16	Mr. Lowell . . .	3	7 50
Ossian E. Dodge . .	2	10	Mr. Dexter . . .	2	7 50
Nelson Edwards . .	10	9	Col. Hatch, of New		
Tremont House . .	10	8 50	Bedford . . .	10	7 50
Tremont House . .	10	5 50	Mr. Annington . .	1	8
L. B. Corwin . . .	2	10 50	Mr. Dudley . . .	1	7 50
Mr. Stoddard . . .	2	9	Mr. Cushing . . .	1	7 50
Dr. Robbins . . .	1	9 50	J. M. Whiting . . .	3	7 50
Mr. Parker . . .	2	10	Mr. Fuller . . .	1	7 50
Mr. Feltz . . .	2	10	Mr. Libby . . .	3	7 50
Mr. Way . . .	1	9 50	G. B. Upham . . .	2	7 50
Mr. Larned . . .	1	7 50	Albion Hotel . . .	3	7 50
Revere House . . .	8	5	Mr. Davenport . .	2	7 50
Tremont House . .	10	9 50	Albion House . . .	4	7 50
Adams House . . .	10	10 50	Mr. Whitcomb . .	3	7 50
J. C. Bates . . .	4	8 50	Mr. Cusard . . .	2	7 50
O. E. Dodge . . .	1	7 50	Mr. Hall . . .	1	7 50
Mr. Freeman . . .	3	7 50	C. J. Hunt . . .	2	7 50
C. L. Thayer . . .	1	7 50	Thomas Leonard . .	4	7 50
Mr. Spring . . .	1	7 50	Broomfield House .	2	8

Several tickets were knocked down at an average of 7dols. 50c. premium, per single seat, when Col. Thompson stated that he should now commence selling by the slip, embracing ten seats. The bidding continued very lively, and the average prices were not below 5dols. 50c.

When we left the hall, the whole lower part of the house had been sold, and quite an inroad made into the galleries. The receipts for the first concert will be nearly 30,000 dollars.

It appears that after the announcement of his being the successful purchaser, Dodge was called upon for a song, to which he responded by getting up upon his seat and saying nothing. He was loudly cheered. The address and interesting comments of Colonel Thompson are worth quoting. *The Herald* gives them in full.

At precisely ten o'clock, Col. Newell A. Thompson, the auctioneer, made his appearance on the table adopted for the rostrum, saying that the goods which he was about to sell required but little to be said in their praise from the auctioneer. He then stated what seats had been reserved for the press, and that he should put up, in the first place, the right of choice for one ticket, or seat only; and after that had been disposed of, he would sell the right of choice from one seat to a whole slip, the amount bid to be paid as premium for each and every seat taken. He pledged his word first as so auctioneer (laughter), and then as a citizen of Boston, that no one was employed by Mr. Barnum, or any one else, to bid exorbitant prices for tickets, but that the sale was *bona fide*, and any one could bid as high as he pleased.

He regretted to be obliged to say that Tremont Temple was the best hall in Boston for the concert to be given in, and he hoped that this occasion would stir up the people of Boston to erect a more spacious and suitable hall, in which to hold concerts. He knew that it was contrary to the wish of Miss Lind to have tickets for her concerts sold by auction; but without further detaining the audience he would proceed to give those gentlemen who were desirous of having the honour of the first choice, and the benefit of such a medium of advertising, an opportunity to settle the question—"Who shall be he?" Now, gentlemen, how much for the first? "Two hundred and fifty dollars," says Mr. Hale. "Pretty good for the first bid," cries a spectator—followed by applause. This was followed by a bid of 275 dollars—"and my hat," from Mr. Feltz, of 85, State-street; but the bid had hardly escaped his lips, when it was followed by another of 300 dollars—"325 dollars," sang out Feltz, "350 dollars and a guitar," cried Dodge; 400 dollars from a stranger; 425 dollars from Mr. Allen; 475 dollars, chimed in Mr. Feltz; 500 dollars from an unknown individual; 600 dollars cries Mr. Gleason, of the *Flag* of our Union newspaper (loud applause). "Going! going! who says six-hundred! going! who says it!" "625 dollars," says Dodge, in a clear and distinct voice, which increased the

applause. "Six hundred and twenty-five dollars," says the auctioneer; "nothing at all to pay for hearing Jenny Lind (laughter), and sold to Ossian E. Dodge, vocalist." Mr. Dodge selected seat No. 566, which is located near in the centre of the hall.

Meanwhile there is no end of talk about the suite of apartments in Revere House destined for the Nightingale during her sojourn in Boston. Need we say, there is no other such house; was never another such house; nor will, nor can be another such house. The thing is out of the question. The parlour door-lock is of silver. There is even a *bridal* chamber, although, as the writer, with lachrymose playfulness, remarks underneath, "the Nightingale will find everything in her cage except, alas! a mate." Read the account of the *Boston Courier*:—

THE NIGHTINGALE'S CAVE.—A large number of ladies and gentlemen had an opportunity, through the politeness of the host of the Revere House, Colonel Stevens, to look at the suite of rooms in that noble establishment which have been taken as the "Nightingale's Cave"—in other words, Jenny Lind's lodgings. They comprise a range of apartments, including the famous *bridal* chamber, and are furnished and ornamented with that generous elegance and good taste which characterise the general fitting up and adornment of the whole house. The embellishments are rich, neat, and showy, but entirely void of tawdriness or morbidness, display of finery. The general effect upon the eye is very imposing, and conveys an impression of that happy combination of elegance and comfort which is the crowning glory of a domestic establishment. Need we say that the Nightingale will find in her *Cave* everything requisite to make her feel at home—except, alas! a mate. It would be impossible to describe the superior grandeur of these apartments. They embrace four rooms in the *second wing* of the house, second floor, and the furnishing and ornamental work is all new. They comprise a parlour and bedroom, for the Nightingale, a bedroom for her female companion, a dining and sitting room, piano from Chickering's, a rosewood book-case, with several copies of standard works—a present from J. T. Fields to the Webster—sofa and an ottoman in the highest style of finish and elegant cost; and a beautiful card table. On the table is a gold vase, containing flowers, grown at Mr. Stevens's request, by a Roxbury horticulturalist, expressly for this occasion. There are also two magnificent vases on the mantel-piece filled with bouquets. The toilet chamber attached to the parlour is lined with a rose-colored French fabric, canopied, and from the centre is suspended a lantern of stained glass. The articles of furniture in the toilet-chamber are neat, and the gold-plated napkin stand, made by Mr. Waterman, is a choice specimen of handiwork. The passage from the parlour to the bridal chamber is also lined with silk, similar in colour to that of the dressing-room. The bridal chamber itself has been furnished new throughout, and is most magnificent without being gaudy. The other two apartments are likewise furnished in an elegant manner. The lock of the parlour door is of silver, and on the inner panel is the following inscription:—"To the Queen of Song." Prov. 19th, 17th v. "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again." The knob on the door is an object of attraction. The whole decorations of this suite of rooms cost something like 19,000 dollars. Jenny is expected to take possession of her apartments about half-past ten o'clock this morning. She will breakfast at Fall River, and come up in the eight o'clock train. From the moment of her arrival until her departure the Swedish fair will be displayed from the top of the Revere House. Between eight and nine o'clock this evening there is to be a grand display of fireworks from the balcony, and the Brigade Band will perform music from eight to eleven o'clock, at which last hour the Musical Fund Society will serenade the Nightingale. During the display of fireworks volleys will not be permitted to pass through Bowdoin-square.

The Boston Journal, in its description of the house, thus delicately dilates upon the bed-room and its furniture, which cost Mr. Stevens 19,000 dollars:—

The bed-chamber is comfortably and elegantly furnished, and so is

is the one adjoining, which is for the use of her cousin, who is her travelling companion. The prying eyes of man should not profane such apartments for the sole purpose of gratifying idle curiosity, and we merely passed through with a hurried look, observing that everything, from the chairs, which are covered with white embroidered velvet, to the bed-curtains of lace, were in admirable keeping.

And thus much, for the present, of Jenny Lind in America.

JENNY LIND VERSUS TRIPLER.

(From a New York Paper.)

MUCH surprise has been expressed throughout the city at the double announcement of the opening of the New Musical Hall in Mercer Street by Jenny Lind and Madame Bishop, as well as the change of the name from the "Jenny Lind Hall" to the "Tripler Hall." We now learn from Messrs. McMurray and Hilton, the legal agents of Madame Bishop, that Mr. Boecksa has actually engaged the Hall for the opening, and also for a number of nights in addition, and that it is to be christened "Tripler Hall." Why this change of name and of programme has been made, we cannot imagine. Mr. Tripler took Jenny Lind to visit the Hall soon after her arrival in this country, and informed her that it was to be called by her name; and, of course, it could not be appropriately opened by any other vocalist. In departing from this plan Mr. T. has made a great mistake. The prestige that surrounds the name of Jenny Lind—her unbounded popularity—her noble personal qualities, and the good which her munificence has already bestowed on the charitable institutions of this city, well deserved the compliment of giving her name to the grandest Musical Hall in the New World. The consecration of the Hall, by her voice would have thrown around it a pleasant association for all concerts that should thenceforth be given within its walls. It will be a matter of general regret that Mr. Tripler has not in this instance fulfilled his own design and the universal desire of our citizens.

PICCINI.

(Continued from No. 58, page 613.)

Roland was performed in January, 1778; Gluck's *Armide* had appeared in September, 1777; there were thus but four months between the appearance of both works, and Gluck's friends complained of the injustice of their withdrawing their favorite's *chef d'œuvre* after twenty-seven representations. Indeed, it is difficult to comprehend the policy of the managers of the opera, who ceased performing a work that helped to bring 700,000fr. to the theatre in one season. The produce of the twenty-seven representations of *Armide* brought 106,000fr., or, together with *Alceste*, *Orphée*, and *Iphigénie en Aulide*, a total of 801,000fr. Gluck had reason to find the manager's proceedings the more unjust, as, at his commencement, he had to conquer the objections of the admirers of *Rameau*, and the ill-will of the old lovers of Lulli. It really seemed that they had a pleasure in exciting rivalry and cabal.

Marmontel, the poet of *Roland*, belonged to the *genus irritabile valum*. Perceiving one day at the rehearsal that the parts were not given to the performers he preferred, he put him self into such a towering rage, that he frightened singers, actors, &c., from the stage; only one musician, whose name was Campbell, had courage to make a stand against the furious poet. The riot caused an immense sensation, and thenceforward it was strictly interdicted that any one should be present at the rehearsals. Bachaumont thus writes, after the

first performance on the 30th of January, 1778:—"Although the opera, *Roland*, has been badly executed, as well by the singers as the orchestra, it has had, notwithstanding, the greatest imaginable success. There is much melody in *Roland*, and delicious airs quite adapted to the taste of our nation and our language. It must be avowed that Piccini has not, like Gluck, the power of expressing grand passions, and that the rage of *Roland*, &c., lack the terrific effect which shake the very soul in the great German's works." This is not bad for a judge of the day; posterity had rescinded nothing of Bachaumont's judgment. Piccini possessed grace, melody, taste, but no force; therefore, his works are nearly forgotten, whilst Gluck's, as they produce those soul-stirring effects, will live as long as the soul itself.

Don-mots, and more or less spiteful anecdotes, were circulated by the partisans of both composers, till open abuse in the daily papers and pamphlets began to give the quarrel a serious aspect.

Bertou, director of the opera, fearing the effects of this daily growing evil, invited a number of guests, and also Gluck and Piccini, who were reconciled together, embraced each other, drank, and talked together. Gluck said to Piccini, after having imbibed a quantity of wine, loud enough to be heard by all present, "The French are a good people, but they make me laugh; they make one write songs, and they do not know how to sing them. My dear friend, you are a celebrated man, and think of nothing but your fame; you make good music for them. Will that advance you? Believe me, here you must think of making money, and nothing else." Gluck was not sincere; although he loved money, he also loved glory. Piccini was not taken in by this, but replied, modestly: "Your own example tells of the contrary; you combine glory and gain." Gluck's advice was not, however, wholly without reason.

Piccini was far from having his expectations realized. He certainly went twice a week to Versailles to give lessons to the Queen, who received him with the greatest attention and distinction; but that was all the profit of the lesson. The journey cost Piccini each time 10fr. to 12fr., which never came back again into his purse.

(To be continued in our next.)

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

MR. WEBSTER opened this elegant and fashionable place of entertainment for the season, on Saturday, with *The Serious Family*, *The Rough Diamond*, and *Who's Your Friend?* The company differs in several respects from the old. Death has robbed the Haymarket of one of its highest ornaments in Mrs. Clifford; and the Keans and Keeleys have taken wing to the Princess's, where they have set up for themselves. Among the accessions we may mention Mr. Hudson, the popular Irish comedian, and Mr. Henry Bedford, a comedian in the Wright line, of whom report speaks very favorably. Buckstone and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, covered with provincial laurels, have returned to their old quarters; and most of the ancient hands are still found to labour in the Haymarket vineyard.

The Serious Family, Mr. Barnett's excellent comedy, with which the season commenced, afforded a good specimen of the efficiency of Mr. Webster's corps. A loss, and an undoubted serious one, was felt in the absence of Mrs. W.

Clifford, whose place was supplied by Mrs. Stanley, a very useful member of the company nevertheless, and who played Lady Sowerby Creamly in a style that warranted anything but reprehension. The other characters were filled as before, with the exception of Captain Murphy Maguire, which was supported for the first time by Mr. Hudson, Mr. James Wallack yielding up the Irish part to him, as established by right prescriptive of the stage. Mr. Hudson was received with a good deal of favour, and went through his part with so much taste and spirit as not to cause the least regret in those who had not seen Mr. James Wallack.

Mr. Webster was received with many hearty cheers, as were also Mr. Buckstone, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and Miss Reynolds. The performances of the week have been old established favourites, and call for no remark.

Macready makes the first of his absolute final appearances on the stage on Monday week. He will play as many of his most celebrated parts as may be brought within the limits of his engagement.

PRINCESS'S.

Hamlet and *Twelfth Night* continued to be the stock pieces, alternately given, up to Wednesday evening last, when the former gave way to the *Wife's Secret*, Lovell's popular and admirable play. In no single drama, perhaps, have the names of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean been so strongly identified, or their talents rendered so conspicuous, as in the *Wife's Secret*. Written with an especial eye to the capabilities of both actor and actress, the author has been singularly felicitous in exhibiting in the most favourable light their excellencies; and hence the cause that the *Wife's Secret* is the most popular piece in which Mr. Charles Kean and his *cara sposa* have appeared. The performance of Wednesday evening lost nothing of its truthfulness or intensity. Mr. and Mrs. Kean were both as successful as ever, and produced a powerful effect on the audience. The applause throughout was loud and continuous, and at the fall of the curtain, when both artists were called for, was quite uproarious.

Mrs. Keeley supported her original character of Maud with infinite point and spirit, and Mr. Addison made a respectable Jabez Snood, a part of the semi-serious kind appearing to suit his powers and style better than bluff comedy.

The drama was admirably put upon the stage, the scenery and dresses being appropriate and costly.

The *Wife's Secret* was repeated last evening. The theatre has been exceedingly well attended every evening, and the season has commenced with every prospect of a brilliant success.

LYCEUM.

This house was opened for the season on Wednesday night with every appearance of the spirit of the enterprise. Two entirely new pieces, each of considerable length, were produced, and the burlesque of *Olympic Devils*, which terminated the evening's entertainments, had not been played for twenty years, having been one of the earliest pieces brought out during Madame Vestris's renowned management of the Olympic Theatre.

The first novelty is an adaptation from the French, with a thoroughly English colouring, under the title of *Serres Ilm Right*. The hero is in the first act a determined adorer of married ladies, and is making some progress in an attack on the wife of a respectable silk merchant, contriving to make all suspicions fall on a studious friend, rejoicing in the characteristic name of Greenfinch. Shuttleworth, the merchant, is a despiser of jealousy, and an advocate of confidence; while his sister, Mrs. Charity Smith, is ever alive to discern mischief,

and conjectures frightful machinations on the part of the innocent student. For awhile Bellamy's schemes promise to be successful, but soon he becomes entangled with the different members of the Shuttleworth family, and can only help himself out of a scrape by pretending that instead of being the lover of the wife his attentions were devoted to her young sister, Julia.

The point of the piece is in the second act, which occurs a twelvemonth after the first, and presents Bellamy as a married man. Here comes the retribution for his former career. Having practised every sort of ingenious expedient during the intrigues of his bachelor days, he finds that similar machinery is employed against himself, and lives in an atmosphere of doubt. An innocent *douquet* seems to him a signal for an assignation, a brace of birds sent as a present is examined as the probable enclosure of a *billet*, and even the innocent Greenfinch is suspected as a Lothario. A love affair between the man-servant of the next house and Mrs. Bellamy's maid really affords some cause for suspicion, and the honest old silk merchant, who has come down on a visit, is placed in an amusing situation by being compelled to invent "white lies" for the hindrance of mischief. When all is cleared up, Bellamy, of course, resolves to correct his suspicious turn of mind. This piece is very smartly written, the characters are well elaborated and contrasted, and in the second act are several practical jokes, which we do not pause to enumerate, but which awaken many a hearty laugh. Mr. C. Mathews, as the easy man of intrigue in the first act, and the husband constantly irritated by suspicion in the second, and Mr. Frank Matthews, as the honest, straightforward man, designing no ill and suspecting none, appear as usual the main bulwarks of the company, as far as the *rudder* sex is concerned. Mr. Roxby, as the "spoony" friend, acts singularly well, the spirit of awkwardness entering into every movement, thrusting him against tables and luring his hat into strange postures. A new low comedian, named Suter, represents the man-servant who awakens the jealous fury of Bellamy, and is kept in a state of frantic terror at the storm he has created. His figure and face are decidedly comic, and he exhibits a quaint humour of his own, which we could not trace to any existing actor. Mrs. F. Matthews, who played the elderly sister with all her wonted force, is an addition to this establishment, and was heartily welcomed by the audience. The less marked characters were well filled by Mrs. C. Horn and Miss M. Oliver.

Loud and repeated applause followed this piece; and when the author was called, Mr. C. Mathews declared that it was the joint production of Mr. Morris Barnett and himself—"the former having furnished the pen, and he having nibbed it."

The second piece is in outline somewhat like the first, a gentleman being here also entrapped into a marriage against his will, and this incident ending the first of two acts. However, the colouring of the two dramas is as different as possible. The personages are attached to the Court of Vienna, and belong to the stereotyped class of wig and sword libertines. The hero is a despiser of women, and a seducer on a sort of principle; but in his attempts against a young lady he is foiled by a female friend, and compelled to marry his intended victim. When he has signed the contract he sets off for Amsterdam, resolving to be a husband only in name, but is at last converted from his purpose by the amiability of his wife, who has followed him, and makes a recanting speech in honour of the fair sex. This *roué* is not a very pleasant character, but he is acted with a good deal of manner by Mr.

George Vining, a rising young actor in the light comedy line. A more amusing personage is his pupil in the art of raking—a baron, played by Mr. C. Mathews, who is inimitable in representing every phase of conceited stupidity. The position of these two characters is not wholly unlike that of the pair played by Lafont and Regnier in the *Demoiselles de St. Cyr*. Madame Vestris was the worldly-wise friend, looking as noble as ever, and was received with applause so continuous that it almost interrupted the progress of the piece. Miss Kenworthy represented the object of the *roué's* attempts, and her personal appearance was well adapted to the part; and Miss Dickenson displayed much spirit as a waiting-maid whom the stupid rake is made to marry much in the same way as his more acute preceptor. This piece, which is undoubtedly from the French, was also unequivocally successful.

In *Olympic Devils* the part of Orpheus was played by the young and spirited Miss Julia St. George, who gives life and freshness to every character she undertakes. All the pieces are put on the stage in excellent style, the hand of Mr. Beverley being plainly discernible.

The house was well filled in every part.

OLYMPIC.

THE well-known French comedy, *La Femme de Quarante Ans*, has been done, and very well done, into English by Mr. Stirling Coyne, whose version was brought out on Monday night at the Olympic Theatre under the title of *My Wife's Daughter*.

The heroine of this piece is a lady of forty, endowed with considerable personal attractions, and devotedly attached to a young husband, who has married her chiefly to repair his ruined fortunes, but who has been subsequently fascinated by her really good qualities. Not wishing her pretensions to youth to be too much compromised, the lady has kept in the background a grown-up daughter, the offspring of a former marriage, but the young damsel escaping from her boarding-school has sought her mother's house, and is for awhile concealed by her youthful father-in-law. This concealment leads to several misunderstandings. The wife, knowing that somebody is hidden, but not discovering who that somebody is, concludes that her husband is unfaithful; the valet-de-chambre thinks he may take advantage of the young lady's equivocal position by offering her his hand; and an old friend of the family is led to believe that his own juvenile better-half has paid a mysterious visit to the married Lothario. All these asperities are smoothed down by the discovery that the lady's daughter is the person harboured, and she is duly married off to a young gentleman she really loves.

The great purpose of the piece is the elaboration of the wife's character. She is a woman of strong affections, and so acutely alive to the difference of years between herself and her husband, that the slightest circumstance easily proves a cause of irritation. Such a character could not have been entrusted to a more fitting artist than Mrs. Stirling, whose peculiarity consists in an appreciation and natural representation of the minutest shades of feeling, and her delineation of that state of mind which is commonly called "thin-skinned" is perfect. The valet-de-chambre, assuming the airs of an exquisite, exhibits Mr. Compton in a new position, and his vulgar arrogance and imperturbable coolness are admirably sustained. Mr. Farren, as the goodnatured old husband of a young wife, awakens a pleasant reminiscence of the old days of *Uncle John*, and Mr. H. Farren effectively sustains the somewhat arduous part of the young husband.

The merit of the adapter, Mr. Stirling Coyne, consists in the thoroughly English air he has infused into the work, the

new development of the characters that are indicated in the original, and the smart, easy, flowing dialogue, which can never result from mere translation. He has hitherto distinguished himself as one of the best writers of broad farce; but this more polished work augurs productiveness in a higher sphere.

The success of *My Wife's Daughter* was unequivocal, and the author bowed from his box in answer to the repeated demands of a crowded audience.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERTS, PROGRAMME.

PART I.

GRAND QUINQUET. { Introduction—Grave. (In E Flat, Op. 16) *Beethoven*
Pianoforte, { Allegro ma non troppo.
Oboe, Clarinet, { Andante Cantabile.
Horn and Bassoon. { Rondo, Allegro ma non troppo.

ARIA, Miss Andrews, "Che farò senza Euridice" (Orfeo) . . . *Glück*

GRAND SONATA. { Allegro.
Andante.
(Pastorale.) { Scherzo, Allegro vivace (In D, Op. 30) *Beethoven*
Pianoforte. { Rondo, Allegro ma non troppo.

PART II.

GRAND TRIO. { Allegro.
Andante.
Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello. { Rondo Allegro. (In E Major, Op. 83) *Beethoven*

SONG, Miss Andrews, "O Araby, dear Araby" (Oberon) . . . *Weber*

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION. { "Wingelied" (Andantino, in G Flat)
Pianoforte. { Study. "Wenn ich ein Vögelchen wär,"
{ Etude (C Sharp Minor and G Flat) . . . *Henselt*

These programmes are so classical and so good, that they are well worth recording in the pages of the *Musical World*. We always feel, on leaving one of these excellent concerts, how very inadequate any written description can be, in conveying to the reader the charm—the enchantment—the perfection of performance; the thorough appreciation of the composer's intention; all the light and shade—all the nuances of expression, as exhibited in Charles Hallé's pianoforte playing. To see him sit down, so modestly and quietly, at the instrument, who would suppose Hallé to be so gifted as to render one of Beethoven's grand sonatas like one inspired? It is not the mere gift of memory—although that of itself is prodigious—for he never plays a solo, whatever the length or elaboration of the work, with a copy before him; it is his wonderful intellect which not only remembers, but grasps the whole, with a vigour that is truly astonishing, so as to give every turn, shade, and quaver every forte and diminuendo its appropriate place and expression; then his manual facility and dexterity is no way behind, but gives force and reality to his conceptions!

We were no little pleased to find he could once more gather his friends and admirers around him in the old *locale*, the elegant small Assembly Room, in Moseley Street, which is, without exception, the best adapted for a chamber concert of any in Manchester. These rooms have been sold since last season; so, ere long, we doubt they will have to be pulled down to make way for one of our giant warehouses, the situation is so good and so central as to make it of more value for that purpose. Hundreds, besides your own correspondent, will regret the metamorphosis. We were highly gratified, too, to see the room so well filled, in spite of a miserably wet evening—to fill, with so many of last year's faces. On Mr. Hallé's appearance he was warmly welcomed, as also were his new conductors, on the four wind instruments, in Beethoven's quintet. The entire selection was new to us; but, perhaps, the greatest novelty was the singular and unique combination, and many were anxious to know how the master mind had effected it. The first two movements were played without a pause, the "Introduzione" gliding into the "Allegro." The harmonies were very beautiful, and some of the effects very singular, all the four nicely blending with (yet accompanied by) the piano-

forte. The "Andante Cantabile" was very beautiful—a subject we think we have heard Beethoven make use of before—simple, yet how elegantly treated. Each instrument in turn had its appropriate bit of solo, displaying the talents of the new executants on the bassoon and the oboe—Mr. Chisholme and Mr. Jenning, (who have recently been added to our Concert Hall Orchestra); as also the talents of young Sarge on the clarinet, and Mr. Edwards on the horn. The latter was in trouble with one of his passages (a very difficult one on so intractable an instrument), else all four acquitted themselves admirably. The clarinet and oboe were all that could be desired; and, when in full harmony, the whole quitted did "discourse most eloquent music." It was of the sensuous, voluptuous order, peculiar to these wind instruments, and was most delightful to listen to. The final rondo is a tatarian lara lara subject, familiar as "Hark! to the woods away," or Bishop's "Foresters sound the cheerful horn;" yet, even this common-place subject became refined, as well as inspiring, in Beethoven's rondo, and ends the quintet brilliantly. The *five* were long and loudly applauded.

The Grand Sonata, selected for this occasion, is one not often heard in public: it is the Pastorale—the one in D op. 28. The opening Allegro is very trying, both to the performer and the audience, being very long and elaborate, difficult of execution, and requiring the utmost perfection to be appreciated by the hearer. Hallé came through this ordeal most triumphantly. The rest of the Sonata seemed child's play to him in comparison, so easily and gracefully did he bring out the respective beauties of each movement. The Andante was most lively—the Scherzo quite tantalizing in its treatment. The room was lushed to painfulness almost, to listen to the delicate portious of these movements. The final Rondo was, on the other hand, full and brilliant. Hallé was heartily applauded at its close.

Hummell's Trio, which opened the second part, was of a totally different character, given, no doubt, as an example—and a good one, too—of Hummell's work, but not easy to relish after listening to the great work of Beethoven. The Allegro is one continued flood of full harmony, that overwhelms one by its almost ceaseless, restless, impetuous torrent. The pianoforte part is florid in the extreme, and makes one sigh for some relief or repose. It comes not, however, until near the close of the second movement. The Andante just enabled us to breathe again, and off again go the three instruments, in the Rondo Allegro, as bustling as ever. There is great want of light and shade, however, over the harmonies and the instrumentation, in this trio. Mr. Seymour was not so happy as usual on the first violin; he was, no doubt, tired to begin with, having led and conducted the opera of "Lucia" at the Theatre Royal before coming to take his part at the concert. Whatever the cause, he did not play with his wonted care and finish. Lidell was very good in the violoncello part: he is a great acquisition to Manchester.

Hallé, with his usual good taste, wound up the concert with a selection of exquisite morceaux from different composers. Henselt and Chopin being the exemplars on this occasion, every movement was charmingly contrasted, and listened to with eager delight—the last being a rollicking sort of air, reminding one of some of the Yankee airs with variations—but better a long way. Miss Anderson was the vocalist of the evening. We are sorry to hear that Jenny Lind did not take her with her to America, for she pleased us uncommonly in Gluck's fine old (but much hackneyed) song, "Che farò." Her second song, Weber's "O Araly, dear Araly," was not quite so well suited to her voice, else it was nicely given also. Her father, Mr. Richard Anderson, accompanied her, with his well-known voice, on the pianoforte. We shall look with eagerness for the five remaining treats of this series of intellectual chamber concerts. The next is October 31st.

The spirited proprietor of the Cosmorama, at the Free Trade Hall, H. B. Pearce, Esq., keeps varying the attraction by a succession of novelties. In the Diorama department, the view of Edinburgh, succeeded to "St. Peter's, at Rome," being exhibited under three different aspects—sunshine, moonlight, and storm (thunder and lightning), the electric light being called into requisition to aid in giving these effects. There have been fifty concerts given also every evening, under the conduct of D. W. Banks,

Esq., at the organ, the singers being some of the choir who assisted at the "Concerts for the People," last season. This week there is a grand Moving Panorama introduced, namely, "Col. Fremont's Overland Route to California," which, no doubt, at the present time, will prove highly attractive.

CONCERT HALL.—WEDNESDAY, OCT. 9.

DRESS CONCERT.—MISCELLANEOUS.

PART I.

Overture	Bacchi.
Quartette, Miss Catherine Hayes, Madame Macfarren, Signor Borlas, and Herr Formes, "Placido à 8 mar" (Idemense).	Maur.
Cavatina, Signor Borlas, "Je veux encore" (Vine).	Verdi.
Aria, Miss Catherine Hayes, "Ah! mon fils" (Le Prophète).	Meyerbeer.
Aria, Herr Formes, "In densen hell'gen Hallen" (Easterhölle).	Maur.
Romance, Madame Macfarren, "Nobilt signor" (Les Huguenots).	Meyerbeer.
Aria, Miss Catherine Hayes, "Cosa è bello" (Laura di Borgia).	Douziotti.

PART II.

Overture "Leonora"	Beethoven.
Duo, Miss Catherine Hayes and Madame Macfarren, "Di con-forto" (La Vestale).	Mercadante.
Aria, Signor Borlas, "In terra è diranno" (I due titani).	Mercadante.
Rondo.	Mercadante.
Ballet, Miss Catherine Hayes, "The happy days are gone."	Lorenz.
Cavatina, Herr Formes, "Piff paff" (Les Huguenots).	Meyerbeer.
German Song, "Venetianische Gondellied."	Mendelssohn.
Madame Macfarren, "Alch ich von dir Geliebte."	Macfarren.
Quartette, Miss Catherine Hayes, Madame Macfarren, Signor Borlas, and Herr Formes, "Ecco quel fiero istante."	Chopin.
Overture (Massenet).	André Godard.

Conductor, Mr. Charles Halle.—Leader, Mr. Seymour.

The concert on Wednesday went off with more spirit than was expected, considering its somewhat slender materials and want of variety. Miss Hayes sang even better than before, and is now an established favorite here. For this she is indebted less to her power or quality of voice than an exceedingly expressive style. Nothing could be sung with more taste and pathos than her little air from the *Prophète* and Laveau's pretty song; both of which she was loudly called upon to repeat, and we have rarely joined more heartily in an encore.

We heard Herr Formes for the first time. His considerable reputation, and the high favor in which he already stood in this country, caused us to regret our absence when he will have some time ago. His increasing popularity this season in London, and the high eulogiums of the metropolitan press, made our curiosity to hear him all the more eager. We must confess, therefore, we came with great expectations—a rather unflattering humor for indulgent critics; and if our anticipations were not fully realized, we must erudit Herr Formes for the influence of a presumed standard. He certainly possesses a voice of most extraordinary power and volume, as well as of great depth, and uses it with immense energy; but our feeling was one rather of astonishment than real admiration of his singing. There is a want of refinement in his style, for which even his remarkably sonorous voice does not atone. Indeed, beyond the physical power of his organ, we must consider his claims to have been exaggerated—at any rate, as a concert singer. We would abstain from comparison, but the impression made by Staudigl in "Diesen heiligen Hallen," must involuntarily have forced itself on the recollection of all who heard him; though their conception of the music widely differs. The character of the song naturally requires breadth of expression; but, imposing as Formes undoubtedly is, with his ponderous voice, there was a certain harshness and abrupt breaking off in their delivery, inconsistent with Mozart's grand yet flowing melody, and contrasting unfavorably with Staudigl's severe, though far more highly wrought finish. The song was, however, deservedly and warmly encored. For the celebrated "Piff Paff" in the *Huguenots*, Herr Formes substituted two other songs, one of which, the "Bridal Ring," was also encored. It is generally sung as a quartet for male voices, for which it is more suited than for a bass solo. Instead of repeating it, he sang another German song, which we did not like, and a little Italian air, dashed off with most exuberant energy.

Mr. Macfarren was fortunate in her choice of songs, which, in the singing, was remarkable for expression and correct intonation. Signor Borlas seems a young tenor of promise. Though he somewhat overrated his powers in the cavatina from *Nino*, he sang Mercadante's air with much feeling, and has a fine

quality of voice, which will improve under careful study and more experience.

In the first overture, we hailed with much pleasure and promise an entirely new feature at these concerts. In a highly creditable specimen of the creative talent of the orchestra. It is a manuscript composition, by M. Baetens, one of the new principals of the band, whose exquisite tenor-playing we have more than once had occasion to notice, and who needs no further confirmation of the reputation which he enjoys, with those who know him more intimately, than this work, evidently the production of a thorough musician. As such, it is hardly possible to judge of all its merits at a single hearing. M. Baetens has judiciously avoided the prevailing fault of too many young composers of the present day, who, in the affected eccentricities of a would-be originality,—the result of mistaken talent or perverted study,—would seem to aim merely at running counter to all established laws in the constitution of music, without having the credit of one single new idea. In his overture, our modest aspirant has, on the contrary, wisely conformed to pre-conceived notions, and constructed it after the best models. Though it may lack startling novelty, there is much freshness even in the familiarity of its subjects, his treatment of which displays a complete knowledge and skilful management of orchestral resources. The melodies are graceful, and we were particularly struck with the beautiful effect of the finale. Altogether, it is a work we shall be glad to hear again.

Beethoven's glorious overture to *Leonora* was beautifully played. Whenever we hear this splendid composition, written originally for his *Fidelio*, we are at a loss to conceive his substitution of the one which now precedes his opera; for, beautiful as it is, we cannot help thinking his choice was at fault among such *embarras de richesses*.

The concert would have been agreeably varied and relieved by one or two pieces of instrumental music. We cannot help reminding the directors—on whom, we are sure, the hint will not be thrown away—that, independent as they have rendered themselves of extraneous engagements in this line, by the talent they have lately secured to the orchestra, a vast benefit would be done by encouragement thus occasionally given to the principals of the band, several of whom are really artists of the highest order, and may claim the attention of any audience. The directors have a right to take pride to themselves for the growing efficiency of the band, and we know no course more likely to maintain a wholesome spirit of emulation amongst its members, nor to prevent any falling off, than such occasional opportunities of bringing them more prominently before the public. May we hope this suggestion will be met in the spirit in which it is made? The subscribers, no less than the deserving artists, would be the gainers.

EDINBURGH.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

Two grand concerts were given here—on Saturday, the other on Monday. Catherine Hayes and Formes were the stars. They both created a *furor*. Formes especially astonished the natives. All agreed in affirming that he is one of the most splendid bass singers ever heard in Edinburgh. He was encored in everything. Catherine Hayes is truly an accomplished singer. She electrified the audience with her execution of the final rondo from the *Soumbamba*. She sang several pieces in various styles, all of which were received with marks of intense admiration.

The remaining artists were Miss Rainforth, mezzo-soprano; Madame Macfarren, contralto; Signor Bordas, tenor; and Mr. Carte, flute-player. Miss Rainforth is well known amongst us, but Madame Macfarren was new to most of us. Signor Bordas was unacknowledged by the public of Edinburgh; but the ears of "Auld Reekie" have erewhile heard the soft pleadings of Mr. Carte's flute. Madame Macfarren has great talents and a capital voice. Her method is good, her style good, and her judgment and feeling of the right sort. I think she might have chosen songs more agreeable to Edinburgh ears. We are over far north for the "Classics," and prefer a plain Scotch or Irish tune to the most profound or elaborate composition. Madame Macfarren sang two songs in German. Both are beautiful songs, but did not seem to fit the general taste. Madame Macfarren speaks English admirably, and should have

complimented her audience by singing in the vernacular. I, as well as everybody else, was much pleased with Madame Macfarren in the duet with Miss Rainforth, "O, bless are young hearts," from *Charles the Second*, which was introduced on Monday; and met with an enthusiastic encore. The singing of Signor Bordas is unequal. At times he sings well, and at times he sings not well, which proves that time with him is capricious. Now, Mr. Carte plays the flute invariably well, as he did on the two occasions just named, and won the suffrages of the audience.

CLASGOW.

(From a Correspondent.)

On Friday evening, the 11th inst., a concert was given at the Merchant's Hall, which attracted a large and fashionable audience. The fame of Herr Formes and Miss Catherine Hayes had long before passed the Tweed, and was wafted in the steamers up the Clyde. No wonder, therefore, that the Merchant's Hall was crowded. But besides Miss Catherine Hayes the famous, and Herr Formes the renowned, there were other artists, who, if less celebrated, had various claims upon the consideration of the musical public. There was Madame Macfarren, wife of the eminent composer, who was well known even to us northerners from her performance of the contralto part in her husband's opera, *King Charles the Second*, in which, according to all the journals, she achieved so legitimate a success; there was Miss Rainforth, whom all recognised as an old and universal favourite; there was Mr. Carte, the popular flautist, whom every one respected; and Signor Bordas, from Paris, whom we were all led to believe the Wilson of the Italian stage.

I was greatly delighted with Formes. He has an immense voice, and sings with amazing power and energy. His only fault is a want of method in producing the tones from the chest. All his tones are head tones. He sang the "Qui sdegno," from the *Flauto Magico*; Schubert's "Wanderer;" "Largo al Fagotum;" and joined in some concerted pieces.

Miss Catherine Hayes gave "A mon fils" from the *Prophète*, a ballad of Lavigne's, in which she was encored, and the finale to the *Soumbamba*, which was uproariously applauded and repeated. Our town folk are not naturally excitable, but on this occasion Miss Hayes warmed them into a state of excitement which might be denominated "enthusiastic."

Madame Macfarren sang Mendelssohn's "Gondolier Song," and a song of her spouse, called "Als Ich Vondir." This lady has a fine, rich contralto voice, and is evidently a thorough musician. Her tone is less throaty than that of any German I have heard. Both her songs were given with excellent feeling and judgment, and both were received in the most flattering manner. Madame Macfarren also joined Miss Hayes in a duet by Mercadante, which was rendered with so much spirit and precision as to be honoured with a very decided encore.

Miss Rainforth gave us the Scotch ballad, "Bonnie Jeannie Gray;" and Macfarren's "Ah! why do we love?" She was much and deservedly applauded.

Signor Bordas has a high tenor voice. There is no mistaking it for anything but a French voice. He sang several pieces, but made no sensible impression. He appears to possess much energy, and, unless I am much mistaken, the stage is his forte.

Mr. Carte's flute playing was much liked. He played on a patent flute with new fingering, but whether it was the Bohemian flute or a late invention, I cannot say. I am ill at instruments.

The concert never flagged from first to last, and everybody went home perfectly satisfied.

• Correspondent, doubtless, means (he "Bohem" flute)—Ed.

JENNY LIND IN GOTTA PERCHA.—We have received from the manufacturers, John J. Brown and Co., 804, Fulton-street, a handsome gutta percha medal (next thing to a leather medal), called the Lind Keepake. It has on one side a handsome medallion head of the songstress, copied from the medal struck at Vienna in her honour. The obverse contains the following lines: "First Concert in America, Castle Garden, N. Y., Sept. 11, 1850; attended by 7,000 people. Proceeds 35,000 dol., 12,500 dol. given by Miss Lind to charitable institutions."—*American paper*.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—I could scarcely help feeling some little surprise on looking through your paper of October 12, at finding myself, a second time, the object of some spleenish remarks from one of your correspondents. The aim of Anthony Windpipe's first letter was so evident, and its malice so apparent, that the production deserved not a second thought; but now, when another epistle, emanating from the same source, appears, you must allow me to express some astonishment that your publication, having for its avowed object the advancement and development of musical taste, should be permitted to be the vehicle of private spleen and party malice. It would appear to me that before admitting criticisms into his journal the editor should at least be well acquainted with the author of the remarks, and confident that he is not likely to be influenced by unworthy motives, more especially when, as in the present instance, the party criticised is entirely unknown.

If your paper is to be made the organ through which anonymous correspondents may, at their pleasure, write down all those who unfortunately incur their dislike, then farewell to all faith in its reports.

Of A. B.'s (*alias* Anthony Windpipe's) opinion of myself, I shall not say one word. I am aware that to reply to your criticisms is but to sharpen their weapons for further attack.

But, in the capacity of conductor of the concert, it is my duty to defend those under my baton from wanton insult. I may also claim to be entitled to defend myself when accused of having held forth inducements to attend my concert not justified by performance.

In reply to your correspondent's remarks upon Mrs. Wood, I will just say that they are such as no gentleman could have written. The most complete refutation I can give is, that, to my certain knowledge, Mrs. Wood has since been offered several engagements for first-class concerts by parties who heard her for the first and only time on September 30.

I presume there is nothing very startling in the substitution of a clarinet for the *ad libitum* flute part written by Beethoven to his quietest; and the over-enthusiasm of the violinist I conceive to have existed only because a short time since he declined burdening himself with a number of waltzes of Anthony's composition. The Bishopwearmouth Choral Society consists of a number of young persons, who, having an ardent love for music and but little time for its study, have for the last two years met for the practice, and occasional performance, of vocal music. Their sacred concerts have consisted of such pieces as Handel's *Judas*, *Samson*, *Dettingen Te Deum*, *Messiah*, *Coronation Anthem*, &c., &c.; and their secular programmes have contained selections of more than average merit. Of the manner in which these works have been performed I must leave you to gather information from the notices of the press; but, having been connected with the society since its formation, I can safely assert, that none can grieve more for its deficiencies than its own members, and none can more anxiously wish for its improvement.

And now, Sir, may I ask, is there anything so very absurd in the idea of my having been invited to reside in Manchester—a town in which I have long had many friends, and in which I hope now to have many supporters? There was nothing bombastic about the announcement; it was a simple assertion of a simple fact, which not all the sarcastic eloquence of your correspondent can affect.—I am, sir, yours obediently,

HENRY HILES.

280, Egerton Terrace, Stretford Road, Manchester.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—The recent letters of Dr. Dearnley, advocating the formation of a musical society which shall unite the most talented members of the profession, and into which it will be thought an honour to obtain admission, thus supplying a deficiency peculiar to the musical profession, must have met with very general adhesion. Being opposed, however, to the needless multiplication of societies, when the objects desired may be attained through the medium of those already existing, I would offer one or two suggestions, by the adoption of which I think the Philharmonic Society might in some measure remedy the evils pointed out by Dr. Dearnley.

It is, doubtless, highly desirable that the men of talent in any profession should be able to acquire some recognised distinction by which society—unable rightly to judge of his qualifications—may learn to respect him. The painter, the surgeon, the barrister, have all this incentive to honourable ambition. Its absence is one of the causes of the lower position occupied by the musician in the social scale. Why should not the Philharmonic Society apply in the proper quarters for permission (which would surely not be withheld) for its members and associates to append to their names the initial letters of their position—M. P. S. and A. P. S.? The greatest prudence will, of course, be henceforth required in the selection of new associates, that the honour may be properly esteemed amongst musicians themselves.

With the ample funds at its disposal, the Philharmonic Society should direct its attention more fully to the periodical trial of new works. This would be a great boon to the young composer, and of the highest importance to art.

I do not doubt that by the exercise of a more enlarged and ambitious spirit in the administration of its affairs, the Philharmonic Society would gradually acquire for itself that respect to which the first musical association of this country is entitled.

Whilst on the subject of societies, let me call the attention of those in authority in the newly-formed Bach Society to some difficulties felt by persons who do not yield to them in love for the memory of Bach, and who are anxious to join them in doing homage to his mighty genius.

Is it generally known that new members are elected into the Bach Society, not by a general meeting of its members, but by the committee, which self-constituted committee is declared to be permanent, and consequently irresponsible? The so-called members are therefore mere subscribers, elected to the privilege of paying their money, which is afterwards applied at the discretion of the committee. The society will never attain its full development till such mischievous regulations are abandoned—till the committee is annually elected out of the body of members, and till the will of the members, and not of the committee, is consulted as to the admission of a new member. I call upon the respected chairman or the secretary of the society to answer these grave objections, which have been already attended to by a correspondent of the *Athenaeum*.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

Oct. 14, 1850.

A PROFESSIONAL MUSICIAN.

Our Scrap Book.

[We shall be obliged to any kind friends who may be able and willing to contribute to our Scrap Book.—Ed.]

ANOTHER TEXT FOR THE ARTIST.

D'un sublime culte
Sacerdoti noi siamo, quanti con l'opra
Della parola, de' color, de' suoni,
Teutiamo ricondur sopra la terra
Un' etade, che solo in noi ragiona,
Occura al volgo. Nostro vanto fia,
Se più non regneran sopra gli augusti
Troni le spade sanguinose; e in vece
I pacifici accetti, e l' auree leggi
Terran l'impero, e l' operoso amore!

BALDACCHINI.

A POET'S IDEA OF POETS.—Poets are the microphotographs of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity cast upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sing to battle, and feel not what they inspire; the influence which is moved not, but moves. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.—*Shelley*.

BETHOVEN AND GÖTTLIE.—Beethoven could not endure to teach the Archduke Rudolph because he felt it to be "too."

dictat," court service. He received with perfect nonchalance the homage of the sovereigns of Europe. Only the Empress of Russia and the Archduke Karl, whom he esteemed as individuals, had power to gratify him by their attentions. Compare with Goethe's obsequious pleasure, at being able gracefully to compliment such high personages, Beethoven's conduct with regard to the famous *Eroica* symphony. This was composed at the suggestion of Bernadotte, while Napoleon was still in his first glory. He was then the hero of Beethoven's imagination, who hoped from him the liberation of Europe. With delight the great artist expressed in his eternal harmonies the progress of the hero's soul. The symphony was finished, and even dedicated to Buonaparte, when the news came of his declaring himself Emperor of the French. The first act of the indignant artist was to tear off his dedication and trample it under foot; nor could he endure again even the mention of Napoleon till the time of his fall. Admit that Goethe had a natural taste for the trappings of rank and wealth, from which the musician was quite free, yet we cannot doubt that both saw through these externals to man as a nature; there can be no doubt on whose side was the simple greatness, the noble truth. We pardon thee, Goethe—but thee, Beethoven, we reverse, for thou hast maintained the worship of the manly—the permanent—the true.—*The Dial*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MOLLE, RACHEL.—The career of this great actress in Germany has been hitherto unexampled brilliancy. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm created by her sublime and unrivalled genius wherever she has appeared; and so general has been the desire to witness her performances that railway speed and the most zealous good will on part of the lady herself, have scarcely enabled her to fulfil all the engagements which she was prevailed upon by the various theatrical managers to accept. Some idea may be formed of the extent of the demand upon her exertions when we state that she was forced to appear at Berlin on the off-nights of her engagement at Hamburg; and that within a short period she gave twenty-two representations, divided between Hamburg, Berlin, Magdeburg, Dresden, and Leipzig. Amongst her most ardent admirers were the King of Prussia, who attended at all her performances, and the King of Saxony, who bestowed upon her a substantial proof of his admiration in the shape of a magnificent present. She appeared in Hanover on the 10th, at Bremen on the 11th, and was announced at Vienna for the 18th of last month.

SACRED HARMONY SOCIETY.—The directors of this institution have been for a considerable time engaged in making expensive improvements in Exeter Hall, calculated to remove its defects and enlarge its capabilities as a locality for musical performances on the greatest scale. The alterations consist principally—first, of the removal of the flat plaster ceiling, and its re-construction of wood, in a curved form, upwards of twelve feet higher in the centre than formerly; secondly, of the removal of the four square pillars, with the beam and cornice over them, in front of the great gallery; an improvement which, combined with the additional height gained over the gallery, will obviate all the objections formerly made on the grounds of want of ventilation and difficulty of seeing or hearing; and, thirdly, of the taking down the central portion of the wall at the east end of the hall, and rebuilding it on a line with the walls at the back of the recesses; thereby allowing the organ to be thrown back seventeen feet. The effect of this last alteration will be to gain much valuable space in that part of the room, and to remove the great inconvenience hitherto caused by the two divisions of the chorus at each side of the organ being so completely separated by the projection of the instrument as to be unable to see or hear each other. The organ itself is to receive great alterations and additions, with the view of increasing its power and efficiency. These important operations are to be completed early in November, and the next series of concerts is to commence immediately afterwards.

STRAFORD-ON-AVON.—(From a Correspondent.)—Miss Harrietta Ward's two concerts took place on the morning and evening of the 19th ult., and may be recorded amongst the most successful in the musical annals of this town. No concerts here have been favoured with larger or more fashionable audiences, or listened to with greater attention. The instrumentalists comprised Kate Loder (pianoforte), Mayland (harp), Mr. J. T. Mew (pianoforte and conductor); and vocalists, Miss Haywood and Miss Younge. Kate Loder, Mr. Layland, and Miss Younge, were from the metropolis. Miss Haywood was from the "faithful city" (Worcester). Miss Ward, who possesses a rich mellow voice, and Mr. Mew, are resident professors, and have fully established themselves in the good opinion of the local public. The morning concert opened with Zingarelli's duet, "Dunque il meo bene," by Misses Haywood and Ward; it was accurately and sweetly given. Miss Younge gave "Voilà le Sapote," with truthfulness and finish; and also pleasingly sang, "Deh per questo." Kate Loder electrified the auditory by her brilliant and delightful playing of "La Cracovienne," her purity of tone and classic style nearly won for her an encore, which was deservedly awarded to her in her fantasia on airs from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, in the second part. Mr. Layland gave a fantasia on the harp, introducing some Irish airs, which were elaborately treated and applauded. A charming song, by Harper, "The fairy watcher," was sweetly sung by Miss Ward; it was repeated. The second part commenced with the duet, "Tell me where do fairies dwell," by Misses Haywood and Ward; it was extremely well rendered. Mr. J. T. Mew played, on the piano, Beyer's fantasia, "Och wenn du Wärst mein Eignen," with skill and rapidly. The concert closed with Rucker's duet, "The swallows," sang by the Misses Haywood and Ward. The evening's performances received an accession of strength and attraction in the Philharmonic band, and the members of the Choral Society; the former gave the overture to *Tancredi*; it was creditable to the executives, who are all amateurs; Mr. Mew gave valuable aid throughout the piece, on the piano, which was a magnificent instrument, by Broadwood, and brought down expressly for this occasion. The song, "Farewell, I go to my Fatherland," was rendered very chastely by Miss Ward. The madrigals, "See from his ocean bed the sun returneth," and "Nymph of the forest," were well given; the former with precision and effect. Kate Loder gave a fantasia on airs from *Guillemette Tell* magnificently. I have seldom heard finer playing. The song, "Sweetly o'er my senses stealing," was artistically given by Miss Haywood, who was honoured by an encore, as was also the "Wishing grate," which she sang with lady-like taste and in a comic vein. Mr. Layland, in a capriccio on the harp, with pianoforte accompaniment, by Mr. Mew, on airs from *Norma*, was applauded. Kate Loder played, with all her accustomed brilliancy and power, a fantasia on *Luceria Borgia*. Mr. Mew was successful in a pianoforte fantasia from *Mina*, written expressly for and dedicated to him by Henri Rossini. Miss Younge, in "Bright home of song," acquitted herself with great credit. "The standard bearer," in a simple yet masterly composition; it was accompanied by Kate Loder, in splendid style, on the piano; and a violoncello obligato by Mr. Mew. The concert terminated with the overture to *Mazzeiello*, which, taking it on the whole, was well played by the band.

THE "PUNCH" OF VIENNA, in speaking of the unconquerable attachment of either Mons. Halévy to the fortissimo style, says, that not content with making passages *f* and *ff*, which generally has satisfied composers, he often works up the enthusiasm of the band with *ffff*, or even *fffff*, and that, on a late occasion, even this not sufficing, he made the brasses play so loud that the French horn was actually blown quite straight!

CREMORNE.—On Saturday night, the season at Cremorne was brought to a close with the combined attractions which have been so deservedly patronised. Multitudes from all parts of the metropolis have taken advantage of the opportunity to witness the varied performances, which have been extremely well conducted.—The announced gala which was to have taken place on Thursday, for the benefit of the indefatigable secretary of these gardens, was, we regret to state, most unexpectedly prevented from coming off, by the sudden and tempestuous change of the weather.

MR. AND THE MISSES RYALLS AT SHEFFIELD.—Mr. Ryalls lately gave a concert in his native town, when his sister, Miss Lizzy Ryalls, made her first appearance. The *Sheffield Times*, in noticing the concert, says, "Mr. Ryalls' exquisite rendering of English ballads was a rare pleasure. Most charmingly did he sing those sweet little songs, 'The Anchor's weid', 'Tom Topail', and 'The Thorn.' They were all rapturously encored. For the first, he substituted 'The Irish Emigrant' in place of the last, he gave 'Sally in our Alley,' both of which were equally well received. Mr. Ryalls' execution of a composition in another and very different style, demonstrated clearly enough that his studies have embraced a wider scope than the music of one school. The piece referred to is the recitative, 'All is lost now,' from Bellini's opera, *La Sonnambula*. The other vocalists were Miss Ryalls and Miss Lizzy Ryalls. The latter young lady made her *début* on this occasion. She betrayed a moderate degree of the trepidation usual on such occasions, but her confidence increased as the novelty of her situation wore off, and she so far won upon the audience that in the second part, in the song 'I'm thine,' she gained an encore. The elder Miss Ryalls is gifted with a considerable share of coolness, a quality which enables her to sing with care and correctness, but it seems not at all improbable that the young lady will, ere long, eclipse her. A defect, common to both these young ladies, is a rather careless enunciation of the words of the composer; and this is somewhat remarkable, because in the instance of their brother, Mr. Ryalls, under whom they have studied, the opposite characteristic constitutes one of his chief merits. The Misses Ryalls were called upon to repeat the Scotch duet 'What's a' the steer,' and probably nothing but the lengthiness of the piece saved them from the infliction of a double encore." It will be seen by the advertisement in another column, that Mr. Ryalls and his sisters gave a concert at Birkenhead.

BIRMINGHAM.—On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings an opera company, consisting of Miss Lucombe, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Frank Bodda, performed at this theatre, on each occasion to excellent houses. On Tuesday the opera was *Lucia di Lamermoor*, Miss Lucombe, Lucy; Mr. Reeves, Edgar; Mr. Delavanti, Bidebet; and Mr. Frank Bodda, Ashton. We have much pleasure in speaking in unqualified terms of the whole performance. The music of Lucy was well sung, especially the mad scene and air. Edgar is undoubtedly the character *par excellence* of Sims Reeves. As an illustration of the power of Mr. Reeves, the 'Malediction' is unrivalled. Of the opposite quality, the 'Fra poco' is a demonstration of sweetness and pathos no less grand. The arena was nobly sung. Mr. Frank Bodda made an excellent Henry Ashton. He is a sound musician, and his rich voice tells effectively in concerted music. Bidebet was also well represented. The applause was throughout most enthusiastic, and repeated calls before the curtain could scarcely afford sufficient vent for the enthusiasm. On Wednesday and Thursday, *Sonnambula* and *Puritani* were performed to equally crowded houses.—*Birmingham Journal*.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, REGENT STREET.—An evening concert was given on Saturday last, in the new theatre of this Institution, by Mr. F. Brandaui. The vocalists announced were Miss Murrell, Miss Chandler, Mlle. Lindau (her first appearance, pupil of Mr. Brandaui) Miss Law, (pupil of Signor Crivelli), Miss Aubert, (her first appearance, pupil of Mr. Brandaui), and Madame Brandaui. Mr. G. Perren, Mr. Stevens, Mr. E. Norman, Herr Adolph Lau (his first appearance in this country), Herr Bruno, (his first appearance, pupil of Mr. Brandaui), and Mr. D. E. Satch. The instrumentalists were Herr Charles Mangold and Mr. Samuel Noble (pianists); Mr. C. Colechester (pupil of Mr. Fainton, violin); Mr. Aylward (pupil of Mr. Lucas, violoncello); Mr. S. T. Saynor (bute), and Mr. E. Barton (concertina). Conductors, Herr Anschuetz and Herr Brandaui. The audience, a numerous one, were apparently highly pleased with the efforts to amuse them, and all the artists acquitted themselves in a satisfactory manner, and reflected much credit on their respective instructors.

A new Italian Opera has just been established in Brussels, under the direction of Messrs. Quélins and Bocca. The work selected for the opening night was Verdi's *I Masnadieri*, and the enterprise seems at present to be entirely successful.

MR. GEORGE HOGARTH.—This accomplished musical critic, and author of "The History of Music," has accepted the appointment of Secretary to the Philharmonic Society, vacant by the death of Mr. Budd.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—The season terminated at this popular place of amusement on Monday week, with a grand Bal Masqué. The gardens were well attended; considering the unpropitious state of the weather in the early part of the evening, and the company was as noisy, joyous, and motley, as usual upon such occasions.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATA IN MUSICAL WORLD, SATURDAY, OCT. 5, 1850.—OUR SCRAP BOOK.—CHERUBINI, *his line*, for "works for Grand Opera; the following," &c., read "works; for Grand Opera the following," &c. The wrong punctuation alters the sense entirely.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS. FOR ONE MONTH ONLY.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that his **ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS** will commence at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on FRIDAY, Nov. 8.

M. JULLIEN'S GRAND ANNUAL BAL MASQUE will this year be given at the commencement, instead of at the termination, of the Concerts, and will take place on THURSDAY, Nov. 7.

Full particulars will be duly announced.

M. JULLIEN'S BAL MASQUE.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that his **GRAND ANNUAL BAL MASQUE** will take place at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on THURSDAY, Nov. 7, for which a most splendid decoration is in preparation.

Full particulars will be duly announced.

The Concerts will commence on FRIDAY, Nov. 8.

TO ARTISTS OF CELEBRITY (VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL).

GLASGOW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—1850-51.

PRESIDENT.

The Hon. Sir JAMES ANDERSON, Lord Provost.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

Wm. S. Dixon, Esq., of Mansfield Castle

D. J. Penney, Esq.

John Middleton, Esq.

R. W. Lawrie, Esq.

Robert Lochart, Esq.

Robert Sirang Robertson, Esq.

Humphrey Crum, Esq.

Jas. Ewing, Esq., of Strathleven.

A SERIES OF GRAND CONCERTS, with full Orchestras, will be given by the above Society, to take place once a month during the Winter, commencing early in December, 1850, and to be continued till April, 1851.

Vocal and Instrumental Performers (of celebrity), who may be engaged at Manchester, Liverpool, York, Newcastle, or Edinburgh (any time during the Winter), are requested to forward their terms, and communicate with Mr. Julian Adams, in order that arrangements may be made for their appearance at the above Concerts in Glasgow.

JULIAN ADAMS, Director.

103, Kensington-place, Sauchiehall-road.

THE DISTINS, who, by Command of Her Majesty the Queen, had the honour of appearing at Balmoral Castle on Sept. 23, will give Concerts in the following towns:—(Oct. 22, Addington; 24, Berwick; 24, Alnwick; 25, Morpeth. Vocalist, Miss M. O'Connor. Pianist, Mr. J. Willy.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Parkes, Dean Street, Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, Oct. 19th, 1850.

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum. 16s. Stamped; 12s. Unstamped; to be forwarded by Money Order or Postage Stamp, to the Publisher, W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

No. 43.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1850.

{ PRICE. THREEPENCE.
{ STAMPEd FOURPENCE.

GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

THE principal instrumental performances of the past week have been Beethoven's symphonies in C, and the "Eroica;" Mendelssohn's symphony in A; the overtures to the *Isles of Fingal*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Manniello*, *Oberon*, and Balfe's new MS. Introductory Overture; the Wedding March from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, &c., &c., &c. The stickler for the "classics" can discover but little to find fault with in perusing the above. All the pieces were received with great favour, making it abundantly manifest that the English public are capable of appreciating the best music, if you only present it to them at the right time and in the right place.

Charles Hallé concludes his series of performances to-night with Mendelssohn's Concerto, and a duo with Molique for violin and piano. The engagement of the admirable pianist was an act of good policy on the part of the committee. As an interpreter of classic music on his instrument Charles Hallé has certainly no superior.

Two *débütantes* have appeared since our last—Miss Goddard, the youthful pianist, and M. Jules Stockhausen, a barytone singer. Miss Goddard is a pupil of Thalberg, and, without any violence of language, may be termed a prodigy. She made her first appearance on Wednesday, and created an extraordinary sensation. Her playing is distinguished by great facility and neatness, and a precision and certainty of touch quite astonishing in one so young. Miss Goddard is, we understand, not more than thirteen or fourteen years of age. That she is deficient in power must be granted—the inevitable consequence of her years and sex; and that she has played in a area in which her playing could not tell to the best advantage, must be also conceded. Enough was heard, however, to convince the most sceptical that Miss Goddard possesses very rare abilities, and that she promises, with practice and time, to stand high amongst the high in her profession. Miss Goddard made her second appearance last night.

M. Jules Stockhausen is a very clever singer. His voice is powerful and resonant, and he evidences both skill and taste. His success was unequivocal.

Mdlle. Angri continues the vocal star of the "National Concerts." She sang during the week, "Di Piacere," "Una voce," "Non più Mesta," "Ciel Pietoso," &c., all with the most brilliant effect. Mr. Balfe, we understand, is writing a new song for her, expressly for the Concerts.

Herr Labitzky, "the renowned composer and *chef d'orchestre*," as the bills kindly inform us, has assumed the direction of the dance music, and has treated the public to a variety of his works.

Simms Reeves makes his first appearance to-night, when no doubt there will be a vast concourse assembled to greet with vociferant throats and untiring palms the great English tenor.

CHORAL HARMONISTS' SOCIETY.

THE above society commenced their nineteenth season on Monday evening, at the London Tavern. We had been given to understand that the directors, anxious to keep pace with the growing improvement everywhere observable in the performance both of vocal and instrumental music, had been actively engaged during the recess in the consideration of measures for the better management of these concerts. This report, coupled with a pompous announcement of the names of the new directors, a new secretary, and some other changes, induced us to expect at the first concert some marked alteration, not only in the programme itself, but also in the style of its interpretation. We were, however, grieved to find that in their interposition. We were, however, grieved to find that in neither one nor the other had any change taken place. There were the same hacknied pieces—namely, Haydn's well-known Mass No. 3; Hummel's offertory, "Alma virgo," tedious as a thrice-told tale; Rossini's eternal "Largo al factotum," all very good pieces in their way, but so often performed not only at these very same concerts, but everywhere else, that in a programme professing to offer novelty, their appearance seemed a little extraordinary. Then, again, the execution was far from perfect, either by principals or chorus, the "Mass" particularly suffering from the absence of the tenor, Mr. Lockey, and the evident indisposition of the contralto, Miss Dolby. The only novelty produced was Spohr's "Eighth Psalm," the execution of which was so bad that it would have been better to have delayed it until opportunities had been afforded for more rehearsals. Then Alboni's song from the *Huguenots*, although nicely sung by Miss Dolby, is already pretty much worn; and Mr. Lawler, though throwing much more vivacity into the "Largo" than we had expected, is hardly the "barber," even for a concert room. We felt called upon last season to make some severe strictures upon the practice of taking detached portions of operas, and mixing them up in one incoherent hash under the name of a "Selection." On this occasion Mozart's *Zauberflöte* was chosen for the perpetration of this *olla podrida*, and a miserable affair it was. The ladies were ill at home; the tenor, who, it is fair to say, had undertaken the part at a moment's notice, was not up in the music; the bass was heavy; and the chorus wrong altogether. Now, all this is not as it should be. Here is a society professing to give classical performances, with ample means at their command, and yet coming before the public in this most slovenly manner. If the society will not take the trouble, by proper management and proper rehearsals, to produce concerts worthy of patronage, they must not be surprised to have to encounter the strictures of the press, and the subsequent decline in their subscription list. That defective management is the cause of this ill-doing is very apparent, for the material under command is good. Mr. Westrop as conductor, Mr. Dando as leader, and Mr. Cooper as organist.

are each in their own department all that can be desired. The band, principally amateurs, assisted by well-known professors at each instrument, is as good a one as we know of, of this particular nature; and the chorus, composed of the leading members of the various Choral Societies, all good readers, leaves nothing to be wished for in this department. With this good material, therefore, it requires nothing but good management to mould it into shape, and, unless prompt measures are taken to do so, this society, although one of the oldest in London, and at one time remarkable for the steady onward course of improvement which it displayed, will sink down into utter insignificance and gradual decay. We should be extremely sorry were this to be the fate of these concerts, whose progress we have long watched, and in whose prosperity we have always experienced considerable interest; and we sincerely trust that, ere too late, such improvement will be manifested, as will once more place them upon a firm and secure foundation.

We have omitted to state that Mr. Horton played a solo on the oboe, in a style which marks this young musician to take, with study and perseverance, a leading position in the profession. Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Miss Hayes, Mr. Land, and Mr. Lawler, sustained the solos, the band being led by Mr. Dando, and conducted by Mr. Westrop.

JENNY LIND IN BOSTON.

Our last accounts left Jenny Lind at Boston on the verge of her first concert, and the Bostonians in a terrible state of suspense. The whole city was in a ferment, &c. Our latest advices from Boston are dated October 11. These give us particulars of the third concert only. The regular mails have not yet reached us, the steamers having been detained by contrary winds. Why papers relating to the third concert, and not to the first, should have arrived soonest we cannot say. We are indebted to our Liverpool correspondent for the following extracts. It would appear that at the two first concerts the Bostonian gentry did not rush forward to support the Nightingale, urged very naturally by fears of a serious *émoussé* from the excitement of the citizens. The fashionables of Boston, however, supported her nobly at the third concert, and an aged Vermonter was also present.

JENNY LIND'S THIRD CONCERT IN BOSTON.

Boston, 11 o'clock P.M., Oct. 4, 1850.

The great warbler, who has delighted and astonished Boston with her songs for the last week, added another laurel to her brow last evening. She excelled herself, and New York has yet to hear her in her best performances.

The character of the audience at this concert was rather different. Hitherto it consisted chiefly of citizens of Boston; to-night a vast proportion of it was from the cities and towns of New England, brought here by the fame of the Nightingale, and fearing they would never have the opportunity of hearing her again. Among those present was an aged Vermonter, who stood right in front of the stage, with a coarse overcoat, without a cravat, and wearing a long beard. He presented a curious contrast to some of the white kid exquisites around him. He stood up and gazed and gazed upon the face of Jenny Lind, and still his wonder grew, till he seemed utterly lost in astonishment.

The Boston journalists seem to be informed of her minutest movements. She has been indisposed, and bathes her temples in cold water for two hours precisely.

The cantatrice was received with rapturous applause on making her appearance on the stage to sing "Frendi per me," from Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*. She was tastefully dressed, and looked exceedingly well, notwithstanding her indisposition, and that she had been bathing her temples with cold water for two hours before the concert commenced. All seemed delighted with her fine, expressive, open countenance, beaming with joy and benevolence.

That building is too large even for her voice, and, after all, it is a comparative failure—that building, of course. Despite of that building, however, hot air, and a brain-piercing headache, she triumphs over all difficulties, and there was a far greater power behind, which did not, or could not, let itself out—

The truth is, that, in that building, it requires double the effort to sing; and, after all, it is a comparative failure. In the case of Miss Lind, before her notes were half given out, they rushed back into her throat, and, with the hot, close air of the place, half choked her utterance. Add to this that, so intense was the head ache she felt, that every high note she sang seemed to pierce her brain. Yet she triumphed over all those difficulties; and even in the first song there were touches of beauty that told the musical ear there was a power far greater behind, which did not, or could not then, let itself out.

Don Giovanni is by Mozart, and in her next performance Jenny indicates her empire over the human heart:—

In her next performance, "Non mi dir," from the opera of *Don Giovanni*, by Mozart, she vindicated her empire over the human heart as the Queen of Song. She sang it with an energy and spirit, and a brilliancy of execution peculiarly her own. She was encircled with the greatest enthusiasm, and sung it a second time with greater fire than ever.

She shows so much delicacy of comic delineation, that the audience laugh, admire, and finally burst into applause. She is also much improved in English, and her lisping pronunciation is most sweet. Belletti sustains his part.

In the duet by Fioravanti, known as the "Singing Lesson," she showed so much delicacy of comic delineation, such splendid vocalization, such a marvellous capacity of sustaining her voice in the trill, that the audience laughed, admired, and finally burst into the most tumultuous applause. This beautiful performance, in which Belletti so well sustained his part, was encored. She sang Benedict's ballad, "By the sad sea waves," very expressively. In the first stanza her tones were as plaintive as "the moaning of the waves over hope and pleasure gone." In the second, when the "dream of home upon her smiled," there was a joyousness truthfully corresponding with the sentiment. Then the transition to the "awakening in her grave," was exquisitely marked. And, finally, the aspiration—

"Come again, dear dream,
So peacefully that smiled"—

was sung with an appealing fervour that touched the heart to its core. The mechanical execution was very fine, and her lisping pronunciation was most sweet. The Swede improves every day in her singing of English ballads.

Taubert composes a song for her in German, which is translated into English. She sings the translation, and casts all her other feats into the shade. A thousand tongues bid her sing again, and the same tempest of excitement sweeps the house.

The great triumph of the evening was the "Bird Song," composed expressly for her by Taubert, in German, and translated into English. She sang the translation with such sweetness, beauty, and power, as to cast all her other feats into the shade. The sentiment of the song is descriptive of the Swedish warbler herself, while the musical composition is designed to give scope to the combined excellencies of her wonderful voice. Those who have not heard the "Bird Song," know not yet what Jenny Lind can do. The audience were in an ecstasy, and the people from the country who never heard her sing before, nor, perhaps, any other good vocalist, scarcely knew whether to think her an angel or a woman. The cheering, clapping of hands, stamping of feet, and shouts of "bravo," continued for several minutes, and made Tremont Temple shake. The applause was tremendous. She had to sing the song again, in response to the calls from a thousand tongues, when the same tempest of excitement swept the house.

Bouquets and excitement prevail:—

Bouquets were thrown on the stage from all directions, together with a beautiful garland. The excitement was most extraordinary.

She catches cold, and should be more cautious of inspecting the stars:—

Miss Lind caught cold at Cambridge Observatory, on Monday night,

and she still labours under the affects. She ought to be more cautious in this climate.

Poets, and clergymen, and the brothers of ministers visit her. She is worried with calls and charity, and has no rest.

She has been visited by the poets Longfellow and Sargent, Rev. Mr. Lathrop, Rev. Mr. Robinson, Rev. Mr. Clinch, Rev. Mr. Lambert, Rev. Mr. V. Favianus, and Nasseef Theododo, from Mount Lebanon, Syria; Mr. Amos Lawrence, brother of the minister; Mr. James Lawrence, his son; Dr. Warren, Mr. H. B. Rodgers (Ald.), Hon. G. S. Hillard, Mr. James, the novelist; Hon. Benjamin Seaver, Mr. Thatcher, the Danish consul; Mrs. T. B. Wales, Mrs. Charles Tracy, and many others of high standing. She is worried with visitors, and applications for charity. She has no rest.

Her goodness disarms cant, and religious people go to a concert for the first time. Aristocracy, religion, and pretension are synonymous, and the influence of the Nightingale will be refining.

Everybody speaks of her goodness and her charity, and thousands of religious people go to hear her, who would not be induced, for any consideration, to attend the concert of any other singer. She will thus spread the refining influence of music in quarters where it was very much wanted—among a spurious pretentious aristocracy.

She gives a concert in Providence, and Uppertenthism is in its glory. *Providence Mirror* proves a most enthusiastic and critical journal. Jenny's chin is faultless, her vocation is adapted to increase a healthy action of the lungs, but, without irreverence, her nose is not ornamental, and the expansion of her nostrils causes a crease like those in the arm of a fine fleshy infant. But hush! She has commenced! There she stands, and we are astonished that that machine "so fearfully and wonderfully made," is capable of producing such sounds. Let the *Providence Mirror* be heard at length:—

The concert last evening, at Howard Hall, was most undoubtedly the grandest affair of the kind ever witnessed in this providential and puritanic city—we mean not only the singing and the singer; that of course was beyond everything ever thought of before—but the whole affair—the display of white kids, white vests, bareheaded ladies, and something of a profusion of all sorts of dresses. Uppertenthism was in its glory. We shall not attempt to speak critically, so far as the music is concerned, for we should be "swamped" as delicately as some others have been in their criticisms, which they have thought wonderfully profound; but the effect produced we can say something about. There was no class of enthusiasts; men and women were alike infected with the feeling of hurrahs, and the cheering was participated in by both sexes. The ladies vindicated their rights most thoroughly on the occasion. They were equally lavish of their cheers with the men; and who could do otherwise? The community has been whipped up to the highest degree of excitement for the last few weeks, and must have vent somewhere, and would have had, if there had been the most common singer in the country present. But here was something worth hearing—worth paying for—worth shouting and cheering.

As soon as the doors of Howard Hall were opened, the crowd began to pour in, and in a very short time every seat was filled, and many who would gladly have had a ticket and a seat, could get neither. All preliminary performances, although perhaps never surpassed in this country, sank into insignificance with the impatient audience, who were all anxious for the appearance of the Queen of Song. In a moment of quiet, Jenny appeared upon the stage. The storm of applause was tremendous. How one that thus looked the very personification of retiring modesty could withstand such a reception, is entirely beyond our comprehension, unless the van of the *Cirone* type was right in announcing her a genuine angel. However, we are sure she was real flesh and blood, and not of the most exquisite mould at that. Some of our city belles would be terribly mortified if they were not more beautiful than Jenny, when at the same time they are not half so good looking. Jenny's face is the very personification of unostentatious goodness. It speaks out that benevolence which has been made so manifest by her acts, and beyond that it shows a fond of frank good sense quite rare in a popular singer. Time and tune, and a good voice are not the highest and best gifts of Jenny Lind. She has an expression that at once shows you the revelations of a great soul that is comprehensive in its views and embraces within the folds of its philanthropy all mankind. She is of medium size, and looks much younger than her real age, which is nearly twenty-nine.

She has rather too pale a complexion to give us an idea of perfect health; her eyes are blue and expressive; her hair of a sandy brown. We may have thought irreverent if we state the fact that Jenny's nose is not of the most ornamental kind; it is about medium length, but very broad at the end and considerably turned up, and when she sings, the expansion of the nostrils causes a crease above each nostril, not unlike those seen in the arm of a fine fleshy infant. Her chin is faultless; her face of that broad kind which is almost always possessed by frank and benevolent persons. Her whole soul is revealed in her smile, and none can fail being magnetized into sympathy with it. Although so pale a complexion seems, to indicate otherwise, her full form and ample chest show that there is no lack of vitality, and her vocation is admirably adapted to increase a healthy action of the lungs. All were struck with the idea that the look of goodness was her greatest beauty. These are our first impressions, and they are always the best, except in printing. But hush! the songstress has commenced. Every eye is fixed, and every breath is held. They hardly realize that that can be a human voice, so far does it exceed even the extravagant things heretofore said of it. But there she stands. We know it to be her human voice, and we are astonished to learn that that machine, "so fearfully and wonderfully made," is capable of producing such sounds.

Description is made over to those who fancy themselves capable. The *Providence Mirror* has no such vanity—no such presumption. Jenny's voice was never equalled, and cannot be described:—

Let those attempt to describe it who fancy themselves capable. We have no such vanity—no such presumption. All former descriptions have failed—all written ones will. The music of her voice, we believe never was equalled by visible human beings, and it cannot be told or described.

The chords of sympathy in the human organism are easily touched, and the wildest excitement pervades the Hall of Providence:—

Through the whole evening, the hall was a scene of the wildest excitement, showing how easily the chords of sympathy are touched in the human organism.

Dwight writes to the *New York Tribune*. The Bostonians have the advantage over the folk of New York in hearing Jenny Lind in sacred music. Dwight rides the high horse in his eulogies, and spins along at a rapid pace. The religion of art is well employed on a religious subject, and all the sentiment and music of the song glows in the sublime tranquillity of her face. Hear Dwight:—

The first half of the concert comprised sacred music; the *viennese*, however, that to Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito*, was so only by adoption. That was followed by the bass song, "Why do the nations rage," from Handel's *Messiah*, sung in distinct English by Belletti, who surprised us by his appreciation and mastery of the most quaint and figurative style of Handel.

Then came the most religious and sublime of songs, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Every face was turned with the profound interest to Jenny Lind, as she came forward in the white garb of purity, and with a modest innocence and faith. She commenced the song firmly and confidently, and carried it through with a lofty and sustained inspiration, which could dispense with every ornament, and which we never heard approached in any former rendering of that hymn. Those *rich, sad, sweet and noble* and sincere, so fraught with meaning, and so elastic with great hope and trust, seemed like the fit and chosen medium of that music and that sentiment. We do not remember more than two ornaments, or rather variations from the literal text; and these were most slight in themselves, most telling in their connection—once a short trill, which was perfectly elastic, and, once, just before its close, a sudden lighting from the clearest, purest, and brightest of notes, which lifted the whole into a new and once to an anglic rapture. The words, "The first fruits of them that slept," were given with an exquisitely subdued and pensive tenderness. It is not extravagant to say that so much soul and genius never before spoke to us in song. It was the religion of art, as well as art, employed on a religious subject. The whole audience were inspired, transported, and the song was sung again entire, with an expression enhanced by the perfect sympathy she now felt in her audience. The whole sentiment and music of the song glowed in the sublime tranquillity of her face, as she stood when her voice had finished and the instruments were glowing. Happy the artist who could paint or daguerotype that expression.

: Dwight perpetrates a pun. She sings, "On Mighty Pens," and her soul seems to go to meet the glorious swoop of the eagle, and the cooing of the doves. They were all alive and admirable; and if Haydn had heard her he must have inwardly rejoiced.

"After Signor Belletti's beautiful rendering of the 'Procreant,' Jenny Lind commenced another great song, in a very different style, namely, 'On Mighty Pens,' from the *Crusades*. And quite as fully as before did she identify her luscious, sympathetic voice with the fresh, childlike, graceful fervour of that music. Her soul seemed to go out to meet the happy sighs and harmonies of nature: the glorious sweep of the eagle, the cooing of the doves, the mingled melodies of birds, were all alive and admirable, as exquisite tokens of the Father's presence, in her rapturous jubilation of song. She sang that music *con amore*, and Haydn's spirit, if it heard her, must have inwardly rejoiced.

We conclude with Dwight. There is no going beyond Dwight. Dwight is the grand climacteric of the Lind-eulogy. He puts the extinguisher on all antecedent enthusiasts, and leaves us nothing further to report. No—there is no going beyond Dwight. Besides, we have nothing more to say until the steamer arrives.

PICCINI.

(Continued from No. 42, page 677.)

Peter Goldoni experienced the same fate by giving lessons to the Princesses, daughter of Louis XV.—losing his time as well as his money. This is not the only resemblance between the comic author and the composer. We find them at a later period suffering from the same calamity. Piccini had presented a magnificently-bound score of *Roland* to the queen, and obtained permission (!) to do the same to the king, his brothers, and the princesses. He did the same with all his other scores, but no one ever asked him how much the costly bindings cost him! When, however, Joseph the Second came to visit his sister, Piccini was invited to come, and to bring Italian and French music with him. He arrived and waited. Joseph and Maria Antoinette came from the king's apartments. The emperor walked directly up to Piccini, spoke to him with lively enthusiasm about his music, and quoted parts from his operas. To enter the queen's apartments, Piccini went to the table where he had put his portfolio, but Joseph took it from him, saying—“Let me take it: I want to be able to say that I have carried the works of so great a master!” These were compensations; but one may lose glory, and yet feel sometimes the want of something more solid.

Piccini mentions, that one day a Russian colonel (six feet high) came to order a set of marches, for the band of his regiment, of the composer of *La Buona Figliola*, then, as it is still now, the pet opera of the *Italians*. All the noisy instruments were to be employed. Piccini promised to comply, and even fixed upon a day, but thought no more of it till the day before the rehearsal was to take place, when he sat down and finished the marches as they were ordered—a flag march, a charge, &c. &c. The rehearsal took place in a little room, and created an uproar that frightened every one but the stoic colonel, who walked up and down with the greatest coolness, till the “*pas de charge*” threatened to bring down the ceiling, when he smiled agreeably and expressed his contentment, took the composer with him to dine, treated him with the greatest distinction, and made his secretary hand him one hundred louis d'or.

Piccini hastened home, laughing loudly and throwing the gold to his family, cried—“There, take the gold—that I have gained so easily! Now, Messieurs Les Français, have a cake; if you do not treat me well, I will leave you, go to

Petersburg and write only matches—there my fortune will be soon made, and I shall laugh at you!”

The managers of the opera seemed actually to push Gluck and Piccini on to opposition and quarrelling. Gluck, finding Piccini far advanced in the composition of *Roland*, gave up the idea of setting the same *libretto* to music. After *Armide* and the famous reconciliation supper, Gluck left for Germany.

Piccini had commenced the score of *Alys*; but gave much of his time to the management of an Italian opera that had arrived. He did not continue *Alys*; he, nevertheless, looked himself up and worked—at what? Piccini confided it one day to Ginguené, when the report was spread that Gluck would come to Paris to bring out *Iphigénie en Tauride*. “My dear friend, I am very unhappy; there is no faith nor honesty here.” And then he told him, that six months ago the managers having declared him to be a victim of injustice and cabal, wanted to procure him the chance of a brilliant revenge, by proposing to him to compose at the same time as Gluck, the *libretto* of *Iphigénie en Tauride*, so that the public then might decide on the merits of the two champions. Piccini protested that he must have exactly the same *libretto* as Gluck, but he was assured that though not exactly the same, it was the same plan, &c., and he might trust to their well-meaning choice. It was, moreover, promised to him, that his composition should be brought out before Gluck's, but the greatest secrecy was enjoined on his part. Piccini worked hard, and had completed two acts, when Gluck arrived. He rushed to the manager to remind him of his promises, but received in answer, that an order of the Queen, &c., had changed the matter. “I cannot give up this work,” said Piccini, to his friend, “I love it—it excites me—it touches my heart; read the *libretto*, and tell me sincerely your opinion.” Ginguené, having perused the poem, found it execrable; to correct it would be to rewrite it. He, nevertheless, undertook that at all times ungrateful task.

Whilst Ginguené worked at the *libretto* for Piccini, Gluck hastened on the rehearsals of his new opera, and on the 15th of May, 1779, it was performed for the first time.

The *Memoires Secrets* mention it in the following terms:—“The opera has been much applauded; it is in a new style. It is properly a tragedy, recited more correctly than at the *Theatre Français*; a Greek tragedy, without an overture; a singly characteristic claque is in it; there are no ariettas; but the varied development of the passions, expressed with the greatest energy, produce an effect hitherto unknown to the lyric stage. One cannot but applaud le Chevalier Gluck for having found the secret of the ancients, which he, no doubt, will still improve. There have been spectators seen sobbing aloud throughout the opera.”

Gluck had, it was said, found out the “ancient grief”—there remained but the “modern pleasure” for his rival to express.

Echo, et *Narcisse* followed *Iphigénie en Tauride*, but without the same success; the blame was thrown on the book. Waiting for the correction of the book of the other *Iphigénie* by Ginguené, Piccini had finished *Alys*, which was represented at the beginning of the year 1780. His friends found it superior to *Roland*; not so Gluck's partisans. Ginguené himself affirms that it was coldly received, and did not awaken general approbation till three years later, when it was revived.

At last, in January, 1781, the second *Iphigénie en Tauride* was put on the stage. The intrigues and quarrels had never ceased between the friends of the rival composers, and this representation was to be the *rendezvous* of their hostilities.

However, the greatest enemy to Piccini was Gluck's "genius," which eventually kept possession of the field.

The new *Iphigénie* was better received than might have been expected, in spite of the shameful occurrence that took place on the first night. Mdlle. Laguerre, who had to sing the principal part, and whom Piccini had taught the music "note by note," came reeling on the stage from intoxication; but accustomed to this little matter, she soon recovered her memory, and went on in time and tune. Laughter and mockery amongst the audience! Judge of the position of the unhappy composer. The second representation decided the success of *Iphigénie the Second*. Ginguené speaks in high terms of praise of it, and the before-quoted *Memoires Secrets*, uphold the same opinions as Piccini's friend and "collaborateur." The *Second Iphigénie* was performed twenty times running, and was then suddenly withdrawn from the stage, although it drew never less than 3000 francs.

This finished the combat of the rivals and their two works. The sudden withdrawal of his opera was the finishing stroke to the unhappy Piccini, after so much vexation, injustice, and perfidy.

F. P.

(To be continued in our next.)

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

MONDAY night the performances were for the benefit of the ex- and extra-energetic manager of the Wednesday Concerts, Mr. Joseph Stammers. The entertainments were *Sweethearts and Wives*; a Concert; the farce of the *Laughing Hyena*; and *Our Mary Anne*.

The first piece introduced Mr. Henry Bedford to the Haymarket, we may say to the London public, in Billy Lackaday. The new candidate for comic laurels was very successful, despite of much nervousness and the evidence of too much pains to make the most of his part. For all this great allowance must be made, and indeed we must do the audience justice to say that they supported the new actor to the best of their power. Mr. Henry Bedford has many requisites for a comic artist, and we have no doubt that after a little time, when he feels his position, he will become a prime favourite. He was immensely popular in Dublin, and on the occasion of his benefit at the Theatre-Royal, attracted one of the largest audiences of the season.

Miss P. Horton played *Louisa* admirably, and sang the old ballad, "Why are you wandering?" so sweetly as to obtain a unanimous encore.

In the concert which followed, Miss Rust Graham, Miss McDonnell, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Gustavus Geary, and Herr Formes assisted as vocalists, and Mr. Sainton performed a solo on the violin.

The theatre was tolerably full, but not so crowded as we are inclined to think, it should have been, considering how strenuous and energetic a caterer for the amusements of the public Mr. Stammers proved himself for the last two years.

In our opening notice we forgot to mention that the house had received a thorough cleansing and re-painting, and that a new Royal box and retiring-room had been erected on the dress circle tier in obedience to the express wish of Her most Gracious Majesty. Great exertions must have been used to accomplish all the improvements that have been made. The entrance-hall, the lobbies, and the staircases have been coloured, and the floors throughout painted to imitate alternate squares of white and black marble. The interior of the boxes renovated, and covered with paper of a rich crimson colour. The

furniture is of the same striped pattern as last season; the hand-rests and cushions are of geranium-tinted crimson striped merino. The gilded scrolls and the glass chandeliers have been entirely renovated. Numerous alterations have been made with a view to increased comfort in the seats of the boxes and stalls, the latter of which have been widened and rendered more commodious; and the private boxes have been entirely re-decorated and newly furnished. The great feature is, however, the new Royal box. It appears that the former royal box was very inconvenient, being situated on the level of the second tier, which could only be reached by ascending about sixteen steps, and when there only afforded a painful bird's-eye view of the performers' heads. Her Majesty therefore expressed a desire to have certain alterations made for her comfort. These were objected to by the proprietors of the theatre, and Her Majesty signified her intention of no longer renting a box at the Haymarket Theatre, and did actually relinquish it. Mr. B. Webster (the lessee) then came forward and on being honoured by the expression of Her Majesty's wishes, offered to devote for that purpose the two best boxes of the theatre, and to construct an ante-room according to a plan which he submitted for approval. The offer was appreciated and accepted, and the result has been the construction of the most convenient and perhaps the most elegant Royal box, ante-room, and approaches ever executed. The Royal entrance is now, as before, by the principal door in the street. The passage is quite level, all the stairs being done away with, the walls on either side are draped with crimson damask, the floor covered with crimson cloth, and the light procured from two cut-glass chandeliers. At the extremity is a picture entirely composed of looking-glass, reflecting an immediate perspective of the entrance. This affords admission to a small room, 24 feet by 11 feet, but which appears to be much larger, owing to the ingenious device of all the corners being painted and the ceiling being coved, so that the eye is carried onward without any angle to arrest it. Five large mirrors are fastened to the walls in such situations as to reflect the decorations, without fatiguing the sight, by being always in view. The decorations consist of light Pompeian pilasters, forming panels all around, supporting and enlaced by wreaths of flowers and foliage, which trail over the mirrors, and wander in the most picturesque manner up into the ceiling, which is pale blue and clouded, and in which birds of brilliant plumage are depicted. Each panel contains a view of some scene familiar to Her Majesty, and chiefly copied from well-known sketches previously proceeding from the royal pencil. We noticed particularly Windsor Castle, Osborne House and waterfalls, Balmoral, and the Duchess of Kent's residence near Balmoral, the latter also at Balmoral, and the church at the same place; the residence of his Royal Highness Prince Albert when in Germany, and other scenes equally interesting. The mantelpiece, of white marble, and Johnson's new stove, are in excellent taste, and the green velvet and gold furniture, with the crimson carpet, and the simple but elegant bronze and glass gas branches, render this the most elegant room we have ever seen. At the end a door conducts directly into the royal box, which is of such a form, and so situated, that Her Majesty may arrive and remain in perfect incognito, still seeing the whole of the stage, and sitting so that her face will be exactly level with those of the performers. All the other occupants of the box will also see the whole of the stage. The ceiling is painted en suite with the ante-room, an oval wreath of flowers occupying the centre, and the walls are hung throughout with crimson (on the occasions of the Royal visit). The decorations have been executed by Mr. Sang and his assistants, under the

attention of Mr. C. Manby, to whom, as usual, was confided the execution of Mr. Webster's wishes in affording every accommodation and comfort to her Majesty in visiting the theatre where the English drama has been best nurtured and best preserved from entirely perishing.

The French vaudeville of *Mérolée*, which occasionally served as an introductory piece at the St. James's Theatre, has been converted with much skill into a broad English farce, which was brought out on Thursday night under the title of *My Friend in the Straps*. The principal character in the intrigue is a gentleman blessed with no small stock of impudence, who has a friend blessed with an exceedingly small stock of clothes. The man of the scanty wardrobe is invited by his uncle to meet a young lady, whom it is intended he should marry, and the impudent gentleman lends him a suit, that he may make a decent appearance, and attends him in the capacity of groom. The drolleries of the piece are occasioned by the sham groom constantly forgetting his fictitious position, and offending the company by his familiarities; and these difficulties are further heightened by the fact that not only the intended bride, but another visitor, the wife of a jealous East Indian, are old flames, who recognize him through his disguise. At the end he effects a reconciliation with everybody, and takes to himself the intended bride, who prefers him to her proposed husband.

The merit of this piece consists not so much in the plot as in the force with which several ludicrous situations are brought out. So startling are the effects produced by the mistakes of the pretended servant, that the stage is kept in a perpetual uproar; the impudence of the offender being brought into strong relief by the wonder of the real domestic of the establishment, who, a natural friend of order, cannot understand his master's vagaries. The English adapter, in working the subject, has well fitted the exigencies of our own stage. The pseudo groom is made an Irishman, whose off-hand impudence is admirably sustained by Mr. Hudson, while the simple domestic is a Yorkshireman, played by Mr. Rogers, who opposes an appearance of bluff honesty to a show of off-hand assurance. The East Indian husband, who always feels himself insulted, and whose rage is so violent that it generally explodes altogether before it can accomplish any practical result, is rendered quite a "character" by Mr. Bland, whose very whinners smack of intractability. In short, there could scarcely be better farce-acting than that by Messrs. Hudson, Bland, and Rogers in this little piece; and an excellent field has been opened for them by the author.

A roar of laughter continued throughout the farce, at the end of which Mr. Hudson was universally called.

A new two act drama was produced on Wednesday, called *The Husband of my Heart*, and was favourably received. It is evidently taken from the French, and has been adapted by Mr. Selby. The plot is as follows:—The Duke de Fronsac (Mr. Howe) has been forced into a marriage with a lady of quality, whose face he had never seen, and has left her immediately after the nuptial ceremony. "This indifference, however, is not reciprocal." The Duchess (Miss Reynolds) assumes the disguise of a "Parisian market girl, and, in this garb, recovers the heart of her husband." Is not this incident, by the way, a *fac simile* of that in the *Pride of the Market*, produced at the Lyceum a few years ago, in which Madame Vestris played the market girl? The intrigue is complicated by the machinations of the Viscount de Bellefleur (Mr. Selby), a foppish rogue, who contrives to carry off the disguised duchess to his own chateau, whither a pretty *poissarde*, named Eugénie (Mrs. Fitzwilliam), is also conducted by his emissaries. The

viscount is punished by having his supper eaten by Eugénie and a plebeian suitor (Mr. Buckstone) who comes in pursuit of her. Is not this incident, by the way, reminiscent of a similar one in Douglas Jerrold's *Prisoner at War*?

The different actors had parts well cut for them, if not admirably fitted to them. Mr. Buckstone, in his very small character, excited a good deal of laughter, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam was as *pliquante* and captivating as ever. Mr. Selby, as usual, figured capably as a silly gentleman, and Miss Reynolds and Mr. Howe, as the Duchess and Duke, realised to the fullest extent the author's or adapter's expectations. The serious portion of *The Husband of my Heart* is indited with an earnest desire to aim at excellence; while the comic dividend displays the humour and wit and repartee of Mr. Selby in the most advantageous light. Altogether we may pronounce the drama a "hit," if not a "palpable hit."

The actors were all summoned at the end, and subsequently the author, when Mr. Selby appeared, and with great modesty owned to the soft impeachment of the authorship.

PRINCESS'S.

The Stranger, always a favourite drama with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean in the principal characters, was played on Monday night for the first time during their management. It went off with its usual effect, and Mr. and Mrs. Kean made their bow to a numerous audience.

A new farce followed, entitled *Sent to the Tower*. Two eccentrics, played by Messrs. Harley and Keeley, who are in love with the same lady, are immured by her favoured lover in a country house, and made to believe they are prisoners in the Tower of London. Here they have bickering about the rights of petty property, just like the renowned Box and Cox, and jealous rage is about to make their contests more serious, when the gooler frees them both, and removing his disguise, confesses that he has married the lady who has been the bone of contention. Notwithstanding the drollery of some of the incidents, and the admirable acting of Messrs. Harley and Keeley, this piece is too far removed from the atmosphere of ordinary life to suit the exigencies of broad farce. In the French piece from which it is taken the Bastille is the supposed prison, and then we get the favourite machinery of *lettres de cachet*, while the Tower of London has no connection with common English life. At the conclusion there was moderate applause.

SADLER'S WELLS.

The play of *Measure for Measure* has been revived at this house, and Miss Glyn, in the character of Isabella, has an opportunity of displaying her power of sustained and impressive declamation, while the few bursts of grief which interrupt the generally even deportment of the stately maiden are given with great force. Mr. Marston, as the Duke, gives a very urbane and sensible interpretation of the character, which contrasts well with the rugged Angelo played by Mr. George Bennett. Mr. Younge, an effective Dogberry, is well placed in the part of Elbow, a weaker edition of the same character, and Mr. F. Younge exhibits much quiet humour as the clown. This play may be considered, in some sort, indigenous to Sadler's Wells, since when first produced at that house it had not been performed for many years. With all its well known beauties of language, its tone is too uniformly dismal, and there is too little interest in the fable to allow it to become a permanent favourite.

The afterpieces at Sadler's Wells seldom form a main feature in an evening's entertainment, but a new *petite* comedy, by Mr. E. Sterling, called *The Teacher Taught*, is worthy of

mention. A staid youth with a dissipated father proposes to reform the latter by marrying him to a young lady, while he consents to take to himself the young lady's aunt as a means of assisting the match. In the progress of the scheme the young man falls in love with the juvenile, and is converted from pedantry to animation, and the elderly maiden is encouraged to the parent. The delineation of a classical scholar is not very accurate, inasmuch as the youth is made to talk of Socrates as an "ancient father," but the intrigue is pleasantly conducted, and the piece has the advantage of very lively and spirited acting. Mr. Hoskies, who plays the young pedant, is one of the most useful performers of the establishment. Here his quiet assumption of gravity is highly ludicrous, but generally his line is the rapid and eccentric, to which he always gives effect by his unceasing flow of spirits. As a Shakespearean top he is also valuable, and of his talent in this way his Lucio in *Measure for Measure* is a good specimen.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THEATRE ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, OCT. 10, 1850.

This term "English Opera," as applied to the musical and dramatic performances at our Theatre Royal, so far this season, is a misnomer—they ought rather to be called English versions of Italian operas. *Sonnambula*, *I Puritani*, *Norma*, *La Fidia*, *La Favorita*, and *Lucia*, (with *Fra Diavolo*, an English version of a French opera) have been given alternately. To-morrow night a really English opera is to be produced—Macfarren's *Charles the Second*, which we shall be glad to hear. Last night we visited the theatre for the first time this season, and, on the whole, were exceedingly gratified. We shall not attempt any lengthened notice of the performances, as you have already given some excellent cues from the Manchester papers. The opera was the *Puritani*, with the gorgeous eastern spectacle of *The Queen of the Roses*; or, the *Enchanted Slave*, as the afterpiece. We were much pleased with the newly beautified interior of the house, which has been redecorated in the best taste; and the curtainment of the front of the stage, giving so great an increase of space to the orchestra, is a very decided improvement. The strength of the band is augmented both in talent and numerically, and under Mr. Seymour's clever conducting works well together. The chorus is from London, and very efficient both in numbers and precision. They are better actors than our Lancashire chorussingers, and take up the points perhaps with greater promptitude; but for quality and tone, we prefer the Manchester voices. Mdlle. Nau, the *prima donna*, though new to a Manchester audience, is no novice in her art; her voice must have lost much of its freshness, and if over good in her lower register, it must have deteriorated greatly. In the upper part she comes out well, and vocalizes very brilliantly—her higher notes being clear and well in tune, if deficient in volume or fullness; her highest notes are this indeed—yet beautifully in tune. Her enunciation of the words was very individual. We liked Mr. Travers, the tenor; there is something fresh and healthy in his voice and delivery. A tendency to force it at times he should get rid of, as he does not require it. Mr. Bottani, the basso, sings correctly—a little too ponderous and heavy at times, but effective for all that. Mr. Latter has yet much to acquire, both as an actor and singer. He possesses some requisites for both—in figure and quality of voice. The opera of *The Puritani* itself, in its English dress, we cannot say much in praise of. Its story is very unintelligible, and becomes heavy in performance. We speak of the piece as a story developed in a lyric drama. The well-known favourite pieces, of course, toll, and are generally well received. On this occasion, the bit that pleased us most was the "A to o carra" (we remember the Italian names best), although we could not help remembering how much better we had heard it by the *roses*, some twelve years ago (Grid, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache). Mdlle. Nau gave the well-known

"Son vergine vezzosa" very neatly indeed—(here again we missed Lablache in the peculiar vamping accompaniment). Her greatest hit was the song in the second act, which brought out her execution to great advantage. She was encoored, and repeated one verse. Miss Lanza made much of the small part of the Queen, and sang the music allotted to it very nicely. The duet for the two basses (or baritone and base), with its noisy termination, "Sonni la tromba" in the Italian, was fairly given by Messrs. Bottani and Latter, but did not produce the usual encore. Aro people getting tired of these holistorous unisons? At all events, we were quite satisfied with the once hearing it. Mr. Travers acquitted himself well in the tender strains Bellini gave in Arturo in the third act, as did Mdlle. Nau in the duet with her lover. The opera was admirably put on the stage, as the phrase is; all the accessories of dresses, scenery, and appointments, being more appropriate and complete than that of any former representation of English opera we ever witnessed in Manchester. The three principal singers were recalled at the close of the opera. The spectacle is a very splendid affair, far surpassing anything of the kind ever given here before; the plot is heavy, and, like the opera, is somewhat unintelligible; but the scenery, machinery, dresses, dancing, &c., are beyond all praise, and must be seen to be appreciated. Our old favourite, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, makes a most charming slave, and sings and acts very delightfully. She was encoored in a pretty song about "May the Queen Month of the Year." Mr. Payne is the very prince of Grand Viziers; Miss Doris a most bewitching Sultana; Mr. and Mrs. Wood excellent, as usual, in their respective parts; Mr. Summers a very respectable Magician; the Imp, Mr. H. Marshall, might be a veritable Imp of darkness; he is here, there, and everywhere, and seems possessed of the power of ubiquity. We must speak also in the highest terms of Mr. Marshall, Miss Annie Payne, and their fifteen attendant harriss, in the ballet; better-looking corymbes it has never been our lot to see on a stage, or better matched in size, figure, or form. We can with confidence recommend every one, who has not yet been, to go and see the *Queen of the Roses*.

Since writing as above, last week's *World* is to hand. We were glad to see Mr. Charles Halle's programme inserted at length at the head of last week's article, but there was an unlucky mistake in it—Beethoven's name, in lieu of Hummel's, to the trio, which makes our after remarks upon it unintelligible; we are made to call him Hummel, too. Jennings, the oboe player, becomes Jennings. Miss Andrews, and her father, Mr. Richard Andrews, are made into Miss Anderson and Mr. Richard Anderson! All this would have been more excusable had we not sent a programme with our remarks, in which all these names are properly spelt in print. We did not regret that Jenny Lind had not taken Miss Andrews with her to America. We said that we were not sorry for it. The Andante in the "Pastorale Sonata" we praised as being most lovely, not lively, which alters the sense; and, most of all (enough to deter one from scribbling again), besides calling Mr. Richard Andrews (a resident professor of music we have known well, and esteemed highly, for above twenty years) Mr. Richard Anderson, we are made to say of him that he accompanied her (his daughter), with his well known voice on the piano-forte, which is downright nonsense—taste it should have been. The critique on the concert at our Concert Hall, which you obligingly inserted at our request, ought to have had inserted with it, (from the Manchester Guardian.) We cannot for a moment suppose, Mr. Editor, that you would, intentionally, appropriate an entire article without acknowledgment, or that you would knowingly lay us open to such an imputation. The writer of the article is quite unknown to us (his signature a V.). We are told that he is one of the subscribers to the Hall, not a professer or paid writer, but like ourselves, an amateur, consequently we are very unwilling to be thought capable of tagging his report to ours as though our own. There can be no objection to the insertion of criticisms from local or provincial papers, or the metropolitan press, occasionally; on the contrary it is very desirable, only the source should always be given. We feel strongly on this point, on the score of fairness and honesty, and hope our remarks will be taken in the spirit they are offered, with a sincere desire to uphold the character of the *Musical World*, and that it should, in all circles, be looked up to as the leading journal on all musical matters and events.

FIRST NIGHT OF KING CHARLES THE SECOND.
(From the *Manchester Times*.)

PERHAPS one of the surest indications of the advantages to be derived from a cheap loaf is the number of people who find money to devote upon amusement. Passing along the streets on Saturday evening last, we found Spring Gardens crowded with a mass of people eager to witness a melo-drama at the Queen's Theatre. In the Free-trade Hall were congregated between one and two thousand people to behold the wonders of California and the Rocky Mountains, eagerly listening to the interesting and occasionally laughter-moving lecture of the proprietor of the clever panorama; whilst the pit and the galleries of the theatre were crammed, the boxes more than ordinarily filled, to witness the production of a new opera by a native composer. *King Charles the Second* (brought out at the Princess's Theatre, London, about twelve months ago,) is the work of Mr. Macfarren, a gentleman whose name is beginning to be familiar in this locality, but long appreciated in the metropolis. He is a musician of sound knowledge, some considerable amount of imagination, with a taste and feeling that have been exhibited on many occasions. The music of the present opera presents evidence of all these faculties; but we were more particularly pleased with the English character which the writer has contrived to sustain throughout the melody, with a richness of orchestral accompaniment that allows no cause of complaint to the most fastidious musical student. The concerted music is full of fine harmonies, and of a varied and pleasing character, never out of place, but sustaining the work generally, and introducing a variety of style, often found to be among the successes of an opera. Light and sparkling, as a comic piece should be, yet the musician does not allow it to degenerate into riot and confusion, but, by throwing in an occasional touch of feeling, shows skill as well as scholarship. There is a charming ballad, "Canst thou deem my heart is changing?" a fresh, bright piece of music to the form of a duet, "Oh, blest are young hearts;" a clever canon, "Oh, repentance,"—a not unsuccessful imitation of a quiet madrigal; and an exceedingly talented recit and chorus—a sort of framework to an interesting romance entitled "A poor simple maiden am I." The whole of these show indications of originality,—of a due consideration of the subject, along with feeling as well as talent requisite in the production of such a work. Let us not forget, also, the recitative; the judicious way in which it is introduced, and the English rhythm it assumes. In this respect Mr. Macfarren has shown great judgment as well as good taste.

The performance of the opera on Saturday evening, and its mode of production generally in relation to stage business, may be pronounced highly creditable to the establishment. The audience was much pleased, and when the gay morris dancers entered upon the scene, rose into something very like a "great state of excitement." We have a large share of respect for the taste and business habit of Mr. Harris, the stage manager; we think he is so often right, that to doubt his judgment is almost an approach to treason; nevertheless, we cannot help considering the costume of his morris dancers "too theatrical," and that the true English girls, with his knotted white handkerchief, effectively got up, as he could do it, would have harmonised better with the scene, and been equally striking, if not more so. The singing, with a very trifling exception, was better than in any opera the company has yet produced, and proved the vocalists better adapted to the light operetta than the grand opera. We can put up with mediocrity in the former, whilst it becomes offensive in the latter;—the grand must have greatness about it, or there is nothing that so truly confirms the saying about "one step from the sublime to the ridiculous." We should be very sorry to apply such a saying to the present company, for there is very considerable talent amongst them, and the opera they have produced, candidly considered, have been very respectable musical efforts; but Saturday night showed, by the pleasant way in which everything went off, their true direction to success. Miss Nae's voice and style told well in the part of Fauny (originally written for the clever Louisa Pyno); and Miss Isaacs, as the Page, sang as charmingly as she looked, and that is saying a great deal. Rarely has the union of sentiment and humour been more delicately blended. Mr. Travers also sang his share of the music in a very pleasant manner, and looked well as the gay king. Nor did Mr.

Borran lack a sort of dry humour—now and then too dry, perhaps—in the part of Captain Copp. From the title of the piece, and that of the last-named character, our theatrical readers will be prepared to understand that the plot is founded upon an old farce, long a favourite. The chorus kept together tolerably well for a first night, and the orchestra did marvels under the direction of Mr. Seymour. We sincerely trust the opera will receive the support it so well merits.

MONDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

THE crowded state of the Free-trade Hall on Monday evening last, on the occasion of resuming the Monday Evening Concerts, may be considered among the best evidence of their popularity, and of the general extension of musical feeling among certain classes of our community. The reserved seats were all filled up, and a fresh supply of forms demanded; the galleries were full to overflowing, and had to be closed against further visitors, whilst the body of the hall and promenade were also well filled. The change of situation for the second-class seats appeared to give general satisfaction, and brought with it several advantages. In Germany and France—in Italy also we believe, the people are permitted to have good music at a price within their means; the consequence being that it becomes a recreation almost universal, and one the most frequently resorted to by the seeker for amusement. In England, on the contrary, even the middle classes are accustomed to look forward to a concert as some very extraordinary treat not to be enjoyed but at rare intervals; whilst the working classes have been driven from the concert room altogether, their only refuge being in the beer-house or casino. Our continental neighbours, along with our own musical critics, have been telling the people of this country they are an unmusical race, forgetting that a taste for the higher qualities of art is acquired by tuition and the facility afforded for enjoyment, and that until very recently we have not presented to the masses opportunity for either one or the other. The audiences collected on these occasions in the Free-trade Hall are generally most attentive to the performance, eager to enjoy what is presented to them, and for the most part showing a very judicious appreciation. The simple ballad, or a clever touch of humour, will find the largest number of admirers; but the lofty strains of Handel or Beethoven, the gloe of our own native composers Haydn, Cooke, and Bishop, or even the elegancies of modern Italy, are not passed over in silence. The large numbers present are gathered from all classes, from the suburban villa, the shop, and the factory—and consequently a more varied programme is necessary than on occasions when the audiences are formed from one class alone; but the generality of the music is selected from the leading masters, and will by perseverance create a taste for what is sterling and pure among those who have, until within a very limited period, been permitted the enjoyment alone of what is coarse.

The arrangement for the vocalists was, as usual, on the platform; but the present promenade by which they were surrounded, the so-decoration and re-lighting of the hall, along with other minor detail, gave an air of comfort and elegance unknown on former occasions. The exhibition of the panorama of California in the hall necessitated the retention of a black frame work, but the newly decorated organ, seen in the recesses beyond, was rather enhanced by this than otherwise, and a row of foot-lights having been added to the stage, the whole had a very agreeable effect. On taking their seats, the principals and choir were received with loud applause, renewed on the appearance of Mr. D. W. Banks, the conductor, who took his place at the organ, and gave the overture to *The Syren* in his usual style of cleverness. Beethoven's chorus to *King Stephen* followed. "Hail! mighty master," which showed the choir had not been idle during the summer; and then we were introduced to Miss Stewart in an air by Mercadante, "Wake, sweetest melody." This lady being new to these concerts, we may say that she has a rich, full voice, of power and flexibility; and, judging from her reception, may venture to anticipate that she will become a favourite in Manchester. She sang the air with great brilliancy. After a beautiful double quartet of Mendelssohn, "When the west with evening gloes," charmingly given, we had a duet from *La Sonnambula*, "Take now this ring"—the singers being Miss Stewart and Mr. St. Albyn—or rather, we believe, Mr. and

pre-eminence over all compositions of the class. In chants, what is wanted is not a pretty tune, but a striking cadence after a reciting note. The performance of the Psalm given as an illustration of Mr. Helmore's admirable work was unhappy; the choir hurrying over the recitation of the chant in a manner entirely destructive of the proper effect. It ought to have been sung in the same manner as the "Dixit Dominus." The lecture was closed by the performance of a chorus by Porti, "El vitam venturi seculi."

In conclusion, we cannot speak too highly of the admirable lecture delivered by Mr. Sedow. It was well written and ably arranged. We have rarely spent a more pleasant or more profitable evening than the one employed in listening to his lecture. The result must be good, and we anticipate much gratification from the lectures which are to follow in the present course.

The next lecture, which will take place on the 20th November, will be peculiarly interesting. It will embrace the Ambrosian music to the Te Deum, and compositions by the first ecclesiastical writers of ancient and modern times.

The choir performed their parts admirably; and the finer choral exhibitions we have rarely heard, so far as regarded the performance.

The audience was good, and appeared much delighted with the lecture and illustrations. We were glad to see many of the clergy present, and would be rejoiced to see more of them.

Miss Whitnall, who always displays great talent in producing pleasing novelties at her annual concert for the gratification of her numerous friends, has this year surpassed herself, for amongst the vocalists engaged by her for the forthcoming concert is Miss Christina Dawson, of Glasgow, whose romantic history lately appeared in our columns. This young lady, who was once a poor street singer, has, through the kindness of a German family resident in Glasgow, been placed under the tuition of a clever musician, by whom her great talents have been fully developed. She is now considered by those who have heard her to be a most accomplished vocalist: the compass of her voice is said to be three octaves. Miss Whitnall has also engaged Herr Moliere, one of the most talented of living violinists, and an infant prodigy, a boy pianist, named Heinrich Werner, who lately made a successful debut at the national concert at Her Majesty's Theatre.

...A concert was given at the Royal Assembly Rooms, Great George Street, on Friday evening, which was well attended, and very satisfactory in every sense. Miss Hammond played one of Chatterton's solos on the harp in a very pleasing manner, and Miss Jessie, whose talents as a vocalist, more particularly in the comic style, are above the average, made her debut as a pianist, in one of Mendelssohn's concertos. She displayed much skill in her bold attempt, and promises well for the future, but she wants refinement. Mr. Ryalls sang one or two songs in a spirited manner, and Mr. Percival, the flutist, was much applauded after an admirable performance of Drouet's variations on "Rule Britannia."

The next concert given by our Philharmonic Society will present a peculiar interest in that it is a new oratorio called "David," by Mr. C. E. Horsley, will be performed for the first time in public. The critic of the *Courier*, who is "behind the scenes" in the affairs of this society, says—

Much of the delight of hearing a great work of this kind depends upon an acquaintance with the subject; and though all must be familiar with the history of David, none but those actually acquainted with the plot can satisfactorily follow the composition on a first hearing. The necessity for some explanation is apparent from the preface attached to the words by Mr. Horsley, who unites in one person the author and the composer; and we feel we cannot do better than offer this "argument" of the oratorio in the writer's own words.

"The subject matter contained in the Life of David in the Books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles, being so voluminous as to preclude the possibility of its being compressed into the time usually allowed for an oratorio, the composer would venture to suggest that his work should be considered rather as an attempt to illustrate, by means of music, certain portions of the Life of David, than as an intention of forming a continuous plot."

These portions are headed—

PART I.

1. The rejection of Saul by the Almighty, and the mourning of Samuel for the same.
2. The mission of Samuel to anoint David, and his fulfilling thereof.
3. The battle with Goliath, and the rejoicing of the Israelites at the victory of David.

PART II.

4. The assembling of the tribes of Israel to make David king, and his thanksgiving.

5. The rising of the Philistines on hearing of the elevation of David to the throne.

6. The conveying of the ark of the covenant to its appointed place by David.

Not having had an opportunity of hearing the entire work, nor yet being able to inspect the score, we cannot, as we would wish, offer a lengthy description of the music, but from the parts we have heard at the rehearsals of the society, we are disposed to think the work very clever, and not unlikely to attain considerable popularity. There is a marked resemblance to Mr. Horsley's great instructor (Mendelssohn), both in the form and general treatment of the music; the phrases in the choruses at times being peculiarly like portions of the *Elijah*. We should, with the slight acquaintance we have with the music in its comparatively imperfect rendering, with only organ accompaniment, not wish to hazard an opinion upon the general effectiveness of the work. There are portions which evidently must derive their chief importance from the band accompaniments; while others have great intrinsic value of their own, amongst which the concluding chorus to the first part, "Sing to the Lord," stands out pre-eminent. It is a very fine composition. If there is a fault, it is especially deserving of notice it is the length of the choruses; but this may not, perhaps, be so much felt at a performance as at a rehearsal. The overture and a march, which we have heard, struck us as being very powerfully written; the band accompaniments to several of the choruses are also remarkable for considerable vigour, though in one or two cases very much—we were going to say almost too much—like Mendelssohn. But time will show; and we sincerely wish the work every success. Mr. Horsley is a musician of deservedly high standing and great ability, and, as a countryman, commands our warmest sympathies whilst undergoing so trying an ordeal, out of which we believe he will come thoroughly successful.

Mr. E. W. Thomas, the leader of the Philharmonic band, in conjunction with Mr. Haddock, has announced a series of chamber concerts, to commence next week. The programmes will contain the choicest specimens of the chamber music of the great masters, for at the first concert the performances will include Quartet in A, No. 5, by Beethoven, for two violins, viola and bass; Quintet in D minor, by Hummel; posthumous Quartet, by Mendelssohn; a Sonata for violoncello and piano, by Beethoven, in G minor, and a Quartet, No. 12, in A minor, by Opus 18.

...We anticipate, says the *Courier*, "a rich intellectual treat. Mr. Thomas's conductors are every way worthy of being associated with him, and quite competent, therefore, to a correct rendering of the music, being Mrs. Beale, Messrs. Lawson, Beethoven, Haddock, and Waud, on their various instruments—the pianoforte, second violin, tenor, violoncello, and contra-basso. We do hope, for the credit of the town, that we may not have a repetition of the late Ernest and Haldé affair, but that the attendance may be in character with the size, importance, and professed musical taste of Liverpool. An interesting musical performance to-day takes place at St. Peter's Church, on which occasion a body of miners, from Llanllechid, in North Wales, who have been taught music with great success, will perform the choral service. The Dean of Bangor, the Rev. H. J. Cotton, will afterwards preach a sermon, the whole proceedings being undertaken in the hope of raising a large sum of money towards the building of a new church in the mountainous districts in which the miners reside. In the evening the mayor will preside at a concert, at the Collegiate Institution, at which these 'mountain minstrels' will display their proficiency in the 'art divine.'"

J. H. N.

Liverpool, October 24, 1856.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE Newcastle and Pottery Theatre was filled with a select audience on Thursday evening, the 17th inst. The cause of attraction was a concert given, in which Miss Catherine Hayes, Madame Macfarren, Herr Fornes, and Signor Borda, figured as principals. I enclose a programme—

PART I.

- | | | |
|---|--|-------------------|
| Quartet, "Placide e il mar" (<i>Idemmes</i>), Miss Catherine Hayes, | Madame Macfarren, Signor Borda, and Herr Fornes. | <i>Moquet.</i> |
| Song, "The Wanderer," Herr Fornes. | | <i>Shubert.</i> |
| Song, "Ahi! mon fili" (<i>Le Prophete</i>), Miss Catherine Hayes. | | <i>Verber.</i> |
| Aria, "La mia letizia" (<i>I Lombardi</i>), Signor Borda. | | <i>Nardi.</i> |
| Bellad, "She shines before me like a star" (<i>Charles the Second</i>), | Madame Macfarren. | <i>Macfarren.</i> |

Arin Buffa; "Largo al factotum" (*Il Barbiere*), Herr Formes - *Rossini*.
 New Duet, "The bride's wreath," Miss Catherine Hayes and
 Madame Macfarren *Bolfe*.

PART II.

Duet, "Quando di sangue il campo della gloria" (*Belshazzar*).
 Signor Bordas and Herr Formes *Donizetti*.
 Ballad, "Those happy days," Miss Catherine Hayes *Lavenu*.
 Romance, "In teora ci dividerò," Signor Bordas *Alerandante*.
 Aria, "Nobli signor," Madame Macfarren *Meyerbeer*.
 Rondo, "Ah! non giunge" (*Sonnambula*), Miss Catherine
 Hayes *Belini*.
 War Song, "Piff paff" (*Huguenots*), Herr Formes *Meyerbeer*.
 Quartet Finale, "I poverelli," Miss Catherine Hayes, Madame
 Macfarren, Signor Bordas, and Herr Formes *Billett*.

The quartet of Monart appeared too *recherché* for the Pottery folk's not so Schenker's song, which was finely sung by Formes, and encored. The German basso must be immense on the stage. His voice is too powerful for any but the largest concert rooms. Miss Catherine Hayes was encored in Fides' song from the *Prophète*. She gave it with a good deal of feeling, but it is not suited to her. Signor Bordas has a high tenor voice, more expressive than pleasing, if I rightly understand myself. Vordi's paralytic strain was made the most of, and obtained an encore. Another encore followed, and most justly. A more charming ballad I have not heard for a long time than Macfarren's, nor neater, or more expressive and unaffected singing than that of the lady who sang. The call for the repeat was loud and unanimous. Herr Formes was also encored in his buffo song. Thus, out of seven pieces, there were five encores in the first part.

In the second part there were four encores, viz., Madame Macfarren in Meyerbeer's song, which she gave with abundant spirit and energy, and, like a true musician, in taste and judgment; Miss Hayes in the *Sonnambula* rondo; Herr Formes in the "Piff Paff," and the last quartet. Miss Hayes sang the rondo with great brilliancy, and made several surprising flights of *fortitudo*. Herr Formes was really great in the rugged war song; and, to conclude, every body was pleased and gratified, which it affords me much pleasure to relate. Mr. Lavenu presided at the piano.

DUBLIN.

(From the *Freeman's Journal*, October 22.)

PREPARED as we were to witness a brilliant and cheering reception accorded by the Dublin audience to our fair and rarely-gifted countrywoman, Miss Catherine Hayes, we hardly anticipated such a scene of overflowing crowds and enthusiastic excitement as the interior of our theatre presented on last evening. The boxes, both dress circle and second tier, were crowded with fashionables of both sexes—the pit literally overflowed, standing room even within it not being attainable for numbers who might be observed at the entrances. In fact, the house was a bumper—a full measure of cordial, national welcome—pressed down, overflowing, fraught with generous feeling and just pride in the fame and genius of one who has been justly hailed as the "Queen of Irish song." The opera of the evening was *Sonnambula*, and the announcement of its presentation constituted no small addition to the well-known attraction of Miss Hayes's all but unrivalled vocalism. Her *Amin* is one of three characters which are identified in the estimation of popular taste, with the most brilliant successes of this admirable dramatic vocalist. The *Lucia* and *Linda di Chamouni*—in which operas she has gained high and deserved celebrity—do not possess (except amidst the *cognoscere*) so much musical and dramatic attraction as the touching story and delicious melodies of *La Sonnambula*, and assuredly the personation of the heroine by Miss Hayes last evening called down a display of rapturous applause never heard exceeded in our theatre. The fair donna was three times called before the curtain to receive at the hands of her thousand admirers the meed of their delighted approbation. Wreaths and bouquets were flung by fair hands from the stage boxes at her feet. The fair *artiste* seemed impressed with deepest emotion, and at first a slight tremor was observable in her clear and fine-toned voice in consequence; but soon it burst forth in its full power and sweetness, enhanced by her splendid dramatic conceptions in the scenes and duet, "D'un pensiero," and thus continued to give delight to all, till the finale—the ever-beautiful and brilliant "A non

giunge," when the effect she produced was positively electric. She was fervidly encored, and the pit (to use the words of Kean) "rose at her *en masse*," and cheered her to the echo.

Signor Bordas seemed a little nervous at his first appearance, but the considerate encouragement and generous anticipatory plaudits of the audience succeeded in putting him at ease. In the solo, "Tutto è sciolto," he sang with considerable power and effect. His rendering of the impassioned passages was, perhaps, a little exaggerated; but, in all, he evinced possession of a fine tenor, regulated by taste and musical skill, which gained for him decided and marked applause. Mein Herr Menghis was about one of the best Rodolphos we have seen in Dublin. His "Vi ravviso" was warmly applauded.

Madame Macfarren sustained the part of Lina quietly and tastefully. Her voice is exceedingly sweet and rich on the lower notes, while her singing indicates a considerable amount of skill. The music, we fancied, was somewhat too high for her, it having been written for a soprano, not a contralto, which Madame Macfarren undoubtedly is. Signor Galli's Alessio was excellent, and the cast of subsidiary parts told most favourably for the general effect of the opera, which went off to the delight of the crowded assemblage present. In all, as we ventured to prognosticate, this engagement will evidently be one of reiterated success.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEATH OF JOHN COHAN, THE PIANIST.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—It is with deep regret I have to announce to you the death of our poor friend John Cohan, who expired on Wednesday last, at his father's residence in Liverpool, after a brief illness of three days. He had left London for Liverpool some time since, for change of air, having been afflicted with a complaint which at times affected his nervous system. Extreme study, and assiduity in his profession, no doubt brought him to this state. Never did creature labour more zealously in his art to render himself worthy of a niche in the Temple of Fame. From morning early till late at night, when it did not interfere with his teaching; in hot or cold weather, he worked away at the piano as if his very existence depended on his immediate exertions. He had acquired great command over the instrument, and was possessed of a good deal of sound natural ability. His talent gained him a large circle of friends, and he had as much teaching as he could possibly devote time to.

No human being, I may safely venture to affirm, was ever more respected and loved in private life than poor John Cohan. He was kind-hearted, simple-minded, and war envious of no man. This should be the epitaph on his tomb. He is deeply lamented by his family, and universally regretted by his friends and acquaintances.

I remain, Sir, yours very truly,

10, Prescott-street, City, Oct. 26.

HENRY RUSSELL.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I read in your paper of the 19th instant the following paragraph:—

"SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The directors of this Institution have been for a considerable time engaged in making expensive improvements in Exeter Hall, calculated to remove its defects and enlarge its capabilities as a locality for musical performances on the greatest scale."

I then pass Exeter Hall, and read the following quotation from a circular issued by the London Sacred Harmonic Society, with the names of several clergymen of the Church of England at the head, and the name of Mr. Surman (founder of the Exeter Hall Oratorios) as conductor:—

"The committee are happy to inform their subscribers that the directors of Exeter Hall, with the sanction of the proprietors, have nearly completed, at an outlay of about three thousand pounds, some important alterations in the large hall, many of which were suggested by Mr. Surman, several years ago. Mr. Walker has also undertaken to make considerable improvements in his large organ; and both these circum-

stances embolden them to hope that their music will be performed with increased effect, and be received with entire satisfaction."

Knowing that some little difference has existed between these two societies for some time, and feeling convinced that they would not willingly, as a public writer for the musical profession generally, lend yourself to any party, I would ask you to look into the matter, and state publicly whether the improvements in the Hall are at the expense of the proprietors of Exeter Hall or the directors of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

I can scarcely imagine the committee of the London Sacred Harmonic Society would so degrade themselves as to publish untruths; and as honour should be given to whom honour is due, I shall anxiously look to you for a reply, being, as I now beg to remain, A CONSTANT READER AND A LOVER OF JUSTICE.

MR. R. HILES' GRAND FAREWELL CONCERT.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In perusing your valuable journal of the 12th inst., my attention was directed to an abusive commentary (critique I cannot call it) on the above performance, which I had the pleasure of listening to.

I am sorry your columns have been made a safety-valve for the escape of a bad and malignant feeling towards an upright, deserving, and talented musician, although it came from your "Correspondent"—a convenient title, no doubt. His remarks, however, will be duly appreciated by your musical readers, coming, as they evidently do, from a mere pretender in the "divine art."

Mr. Loder must speak for himself—if he cannot do so, his abilities, no doubt, will, if his talented family is no guarantee.

What satisfies me the more that your "Correspondent" is determined to gratify his malice, even at the sacrifice of truth, is that he knows Mr. Hile played the tenor in Beethoven's magnificent quartet (*which he forgets*, conveniently); and what convinces me he is an ignoramus in the higher branches of the profession is, that he does not know that, many years ago, this same quartet was arranged with a clarinet instead of a flute, the tones of which were found too thin.

I will not attempt to lessen Mr. Wetherell, the violoncellist on the occasion, by presuming to defend him. I will only refer to his performances at the many great oratorios he has been engaged in, without mentioning his musical productions.

In conclusion I would beg to observe, that the professional reputation and talents of Mr. Hiles are too well known to be affected by the jealousy of a mere "adventurer," he be from Newcastle or the Continent; and I feel assured, if Mr. H. maintains the fair, honorable, and open course he has so far pursued, he may fear no rival, much less a detractor.

Hoping you will not refuse these few disjointed lines a place in your impartial pages, and congratulating Manchester on its musical acquisition, I remain, sir, your well-wisher,

Sunderland, Oct. 23, 1850. ONE OF THE AUDIENCE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Perceiving that our old friend Anthony Windpiper, with another name, has again enlightened us with his witty remarks upon the musical doings of our town, I must trouble you with a few lines in reply; not because I have so great a love for the old gentleman that I cannot resist a response, but because I find him casting such gross imputations upon one whose departure from amongst us all but the same Anthony very much regret.

I believe Mr. H. Hiles' professional character and reputation will stand unimpaired by any such malicious remarks, especially were the author of them as well known, publicly, as he is to us good folks of Sunderland; but it is a cowardly act to attack an absent man, be he friend or foe, and what more but a "fighter of windmills" would be guilty of. When Mr. Hiles announced his intended departure, the B. W. Choral Society requested to spend one more pleasant evening with him, and a concert being announced, several professors, men not connected with the society, offered to assist. The announcement bore nothing bombastic about it, and certainly no promises but were more than realistic; the conductor and the members of the society having the good sense not to attempt more than they were able to perform with

credit to themselves. Our friend Anthony complains of the disappointment occasioned by the entry of Mrs. Wood; and he feels justified in speaking of the lady in what I consider a most unjust and uncalled-for manner. Mrs. Wood's singing was such as to obtain her most rapturous encores, and altogether gave the greatest satisfaction; and, if Anthony's knowledge of musical matters was so limited as to know only one Mrs. Wood, it is no reason why he should insult a lady, or find fault with an announcement not intended to mislead any one.

The young lady, of whom he speaks in such eulogistic terms, is one who has frequently appeared before a Sunderland audience, and to whom they have always listened with so much pleasure, that Anthony will not be able to lower her in their estimations.

Mr. Hiles, whom your correspondent designates "the hero of the evening," must, doubtless, feel battered by the *gracious manner*, in which he is described. He has resided amongst us only three years, and, during that short time, it is impossible any one could have gained more friendship and esteem than he has. As a proof of this, as soon as his intended departure was known, the Choral Society purchased a splendid silver baton, with which they presented him on the evening of the concert, together with an address; and, though it was but a small mark of the admiration and esteem borne him by the presenters, it must now be most highly prized by the receiver, since it serves to show how those parties who had most frequent opportunities of judging of his artistic talents and patient perseverance regarded him; and I can assure our late professor, that the regret to part with him is only equalled by the sincere desire for his welfare and advancement.

I perceive that your correspondent makes the opportunity serve for remarking upon Mr. Hiles' compositions, and particularly upon the manner of announcing his selections from his oratorio *David*. My own opinion is, that the mode adopted was by far the most simple and unpretending that could be found; and, if Mr. Wehran does not approve of these selections, or any others he may have heard, I cannot but fear that it shows him deficient in good taste, or so blinded by prejudice that he cannot appreciate merit, since, to my knowledge, Mr. Hiles' *David*, as well as other of his compositions, has received the approval of men who rank among the highest in the profession.

I have troubled you, Mr. Editor, to a greater length than I intended, and will only add my advice to Anthony Windpiper, Mr. A. B., or whatever other fictitious name he may think proper to assume, that, when he writes for the public papers, the *Sunderland Herald* included, it would be far more honourable to adhere to truth, and more advantageous to himself, as he would, in that case, have some chance of gaining belief from those parties who do not recognize his authorship, than to remain, *Max Escholtz*, your obedient servant.

Sunderland, Oct. 17, 1850. (Signed) JOHN SMITH, JUNIOR

OXFORD.—Herr Nurick, the violinist, gave a concert in the New Hall, on Monday evening. The programme was on the most liberal scale, containing a larger number of pieces selected for performance during the evening, than, as I believe, was ever before seen: no less than forty-four were announced. Herr Nurick executed the "Carnival of Venice" and *Violoncello's* "Serenade d'Amérique," in a particularly pleasing manner, and elicited marked applause. Mr. A. Eames, another violinist, also delighted his auditory by one or two exceedingly pretty solos; his bowing seemed to us to be remarkably firm, and more graceful than that of the German performers who, however, astonished every one by the effects which he produced from his instrument. Of the vocalists, and there were several of them, Miss Angioletta was the favorite; her rendering of Bishop's "Should he upbraid," was rewarded with an unquenchable encore, which the young lady would readily have responded to, but the conductor, Mr. G. Thomas, stated that it would be impossible to get through the programme if repetitions were called for. He, however, shortly after, very willingly complied with a general and very noisy request for a reiteration of his own comic song "General Hayman and the Drayman." Rather over two hundred persons attended, and it was announced that a second concert would be given in the same hall next week.—*Oxford Journal*, October 12.

Our Scrap Book.

[We shall be obliged to any kind friends who may be able and willing to contribute to our Scrap Book.—Ed.]

INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.—Among the Greeks, whose lives were manifestations of the highest passions—whose religion was poetry—whose language was music, and whose tutelar deity was “harmony,” woman may be supposed, *a priori*, to have held the highest social place which she had as yet been permitted to fill. She who as slave, servant, and concubine, had, among the nations of oriental antiquity, only claimed consideration for brief and occasional intervals, through the individual exercise of mental superiority, might, under Grecian polity, be expected to obtain from the sensibility of man those rights which could not, perhaps, have been extorted from his sense of justice. This expectation is justified by the fact. To the unprecedented influence of the sex upon the social civilization and public policy of Greece, from the earliest epoch to the latest and most refined days of its political existence, a perpetual evidence is borne by the poetry, the arts, and the historic records of this highly-gifted race. While religion adopted woman into her mythology, (Minerva, Diana, Ceres, Psyche, the Muses, the Graces, and the Fates—a male commentator might, it is true, add the Furies, but these were minor deities, and made no part of the Olympian Heavens), as best symbolizing the expression of moral and intellectual qualities of wisdom, chastity, justice—of all the charities, and all the graces of life, even the soul itself, in its most spiritual essence, was represented to human sense by a feminine form.—*Lady Morgan.*

TWO DEITIES OF LOVE.—But there had always been a celestial as well as a terrestrial Venus, and the Greek, like the Egyptian Mythology, admitted two loves; the cradle of the one was rocked on earth, that of the other was placed in heaven. The Greeks had been told by Hesiod, the earliest of their poets, that love was the soul and creator of the universe; and Plato, the most spiritual of their philosophers, had defined “True love to be the union of pure and virtuous minds.” In Athens, this statue of this divinity was placed in the Temple of Minerva; and Love and the Muses, by a charming fiction, were thus worshipped together.—*Lady Morgan.*

With what different eyes may people view the same things? “We receive but what we give,” says the poet, “and all the light and glory, and beauty, with which certain objects are, in a manner *suffused to the eye of fancy*, must issue from our own souls, and be reflected back to us; else, ‘tis all in vain.”

“We may not hope from outward words to win,
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.”

Rare are they on earth who live out their whole life, and fully perfect their powers, so that they are able, in continually proper forms, to bring forth the treasures which lie in their souls. They are the heroes of life's drama, the great geniuses of the earth. But life has also voiceless geniuses. They think deeply—they feel most fervently—but they find no words to give back those divine images which their eye and ear daily drink in. They pass by without being understood; like silent shadows they hasten away.—*F. Bremer.*

Deep and powerful souls adjust every thing in silence, and make no noise with their doing, and with themselves they go on their way like the works of God. In deep silence the sun ascends the heavens; silently sinks the night down upon the

earth. What prepares itself in greater stillness than the re-awakening of nature? and what is more glorious than the spring?—*F. Bremer.*

POETRY, strictly and artistically so called—that is to say, considered not merely as a poetic feeling, which is more or less shared by all the world, but as the operation of that feeling, such as we see it in the poet's book—is the utterance of a passion for truth, beauty, and power, embodying and illustrating its conceptions by imagination and fancy, and modulating its language on the principle of variety in uniformity. Its means are whatever the universe contains, and its ends pleasure and exaltation. * * * Poetry is a passion, because it seeks the deepest impression, and because it must undergo in order to convey them. It is a passion for truth, because without truth the impression would be false and defective. It is a passion for beauty, because its office is to exalt and refine by means of pleasure, and because beauty is nothing but the loveliest form of pleasure. It is a passion for power, because power is impression triumphant, whether over the poet, as desired by himself, or over the reader, as affected by the poet. * * * Poetry begins where matter of fact or of science ceases to be merely such, and to exhibit a former truth, that is to say, the connection it has with the world of emotion, and its power to produce imaginative pleasure. Enquiring if a gardener, for instance, what flower it is we see yonder? he answers a lily—this is matter of fact. The botanist pronounces it to be of the order of *Hexandria monogynia*; this is matter of science. It is the “lily” of the garden, says Spencer; and here we begin to have a poetical sense of its fairness and grace. It is “the plant and flower of light,” says Ben Jonson; and poetry then shows us the beauty of the flower, in all its mystery and splendour. * * * Yersé, in short, is that finishing and rounding, and tuneful placing of the poet's creations, which is produced of necessity by the smooth tendencies of their energy or inward working, and the harmonious dance into which they are attracted round the orb of the beautiful. Poetry, in its complete sympathy with beauty, must of necessity leave no sense of the beautiful and no power over its forms unmanifested; and verse flows as inevitably from this condition of its integrity, as other laws of proportion do from any other kind of embodiment of beauty, (say that of the human figure,) however free and various the movements may be that play within their limits.—*Leigh Hunt.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

LEEDS.—The first grand concert of the season, given by Messrs. Hopkinson, took place last Thursday evening, at the Music Hall, and we are glad to say was well and fashionably attended. The artists were—Miss Lucombe, Miss E. Birch, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Winn, vocalists; M. Szekely, solo pianist, and Mr. Hopkinson, conductor. The programme, though perhaps too long, was in every other respect well arranged, including several of Sims Reeves' most celebrated solos. The concert commenced with Rossini's trio, “L'usato Arditi,” a light, but pleasing composition, well sung by Misses Lucombe, Birch, and Mr. Winn, and followed by a German ballad of Keiser, charmingly rendered by Miss E. Birch. It would be quite superfluous to pass any eulogium upon Mr. Sims Reeves' singing of “Fra Poco,” and the Grand Duet, as he has long been acknowledged the Edgar of Donizetti's *Lucia*. His reading of “Adelaida” differs in many respects from that of Mario, but is, we think, equally felicitous. Miss Lucombe sang Bellini's “Qui la voce” admirably, given here, as in the Grand Duet, as much of the dramatic effect as the concert-room will permit of. Of Mr. Szekely's performance we cannot speak too highly. It was a rich treat to all lovers of pianoforte playing. For extreme delicacy and truthness of touch,—for energy and clearness of expression,—for poetry and taste, he must rank with some of the

best pianists of the day. Nor must we forget to make honourable mention of our townsman, Mr. Wina, who, if we may judge from the hearty reception he met with, made a very favourable impression upon the audience. He possesses a rich baritone voice, and not a little artistic feeling, and bids fair to take a high stamp in his profession. The pieces were accompanied admirably by Mr. Hopkinson.—*Leeds Times*, Oct. 5th.

BISTOL.—We understand that the first of a series of concerts, to be given by the Bistol and Clifton Classical Harmonist Society, comes off at the Victoria Rooms on Tuesday, the 29th inst. The performances will consist of selections from Mendelssohn's music to Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Beethoven's grand opera of *Fidelio*, Weber's opera of *Oberon*, and the anilante and finale from the grand symphony in C minor, by Beethoven. Miss Birch and Miss Dolby will sustain the principal vocal parts, supported by a chorus of a hundred and fifty voices. Mr. H. C. Cooper, whose performances at the Philharmonic, and at the Grand National Concerts, now taking place at Her Majesty's Theatre, have placed him in the highest rank of our native violinists, will lead the orchestra. Mr. P. J. Smith, under whose able directions the rehearsals have taken place, will conduct on the occasion.

EDINBURGH.—THE MESSRS. DISTIN'S CONCERT.—On Wednesday evening, Oct. 16th, the MESSRS. DISTIN, the celebrated sax-horn performers, assisted by Miss M. O'Connor and Mr. John Willy, gave a concert of vocal and instrumental music in the Waterloo Room, which was quite crowded by a fashionable audience. The opening piece was a quartet from Donizetti's opera of *Belshazzar*, in which Mr. Distin and his sons, accompanied by Mr. Willy, well sustained the high reputation they have enjoyed, and in which they were loudly applauded. They were warmly encored in the selection from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and *La Figlia del Reggimento*, nor where they less successful in the gems from *Le Prophète*, where they were given with striking effect. In the beautiful air, "All is lost now," Mr. Henry Distin was enthusiastically encored, while the "Echo Duet," on the French horn, by Messrs. H. and W. Distin, was also re-demanded. The singing of Miss O'Connor, especially in the pretty ballad, "Mary Connell," &c., and the solo on the pianoforte by Mr. Willy, afforded an agreeable variety to the concert, which was further enlivened by several glees and madrigals by the Messrs. Distin, all of which were encored, and with which, we believe, Her Majesty expressed herself highly delighted on their recent performance before her at Balmoral. These talented artists gave a second entertainment on Friday, the 18th.—*Calcutta Mercury*.

NEWCASTLE.—MR. CARTE'S CONCERT.—Thanks to Mr. Carte, and other enterprising managers, we have now, every autumn, the pleasure of hearing the best performers, and forming our own views of the taste which has accorded such substantial acknowledgments to the celebrities, vocal and instrumental, of the past season in town. The audience of Newcastle having long enjoyed the reputation of being critical enough to form an opinion of its own, has not always given its judgment in accordance with the prevailing taste; and as it sometimes happens that in London itself public opinion is divided between the claims of rival houses and rival singers, the approbation of a crowded assemblage here has been most eagerly sought and most graciously received by artists of the highest claims to distinction. We are indebted to Mr. Carte for having, on the present occasion, introduced three performers who are new to us—Madame Macfarren, already favourably known for her connection with the English opera, not only by her own merits, but those of the composer of *Don Quixote* and *Charles the Second*; Signor Borras has not hitherto been known to us, and Herr Formes. The latter gentleman has excited quite a schism amongst musical critics, and has been an apple of discord to the supporters of the rival operas, boundless and unlimiting praise having been awarded him on the one hand, and the severest and most unsparring censure on the other. Perhaps the truth lies midway. He has been gifted by nature with a rich, powerful, and manly voice, of which he freely avails himself, and hence he has been charged with an exaggerated style, and a tendency to overdo his parts, both in acting and singing them. The fierce, bold, and rugged style which he adopted, however, was admirably suited for

some of his characters, where, as in Caspar (*Der Freischütz*), Mireel (*Les Huguenots*), and the Anabaptist, in *Le Prophète*, he made a decided impression. Of our old favourites, Miss Catherine Hayes and Mr. Carte, we may speak more shortly. Miss Hayes is placed, by universal consent, at the head of her profession, and admitted to be one of the first, if not the first, English vocalist of the day, and the sensation produced by her when last in Newcastle has not yet faded from the minds of our readers. Mr. Carte also disputed with Richardson for the palm of superiority on his own instrument, and his face is always pleasantly received, as well as his *fantasia*, on the boards of our theatre. It is sufficient to say of him, that he has by no means fallen from his former excellence. Of the concert, it will be sufficient to state that it went off with much éclat, and gave the utmost satisfaction to a numerous audience. Miss Hayes, Herr Formes, Madame Macfarren, and each of the distinguished vocalists, fully equalled the expectations which had been formed as to their respective ability. Mr. Carte's performance on the flute was also deservedly admired.—*Newcastle Paper*.

LIVERPOOL.—MR. E. L. DAVENPORT, the American tragedian, who has obtained some celebrity in London by his performances at the Marylebone and Olympic theatres, during two seasons, made his first appearance before a Liverpool audience at the Royal Amphitheatre, on Monday last, as Julian St. Pierre, in Sheridan Knowles' play of the *Wife*. His style is pleasing and natural, devoid of mannerism and rant. His face, voice, and figure are adapted for the characters he assumes; and he reminds us strongly of what Mr. James Wallack was some years since. Mr. Cathcart's Fernando Gonzaga was excellently read, but he was rather vociferous. Mr. Chamberlain, as Leonora, was emphatical, and looked like a hero. Mr. J. Hunt's Antonio displayed study, and was well declaimed—the only drawback upon his personation being the frequent use of his right arm in a very mechanical manner. Mr. C. Hale played Bartolo with considerable quietness. Mariana was sustained by Mrs. Copeland. Miss Emma Stanley, a lady known in London, and who lately delivered a monologue entertainment in this town, made her debut at this establishment on the above evening, and elicited plaudits by the versatility of her talents. Mr. Davenport has since appeared as Claude Melnotte, Otello, and in an original play called *Armand*, written by Mrs. Mowatt, a transatlantic actress of note. A young aspirant for dramatic fame has also revisited us this week, in the person of Miss Fanny Cathcart, and has given marked evidence of future excellence. Mr. Davenport terminated his engagement on Saturday, as he was announced to appear at the Haymarket Theatre, London, immediately.—*Liverpool Mail*.

ATTEMPT TO FIRE THE APOLLO THEATRE AT VENICE.—A few weeks ago an attempt to set the Apollo theatre, at Venice, on fire, was fortunately discovered by the manager entering accidentally, in the day time; inflammable substances had been put close to the gas lights, and the smoke issuing from them attracted his notice. It would, if successful, have proved a frightful calamity, as the theatre stands in the midst of little streets, close to an oil warehouse on one side, and a chemist's laboratory on the other. No traces have been discovered of the perpetrators of this vile act.

MR. GUSTAVUS GEARY, who lately made a successful debut at the Grand National Concerts, has suddenly been recalled from London by the Dean and Chapter of Christ's Church Cathedral, Dublin, who has refused him leave of absence. Mr. Geary is a vicar choral of the church. The new tenor's accession from the National Concerts is thus satisfactorily accounted for.

JENNY LIND AT BOSTON.—The avails of the first Jenny Lind concert will be about 20,000 dollars, as we learn from an authentic source. There are only one hundred promenade tickets sold, although there is room for two hundred and fifty, as Mr. Barnum is determined that there shall be no uncomfortable crowding of those holding seat tickets.—*Boston Evening Traveller*.

THE SECRETARY OF THE PHILHARMONIC.—We are requested by Mr. George Hogarth to correct a statement respecting him, which found its way into our last number. Mr. Hogarth has not been elected secretary to the Philharmonic Society; he is a candidate for the office, but no election has yet taken place.

THEODOR HAGEN, one of the most celebrated musical critics in Germany, has paid a flying visit to London.

MELER, ROALDIS, a celebrated harpist, and teacher at the court at Madrid, has been engaged as solo harpist in the orchestra of the Theatre Del Circo (Madrid). This is most probably the first time that a lady has officiated in an orchestra.—*Journal of Commerce*.

EXETER HALL.—We are requested to state, on behalf of the Sacred Harmonic Society, that the alterations adverted to in our last, are being carried into effect by the directors and proprietors of the above building.

THE NEAPOLITAN PRINCE, having been invited to the rehearsal of Auber's new opera, *L'Enfant Prodigue*, was delighted particularly with the ballet, and gave princely evidence of it by handing over to the manager his own handkerchief, with a hundred pound note in it. This sum was immediately divided amongst the chorus-singers and the ballet-dancers, who, by-the-by, would not be sorry if such visits were more frequent.

DEATH seems to have been as busy amongst the great set-tees of Paris as it has been of late in London. Mesdames Gavaudan, Boulanger, and St. Aubin—names that were as dear to the playgoers there as those of Mrs. Glover and Mrs. Clifford here—have for ever disappeared from this stage.

AN immense double-bass, the invention of Mr. Monck Mason, is to be used (we are told by the French papers) at the forthcoming National Concerts. It is to possess the tone and strength of hosts of ordinary double-basses.

JENNY LIND TOO 'CUTE FOR BARNUM.—Jenny Lind and her manager have had a misunderstanding. On the night of her first concert she determined to give away in charity the whole of her receipts. Mr. Barnum informed her that her share would be 10,500 dollars, and told her that he should announce the gift from the stage. She requested him not to do so, but he did, and the effect was, as anticipated, to make her popular in the highest degree. Subsequently Mr. Barnum, in overhauling his accounts, found, as he alleged, that she made but 7,000 dollars by that concert, and informed Jenny that she must make up the deficiency in the donation out of her own funds. Jenny told him that he informed her she had 10,500 dollars to bestow, and that, on the faith of that declaration, she had committed herself. He must, therefore, correct the mistake out of his own pocket, which Barnum did. Barnum is reported to have said it was the first time he had been out-generalled by a woman.

TAGLIONI and PASTA continue to reside on the Lake of Como. The former has decidedly abandoned the stage. Between her and the *beau monde* of Milan there is a good deal of coolness, not to say hostility; she is offended with them because, on the occasion of her last appearance in 1846, they gave her a net very enthusiastic reception; and they are offended with her because, just after the restoration of the Austrian Government, when the whole population was galled with its defeat, she did not hesitate to figure at the theatre in the box of an Austrian general, and has since kept up her intimacy with Austrian notabilities. As for Pasta, on did that she is almost ill with mortification at having failed to secure an engagement at London, whither she hastened to offer herself, on hearing of the triumphs of Sontag.

MONUMENT TO WORDSWORTH.—It is satisfactory to us to be enabled to announce, that upwards of £300 have already been subscribed towards a befitting monument to this distinguished poet. We are sorry to find, however, that it is not to be erected amid the scenes he immortalised, but in Westminster Abbey; and we cannot look upon this arrangement otherwise than as an act of—

"Giving a sum of more, to that which has too much."

We do sincerely hope that a fine work may be the result of the public desire to commemorate Wordsworth; something which shall not be a mere portrait statue, but a poetical embodiment; and we hope our sculptors will compete vigorously for the honour. *Art-Journal*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. S.—The whole thing is evidently a hoax. We know no such person as Mr. George Anderson.

T. B.—The writer in the Manchester Examiner is simply incompetent to judge. It is possible, as our correspondent suggests, that he may have been actuated by spite. In any case his opinion is absolutely worthless.

A. H. W.'s communication of last week has certainly not reached us. His exposition of the new system would be acceptable. His request shall be attended to.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS.
FOR ONE MONTH ONLY.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that his **ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS** will commence at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on FRIDAY, Nov. 8.

M. JULLIEN'S GRAND ANNUAL BAL MASQUE will this year be given at the commencement, instead of at the termination, of the Concerts, and will take place on THURSDAY, Nov. 7.

Full particulars will be duly announced.



HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1850.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

- Symphonic in D. *Mozart.*
Aria Buffa, . M. JULES STOCKHAUSEN, "Il Pastiglione," *Bolfe.*
Concerto in E, . (First Movement) Miss GOODISS, . *Hummel.*
(Her third appearance in public.)
Cavatina, Madlle. ANGRU, "Or la sull'onda," *Mercadante.*
New Valse, . Tony, . (first time of performance) *Labitzky.*
Aria, . Mr. SIMS REEVES, "Un Impero," *(Le Prophete) Meyerbeer.*
(His second appearance.)
Fantasia, Violoncello, Sig. PIATTI, on Airs from
Linda di Chamouni. *PIATTI.*
Overture, "Maritana," *F. Wallace.*

PART II.

- Sextet for Violin, Tenor, Violoncello, Double Bass, Clarinet,
Horn, and Bassoon, performed by MM. SAINTON, DANDO,
PIATTI, ANOLOIS, FRANC, STEIGICH, and BAUMANN, . *Beethoven.*
Cavatina, . . Madlle. ANGRU, "Ciel Pieux," *(Zelmira) Rossini.*
Fantasia on Airs from "Don Pasquale" Grand Pianoforte,
Miss GONDARD, *Taalberg.*
Ballad, . . . Mr. SIMS REEVES, "In this old chair," . *Bolfe.*
New Polka, Charleston, . (First time of appearance.) *Labitzky.*
Solo Concertina, . Mr. BLACKROVE, (His first appearance.) *Blagrove.*
Galop Des Papillons, composed expressly for these Concerts. *Carter.*

PROMENADE, 1s. 6d.

Doors open at Half-past Seven, and commence at Eight o'clock.

TO ARTISTS OF CELEBRITY (VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL).

GLASGOW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—1850-51.

A SERIES OF GRAND CONCERTS, with full Orchestra, will be given by the above Society, to take place once a month during the Winter, commencing early in December, 1850, and to be continued till April, 1851.

Vocal and Instrumental Performers (of celebrity), who may be engaged at Manchester, Liverpool, York, Newcastle, or Edinburgh (any time during the Winter), are requested to communicate with Mr. Julian Adams, in order that arrangements may be made for their appearance at the above Concerts.

JULIAN ADAMS, Director,

103, Kensington-place, Southwell-road, Glasgow.

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BRILLIANT, and of moderate difficulty, for the Pianoforte,
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M. JULLIEN'S GRAND BAL MASQUE,

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7TH, 1850.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that his **GRAND ANNUAL BAL MASQUE** will this year be given previous to the commencement, instead of at the termination, of his **ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS**, and will take place on

THURSDAY, November 7, 1850.

(The Concerts commencing on the following Evening.)

M. JULLIEN feels it is almost unnecessary to refer to the fact of the great increase in the popularity of **BAL MASQUES** since he had the honour of introducing them in this country. The patronage bestowed on them by the Nobility and Gentry is a sure evidence of the immense attraction of such Entertainments; the splendour and completeness with which they have been presented—and, above all, of the manner in which they have been conducted.

It has been generally allowed that, in the Decoration of these **BALLS**, they have surpassed all other Entertainments of a like kind; but the one here announced being given at the commencement, instead of at the termination, of **M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS**, **THE WHOLE OF THE DECORATION WILL BE ENTIRELY NEW**, and be seen for the First Time on THURSDAY, November 7th. In addition to this will be displayed the Magnificent and Novel

CRYSTAL CURTAIN,

which was exhibited on One Evening only last year, viz., that of the Bal Masque, and which created an universal surprise and admiration. M. JULLIEN abstains from giving any detailed Description of the Decoration, but begs to assure his Patrons that they may rely on witnessing one of the most splendid combinations of Decorative Effects ever produced.

THE ORCHESTRA will, as heretofore, be complete, and consist of ONE HUNDRED and TEN MUSICIANS.

Principal Cornet-a-Pistons, HERR KENNEDY.

CONDUCTOR M. JULLIEN.

The New and Fashionable Music of the present Season will be played, and include several New Polkas, Waltzes, Mazurkas, and Quadrilles, composed expressly for the Nobility's Balls, Almacks, &c., by M. JULLIEN.

Tickets for the Ball 10s. 6d.

The Price of Admission for **SPECTATORS** (for whom the Audience Portion of the Theatre will, as before, be set apart) will be as on former occasions, viz.:

Dress Circle 5s.
Boxes 2s.
Lower Gallery 2s.
Upper Gallery 1s.

Persons taking Private Boxes, from £3 3s. upwards, will have the privilege of passing to and from the Ball Room, without extra charge.

Tickets for the Ball, Places, and Private Boxes, may be secured on application to Mr. O'REILLY, at the Box-Office of the Theatre, which is open from 10 till 5. Private Boxes also at Mr. MITCHELL'S, Old Bond Street; Mr. SAMP'S, St. James's Street; Mr. OLIVER, Mr. ALLEN, Messrs. LEADER and COCKS, and Mr. CHAPPELL, New Bond Street; Messrs. CAMER, BEALE, and Co., and at JULLIEN & Co.'s Musical Establishment, 214, Regent Street.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Nine; and the Dancing commence at Ten. Sherbet, Carrara Water, Coffee, Tea, and Ices (under the superintendence of Mr. G. PAYNE), will be supplied during the Evening, and at One o'clock the Supper will be served.

Mr. I NATHAN, Jun., of 18, Castle Street, Leicester Square, is appointed Costumier to the Ball.

Persons in the Costume of Clowns, Harlequins, or Pantaloons, will not be admitted.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM STRECHER JOHNSON, 50, St. Martin's Lane, in the Parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in the County of Middlesex, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. PARKER, Dean Street, Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Bookshops.—Saturday, Oct. 20th, 1850.

The Musical World.

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No. 44.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1850.

{PRICE THREEPENCE
STAMPED FOURPENCE

THE GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

THE event of the past se'nnight was Sims Reeves' appearance on Saturday. The announcement of the name of our great tenor attracted a large concourse, and the theatre was crowded in every available part. Mr. Sims Reeves sang two morceaux—the first, the favorite "A te o cara," from *Puritani*, with Mrs. Alexander Newton, M. Jules Lefort, and M. Jules Stockhausen; the second, Beethoven's "Adelaide." His reception bordered on the extravagant. He was in fine voice, and sang delightfully, especially the "Adelaide," which he gave more passionately than ever. Of course he was encoored in both pieces.

Saturday night was also remarkable for Charles Halle's last appearance. The great pianist wound up his series of performances with Mendelssohn's concerto, and Molique's grand duo for violin and piano. He was greatly applauded, and made his, we hope not final, adieux amid reiterated cheers.

Beethoven's sympathy in C was played, and the overture to *Masaniello*. Angri sang two favorite airs, and Madame Biscaccianti obtained a fair success in "Vedrai Carino."

Signor Briccialdi made his first appearance, and executed a flute solo.

Mr. Sims Reeves has been singing some of his popular songs during the week, among others, the "Sleep" song, from *Masaniello*; the grand scena from *Freischutz*; Rossini's "Cujus Animam (*Stabat Mater*)"; "Sound an Alarm," from *Judas Maccabaeus*; and a new ballad by Angelina. Beethoven has reigned supreme in the symphonic department, and the overtures have been as before.

It was a wise and politic move of the committee to engage Mr. Sims Reeves, who, we have not the least doubt, will turn up a trump card for the management. The receipts have increased considerably, and speculation again begins to hold her head up.

We have again to chronicle the success of Miss Goddard, who has played on the alternate nights. She appears to have gained confidence, and decidedly exhibits more facility and command of the instrument. Her power, however, is hardly sufficient to enforce attention from so large and scattered an audience. Mrs. Alexander Newton deserves a word of strong praise. She is an accomplished singer, and never fails to produce an effect with her brilliant voice and energetic style.

We have just time to say that the Berlin chorus appeared for the first time last night, and obtained an unmistakable success. We must, however, reserve all strictures until next week.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

M. JULLIEN has sent forth his first bill. He opens his concert season with a *Grand Annual Bal Masqué*, which takes place on Thursday, November the 7th. The *Grand Annual Bal Masqué*, we are told, is given previous to the commencement, instead of at the termination, of M. Jullien's annual series of concerts. So far, so good. No doubt, M. Jullien has his own shrewd reasons for turning his season topsy-turvy. The whole of the decorations of the theatre are entirely new, and will be seen for the first time on Thursday night. The magnificent and novel Chrysal Curtain, which was exhibited one evening only last year, viz., that of the *Bal Masqué*, and which created a universal surprise and admiration, will be again displayed to thousands of wondering gazers. The orchestra, as heretofore, will consist of one hundred and ten musicians.

Jullien has not yet issued his prospectus for the concerts. We know nothing of his band or of his singers. We know, however, that Jullien, like Justice, never sleeps, and that opposition acts upon him as a whip and spur to press him on to more daring deeds. He quails not before the Grand National Concert band, neither is he daunted by the stern array of its vocal forces. In his resources Jullien is inexhaustible, his invention is not to be drained, his fancy coerced, nor his ingenuity thwarted. He has One Hundred and Ten Musicians. Think of that! one hundred and ten musicians, and Jullien presiding over them!! Think of that!!! On Thursday night Jullien will preside in his orchestra, and the world of his admirers will be at his feet.

JENNY LIND IN BOSTON.

OUR package of papers from America, transmitted by the *Atlantic* steamer, is confined to the *Boston Daily Chronotype*, of the 11th and 13th of October; and the *New York Message Bird*, of the 13th ditto. Our friend, the *Boston Evening Traveller*, has not been received—so much the worse for ourselves and our readers. These journals above named, which have come to hand, are by no means lavish of their news on the doings of the Nightingale. We shall glean from them, however, sufficient to afford a confirmation of the continued success of Jenny, and the redoubled enthusiasm of the Bostonians.

We shall take the papers in the order of their dates. The *Chronotype* of the 13th, thus alludes to the latest previous concert:—

Jenny Lind's concert last night surpassed all before, excepting Saturday's. The glorious singer found the very heart of all that audience. In the music of *Eljoh, of Der Freyschutz*, of *La Sonnambula*, of her own Swedish melodies, she was equally inspired and satisfying.

That florid gush of melody from *La Sonnambula*, was by many, many degrees the crowning achievement of vocalization in this country, and

there were no bounds to the enthusiasm of the audience. The Dalcarran Melody, too, and the "Mountaineer's Song," in which her voice died away, like a distant horn drooping through semi-tones, were wonderfully original and beautiful.

Every item of the programme was good—the overture, the Mendelssohn "Songs without Words," as played by Benedict, the "Wedding March," and the choice pieces of Balletti. If the charities of Boston gained as much materially as that audience gained spiritually, Jenny Lind is indeed "twice blest." But more anon.

We cannot dismiss the *Chronotype* of the above date, without extracting an amusing series of letters, which has been eloquently denominated by the writer, or strictor, a

SWEET CORRESPONDENCE.

Barnum is heedless of sub-editors, and never sends proprietors of newspapers one farthing of "black mail," and never will, so help him, &c. Barnum's energetic statement is a satisfactory and conclusive refutation of sundry malign reports which have been industriously and continually circulated to his disadvantage.

We read, or ought to read, that where the carcass is, there the turkey-buzzards are gathered together. So we often observe in warmish weather, that where a molasses dish is left uncovered, numerous flies congregate. But these similes are very faint when applied to the rush around Mr. Barnum, with his pockets full of the proceeds of Jenny Lind's concerts. All sorts of bora and incompetent brethren, not to speak of lots of enterprising and enthusiastic individuals of large hope and speculation, crowd around that man. Human nature reveals itself to him, as it does to few. He sees outside and inside of it, and could give some of the richest chapters ever penned by mortal. As a sample of his mode of meeting some classes of people, we give a correspondence between him and two rather weak editorial brethren, who shall be nameless—though one of them is not a thousand miles from the heart of this village. They are actual letters, as received and answered by the immortal P. T. Barnum himself. No. 1 is exquisite; No. 2 is decidedly and gloriously rich.

[No. 1.]

—, 1850.

P. T. BARNUM, Esq.—I much regret the appearance of that article in my paper of this morning, reflecting on you. Had I seen it, I would not have permitted it. A sub-editor, who had no right to do so, slipped it in without my knowledge, and will make any retraction you may please to dictate in my paper of to-morrow morning. Please let me see or hear from you.

Your obedient servant.

ANSWER.

—, 1850.

SIR,—Yours of to-day is received. I have not read the article alluded to, and never shall. Pray don't trouble yourself with a thought of retraction, for, if you made one, I should never know it.—Yours truly,

P. T. BARNUM.

[No. 2.]

—, 1850.

MR. BARNUM,—One of our occasional correspondents has sent an article which I find is in type, banding you very severely. Thinking that you would dislike very much to be placed before the public in an unfavourable light, especially at this particular time, I concluded to write this and say, that if you desire it, I will prevent its appearing in our columns. Please reply by bearer, and believe me, Faithfully yours.

P.S.—Please loan me one hundred dollars for a few days, to aid me in making an improvement in my paper.

ANSWER.

—, 1850.

SIR,—I hope you will by no means curtail the privilege of "correspondents" or editors on my account. Publish what you please, so far as I am concerned. I have no money to lend, and never yet paid a farthing of "black mail," and, so help me God, I never will.

P. T. BARNUM.

The same journal of the 13th, contains news which, at the first slight glance, looks really alarming. It is headed—

ALMOST A RIOT!!!

GRAND SMASH AND CRASH OF SEATS AND WINDOWS AT FITCHBURY HALL!—THE STORM CALMED BY THE NIGHTINGALE.

From out this giant mountain creeps a very lilliputian mouse. There might have been "a grand smash and crash,"

and "seats and windows might have been broken at Fitchbury Hall;" but we have no account. Barnum is accused of selling too many tickets for the proceeds; Jenny sends forth her towering notes and calms all down; and she never sang better.

THE LAST JENNY LIND CONCERT.

Thanks to the glorious woman, Jenny, that the concert last night did not break up in a row and a disgrace to Boston. The rush for tickets was tremendous. All the world accuses Barnum of selling too many tickets for the space, especially of the "promenade" species, and of doing it for the proceeds. We hope he did it—if he did it—rather to give as many as possible the gratification of hearing the Nightingale.

But such was the soreness of some who considered themselves victimized previously, and the eagerness of others to get the grand treat for little or nothing, that many owners of first-class tickets, coming an hour before the concert, could not penetrate into the hall. When the promenaders were admitted at half-past seven, there was a terrible rush and utter confusion, which seemed beyond the power of music to quell.

But music did quell it—not that of the orchestra, which laboured through the overture of *Der Freyschütz* almost in dumb show. But when Jenny came forward and set forth her clear, towering, angelic notes, in one of the sweetest airs of Handel's *Messiah*, all calmed down to a peace like the still waves of a summer's sea. The savages were tamed, and the frightened were reassured. All went off even more delightfully than if there had been no tumult and trouble to triumph over. To our ear Jenny never sang better. Her voice neither trembled nor faltered.

The *Boston Chronotype* objects to the transformation of a Railroad Hall into a Music Hall, and announces that the prince of pianoforte manufacturers has obtained the refusal of the Bumstead estate and Marlboro' Chapel, and will probably come out with the desirable thing.

In this connection, we are glad to announce that measures are in train to build with despatch, in a central locality, a grand Music Hall, which will prevent the necessity of resorting to a place so unusual and altogether frightful as a Railroad Hall. A Committee of the Musical Fund Society, having on it the prince of pianoforte manufacturers, has obtained the refusal of the Bumstead estate, and of the Marlboro' Chapel adjoining it, and will probably soon come out with a proposal for doing up the desirable thing, in all its length and breadth, in that admirable locality. Success to the enterprise, and may all our readers live to hear Jenny's "Echo Song" in that Hall!

Miss Lind is visited by a digger, who shows her the largest lump on record. She is amazed and charmed, takes the precious lump in her hand, and puts apt interrogatories, to which she receives curt replies. Mr. Roberts, also, is a miner himself. She takes a great fancy to the largest lump on record, and wishes as much of the same article as she could carry to give to the poor—a wish one might expect from the generous-hearted Lind. The digger, it is to be supposed, is not to be dug out of his diggings. He turns a deaf ear to Jenny's broad hint, and makes off as fast as he can with the largest lump on record, not, however, before a joke was made, at which Mr. Barnum, Mr. Benedict, and Willis, the broker, officiated.

MISS LIND VISITED BY A CALIFORNIA GOLD DIGGER.

Mr. Robert Roberts, from California, called upon Miss Lind yesterday afternoon, in compliance with an oft-repeated desire on her part that she would like to see a specimen of California gold. Mr. Roberts exhibited to Miss Lind the purest and largest piece of gold, embedded in quartz, that has ever been taken out of the mines, and probably the largest ever seen. There are twenty-three pounds of pure gold in the lump! which cost its present owners, Messrs. Roberts and Gysford, the round sum of 10,000 dollars. It was taken from the loose earth, in the southern mines, by three Mexicans, and is the rarest and most beautiful specimen of California gold that we ever beheld. When Miss Lind first beheld it she was amazed and charmed. She took the precious lump in her hands, examined it, and asked many questions, as to how it was obtained, whether it was found in the loose earth or in the solid rock! whether it was hard to get, and how they ascertained that the lump contained just 23lbs. of pure gold, when it cohered so closely to the quartz, &c. All these questions were satisfactorily answered by Mr. Roberts, who is a miner himself. Mr. R. also exhibited to the songstress a rare and

curious collection of samples and specimens from all the different mines in El Dorado. Miss Lind was very much interested with Mr. R.'s visit and his description of mining.

Jenny told Mr. Roberts that she had seen a very large specimen of California gold in the hands of Queen Victoria, when in England, but that it was not near so large as the one which he had shown her. She took a great fancy to the monster lump, and said she would like as much of the same article as she could carry, to give to the poor. Just such a wish as one might expect from the generous hearted Lind.

Mr. Barnum introduced Mr. Roberts to Miss Lind. Mr. Roberts was accompanied by Henry W. Kinsman, of this city; and Mr. Willis, the broker. Mr. Benedict was present. While Miss Lind was holding the mammoth lump in her hand, Mr. Barnum, who stood near by, said, "You are very strong, Miss Lind." This remark caused the Nightingale to suddenly turn her full expressive eyes towards Mr. Barnum, who, addressing Mr. Roberts, immediately added, "Why, if you will believe it, sir, she has been known to draw ten thousand persons without hardly an effort." Some little merriment was caused by this remark, and Miss Lind appeared to enjoy the joke as well as the rest. In fact, her friends declare that they never saw her more merry and happy than on this occasion.

An item of Barnum's expenses:—

Yesterday Mr. Barnum paid \$60 dollars to twelve of the daily papers for advertising only three concerts in this city.

City items. The proceeds of the Charity Concert appropriated!

We publish below a list of the institutions among which the money realised at the Charity Concert, on Thursday evening, has been distributed. Edward Everett and Benjamin Seaver are the only two gentlemen who advised the noble-hearted daughter of Sweden in the selection of the institutions that should become her agents in distributing her gifts to the poor. Considering the number of societies in Boston, and the difficulty of deciding between the necessities of each and their respective claims upon the public, the distribution is a very judicious one.

It was Miss Lind's opinion that the fund would do more good if not very greatly subdivided. The gentlemen consulted by her fully concurred in this opinion. They were duly assuaged to the merit of many excellent institutions not included in the list, and regretted that it was not in their power to make it more extensive. It contains those which, after much and anxious deliberation, appeared to them, all things considered, to be entitled to be recommended.

The following are the names of the societies:—

	Dollars.
Boston Port Society	1,000
Association for Aged and Indigent Females	1,000
Musical Fund Society	1,000
Boston Children's Friend Society	500
Farm School for Indigent Boys	500
Charitable Orthopedic Association	500
Boston Female Asylum	500
Howard Benevolent Society	500
Young Men's Benevolent Society	500
Society for the Prevention of Pauperism	500
Parent Washington Total Abstinence Society	300
Miscellaneous Objects of Charity	425
	7225

The 425 dollars, "miscellaneous," was distributed as follows:—

	Dollars.
To Messrs. Charles and J. M. Spear, to be appropriated to the reformation of the prisoner	225
To a poor Swedish woman, the mother of nine children	100
To a poor woman of Boston	100

A New York paper pronounces Miss Lind "an angel of benevolence." She is truly so. She is most happy when doing the most good to humanity. She cannot witness suffering without shedding a tear of sympathy for the distressed. Jenny Lind's charities in Boston will light up many a home with smiling happiness, the coming winter, that would otherwise be cheerless and poverty-stricken. She is one of the noblest of her sex, and deserves and receives the thanks of every citizen of Boston and every admirer of genuine goodness.

Her departure from Boston is announced, and her mode of transit to New York satisfactorily arranged. She sings at Philadelphia, and another auction will take place:—

DEPARTURE OF MISS LIND.—Yesterday Mr. Gilmont, in behalf of the Railroad Company, tendered Mr. Barnum a special car over the Worcester Railroad, via New Haven route, to New York, to convey Miss Jenny

Lind and suite on Monday. We understand Mr. Barnum has signified his intention of selecting this route to New York, and will leave Boston to-morrow morning. The company will proceed on to Philadelphia, without tarrying in New York. Miss Lind will sing in Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Thursday evening next, the 17th instant. She will probably return to Boston in the Spring. The auction sale of tickets will take place in the theatre on Tuesday. Since writing the above, we learn that Mr. Barnum has not decided whether Miss Lind will sing in the above-named room, or in the Musical Fund Hall.

The *Message Bird*, of New York, has further particulars of the concert at Boston, which we furnish with avidity and commend to our readers. The writer indites from Boston, and, for aught we know, may write himself Bostonian; but he is not of the same flock as our respected friend, the writer of the *Evening Traveller*, who takes up his pen so vigorously and fearlessly in the cause of music. So much the worse for ourselves and our readers. We supply the article of the *Message Bird*, in full:—

Boston, Oct. 7, 1850.

DEAR MESSAGE BIRD.—Instead of the two concerts promised in this place, the Nightingale has given us already four. The fifth comes off to-morrow night. The enthusiasm of our good people steadily increases, and the Tremont Temple, the largest hall we have, as well as the very worst for sound, is always crammed at very high prices, which so cruelly exclude from the pure pleasure many who have intrinsically the right to hear the Queen of Song upon the ground of fitness and congeniality. The premium money paid for tickets would have built a spacious hall, which Boston, and the country round—poured in over its ten converging railroads—would have filled full for many nights, and at remunerating prices, graduated to the means of all who value the highest manifestations of art.

Jenny Lind, as well as Messrs. Benedict and Belletti, appear gratified with the warm sympathy and discrimination of their Boston audiences. We are as partial to good compositions, as we are to the noble Artist Woman who has such power to interpret them. The steady call for such, and the manifest appreciation of such when vouchsafed us, have resulted in an average superiority of the Boston programmes over those at Castle Garden. The two first were the same with the two first there; but the third, which was the highest in New York, was here enriched by the insertion of a noble Recitative and Aria from *Dun Giovanni*, in which Jenny Lind was glorious, and the finale was repeated after a peremptory encore. We have had no such fit interpreter of Mozart's immortal melody. The exquisite "Bird Song," by Taubert, also lent a sparkling freshness to that concert. The music is most bright and airy and original; and her voice at the close of each verse flooded the room with a delicious mingling of bird warblings. It seemed light out of the sunny heart of nature. Mozart's fine overture to the *Zauber-Flute*, too, was given us for *Zampa*, a most welcome exchange; and the various instruments of the orchestra, forty in number, trained to fine unanimity by the good-humoured firmness of Benedict, thrived their way through the delicate maze of its fugal movement with a genial precision.

But the fourth concert, given on Saturday, was worth all the rest. The admirable programme drew together a fuller and more refined and more audience than usual; and by all of them will that ought be remembered as about the purest and most glorious revelation of the soul of art that ever blessed their mortal lives. Then Jenny Lind sang Handel's song of songs, "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" from the *Messiah*. Her firm, sweet, large, and noble voice, in whose liquid upper tones the human seems to verge into the angelic; her lily, yet womanly and gentle presence; her look of virgin purity and truth; her profound harmony of character, in which genius and morality, and religion, are one vital principle; her true and loving appreciation of the great master composers, all fitted her peculiarly to give voice to that music. Every tone seemed inspired and fraught with deepest feeling. She sang it with perfect simplicity and strict fidelity to the composer's text. Indeed, she seemed not only the voice, but the personification of Faith. It was sublime. We have heard it before elegantly sung, by Caradori Allan, and, I think, Aosa Bishop; we have heard brilliant and religiously displayed in it to the demoralisation of all taste amid a dazzling crowd; but this time it was as elevating and as nourishing to the soul as it was beautiful to the mind. Said one present, "Now I know that my Redeemer liveth, whether I knew it before or not." Says the Boston *Chronicle*:—

"She sang it with sublime simplicity. Need we say more? except to recall the equally sublime and glowing calmness of that face as she stood there after the voice had done its work, and during the concluding

raternal of the instruments. She looked the song, as she had sung it, and as every full heart present felt it. And not the least deep and genuine was the impression, because by a quick instinct it allowed the end to sanctify the means, and unconditionally signified that it must be repeated.

"On mighty pens the eagle sweeps," from Haydn's *Creation*, was quite as glorious a performance in its way. All the innocent rapture of the music, the admiring imitation of the eagle's upward flight, the entranced contemplation of the cooing doves, and all the gentler sounds of nature; the religious love and wonder of it all, were expressed with the sweetest fervour, and it seemed as if her soul would dissolve into melody. Handel and Haydn—sublime, impersonal Handel—cheerful, sunny Haydn, found equally true and powerful interpretation in this lovely artist.

Signor Belletti, too, astonished us by the animation and distinctness, and the true Handelian style with which he executed the bass song from the *Messiah*: "Why do the nations rage so furiously together?" Rossini's "Pro peccatis," too, was elegantly delivered. There is, however, in the very refined and graceful manner of this singer, a coolness, which fits him best for the light, graceful comedy of Mozart and Rossini. Of this he gave an admirable specimen in the second part of the concert, composed of secular music, in the Baron's account of his dream in *Cinderella*.

We should have much to say of Jenny Lind's pathetic and impassioned rendering of the profoundly beautiful and touching scene from *Der Freischütz*, in the character of Agatha. It went beyond anything in our operatic experience; and it seemed as if Von Weber, too, as well as Mozart, must have dreamed of such a singer when he wrote. Of the lighter matters, which made the desert of the feast, as the "Trio" of her voice with the flutes, the "Swedish Echo Song," &c., we need only say that seemed more exquisite and natural than ever before, when they have been made the substance of the entertainment. The orchestra contributed their share of solid overtures, &c. There is a great falling off from this programme to to-morrow night's, when every piece is either a hackneyed opera cavatina, or one of the light curiosities of music.—Yours, &c.

We have furnished what particulars have reached us. Perhaps we have given sufficient for this week; if not, our readers will hold us excused, and keep their anxieties quiet until our next, when we shall endeavour to make lee way.

Our Scrap Book.

(We shall be obliged to any kind friends who may be able and willing to contribute to our Scrap Book.—Ed.)

CAFFARELLI.—Porpora taught the musical prodigy, Caffarelli, in the following way:—For five years he kept him at the scales, and to the learning a few passages written upon a sheet of paper. One year was dedicated to articulation, &c., and at the end of the sixth year, Porpora, who only professed the mechanical department of music, addressing his pupil, said, "You have nothing more to learn from me; you are the first singer in Italy, if not in the world."

PLAYS AND NOVELS.—It cannot be denied that novels, in concert with plays, or rather, perhaps, farces, hand down to succeeding generations the only just representation of the times in which they were written. None but the authors of such pieces will take the pains to describe the manners of their contemporaries, as such a serious narration would be at the time when written, insipid and totally useless. On the other hand, should the dramatic writer, or the novelist, err in his picture of common life, his farce would be biased, and his tale lie unperused on his printer's shelf. It is to Aristophanes, to Plautus, to Terence, and to Apuleius, not to Thucydides, Livy, or Cæsar that we must look for the private fashions and customs of the Greeks and Romans; and it is really antiquarians are driven, when they wish to make us of the present age, acquainted with the minutiae of those our

ancestors who lived before the stage and the press existed to elucidate the future historian. The seals of monastic charters, and even the gaudy ornaments of a royal missal, (the very best guides to the curious on these subjects), afford little light into the humours of the age, when compared to what our posterity will receive from the dramatic satires of Foote, Murphy, Colman, and Sheridan, and the didactic narratives of Fielding, Smollet and Goldsmith.

TRAGEDY.—As it was anciently composed, tragedy has been ever held the gravest, most moral, and most profitable of all other poems; therefore said, by Aristotle, to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to cleanse the mind of those and such like passions—that is, to temper and reduce them to a just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion; for so in physis, things of a melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers, and other grave writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture (1 Corinthians, x., v. 33), and Parnassus, commenting on the Revelations, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts, distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Formerly men of the highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour, Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious than before his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar, also, had begun *Ajax*, but, unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, the philosopher, is, by some, thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is entitled *Christ Suffering*.

SELF-MADE MEN.—Columbus was a weaver; Franklin was a journeyman printer; Sextus V. was the son of a cutler; Ferguson and Burns, Scottish poets, were shepherds; Æsop was a slave; Homer was a beggar; Daniel Defoe was apprentice to a hosier; Demosthenes was the son of a cutler; Hogarth an engraver of pewter pots; Virgil was the son of a baker; Gay, an apprentice to a silk mercer; Ben Jonson, was a bricklayer; Person, son of a parish clerk; Frideaux was employed to sweep Exeter College; Akenside was the son of a butcher; so was Wolsey; Cervantes was a private soldier; Gifford, the historian, and Bloomfield, the poet, were shoemakers; Howard was apprenticed to a grocer; Halley was the son of a soap-boiler; Richard Arkwright was a barber; Blackstone was the son of a linen-draper; Buehnan was a private soldier; Butler was the son of a farmer; Canova the son of a stone cutter; Captain Cook began his career as a cabin boy; Dodley was a stocking weaver; Drake was the son of a shepherd; Hunter was apprenticed to a carpenter; Falconer was the son of a barber; Stone was a gardener; Richardson was the son of a joiner; Shakespeare commenced his career as a menial; Pizarro was never taught to read when young, but employed to keep hogs; Haydn was the son of a poor wheelwright; Kirk White was the son of a butcher.

THE DEVIL'S SONATA.—Monsieur de la Lande informs us, that he had from Tartini's own lips the following singular anecdote, which shows to what a degree his imagination was

inflamed by the genius of composition:—He dreamt one night, that he had made a compact with the devil, who promised to be at his service on all occasions; and, during this vision, everything succeeded according to his mind; his wishes were anticipated, and his desires always surpassed, by the assistance of his new servant. In short, he imagined that he presented the devil his violin, in order to discover what kind of musician he was; when, to his great astonishment, he heard him play a solo so singularly beautiful, which he executed with such superior taste and precision, that it surpassed all the music which he had ever heard before, or conceived in his life. So great was his surprise, and so exquisite his delight, upon this occasion, that it appeared to deprive him of the power of breathing; he awoke with the violence of his sensations, and instantly seized the fiddle, in the hopes of expressing what he had just heard, but in vain. He, however, then composed a piece, which is perhaps the best of all his works, and called it the "Devil's Sonata;" but it was so greatly inferior to what his sleep had produced, that he declared he would have broken his instrument, and abandoned music for ever, if he could have subsisted by any other means.

ORIGIN OF MUSIC.—As to the origin of music, every one has his own ideas; but the opinion which traces it to the singing of birds is the most common. It must be confessed that this is an odd idea, and it implies a strange opinion of man, to suppose that he finds one of his most delightful pleasures in the imitation of the language of animals. No, no, it is not so. Man sings as he speaks, moves, and sleeps—in consequence of his organisation, and the constitution of his mind. This is so true, that nations the most savage and most completely insulated in their situation have been found to possess some kind of music, even where the severity of the climate would scarcely permit birds to live or to sing. Music in its origin is composed only of cries of joy or expressions of pain; as men become civilised their singing improves; and that which at first was only the accent of passion, becomes at last the result of study and of art. There is a wide interval, no doubt, between the indistinct sounds which come from the throat of a woman of Nova Zembla and the warblings of a Malbran or a Sontag; but it is not the less true that the delightful singing of the latter has its foundation in something as rude as the croaking of the former.—*Aurelian.*

INFLUENCE OF ART.—To rise into vigorous, active influence, art must spring up and develop itself in secrecy and silence; out of the heart alone can that unfold itself which shall truly go to the heart again. "Yes! pious and simple as the old world was, ye drew it (art) from the same pure depths, awakening the feelings which slumber, and it shall bear honourable witness of ye—and for ever!" Slavishly to cling to antiquity, this is not the bud of your labours! Be ye, therefore, upheld by heavenly power; press on, and rest not, to the high and holy light.—*Louis I., King of Bavaria.*

WALTER OF THE BIRD MEADOW.—The antechamber of the Queen of Bavaria is painted from the history and poems of Walter von der Vogelweide, by Gassen of Coblenz, a young painter of distinguished merit. Walter "of the bird meadow," for that is the literal signification of his name, was one of the most celebrated of the early Arabian minne-singers, and appears to have lived from 1190 to 1246. He led a wandering life, and was at different times in the service of several princes of Germany. He figured at the famous "Strife of Poets" at the Castle of Wartburg, which took

place in 1207, in presence of Hermann, Landgrave of Thuringia, and the Landgravine Sophia. This is one of the most celebrated incidents in the history of German poetry. He also accompanied Leopold VII. to the Holy Land. His songs are warlike, patriotic, moral, and religious. "Of love he has always the highest conception, as of a principle of action, a virtue, a religious affection; and in his estimation of female excellence, he is below none of his contemporaries." In the centre of the ceiling is represented the poetical contest at Wartburg, and Walter is reciting his verses in presence of his rivals and the assembled judges. At the upper head of the room, Walter is exhibited exactly as he describes himself in one of his principal poems—seated on a high rock, in a melancholy attitude, leaning on his elbow, and contemplating the troubles of his desolate country. In the opposite arch, the old poet is represented as feeding the little birds, which are fluttering round him, in allusion to his will, which directed that the birds should be fed yearly upon his tomb. Another compartment represents Walter showing to his gelibte (his mistress) the reflection of her own lovely face in his polished shield.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

JENNY LIND AND THE AMERICANS.

(From the Times.)

It is the peculiar boast of the modern Republic that the public opinion of her free and enlightened citizens reigns with undisputed and absolute sway. Eschewing the enormous faith of many made for one, she has adopted for herself the creed that the few are made for the many. On every subject, in every township throughout the States, the opinion of the majority is final, conclusive, and indisputable. The majority are everything—the minority nothing. Nor is this supremacy of the many confined to those subjects which may legitimately be termed matters of opinion. There is no right, however sacred, no privilege, however unquestionable, which an individual may not at any time, in the freest of all the nations of the earth, be called upon to sacrifice at the summons of public opinion. If it shall please the majority to decree that a particular landlord shall no longer receive rent, his right is extinguished as effectually as by the most formal release; if it shall please the majority to make a foot-path across a citizen's lawn, the road is *ipso facto* dedicated to the use of the public. If the majority be of opinion that it is expedient that a particular citizen should cease to exist, he perishes in the face of day, with all the formality of legal execution.

It becomes a people who are in the habit of investing their convictions when once formed with such practical and serious consequences to be proportionately careful and deliberate in arriving at those convictions; and as their opinions have the force of sentences, their minds should have the impartiality of judges.

Any one impressed with these reflections must have perused with a painful interest the accounts which have from time to time appeared in this journal of the Lindomania in New York. It is humiliating to see a nation, which boasts that it leads the van of human improvement, so little capable of appreciating the relative dignity and merit of different talents and employments as to bow down in prostrate adoration at the feet of a woman who, after all, is merely a first-rate vocalist. Sydney Smith reminds the Pennsylvanians that there are some things worth living for besides gin sling and sherry cobbler; and we should have thought, but for our experience to the contrary, that it were needless

to have informed the countrymen of Franklin, Washington, and Channing that there are things more worthy the admiration of a great people than the power of producing sweet sounds. But what is still stranger than this moral obliquity is, that the possession of this much-prized faculty by Jenny Lind was entirely taken for granted by this acute and calculating people, who were so enraptured by her musical powers before they had heard a single note of her voice that they verily believe if at her first concert she had croaked like a raven or howled like a hyena, public opinion would have pronounced her performance a little superior to the music of the spheres. We were totally unable to account for this palpable surrender of all pretensions to common sense on the part of the American public, till we fell in with an article in the *New York Herald*, in which that journal, justly solicitous for the dignity of its calling, vindicates the American press from the charge of having excited the American public to so outrageous a pitch of folly and self-abasement. It appears from the article of our able contemporary, which bears on its face the stamp of truth, that Mr. Barnum, the great showman of the age, the exhibitor of the living skeleton, General Tom Thumb, the woolly horse, and the nurse of General Washington, had struck out, for the express benefit of Jenny Lind and himself, a new idea, which the blacking of Warren and the waistcoats of Moses have never inspired their poets withal. He invented what we must call, for want of a better name, the police of puffery. He had actually, for months before Jenny Lind's arrival, a number of provocative agents, as the French call them, in his pay, whose business was to "get up a *furor*" for Jenny Lind. This *furor*, once excited, was chronicled by the newspapers, and thus infinitely multiplied, as heat and light are increased by being reflected. The whole susceptibility of the country was soon in a blaze, and long before Jenny Lind had placed her foot on the American continent, public opinion had pronounced in her favour, and she was peerless. Not to be wanting to his good fortune, Mr. Barnum employed his police in the congenial occupation of puffing the ticket-auction, till at the mis-called town of Providence, 625 dollars were actually obtained for a seat, and sold for a valuable consideration the honour of entertaining the Swedish nightingale to an enterprising innkeeper. These are *facts*, but we cannot help suspecting that the fight about the peach-stone and the two shilling kisses of the inside of the glove were little interludes got up by the Barnum police to keep the *furor* alive. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that Jenny Lind was received with this enthusiastic worship from the American public, not for her great and acknowledged merit, but because in an evil hour she had consented to lease out her fine talents to a selfish and intriguing charlatan, whose paltry and miserable arts easily obtained for her that homage which might have possibly, to judge from Macready's case, been withheld from their most brilliant exercise. All, and more than all, the success she could hope to obtain was gained for her, before she had done anything to deserve it, by the action of the Barnum police on public opinion.

The inference is a sad one. That which can be done by a private adventurer may with more ease be accomplished by the leader of a faction. The same arts which make a singer's popularity may create the political capital of a president or a secretary. The deliberate substitution of prejudice for reason and experience may be applied to measures as well as to music. It is much to be feared that the same reckless system of exaggeration, the same intense vulgarity of means and littleness of ends, is to be found in the Senate as in the

orchestra. Who cannot see in the angry and inflated tone of American political controversy, and its constant straining after dramatic effect, the career of men to whom the most important measures, the most sacred interests, and the most stirring appeals are matters of the same indifference as the comfort and quiet of Jenny Lind to Mr. Barnum, when compared to the acquisition of a single cant?

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

MACREADY'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES.

MR. MACREADY commenced the first of his farewell performances on Monday night. It will be remembered, that the great tragedian purported to take leave of the stage this time twelvemonth, but a sudden and serious illness prevented him carrying out his intention, which was finally postponed to the present period. That Mr. Macready is determined to disappear from the scene of all his glories for ever, we have no reason to disbelieve. We know that heretofore artists' "farewell and last farewell performances," in almost every instance, implied nothing more than knells of preparation to remind the public of their loss. From John Kemble down to Rubini and Taglioni, every artist considered himself bound to indulge in a series of coquetting with the public, until the very term "last performance," grew to become a mere indefinite sound, "a tale told by an idiot—signifying nothing." How many times Braham took his leave of the stage, it is impossible to remember. He commenced his first "farewell performance" upwards of twenty years ago, and has not yet left off. The leave-takings of Siddons, Pasta, and others, were nearly as numerous. In short, we cannot call to mind a single actor, or a single singer, who did not take several farewells of the stage, unless prevented by death or illness. We are sorry to say, we are compelled to credit the announcement that Macready is about to quit the stage for ever. We know the sternness of the actor's nature upon such a point as keeping faith with the public, even when the public would rejoice in the breach of that faith, and are sorry to know it. We had rather have to accuse Macready of coquetting, than have to deplore the loss of his transcendent talents. His retirement from the stage looks too serious and solemn for doubt to dispute. Yes, we feel that we shall shortly have to deplore his loss. The "Ultimus Romanorum" will soon have vanished from our sight, and we shall have to exclaim with Hamlet,—

"We shall not look upon his like again."

Mr. Macready selected *Macbeth* for the first of his last essays in the Shakespearian drama. No part is more closely identified with the name of the actor; and no performance in his *repertoire* is more remarkable for variety, power, and vigour of delineation. We were delighted to see Mr. Macready looking so well on Monday night, and the force and immense energy he displayed in his acting made us more than ever regret we should so soon lose him. His reception was uproarious. The whole house stood up, and greeted him for several minutes, until their throats and hands were wearied. The applause throughout the performance was frequent and enthusiastic, and his reception at the end was fully as boisterous as the demonstration displayed at his coming on.

The Haymarket company is not strong, "tragically speaking;" nevertheless, with the aid of two or three adjuncts procured for the nonce, Mr. Webster contrived to dush up *Macbeth* tolerably well cooked. Mrs. Warner, Mr. Davenport, and Mr. Woolgar were engaged expressly to support

Mr. Macready in his last performances; and, if need were, to show him off to the best advantage. Mrs. Warner is a lady of acknowledged ability, and ranks as the best delineator of the heavy tragedy parts, as they are named in theatrical parlance, we have at present. Her Lady Macbeth is a striking and ambitious assumption, and is entitled to much commendation. Mr. Davenport may be said to have made a hit in *Macduff*. He displayed energy, judgment, and extreme attention. This last-named qualification must not be underrated. It is the next step to abstraction, the fulcrum of the actor's genius, and may in time grow to it. Mr. Davenport was exceedingly effective in the Court scene, where the murder is discovered, and showed both pathos and power in the great scene in the fourth act. Mr. Woolgar is Miss Woolgar's father, and made his *début* at the Haymarket in *Roscoe*. *Roscoe* is not a great part; and Mr. Woolgar could not be supposed, without violence to Shakspeare and his own talents, to effect great things in *Roscoe*. But we are in no hurry: we can wait.

Locke's music is an impertinent interpolation. It converts *Macbeth* into an operatic melodrama, and pulls down its dignity lamentably. We always felt grieved that Macready should have countenanced and encouraged so evident a violation and disfigurement of the text. That such a vile, low, Billingsgate phrase as "three ounces of a red-haired wench," should be sanctioned by the side of Shakspeare's sublime accumulation of horrors in the ingredients of the weird sisters' magic charm, is a positive disgrace to the modern stage. Indeed, some such feeling must have entered into Mr. Webster's mind when Locke and red-haired wenches, for he paid the least possible attention to the music. Miss P. Horton was converted into a barytone, and Mr. Bind officiated as *primo basso assoluto*. Mr. Selby, we believe, was the tenor of the evening. Mr. Webster was perfectly right. Locke's music is little worthy in itself, and has no business in *Macbeth*.

On Wednesday Mr. Macready made his second appearance in *Hamlet*. This is another of his popular and well-weighted characters, and one which has been recognised by the majority of his admirers as among the best perfected of his performances. Mr. Macready was well supported by Mrs. Warner, as the Queen; Mr. Stuart, as the Ghost; Mr. Davenport, as Laertes; Mr. Howe, as Horatio; &c., &c. Mr. Buckstone's First Grave-digger was infinitely funnier than Shakspeare's.

On Thursday Mr. Macready appeared in *Shylock*, in the *Merchant of Venice*, for the last time. The character of the Jew does not appear to have been a favourite with the actor. He played it for the first time at the Haymarket some four or five years ago, but it never became one of his standard performances. Every great actor is individually gifted with peculiar powers of developing certain phases of the mind. To Macmillan, George Cooke, and Edmund Kean, belonged the identification of such passions as malignity, biting sarcasm, cutting irony, and demoniac joy. This conformation of mind, adapted to stage purposes, would benefit them for such parts as Richard the Third and *Shylock*. On the contrary, Kemble, Young, and their followers—if they have had any, which we doubt—were more fitly constituted to represent the grander passions, as sorrow, revenge, stoical indifference to death, love of country, &c. Thus we find that these actors excelled in Brutus, Cato, Hamlet, Coriolanus, Zangano, and the like. Macready's powers, we should say, are more varied, but are not so concentrated. In the representation of the malignant passions he has certainly been surpassed by Edmund Kean and Cooke; while, in sustaining the more dignified and loftier

emotions, he has fallen short of Kemble and Young. It is thus that actors should be judged, and not by comparison. Each is great in his peculiar line. But Macready has his own province, in which he shines beyond all competition. In the tender and pathetic, in the display of domestic affections and the despair consequent upon their disruption; in heroism and patriotism; in the exhibition of misery, anguish, madness, fear, and their alternations and vicissitudes, he stands alone. We do not say that in other respects he does not exhibit excellence. That would be denying him the possession of geniuses, which we never contemplated; but, in the development of the passions we have named, he betokens his chiefest power. Now, the assumption of one of these is not absolutely required in *Shylock*, and we therefore find the character removed, in some respect, from his genius, and dependent on his art. No other reason can be assigned why Macready did not make so striking a part as *Shylock* his peculiar study. He might have been deterred by the failures of John Kemble and Young. That the performance of the Jew would have been greater had he played it oftener and studied it with more intensity, we are inclined to think; but we feel satisfied it never would have equalled his *Lear* or *Macbeth*. We shall say but a very few words of the performance of Thursday.

Throughout the first act Mr. Macready appeared to avoid the line followed by all his predecessors. The malignity of the Jew was never once made manifest, and the deportment to the Christians was rather submissive and entreating than sycophantic and hypocritical. It may be said in Mr. Macready's favor, that Shakspeare's lines are suggestive of this interpretation, but when there is no effect produced, we always find fault with the actor. Let an actor wrest Shakspeare ever so much to his own views, provided he brings down the house, he commits no sin. If the public applaud, when there is a difference, the actor must be right. Is not the public the best judge? At all events, right or wrong, Macready made no great point in the first act, and the curtain fell with the accompaniment of very faint applause. Neither did the second act seem to produce anything great from the actor. The third and fourth acts, however, made full amends for all that had gone before. The scene with Tubal was worked up with immense power. The alternations of feeling were strikingly given, and the exclamation of "I thank God," when Shylock learns all Antonio's losses, was as fine as anything we ever heard on the stage. The whole scene wanted but a little elaboration and finish to render it intensely grand. The trial scene is, beyond a shadow of doubt, as fine as anything in the whole range of Macready's performances. Bating that in one or two expressions it becomes colloquial, it is from beginning to end, a highly-wrought and perfect picture. Had Mr. Macready studied his audience more, weighing their expectations; and Shakspeare less, overlooking his purpose, his *Shylock*, we are convinced, would have been pronounced a masterpiece. As it stands, the public, from their *keen* recollections, would always prefer his *Macbeth* or his *Lear*.

The other parts in general were respectably filled. We confess we were not wonderfully struck with Mrs. Warner in Portia. This lady is still at ease when she is not deeply serious. A smile does not become her, and her trifling is anything but attractive. The lighter parts of Portia did not receive adequate justice at her hands. She was best in the judgment scene. Here she was more at home. The great speech on mercy was finely delivered.

Mr. Davenport was the Bassanio, and played in a very gentleman-like and tasteful manner. We were more than ever

impressed with the merits of this actor. Mr. Howe was hardly himself in Gratiano, although he exerted himself to the utmost. Mr. Buckstone was as funny as ever in Launcelot Gobbo.

We particularly admired Miss P. Horton in Jessica, and had no objection whatever to the interpolated song, so capitally was it sung. We were also pleased with Mrs. Fitzwilliam's idea of Nerissa.

On Macready's nights the theatre has been crammed to suffocation. One of the most crowded audiences we ever beheld within the walls of the Haymarket was assembled on Thursday night.

ADELPHI.

A farce, called *The School for Tigers*, was brought out on Monday night, with the most unequivocal success. It is a kind of *High Life Below Stairs*, adapted to modern times, although the action takes place, not in a kitchen, but at the back of a cigar-shop. Mr. Panels (Mr. Wright), an ex-coachman, has not only opened business in the Havannah line, but devotes himself to the instruction of "tigers" in the peculiar duties of their profession, and allows their studies to be enlivened by an occasional "shilling hop," to which the maid-servants of the neighbourhood are invited. The Tiger class is regularly exhibited, and the answers given by the pupils have all, more or less, a satirical reference to the state of society to which "tigers" owe their being. One of them (Miss Woolgar), who has been advanced somewhat suddenly into tiger-iam from the condition of an errand boy, is quizzed by his companions for the rusticity of his manners; but in the end he takes a noble revenge by helping two of his persecutors out of a scrape in which they are involved on account of their masters being found guilty of forgery.

This piece, which is by Mark Lemon, is very smartly written, and the academical scene is novel and striking. It has also the advantage of being acted to perfection in the principal characters. Mr. Wright, as the ex-coachman, vividly bearing in mind the fact that he has "druv" two Russian Ambassadors, and smarting under the least invasion of his dignity, gives an admirable representation of vulgar pomp; while Miss Woolgar, as the rustic "tiger," presents a combination of real good-humour and would-be smartness, which is absolutely refreshing from its geniality. Her performance has none of the trickiness in which actresses sometimes indulge when attired in male habiliments, but she throws herself honestly and heartily into the character of the unsophisticated boy. The sweetheart of this youth, the daughter of the tobacconist, was played with a great deal of point and vivacity by Miss Collins.

There was a roar of applause at the fall of the curtain; but still we should recommend a curtailment in those scenes which are intended to set forth the plot, for these are somewhat drawn out, and the piece depends, not on plot, but on character and grouping.

BADLER'S WELLS.

Two more re-revivals of Shakespear have taken place at this theatre. On Wednesday se'night, *Julius Cesar* was produced, the performance of which, however, contained nothing essentially different from what it was when the play was given here two years ago. Brutus, the finest of all Shakespear's heroic characters, is of somewhat too epic a cast for the stage. He mingles too much of the humourist and philosopher with his heroism, for dramatic purposes. Mr. Phelps, in his address to the people from the tribune—one of the few opportunities for energy—was eloquent and impres-

sive, and the bitter serenity of his manner, in the quarrel with Cassius, was equally characteristic. Mr. G. Bennett, as Cassius, and Mr. H. Marston, as Mark Anthony, were excellent, especially the latter gentleman, to whom, in his peculiar line, the stage has, at present, no superior.

On Monday last, *Cymbeline* was given, for the purpose of introducing us to Miss Lyons, the youthful *débütante* of the Olympic, as Imogene. Towards a young lady, not having reached her twentieth year—so report says—public opinion must, of course, be lenient. In personal qualifications, nature has been bountiful to her. Although small in person and features, she has a handsome and intelligent face, and a good voice, which she manages well. Her conception of Imogene was graceful and correct, if not very impassioned. If the marks of tuition were visible, not less so were the aptitude and intelligence of the pupil, who, moreover, gave occasional manifestations of the latent power of impassioned expression, of which we trust that time and study will afford more examples. Of the excellence of the tuition that she has received there cannot be a doubt, and she is quite right to keep on the safe side of her powers, whatever they may be, until study and experience shall enable her to put them forth with matured confidence and strength. The house was quite full. G.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THEATRE ROYAL.—ENGLISH OPERA.

We assisted, as the French have it, at the third performance of Macfarren's charming opera, *King Charles the Second*, and were hugely delighted therewith. It is, indeed, as pleasing an example of English modern opera, by an English composer, as we ever listened to. There is a nice even flow of melody and harmony about it, while song, chorus, madrigal, &c., are all in keeping with the time and situations of the plot. It is essentially English in character—we had almost written *old English*—but it is a great deal better; it is English, and of its best style. The instrumentation is of quite an advanced order—far superior to the puerilities of the last century, and much more so than anything of the merry monarch's days. As you inserted a lengthened notice of the first performance of the opera here (from the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, of the 23rd instant,) in last week's *Musical World*, it is unnecessary I should this week take up your space, to say more than that we cordially agree with the writer's remarks on Macfarren's work and style of composition generally; as also as to the way this opera has been put on the stage by Mr. Knowles, and his stage-manager, Mr. Harris. *King Charles the Second* ran successfully all last week, (six performances in succession). Saturday last, the *Paritana* was repeated (by desire), and this week an English version, by whom we know not, of Mozart's master-piece, *Don Giovanni*. I have not seen or heard it, so cannot report. My idea is, that the company is much more fitted to succeed in an opera of a light and pleasing character, like *King Charles the Second*. To-day's *Guardian* I see, speaks moderately well of the performance, and complains greatly of the scant attendance, especially in the dress circle. Saturday, the 2nd November, Auber's opera of the *Sirena* is to be produced.

(From the *Manchester Courier*.)

MACFARREN'S OPERA OF "CHARLES II."

This is an opera so thoroughly English in its subject and the mode of treatment, that it was with much pleasure we found it named in the list of novelties to be produced during the short opera season now going on. Its plot is simple and probable, having for its subject one of the freaks of the merry monarch, assisted by his constant companion, the witty, dissolute Earl of Rochester. The Earl (Mr. Lyster) finds Julian (Miss Isaacs), page to the Queen (Miss Lanza), leaving the

palace in disguise, and forces from him the admission that he is going to visit his betrothed, Fanny (Mlle. Nau), the daughter of Captain Copp (Mr. Borraai), a retired sea captain, now the landlord of the King's Head, at Wapping. The Earl tells the King of the beauty of Fanny, his passion is excited, and, in the disguise of sailors, they seek and find the place. There they begin to make love to all and sundry, Fanny included, and the wrath of the sailors is aroused at the liberties taken. The King, to make things pleasant, orders a carouse, at his cost, but, when the bill is presented, he finds that Rochester, his cash-keeper, is gone. This exposes him to considerable ridicule, and on his tendering a watch in payment, which the page maliciously shows bears the royal arms, he is detained as a thief who has robbed the King. He escapes by the aid of a page and Fanny, and the scene then changes to the palace, where he gives audience in his proper habiliments to Captain Copp and Fanny, who come to restore the watch. The wonder and surprise of the honest captain as he recognises, first the page, then the Earl, and last the King, and the exuberant loyalty with which he bellows out the first line of the National Anthem, as the most proper mode of showing it, are well told. There is ample material in such a series of events for comic action; indeed the plot would not permit of anything approaching to what we term serious opera. Neither has it the slightest pretensions to rank as high opera; recitative is properly abandoned, and spoken dialogue takes its place. It has more of ballad form than any other we remember, as all compositions affecting to give records of the period chosen must be, when dependent on so light a subject. Mr. Macfarren has thoroughly understood the requirements of his aim, and has worked them out with what appears to be almost instinctive correctness of form and colour. Thus, instead of having attempted writing upon the Italian or French model, he has attempted upon each solo, duet, or concerto, thorough English features, simple plainness, quaint melodies, with rhythm so strongly marked, that the lead involuntarily becomes a metronome, as the ear drinks them in, and sentimental phrases removed from weakness on the one hand and coarseness on the other. The instrumentation is exceedingly full, sometimes too much so, we think; but there is little occasion for fault-finding. There are several melodies given which are apparently favourites with the composer, for he often repeats them wholly, and introduces them frequently in greater or less degree. The most pleasing of the vocal *morceaux* are duets by Fanny and Julian; and these have become such favourites with the audience, that they are almost always repeated by desire. A madrigal, sung in the court, is a remarkable reproduction of the spirit of the old writers in that style of composition; few persons will be able to tell it from one of Morley's—it is so full of the quaint beauty and freedom, which marks his works. Mr. Macfarren has infused what we may term a Dithyrambic spirit into the music written for Captain Copp, the representatives of the hardihood and honest boldness of the mariners of the time; and as all the various forms of vocal expression harmonize, the result is a united whole.

Mr. Travers displays a praiseworthy costliness in the matter of dress, and he is clothed with taste and richness. He sang the music allotted him admirably; but he wanted weight as the monarch. "Here to the maid!" was given by him with a heartiness and spirit that roused the audience into loud acclamation, and other pieces were well received. Mr. Latter's part gave him little opportunity as a vocalist, but he acted with vivacity and spirit. We regret to be obliged to say that Mlle. Nau failed to satisfy our idea of her part. We saw not a glimpse of the English girl, the daughter of the rough old sailor, and the companion of sailors and their wives. The lady is naturally no sentimental, and nothing that we have seen has at all tended to give us the idea that she is in her proper place on the stage. In a concert-room, her highly-trained voice, and her facile execution, equal to the easy mastery of the greatest difficulties, might find appreciation and acceptance; but to the lyric drama she brings no genius for it, little more than acquired modes of action, and none of that nature that gives life to the efforts of many who have undergone less severe study. It was, consequently, with increased pleasure that we turned from her to the rich and improving voice and acting of Miss Isaac, who sang with great power. Her enunciation is good, and her voice has a sympathetic quality, of immense value in passages that call for

pathos and the expression of soft sentiment. In the higher ranges her notes have a full, bell-like resonance, which she skilfully swells out with ringing clearness, or softens down to a floating something, mere a memory than a sound, which reminded us somewhat of the vocalization of the idolized Jenny Lind. Her by-play, too, is excellent; her features are expressive, and the mixture of love, jealousy, and arch intrigue of the page was well kept up. Mr. Borraai capably sustained the rough bluntness of his part. The chorus have in this opera made plain the exact distinction between themselves and the local chorus, whose place they have taken. We feel confident that, for the matter of tone and power, our local chorus is superior by odds; but we are also certain the latter would never have sustained their share in the first act with anything like the vigour that is displayed by their successors. There is a capital scene in front of the King's Head, where Charles quarrels with the sailors about their lasses, and following the agile displays of Mr. J. Marshall, the chorus got up a bawdy and agitation that was a surprising advance on the usual dull inanition. The mention of the name of Mr. Marshall reminds us that there is a pretty morris dance arranged by him, and a hornpipe danced by himself and Miss Fawcett, that has not yet missed an encore. Mr. Seymour's capital orchestra now give the instrumental part with diligent attention to the baton of the conductor, and respect for the composer's score, but they sometimes overwhelm the chorus. The *mise en scene* is got up capably. A view on the Thames, and the interior of the state room in the palace—a fine vista of arches and chandeliers, terminated by a window of stained glass, covered with heraldic blazonry—are especially worthy of mention. The care of Mr. Harris is plain in many details of decoration and arrangement.

LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

As the production of Mr. D. E. Horsley's new oratorio of David, by our Philharmonic Society, is the sole topic of conversation amongst our music-loving folks, I send you a brief description of it, written by a gentleman who has attended the rehearsals, and is eminently qualified to give a true opinion of its merits.

"It commences with a most effective overture. This is followed by a choral recitative of tenors and basses in unison:—'Then came the word of the Lord unto Samuel, saying, it repenteth me that I have set up Saul to be king, &c.' The recitative breaks into harmony on the words, 'And it grieved Samuel, and he cried unto the Lord all night,' which has a most beautiful effect. The chorus following, 'How are the mighty fallen! Ye daughters of Israel weep for Saul,' is full of fine effects. The crescendo from a pianissimo to a fortissimo on the words, 'God judgeth the righteous, and God is angry with the wicked every day,' is very striking. The air, 'Give ear unto my prayer,' by Samuel, is a most prayerful melody; and this is followed by a duo for two treble voices, 'The Lord preserveth the souls.' This duo is followed by a very noble chorus, 'Behold, I am against thee,' the subject of which is quite Gregorian, and tells most wonderfully. Then comes another choral recitative, followed by a tenor song for Samuel, 'The Lord is my shepherd,' an air of great beauty. The chorus following, 'He that scattered Israel,' is full of expression; and, if well rendered, the effect will be delicious. The next recitative is succeeded by another chorus most effectively written, 'And the spirit of the Lord came upon David,' this chorus, also, is capable of great expression. An air for a contralto and a double quartet, followed by a choral recitative, and recitative and aria, by Goliath, with a heavy bass voice, the latter would tell with amazing effect. The chorus following, 'Have you seen this man,' in the agitato style, we like the least of any piece in the oratorio, although there are some striking points in it. The chorus is followed by an aria for a bass voice, and the air by a recitative and chorus. The tone of derision at David offering to go and fight with the Philistine, is admirably portrayed, by solo and chorus, on the words, 'Thou art not able to go against this Philistine.' The pastoral aria by David, which follows, is very beautiful; and the prayer of David, echoed by the chorus succeeding it, is quite in character with the words, 'Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me.' A duet by Goliath and David follows, and then a most effective chorus of

Philistines, 'Wo to me.' A choral recitative, and solo by David, lead into the concluding chorus of the first part, 'Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth.'

"The second part opens with a march of the tribes of Israel—and a most noble march it is. This is followed by a choral recitative, in harmony, 'Behold, we are thy bone and thy flesh.' There is a prodigious effect at the concluding part of this recitative. On the words, 'So all the elders of Israel came to the king to Hebron, and they annointed David king,' commences a gradual crescendo to the full chorus following, 'The king shall joy in Thy strength, O Lord'—perhaps the most elaborate chorus in the work. The air, 'Who am I, Lord?' is a most chaste and elegant composition, in which the oboe is introduced with beautiful effect. This air is followed by an allegro movement, which leads to a most expressive chorus—'The Lord is a God of Judgement.' Another choral recitative is followed by an air for a soprano voice, in four flats—a most enticing melody—to the words, 'O, love the Lord, all ye his saints.' A very bold and effective double chorus of Philistines and Israelites follows, the Philistines saying, 'Come, let us cut them off from being a nation; and the Israelites chanting, in the Gregorian style, 'O, my God, make them like a wheel.' This is followed by some recitatives and chorusses, illustrating the conveying of the Ark of the Covenant to its appointed place, by David. All the scene is rendered most effectively, and cannot fail to interest the audience. This is followed by a very pleasing trio, 'How amiable are thy tabernacles.' A short chorus is followed by a solo for David, which leads to the last chorus, in which is introduced a chorus—first in harmony, without accompaniment, and then in unison, with the full orchestra; and this is followed by a short fugue. The whole oratorio is scored in the most effective manner; and we have no hesitation in proclaiming it a standard work. We wish it every success."

Mr. Horsley has been lately directing the rehearsals, which are proceeding with great energy, and the society expect to merit some of the praise they lavished upon themselves by its production.

Mr. Ryall's annual concert took place on Monday night, but as illness prevented me being present, I must defer sending you a notice until I can get a report of it from one of our papers. The same remark will apply to the first of a series of Classical Chamber Concerts, which took place in the saloon of the Philharmonic Society last evening. The programme contained some choice specimens of classical music, including opera 81 of Mendelssohn's Posthumous Quartets, which was, I have heard, very finely played by Messrs. E. W. Thomas, Haddock, Lawson, and Baetens.

The *Liverpool Times* says—"Dr. Malzer, of whose talents as a musical instructor we have had occasion to speak more than once, has at last commenced teaching his system of vocal music in this town, at his class-rooms, in Church Street, where we hope he will meet with as great success as he did in Manchester. From October to March, 1849, Dr. Malzer's classes at Nowell's Buildings, were attended by 1,945 pupils, of whom the greater portion were operatives. 'In no part of the kingdom are the labouring classes more fond of music than in Lancashire, and we trust that in the course of a few months, Dr. Malzer's system will have been learnt by some hundreds of the working classes of this town.'"

On Monday evening the first dress concert of the present season, given by the Apollo Glee Club, took place at the Adelphi Hotel, and was attended by a respectable audience, numbering about 120. The vocalists, Mesdames Holden, McDougal, and Messrs. Armstrong, McIlroy, Boothby, Evans, Roberts, G. Holden, and Master Skeel, sang a number of favourite glee, quartets, songs, catches, &c. by the most popular authors, including Macfarren's madrigal from *Charles II.*, and a new song, the words by Mr. James Stonehouse, and the music by Mr. Hargreaves, both townsmen. The whole performance went off with great eclat, and a most agreeable evening was spent by the members of the club and their friends.

The next Saturday Evening Concert offers great attraction. That excellent artist, Mr. Henry Phillips, will give his new musical entertainment, entitled *Our Village*, a very pleasing vocal recreation, as Mr. Phillips is one of the best educated singers of the day, and, withal, a clever and accomplished man. A large audience will, doubtless, give him a hearty welcome, for he has not visited us much of late.

The performances at the Amphitheatre continue of a light and varied character—comedy, farce, and ballet, offering, in turn, the most agreeable recreation. Miss Emma Stanley continues to add interest to the pieces in which she performs. J. H. N.

Oct. 31st, 1850.

PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Nothing can be more brilliant than the theatrical season here, and Mr. Newcombe, the popular lessee, well deserves the patronage which he meets with from every class of society. Scarcely had Mr. Aldridge, the African Roscius, finished a most successful engagement, when Sims Reeves and Miss Lucombe made their appearance on Monday evening. Never was there a more crowded assemblage at the Plymouth Theatre. A person was placed at the door to return the money of those who could not catch a glimpse of the stage. Hundreds were turned away from box, pit, and gallery; and when these same artists sang at the Assembly Rooms, the week before, the loss, I understand, amounted to something considerable; and at Exeter their receipts were under £5, but in this town people will never go into the Assembly Rooms to a concert, when they rush to the theatre in crowds. The entertainments on this occasion consisted of selections from the opera of *Sannambula* and *Lucia*, with the popular musical farce of *The Waterman*. Reeves sang with exquisite taste and feeling, and seemed, if possible, to have gained power since last I heard him. Miss Lucombe, less happy in the *Lucia*, sung the music of the *Sannambula* most brilliantly, and threw a pathos into her acting which gained her much applause. In *The Waterman*, Mr. Newcombe was the Robin. His reception was most enthusiastic, and he played the part as well as I have ever seen it acted. His performance throughout kept the audience in a roar with his comic situations, and he sang the song admirably. Sims Reeves substituted "The death of Nelson" for "Farewell my trim-built wherry," which was a decided mistake, and was vehemently applauded, as was Miss Lucombe, in "Wapping old stairs." Bungie, in the hands of Mr. Kay, was excellent, and the Mrs. Bungie of Mrs. Harding was all that could be desired.

Could the engagements of Sims Reeves and Miss Lucombe have permitted them to give a second representation, the theatre would have been quite as full as on the Monday evening.

Mr. Stirling, who is engaged for a short time, not only to act, but get up his own pieces, appeared on Tuesday, when the house was very well attended, in spite of the overflow of the preceding evening. A drama, of much interest, called *Clarence Clevedon*, was the first piece which abounded in striking dramatic situations. The last scene, which represents the rising of the waters, was highly effective; and great credit is due to Mr. Mark, the mechanism of the theatre, for his arrangement of it.

Mr. Reed, the conductor of the band, deserves much praise for the manner in which the orchestral parts were played on the night of the operatic entertainment, and his drilling the chorus to such a state of perfection in so short a time is really something wonderful. T. G. B.

DUBLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The engagement of Miss Catherine Hayes, at the Theatre Royal, which commenced on Monday week last, has created such an excitement in the Irish metropolis, as nothing but the performance of Jenny Lind has ever been known to make on the other side of the channel. The Irish are a national people, by which word I mean not, as the *entrepreneurs* of the London National Concerts, equally interested in all nations, but, having a hearty good feeling for that which is native to their own soil, and a national pride, a national enthusiasm, whenever they meet with native excellence, which they are ever ready to appreciate and to welcome. Now, the theatre has been literally crammed on each evening of the Irish *prima donna's* performance, and the reception with which the fair songstress has been greeted, and the tumultuous applause that has acknowledged every point in her delivery of the several characters she has filled, has been such, I assure you, as I have rarely witnessed. The natural reaction of this has been, that Miss

Catherine Hayes has literally stepped out of herself in both her singing and her acting, and much and justly as she has been admired in London, she has been here in every respect as far superior to what we have seen her there, as it is possible to excel what even there was considered excellence. I am an old stager, you know, but all my experience has not so blunted my sensitiveness, but that I have been moved to tears by her singing and acting in the last scene of the *Nonnambula*, which, I have no hesitation to say, possessed a pathos that few artists have ever surpassed. Miss Hayes has won equal honour in *Linda*, in *Lucia in Norma*, and *Lucrécia*, which last opera has been produced in Dublin, for the first time on this occasion, and has pleased greatly—very body talks of her, and none says anything but praise. The bouquets, the *furors*, the cheerings, the waving of handkerchiefs, can never have been surpassed by the wildest excesses of continental enthusiasm. Although of course the centre of attraction, Miss Hayes, has been by no means the only object of admiration in the present series of Italian operas. Signor Bordas the tenor, who sang at her Majesty's Theatre in 1849, has pleased very much, and deservedly, for he has great merit, although his style is sometimes a little exaggerated. Herr Mengis, who has really never had a fair chance in London, is truly an admirable artist. He has complete management of a most agreeable baritone voice, and he is an entire master of the Italian style of singing. He is an immense favourite. Signors Paltori, Galli, and Salabert, have been all efficient representatives of the minor parts, and have done much to give completeness to the *ensemble*. Lastly, Madame Macfarren, the composer's wife, has made her first appearance in Ireland, and has met with a most legitimate success. Her beautifully expressive face, and her well-formed figure, have done much to excite and interest in her performance, which interest her performance has always, to the utmost, gratified. Her voice, a soft and rich contralto, possesses a sweetness such as I do not remember in any other German singer, and the control of it evinces no less careful study than natural ability. In *Pierotto* she pleased very greatly. In *Orsini*, having more to do, she did much more, and produced still more effect. Her delivery of the romance, "Nella fatal" was perfectly beautiful; and I have heard the best judges say, and I perfectly agree in the opinion, that the "Segreto per esser felice" was faultlessly sung. Her greatest success has, however, been in *Adalgisa*, which has been admired either for her or by her into a contralto part, and in which, notwithstanding her departure from the composer's text, she proved herself a complete artist, giving an interest to the part of the highest character, and delighting everybody. Her duets with Miss Hayes, "Ah si par core," "Mira O Norma," and "Si fin all' ore," were all encored. To conclude, Mr. Lavenue has contrived much to the general effect by his clever conducting, and the band and chorus have been good. I hope next week to send you an account of the close of the engagement.—Yours truly, S. U.

P.S.—I send you two notices from the *Freeman's Journal*, that your readers may have some authority besides mine for the opinions I have advanced.

OCTOBER 20.

The delight experienced and testified by our audience in the first presentation here of *Lucrécia Borgia*, on Thursday evening last was, perhaps, too absorbing, too intense, to admit of the co-existence of any other feeling beside that of deep enjoyment, enhanced by a completeness and perfectitude in the production for a first time of this gorgeous opera that were indeed "wondrous, when we consider that one short week embraced the whole space of time allowed to Messrs. Lavenue and Levey, the conductor and leader of the orchestra, with the band under their direction, to arrange the score, distribute parts, accomplish the music, and practice with the corps of vocalists.

The crowds that filled every available foot of space in the theatre on last evening, in boxes, pit, and galleries, proved that the first presentation of *Lucrécia Borgia* served but to whet the popular appetite for a renewed enjoyment of this rich musical banquet. Madame Macfarren came out surprisingly in the role of Maffeo Orsini. She seemed to have shaken off a great deal of a certain apathy (the result, perhaps, of slight indisposition) that marked her treatment of this part on the previous night's presentation of the

opera. She dressed the part admirably, and her attitudes and bearing were every inch the proud, passionate, and indolent Italian noble. Her rendering of the passage, "Nella fatal di Rimini guerra," was marked by richness and depth in the contralto notes, giving indication of a brilliant version of the "Chanson au Boire" afterwards.

Signor Bordas seemed still more improved, effective, and tasteful in voice, and decidedly evinced more *retenu* and dignified ability in his rendering of the dramaticism of his part of *Gennaro*. But on the appearance of our fair countrywoman, every eye was for her, every lip applauded, every hand cheered.

The costume of Miss Catherine Hayes, in the character of *Lucrécia*, seems to impart an indescribable attractiveness to a face and form ever winning and graceful. The rich sombre character of her sable dress throws into bright contrast the fairness of her complexion, and gives a still more intellectual fragility of aspect to one who personates in tones of such sweetness, and in acting so fearfully truthful, a character upon whose name the finger of history trembles with mingled love and suspicion, hatred and adoration. Her reception was truly enthusiastic, but all was hushed as she opened with the recitative, "Tranquilla e posa," and a pin might be heard drop as the few opening bars by the orchestra introduced the aria "Con a bello." Truly that air seemed to convey the very soul of plaintive melody.

We need not say that the applause was tremendous. The finale to the first act brought out Madame Macfarren again with excellent effect. Signor Bordas was justly encored, and enthusiastically greeted for his version of the aria "Di Pescatore."

In the second act Herr Mengis was admirable as Don Alfonso. His solo, "Qualunque sia," was deservedly encored.

The "Brindisi" in the third act, was given brilliantly by Madame Macfarren. The other gems were the soprano solo, "M'odi m'odi," by Miss Hayes and her gorgeous dramatic power and vocal splendour, in the closing scene. It would be only repeating what we have before stated on many occasions, to say that the fair *donna* was greeted with the heartiest and most enthusiastic plaudits.

Norma this evening.

SLAT OCT.

The announcement of Bellini's opera of *Norma*, for last evening, created no small amount of interest in our musical circles. Many connoisseurs who rank amongst the most ardent admirers of Miss Catherine Hayes as a dramatic vocalist—taking their standard of excellence, as regards the part of *Norma*, from the impersonation of this part by Givsi and Alboni—seemed to think it unusual to the delicately feminine *maniere* and *personal* of our Irish *prima donna*. These "Faddadens" of the opera affected to hold that the *rité* of the Druid priestesses required for its due interpretation a more vigorous physique, and more vocal declamatory energy, than belonged to *Norma*, whose acting was so truthfully gentle, and whose voice so passively sweet in the maiden loveliness of *Amines* and *Linda*—in brief, some musical *poco curanti* would have it, that a spice of that most Italian feeling—feminine jealousy—should be an indispensable accessory to the genius of a vocal actress, in order to interpret the character of *Norma* with all the fire of its dramatic meaning and all the passionate heat of its soul-stirring music. But we can imagine the agreeable disappointment experienced by all who have held those opinions in the brilliant and powerful impersonation of the *Norma* on last evening by our fair and highly-gifted countrywoman. Her appearance in the character was hailed by cordial and repeated cheers. Nothing could be more indicative of the profound interest taken by the audience in the success of our fair *donna*, than the hushed and breathless silence with which she was heard in the divine solo, "Casta diva." How she succeeded in the rendering of this magnificent and characteristic melody might be ascertained, even by those without the theatre, by the peals upon peals of deafening plaudits that echoed through the house. Her encore of the air was perhaps sweeter and more brilliant still, and the plaudits that followed were, if possible, more enthusiastic.

Amongst the other beauties of this opera which were produced with fine effect, we may mention the grand trio, "Oh, de qual sei," by Miss Hayes, Signor Bordas, and Madame Macfarren, also the celebrated duet, "Mira, O Norma," by Miss Hayes and Madame

Mæfarren, and the duct, "Gia mi pasco." Nothing could exceed the brilliancy, precision, and effect with which these exquisite pieces were rendered.

Madame Mæfarren's Adalgisa is one of the best parts personated by her since her first appearance here. The flute-like lower tones of her "second" told with good effect with the thrilling higher notes of Miss Hayes in the duette passages.

The Polio of Signor Bordas was a well-studied and perfect dramatic conception. His acting was chaste, yet energetic, and his solos (particularly one, "Me pro te age") were all tastefully and sweetly rendered, and justly applauded.

Signor Faltoni's Orovoso was in the best taste, and his excellent judgment in leading the choruses contributed not a little to the success of the opera.

The subsidiary characters, sustained by Mr. Houghton and Miss Fitzgibbon, were admirable in their way, and, in all, the opera went off with the highest éclat.

The fair *prima donna* was called before the curtain at the close of each act, and on her coming forward to sing the last trying passage and duet in the last act, the interest of the audience was wound up to the highest pitch. Her rendering of the glorious music of this grand and impressive passage, as well as the truth, vigour, and naturalness of her acting, affected the house like electricity. At the conclusion of the piece, peal after peal of cheering ensued; and, on the appearance of the fair artist with Signor Bordas and the other vocalists in front of the curtain after the opera, the enthusiasm of the audience showed how deep and delighted was their gratification.

—*Joannambula* is announced for this evening.

NEW YORK CLEANINGS.

THE OPENING OF TRIPLE HALL.—Mr. Bochsa has published the following particulars relating to the new Music Hall:—"The Tripler Hall has been rented by Madame Anna Bishop, for a large number of nights; the choice of the nights resting with her, to be taken successively or at stated periods. She will give a series of Musical Festivals on a scale of European grandeur. The orchestra will be immense—the stringed instruments alone will number eighty, in the proportion of fifty violins, and the violas, violoncellos, and double basses in proper ratio. Instead of two flutes, &c., &c., there will be four of each wind instrument. The chorus will also be unusually large, and will be supported by a large number of first-rate practised and professional chorus singers. Madame Bishop will lend her aid. Other admirable artists will assist, whose names will be duly announced. The music will be of the highest character as regards the merit of the works performed, and also the merits of the performance. The greatest works of the great masters will be fully represented; and also the lighter, more popular, and still excellent compositions of the modern school. So that all tastes will be gratified."

As this series of grand concerts progresses, the foundation of an extensive musical library will be laid, where all the operatic, symphonic, oratorical, and other scores, together with the finest practical and theoretical works in all languages, will be found for the use of all who need them. A conservatory of musical education, in the higher branches, will also be established; and last, though not least, a vocal society, on the scale of that at Exeter Hall, London, will be begun, and carried into active operation. To Mr. Bochsa the credit of this novel scheme is due.

The opening night will be Thursday, the 17th instant. Madame Bishop will give two other grand concerts on the following nights, Friday and Saturday, October the 18th and 19th.

TRIPLE HALL.—The concert of Jenny Lind, advertised on the 6th, to come off on the 7th of this month, will not take place on that day. The apology is that the condition of the seats, which are not to be in existence, and of the floor which will not be laid, together with the unfinished state of the stage and of the premises generally, at that time, render it imperative that the concert be farther postponed to the 1st, or to the last of that month. We make the announcement for the consolation of the hundreds from the interior, who the advertisement of Mr. Barnum, above described, drew to the city on a fool's errand. In the mean time, as we have

no certain knowledge of the period of the next Lind concert, we would call attention to the advertisement of Mr. Bochsa in the present number.—*Message Bird.*

MASTERS' ITALIAN OPERA SEASON, at the Astor Place, commences about the latter end of October.

MADAME DE VRIES, THE FRENCH PRIMA DONNA.—With the exception of Jenny Lind, no foreign vocalist who has recently visited us, combines so many rare vocal endowments as Madame de Vries. The extraordinary compass of her voice; the bell-like clearness and power of her alto notes; her firm and penetrating tone and soaring intonation, frequently reminded us of Miss Lind. That same reserve of power which impresses us in the singing of the latter, with that easy buoyant vocalism usually termed "warbling," is also apparent in De Vries, though not in the same degree. The medium tones of her voice are less full and pure; but the lower register, unlike Miss Lind's, is rich in contralto quality. These natural endowments are, also, animated by a high order of genius. Her personation of Norma, at her debut, on Tuesday evening, (8th), was one of the most spirited and impressive we remember to have witnessed in this city; and though her universal fame was not greeted with that large audience which her talents would otherwise have commanded, the respectable number present seemed to be taken by surprise, and truly manifested their appreciation of the musical excellence exhibited. Madame de Vries was well sustained by an excellent orchestra and chorus, and by the chaste and agreeable singing of Signor Novelli, who proved himself quite as much at home in French, as he is in the English language. Mons. De Vries, the Pollio for the occasion, was evidently suffering from a severe cold. From this, or other causes, his voice was not equal to his obvious knowledge, and his conception of the part. Madame Casini was the Adalgisa. We should be happy to hear this lady again, and under less embarrasments. We regret that the previous engagements of Madame de Vries should recall her so speedily from among us.—*Message Bird.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. G. W. Elliott's benefit concert took place in our Town Hall, on the 24th ult., but, owing to the unfavourable state of the weather, the attendance, though numerous and respectable, was not great, and Mr. Elliott is not likely to be a gainer by his speculation. However, the concert passed off very successfully, despite its length, and the disappointment caused by the absence of Mr. Lockey, through sudden indisposition. Mr. Williams kindly undertook a portion of the music allotted to Mr. Lockey. The concert commenced with Mesdames' quartet, "When the West," which was not heard to advantage, owing to the confusion caused by parties entering the Hall. The same remarks apply to the duet from the *Seasons*, which opened the second part of the concert. Miss Birch was in excellent voice throughout the evening. The scena from *Der Freischütz* she gave with precision and energy. Linley's ballad, "I was happy once I loved you," in which Miss Birch accompanied herself, was redemanded, when she substituted the Scotch song, "Come over the water to Charlie." Our fair townsman, Miss Amelia Hill, was in high favour with the audience, and deservedly encored in Kalliwoda's song, "Home of Love," accompanied on the flute by Mr. Tilley, and Barnett's "Sol Fa" duo, with Mr. Bodda. An aria from Donizetti was neatly executed. The other lady singer was Miss Collins, who took part with Miss Birch and Mr. Williams in Curcuchman's trio, "Ti prego," and sang two songs very pleasingly, though we thought the Irish ballad rather too monotonous. We were glad to welcome our townsman, Mr. Fearnsall, among us again, but we regretted to hear only the wreck of his voice. He was applauded in Knight's ballad, "The Maid of Loire," and Dibdin's "Tom Bowling." Mr. Frank Bodda was in capital voice. His "Largo al factotum" was full of racy humour. It was encored, and repeated in English, much to the amusement of the audience. His gibes of tongue and rapid execution is, in an Englishman, extraordinary. In Lover's "Sally, Sally," he accompanied himself, and was encored, when he substituted "Philip the Falconer." Mr. W. H. Poole might easily have rendered his

services more effective—his "Poor Marie" was anything but well sung. M. Hayward sustained his great reputation as a violinist, and was accorded in Ernst's *Caracul*. His pianists playing with the left hand only was very clever. Signor Verdi favoured the audience with a performance on the concertina. M. Duchemin, as an assistant accompanist, played very respectably, though accompanying does not seem this gentleman's forte. Mr. Elliott's pianoforte performances were respectable, without any pretension to great merit. We congratulate him upon succeeding so well, considering the arduous fatigue incidental to the management of his concert. In Weber's duo, "Hilarité," Miss Elliot did all one could have desired from a child only ten years of age. Of Mr. Elliott's compositions we wish to speak gently; but Miss Birch did so much for "The Golden Flower" that, although we had previously perused the copy, we could scarcely recognize it. The party who supplied the "words," should have remembered that a "golden flower" cannot be a "blossom," a "gem," and a human being at one and the same time. Miss Birch's concluding aria, "Ah non giungo," was not heard to advantage, owing to the continued noise of parties leaving. The National Anthem concluded the concert, which, on the whole, went off remarkably well, and seemed to give general satisfaction.

KINGTON MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—On Tuesday week this performance took place. It was gratifying to witness, both in the morning and the evening, the number present, although the attendances were not so numerous as could have been desired or as might have been expected, considering the laudable and philanthropic objects of the promoters. The most lively interest was evinced in its success, and the greatest satisfaction was expressed in regard to the performances. To render the performances as effective as possible, Masters Millicap and Cazeley, and Messrs. Jones, Williams, and Poole, belonging to the choir of Worcester Cathedral, were engaged as solo singers; while the choral parts were rendered full and effective by the gentlemen belonging to the choir of the church, assisted by the choir from Hereford and the members of the Kington Musical Society, the whole being under the direction of Mr. Ridley, who presided at the organ. The morning's performance opened with Pratt's adaptation of one of the choruses from Haydn's first mass, "Glory to God on high," which was given with great effect. This was followed by Boyce's duet, "Here shall soft charity," which was sung with taste and expression by Messrs. Williams and Poole. The anthems by Croft and Boyce, "We will rejoice," "God is gone up," and "Oh, where shall wisdom be found," were also given with effect and precision. The solo, "Lord, what a man?" from Handel, by Mr. Williams, with the chorus from Saul, "How excellent," concluded the first part. In the second part, Dearle's "Te Deum," and "Jubilate," were well sung by the whole choir, evincing the excellent training of Mr. Ridley, the director. Mr. Jones sang "He was despised," in a chaste and expressive manner. The organ accompaniments, by Mr. Ridley, showed much skill and taste. The air, "But thou didst not leave" was nicely sung by Mr. Cazeley. The morning's performance concluded with the grand Hallelujah chorus. The programme for the evening comprised a selection from Handel's *Messiah*, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, &c. Mr. Williams's "Come thou yet," and Mr. Poole's singing of "Thus with the Lord," merited encomiums. Mr. Jones also sang "Oh thou that telloest," with taste and effect; and, by the request of the rev. vicar and others, he repeated "He was despised." Master Millicap sang with much sweetness, "Holy, Holy!" Mozart's anthem, "Plead thou my cause," was nicely given. The duet in "Hear my prayer," Kent, were also pleasingly sung by Masters Millicap and Cazeley. The quartettes "Cast thy burden," and "Oh, come every one that thirsteth," were not so satisfactory, the leading singer not taking up his part with the requisite precision. A cantata, composed by Baker, the words by the Rev. Dr. Thompson, was sung by Mr. Jones; of this the words were by far the best part, the sudden transitions and modulations being abrupt and peculiar. "Oh, Lord, have mercy," was given with judgment by Mr. Poole. The performance in the evening closed with a repetition of the Hallelujah chorus. The Rev. Dr. Thompson, after the conclusion of the festival, entertained a party at the vicarage to a cold collation, of which the ladies and gentlemen who had rendered such efficient

service during the day were also invited to partake. In concluding our notice of this first attempt to hold a musical festival at Kington, it is but just to say that praise is due to all parties concerned in its management. It is to be hoped that the festival will be celebrated annually.—*Hereford Times*.

A MUSICAL GENIUS.—Some years ago, a young peasant girl, about twenty-one years of age, with an intelligent look, and a modest, yet resolute bearing, went to the grand vicar of a diocese, and told him, that, having heard speak of his kindness for young women who destined themselves to teaching, she begged of him to interest himself for her. "But, my child," said he, "to have the right to teach you must obtain a diploma, and for that must submit to examination. Have you received the necessary instruction?" "In my infancy I learned to read and write, then I went as an apprentice to a dressmaker, and at present I work at that business, going from farm to farm, for six sous a day. But my needle does not get me food enough, for I lose time in thinking how I shall become a governess." "My poor child," said the grand vicar, "it is something to read and write, but not enough; you must know French, spelling, geography, history, a little more than the four rules of arithmetic, and, finally, be capable of writing a composition." "I believe, Monsieur le grand Vicar, that I should pass tolerably through those proofs; for, on my return home from my work, I have for some time past spent part of my nights, and great part of my Sundays, in studying books which I bought with my savings. But, I beg of you, sir, to be kind enough to examine me; you shall be my judge, and you will tell me frankly if I can hope to obtain the brevet of the superior degree." "Of the superior degree! Good God! you do not think of it! That is a very different thing! To deliver this brevet the examining committee is much more severe. You must answer in all parts of arithmetic, know a little geometry vocal music, and even play on an instrument. I fancy that you have neither learnt the piano nor the harp." "No! but does the law, Monsieur l'Abbé, absolutely require the piano or harp?" "No! the law says that the candidate must know sufficient music to play on an instrument. Those which I designated are ordinarily the instruments which are studied by young persons in the schools. That is why I spoke to you of them. I think, however, that the examiners might be satisfied if you knew the guitar." "Ah! well, Monsieur l'Abbé, since the law requires the candidate to know music, without designating the instrument, I am satisfied, for I have learnt, without masters, to play on an instrument," and she pulled out a flageolet. The grand vicar burst out laughing. The girl blushed a good deal; but fancying that the venerable ecclesiastic only laughed because he thought she must play ill, she performed an air with such skill as to astonish her hearer. This gentleman, who had himself risen from the ranks of the people, thought that a girl of the people who had, unassisted, learnt to play so well, could not be an ordinary girl. He had the complaisance to examine her, and was stupified on seeing what a rare degree of instruction the poor country dressmaker had obtained by her own efforts alone. He declared without hesitation that she might in full confidence present herself at the examination. He, however, obtained a dispensation for her with respect to playing on the flageolet, as he knew that the examiners and candidates could not refrain from laughing at such an exhibition. The examining committee was as much astonished as the grand vicar had been at the varied and profound knowledge of the young peasant. She was received unanimously. She is at present chief of the school, we will not say where; but we guarantee the truth of this anecdote.—*National de l'Ouest*.

MR. BEARD'S DAGUERRETYPE.—A series of daguerreotype portraits, recently taken by Mr. Beard, consist of some half-dozen representations of Mr. Buckstone, the comedian, in his favourite characters—the *Rough Diamond*, the *Jacobite*, &c. No description can possibly convey an idea of the intense drollery expressed in the face of those, and also in their appropriate action. The public have been accustomed to see Mr. Beard's wonderful and interesting art employed only in the portrayal of well-dressed persons guiltless of startling peculiarities in look or manner, and the novelty of these productions will afford them a relief.—*Liverpool Times*.

MADENOISELLE ANICHINI has removed from Bond Street, to 32, Upper Montague Street, Montague Square.

ANECDOTE OF A SINGER.—Signora Grassini, the great Italian singer, died a few months since, at Milan. She was distinguished not only for her musical talents, but also for her beauty and powers of theatrical expression. One evening, in 1810, she and Signor Crescenini performed together at the Tuileries, and sang in *Romeo and Juliet*. At the admirable scene in the third act, the Emperor Napoleon applauded vociferously, and Talma, the great tragedian, who was amongst the audience, wept with emotion. After the performance was ended, the Emperor conferred the decoration of a high order on Crescenini, and sent Grassini a scrap of paper, on which was written, "Good for 20,000 livres.—Napoleon." "Twenty thousand livres!" said one of her friends—"the sum is a large one." "It will serve as a dowry for one of my little nieces," replied Grassini, quietly. Indeed, four persons were ever more generous, tender, and considerate towards their family than this great singer. Many years afterwards, when the Empire had crumbled into dust, carrying with it in its fall, among other things, the rich pension of Signora Grassini, she happened to be at Bologna. There another of her nieces was first presented to her, with a request that she would do something for her young relative. The little girl was extremely pretty, but not, her friends thought, fitted for the stage, as her voice was a feeble contralto. Her aunt asked her to sing; and when the timid voice had sounded a few notes, "Dear child," said Grassini, embracing her, "you will not want me to assist you. Those who called your voice a contralto were ignorant of music. You have one of the finest voices in the world, and will far excel me as a singer. Take courage, and work hard; my love is your throat will win a shower of gold." The young girl did not disappoint her aunt's prediction. She still lives, and her name is Giulia Grisi.—*Chamber's Edinburgh Journal*.

CATHERINE HAYES IN DUBLIN.—*Lucretia Borgia* has been performed for the first time in Dublin. As the opera will no doubt be performed again, we shall not at present enter into any detailed notes of its merits, or of the manner in which it was sustained. There are some fine airs to be found in it, mixed up with others not possessing any very distinctive character or originality, and in two instances there could be traced an identity with a duet in the *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and with the opening movement to the finale to *Norma*. There are some highly-wrought scenes, where, for example, *Lucretia* has to give the poisoned cup to her son, when she finds him a guest at the fatal banquet; and, above all, where she discloses his birth, and hangs over him with passionate despair as life is passing away. Miss Hayes sustained the leading character with great dramatic judgment, truth, and pathos, but we would rather see her in the more winning and touching characters of *Amina* or *Linda*. The whole representation was, however, an evidence of genius of genius adopting itself to circumstances that might at first be justly regarded as somewhat alien to the disposition of the artist, and her last scene was exquisite, allowing, as it did, the display of the more affectionate sympathies of our nature. The appealing fondness of her manner—the burst of emotion as the word "Piffo" was repeated again and again—told at once with the house; and indeed the music here is decidedly part of the best in the opera. Her first aria, "Com o bello," she gave with refined grace and finish, her intonation being most true; and the flourish introduced, was conceived with taste and realised with a delicacy that forcibly reminded the hearer of Peralini. Signor Borda was in very good voice, and had lost most of the nervousness observable on the two former evenings. The very pleasing "Di pescatore ignobile," he gave with much taste; and in the duets with Miss Hayes also obtained deserved impression from the house. Madame Macfarren, who is an exceedingly clever and judicious vocalist, and with an evident feeling for her subject, sang the celebrated brividi, "Il segreto," with infinite spirit and with the dash of revelry which it conveys so truly to the ear. Madame Macfarren has a fine rich voice, and knows how to use it well, though she apparently labours under nervousness. Herr Menghis was the Duke; and the fine aria, "Qualunque sia l'evento," narrowly escaped an encore. He also acted and looked the rôle very well. Signora Paltou, Salabert, and Galli contributed their aid to the production of the concerted music.

JOHN PARRY IN CHELTENHAM.—On Thursday evening, the popular "John" gave his new entertainment of notes, vocal and instrumental, under the arrangement of Messrs. Hale and Son, to a fashionable and crowded audience—all of whom were in excellent humor. Mr. Parry had not less reason to be pleased, for in summing up, he found his "notes" exchanged for those of "Henry Hase," to the tune of one hundred pounds!!! This sum has never been equalled at any place which Mr. Parry has visited, except on a previous occasion under the same management, when his net receipts, after all his expenses were paid, amounted to one hundred and seventeen pounds. The Rev. J. Close gave a lecture on the same evening, at the Town Hall, on the moral and religious tendency of the stage; which was also well attended. It is singular that at this time, Mrs. F. Kemble is lecturing in Cheltenham, and giving her celebrated readings from Shakespeare. Mrs. F. Kemble was polite enough to omit her lecture on the evening of Mr. John Parry's entertainment, at which she was present, and seemed most highly to enjoy it.

FROME.—Mrs. Turner's concert, at the Assembly Rooms, on Tuesday evening week, was attended by a large and respectable auditory, including most of the principal families resident in Frome and its neighbourhood. The artists engaged in addition to Mrs. Turner, were Miss Ley, and Signor Perugini, and the concert was under the direction of Mr. George Field. Mrs. Turner (who will be remembered by many of our readers as Miss Newton, of the Harmonic Society's Concerts, in Bath) appeared in the double capacity of a vocalist and an instrumentalist, and in several concerted pieces with the other performers, exhibited the possession of a voice of much sweetness and considerable cultivation, while her pianoforte playing, after she had overcome the nervousness incident to a debutante, manifested ability. Her style of playing is unpretending, with a careful avoidance of all jugglery and *roux de force*, but characterised by firmness of touch and accentuation. Miss Ley was in excellent voice, and, in Mozart's aria from *La Clemenza*, her cultivated style and clear articulation gave it the best possible effect. Signor Perugini's massive baritone was heard in all the pieces in which he took part; and Mr. George Field acquitted himself effectively at the pianoforte.—*Chronicle*.

THE JENNY LIND MANIA.—The American papers state that Jenny Lind, being on one occasion slightly indisposed, it was proposed that she should try the water-cure; and the Hydropathic establishment, Sudbrook Park, near Richmond, was the place suggested. This got wind in certain quarters, and in a day or two, the director was astonished to receive from numbers of individuals of rank and wealth, proposals to enter the establishment immediately. The director was delighted, and foresaw a large accession of those watery enthusiasts who never cease declaiming on the tranquil delights of the wet diet, and the boisterous exhilaration of the douche bath. But, alas! some trifling circumstance altered Jenny's plans, and the visit to Sudbrook was abandoned. More extraordinary cures than hydropathy ever performed, took place immediately. Rheumatisms fled with the rapidity of a charm; and the only nervousness exhibited by the ladies, was lest they should be taken at their words, and subjected to hydropathic discipline.—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*.

CAMBERWELL.—A concert was given on the 23rd instant, in aid of the funds of the Camberwell Institute for the Industrial Classes. The vocalists were Miss Messent, Miss Annie Buckland, Messrs. Horton, Howe, Garnett, and Henry Buckland. Webb's glees, "When winds breathe soft," was very well given; also two German glees, "Evening," and "Maying." Sir Henry Bishop's "Indian Drou," was not so creditable a performance; in fact, it is very rarely that this excellent round is at all well sung. The solos seemed to find especial favor—Miss Messent being encouraged in "Way to I went for thee" and "Comin' thro' the rye;" substituting for the latter, "Jack o' Hazeldene," very tastefully sung; Miss Annie Buckland in a M.S. song, by her brother, and Mr. A. Leg's "Wild white rose," changing them to Lover's "May-dew," and "The four-leaved shamrock." Mr. Lake in his concertina solo; and Miss Messent and Mr. H. Buckland in a duet; part of two of Haydn's Symphonies, and an overture by Kreutzer, were played by an amateur band. The concert was under the direction of Mr. Lake, who presided at the pianoforte.

SIR WILLIAM DON, the celebrated theatrical baronet, has gone out in the steamer, *City of Glasgow*, to the United States.

LITERARY PROPERTY.—AMERICAN AUTIORS IN ENGLAND.—"It will be seen," says the *London Athenæum*, "that Washington Irving has had good reason to congratulate himself on the mistake (mistake if the decision of the Chief Baron shall be held to be good law) which so long led English publishers to believe that copyright could be maintained in this country on the works of foreigners, for which they had given a valuable consideration. We gave, a fortnight since, a statement of the sums paid by Mr. Murray to that gentleman, in pure waste, unless we can get a more wholesome and reasonable interpretation of the law. The policy and morality of the case both point to quite opposite conclusions. These sums amount to an aggregate little short of £10,000—a commercial value of the produce of Mr. Irving's brain, of every penny of which he could, under the alleged state of the matter, have been pilfered,—as of a portion of it, or its legitimate profits, Mr. Murray is being pilfered now by the piracies of others. We have now to add to this amount the sums paid for copyright to the same writer by Mr. Bentley. 'In conjunction,' says that publisher, 'with my late partner, Mr. Colburn, I gave to Mr. Washington Irving for the copyright of the "Alhambra" £1,050; and afterwards I gave for "Astoria" £500, and for "Captain Bonneville" £900.'—This makes a further sum of £4,250 paid Mr. Washington Irving for copyrights which, it is said, anybody may invade. Mr. Bentley adds: 'I have given to three other eminent American authors, Mr. Prescott, Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper, and Mr. Herman Melville, between £15,000 and £16,000.' We can but remark that the dealing of English publishers with one another in this matter is not to their credit. If the law be really so opposed to the equity of the case, the feeling under which a publisher can permit himself to take advantage of it is not such as can do honour to a profession which should be chivalrous by the mere fact of its connexion with letters."

A NEW DESCRIPTION OF ORGAN.—An instrument of simple construction, but of very varied power, called "Autophon," has been patented, by which a person totally unacquainted with the mode of playing upon keys, can produce all manner of tunes by the mere mechanical process of turning a handle and applying the foot to the pedal. The music is produced by perforated sheets of mill board, which are passed between rollers or cylinders. In their transit, the wind is forced through the perforations or notes, and, passing through small pipes or tubes, creates the sound. Each sheet produces a separate tune. The instruments are of various sizes and power, but are comparatively of small dimensions, being adapted to private houses, chapels and churches where an organ is not employed.

MRS. BRACEGIRDLE AND HER ATTEMPTED ABDUCTION.—On the night of the 9th December, 1692, Howard-street and Norfolk-street were the scenes of a distressing tragedy, of which Mrs. Bracegirdle was the innocent cause. A Captain Richard Hill, a man of depraved habits and headstrong passions, had fallen violently in love with her; but his addresses not only having been received with coldness but with disdain, he determined by foul means, if not by fair, to gain possession of her person. Accordingly, having obtained the assistance of his friend Lord Mohun, a man even more notoriously profligate than himself, they proceeded to Drury Lane, with the intention of carrying off the beautiful actress as she quitted the theatre. From some cause she was not setting on this particular night; but Lord Mohun and Hill, learning that she was going to supper at the house of Mr. Pogo, in Prince's-street, Drury Lane, proceeded thither with some ruffians, said to be soldiers, whose services they had hired for the occasion. After lurking about the house for some time, the door at length opened, and Mrs. Bracegirdle made her appearance, accompanied by her mother and brother; their host at the same time attending them with a light. She was immediately seized hold of by Hill, who endeavoured, with the assistance of his myrmidons, to force her into a coach which they had in readiness, in which Lord Mohun was seated with a loaded pistol in each hand. Her own violent struggles, however, the resistance made by her mother, who flung her arms round her daughter's waist and passionately clung to her, as well as the active opposition offered by the master of the

house, succeeded in keeping the ruffians at bay till the arrival of timely assistance, when the subordinate actors in the affair hurried off in different directions. Every particular of this strange narrative throws a curious light on the manners of the time, and especially on the defenceless state of the streets of London after nightfall. Mrs. Bracegirdle was conducted by her friends to her house in Howard-street; and it might have been expected that, for that night at least, the discomfited ruffians would have ceased from any other attempt at violence and outrage. On the contrary, Captain Hill and Lord Mohun persisted in attending the object of their persecution to Howard-street; and, under the impudent pretence of apologising for their misconduct, attempted to force their way into the house. Failing in their object of obtaining admittance, it appears that they sent for wine from the Horse-shoe Tavern, in Drury Lane, which they drank in the open street, parading up and down before Mrs. Bracegirdle's house, with drawn swords in their hands, to the great terror of its inmates. The motive for this additional outrage was afterwards explained by the evidence given at Lord Mohun's trial. Hill, it appears, on his addresses being rejected by Mrs. Bracegirdle, had conceived the impression that his discomfiture was owing to her affections having been fixed on a successful rival. The person on whom his suspicious fell was William Mountford, the actor; and this, apparently, from no better reason than that this admirable personifier of human nature was in the habit of acting the lover to Mrs. Bracegirdle's heroines.—Hill imagining that the passionate declarations of love which Mountford addressed to her on the stage represented the true feelings of his own heart. Accordingly, on the night in question, frustrated in his design of obtaining possession of Mrs. Bracegirdle's person, and probably disordered by the wine he had drunk, he openly expressed his determination of wreaking his revenge on Mountford, whose house was situated within a few yards from that of Mrs. Bracegirdle. With great consideration, she sent messengers in search of Mountford, to warn him of the danger which awaited him; but, unfortunately, he was from home at the time, and his frightened wife knew not in what quarter he was likely to be met with. It may readily be wondered at that such scenes as these should have been allowed to take place in the streets of London without any interruption on the part of the police. The assistance of the watch, it appears, was called in; but, either unwilling to interfere with the amusements of a segment of the realm, or overawed by the drawn swords of the rioters, they acted a very strange part on the occasion. Lord Mohun was appealed to by them to abash his sword; which he readily complied with; on which the same request was made to Captain Hill, who replied that he was unable to do so, having lost the scabbard. The watch then entreated them to go peaceably home; after which—ostensibly for the purpose of making inquiries respecting them at the tavern where the wine had been purchased—they took their own departure. By this time the unfortunate Mountford had made his appearance in the street. He was at first addressed in a friendly manner by Lord Mohun; till, happening to turn the conversation to the late attempt to carry off Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mountford expressed his regret that his lordship should have been induced to assist such a "pitiful fellow" as Captain Hill in so infamous an outrage. Immediately Hill struck him a violent blow on the head with his left hand, which was speedily followed by his running him through the body with his sword which he held in the other. Mountford died of his wounds the next day, exclaiming Lord Mohun of having offered him any violence, but declaring, with his latest breath, that he was first struck and afterwards stabbed by Hill, before he had time to draw his own sword and put himself in an attitude of defence. Hill contrived to escape from justice, nor has his subsequent fate been ascertained. Lord Mohun was tried by his peers, but from want of sufficient evidence was acquitted. It is needless to remind the reader that a few years afterwards he fell in a duel with the Duke of Hamilton, in Hyde Park. He was the last male descendant of that powerful Norman family of whom the founder, Sir William de Mohun, had been the companion in arms of William the Conqueror, and who at the battle of Hastings numbered no fewer than 47 knights in his retinue. The house in which the unfortunate Mountford lived was on the east side of Norfolk-street, two doors from the south west corner of Howard-street.—*Jesse's London and its Celebrities.*

MISS CATHERINE HAYES has received an invitation from Mrs. Knox, lady of the Bishop of Dromore, to make the see-house her residence during her forthcoming engagement by the Anacronistic Society of Belfast.

THE PORTABLE METRONOME.—This is an instrument for measuring time in music. In size and form it resembles a small watch, and may be carried in the waistcoat pocket. It consists of a case, containing a tape forty inches long, which can be drawn out to the required length, and be there retained by a stop. The end of the tape being held by the finger and thumb, the case forms the pendulum; on one side of the tape are marked the musical terms, and on the other side the figures which indicate the length of a variable pendulum making from 60 to 160 vibrations in one minute. The time will be marked with extreme accuracy, whether the vibrations are small or moderately large. We have examined the instrument and have found it extremely accurate and complete, and recommend it to all our musical friends. The patentee, Mr. Edward Graves, is entitled to very great praise for this admirable little invention.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ZETA's Poem has been received, and shall be considered. At present, there is no room for its insertion.

A SUESSENER is informed that Mr. Balfe is a good singing-master, and one of the very best out of Italy, to boot. Address to Her Majesty's Theatre.

D. A.—It is Mr. Augustus Kames who performs a solo nightly at the Lyceum Theatre, in the burlesque of the Olympic Devils, and is generally encored. It consists of the melody from Paganini's Witches Dance, and De Berio's 5th Air, with the 3rd Variation.

MR. H—D, BUD, CORNWALL, is informed that the paper has been transmitted by post.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1850.

THE CELEBRATED BERLIN CHOIR

EVERY EVENING.

ANGRI, BISCACCANTI, NEWTON, STOCKHAUSEN, AND GODDARD; MOLIQUE, PIATTI, SAINTON, RICHARDSON, PROSPER, H. COOPER, BARRETT, ANGLAIS, BAUMANN, AND SIMS REEVES.

Director of the Music and Composer M. BALFE.
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PROMENADE, . . . 1s. 6d.

(Admitting to all parts of the House, except the Private Boxes & Box Stalls.)

THE GRAND NATIONAL QUADRILLE, by LARITZKY, next week.
MAZARIN'S SERENATA, on Monday, November 11.

M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL CONCERTS,
FOR ONE MONTH ONLY.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL SERIES of CONCERTS will commence at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on FRIDAY NEXT, Nov. 8th.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

M. JULLIEN'S GRAND ANNUAL

BAL MASQUE,

WILL TAKE PLACE

NEXT THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7TH, 1850.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that his GRAND ANNUAL BAL MASQUE will this year be given previous to the commencement, instead of at the termination, of his ANNUAL SERIES of CONCERTS, and will take place

NEXT THURSDAY, November 7th, 1850.

(The Concerts commencing on the following Evening.)

M. JULLIEN abstains from giving any detailed description of the Decoration, which will be ENTIRELY NEW, but begs to assure his Patrons that they may rely on witnessing a most splendid combination of Decorative Effects, including the magnificent and novel CRYSTAL CURTAIN.

THE ORCHESTRA will, as heretofore, be complete, and consist of ONE HUNDRED and TEN MUSICIANS.

Principal Cornet-a-Pistons, HERR KERNIG.

CONDUCTOR M. JULLIEN.

Tickets for the Ball 10s. 6d.

The Audience portion of the Theatre, will, as before, be set apart for the accommodation of SPECTATORS.

Prices of Admission:—

Dress Circle 5s.

Boxes 3s.

Lower Gallery 2s.

Upper Gallery 1s.

Private Boxes, from £3 3s. upwards.

Persons taking Private Boxes will have the privilege of passing to and from the Ball Room, without extra charge.

Tickets for the Ball, Places, and Private Boxes, may be secured at the Box-office of the Theatre. Private Boxes, also, at Mr. MITCHELL's; Mr. SAM'S; Messrs. LEADERS & COCKS; Mr. CHAPPELL; Messrs. CRAMER, BEALE, & Co.; Messrs. CAMPBELL, RANFORD, & Co.; Mr. ALLCROFT; and at JULLIEN & Co.'s Musical Establishments.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Nine; and the Dancing commence at Ten.

Mr. I. NATHAN, Jun., of 18, Castle Street, Leicester Square, is appointed Costumier to the Ball.

Persons in the Costume of Clowns, Harlequins, or Pantaloons, will not be admitted.

THE PATENT PORTABLE METRONOME

(Registered according to 6 and 7 Vic., c. 66)

IS a very complete and perfect instrument for measuring time in music. It is the size and form of a small watch, and may be carried in the waistcoat pocket, being similar to a spring measuring tape, having marked on one side the numbers of vibrations in one minute (as in Muziel's Metronome), and on the other side the Italian musical terms in general use. From its moderate price, small dimensions, and practical usefulness, it is adapted for all classes of musicians and singers.

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The Musical World.

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No. 45.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1850.

PRICE, THREEPENCE
STAMPED FOURPENCE

RACHEL.

THIS celebrated actress made her *reentrée* at the Theatre Français, after a most brilliant tour in Austria and Prussia, on Tuesday last, in the part of Camille in *Les Horaces*. The house was crowded to suffocation. Rachel had been four months absent from Paris, dating from her engagement with Mr. Mitchell in London. The public, delighted to see her back again, gave her a tumultuous reception, and their enthusiasm throughout the performance knew no bounds. Rachel never looked better, nor played better. Her second appearance was in *Phidre*, on Thursday. The great actress will continue to be the first attraction of the *Comédie Française*, notwithstanding the very deserved success of a young *débütante*, Mdlle. Madeleine Brohan,* whose over-zealous friends should beware, lest they nip her promise in the bud by the poison of indiscriminate flattery.

ALBONI.

The great contralto-soprano left Paris for Madrid on Friday, the 1st inst. Her last two performances, in the *Favorite* and the *Prophète*, at the Académie, took place on the Wednesday and Thursday previous. Her attraction remained unabated. The President of the Republic bespoke and attended the performance of the *Favorite* on Wednesday. The receipts on Alboni's last night, Thursday, exceeded any previous night of her engagement. Alboni opens at the opera at Madrid with the *Sonnambula*, and returns to the Académie on the 1st of May.

THE GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

THE Berlin chorus consists of between forty and fifty male voices. There are about twenty boys, or trebles, the remainder forming the tenors and basses. The boys have excellent voices, and the basses are powerful and deep. The tenors have not voices so good in quality, these being, for the most part, hard and throaty, but they sing with great precision and judgment. The Berlin Choir belong to the Chapel Royal, Berlin. They have come to this country by permission of the King of Prussia, and are under the direction of Herr Kapellmeister Neidhardt. The training of this band of singers reflects the highest possible credit on the tact and perseverance of their teacher. Indeed, nothing can well surpass the accuracy and certainty with which they vocalise, unless it may be the management of the *fortes* and *pianissimos*, the *sforzandos* and *rallentandos*, which are really surprising. We can hear, any day we please, finer voices at St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, to say nothing of what we have heard at St. Patrick's Cathedral, and Christ's Church, in Dublin; but we must acknowledge, at the same time, that we never heard a

* In a new drama, called *Les Contes de la Reine de Navarre*, by Scribe and Laveau.

body of male vocalists sing with so much sureness and freedom. Practice and experience have given them a confidence and self-dependence we do not remember to have noticed elsewhere.

Much curiosity was excited by the coming of this troop of vocalists to Her Majesty's Theatre, and the house on Friday night was crowded in consequence. The first essay of the new choristers was made in Mendelssohn's 43rd Hymnus. The quality of their voices, and their perfect *ensemble* singing, was at once made manifest. Their second performance was in a motetto by Grell, which was received with uproarious applause, and encored. The surprise of the audience may be imagined when, instead of repeating Grell's chorus, they struck up "Rule Britannia." The hearers were beside themselves in transports; but this was again transcended when, on an encore being demanded for "Rule Britannia," the Berlin Choir began "God save the Queen." The *furor*, which followed resembled very forcibly Bedlam broke loose; and *as yet* have no mind to describe mad folks and their mad doings, we shall *c'en* leave them to Doctor Conolly or Doctor Haslam. The Berlin Chorus has proved a decided hit for the Grand Nationals.

We find nothing during the week which demands notice on the score of novelty but Herr Deichman's first essay on the violin before a London audience. Herr Deichman is a pupil of De Beriot, and played a *fantasie* composed expressly for him by his master. His tone is exceedingly sweet and true, and his mechanism almost perfect. He bows with a free hand, and has altogether the marks and tokens of a first-rate performer on his instrument. Herr Deichman made a most favourable impression on his hearers.

M. JULLIEN'S BAL MASQUE.

M. JULLIEN commenced his winter campaign at Drury Lane on Thursday night. The *Bal Masqué*, with which he opened the season, was the most brilliant we have witnessed in London for very many years. M. Julien had rivals in the field; that was quite sufficient for the enterprising conductor. New means were resorted to, new forces supplied, and M. Julien came out like a giant refreshed. With opposition staring him in the face, it was necessary to lend an additional spark to excitement. "I shall open with a *Bal Masqué*," argued Julien; and the thought was happily carried into execution. The end has answered M. Julien's warmest expectations. All London, nearly, went to the *Bal Masqué* on Thursday night; and if all London were not astonished and delighted, we must pronounce all London little better than a churl, and no judge of the beautiful and the wonderful.

To Mr. Frederick Gye was entrusted the task of the decorations and lighting the house. Mr. Gye's taste and experience are proverbial. The theatre looked like a dream of

fairy-land, so brilliant and dazzling was the illumination, and so striking and beautiful the fitting-up in all its parts. The stage and retiring-rooms were hung with white and gold, which imparted a cool and grateful appearance. These decorations formed a striking contrast to the bright scarlet of the boxes. The arrangement of the floral wreaths was extremely happy. Everywhere the eye met festoons of flowers falling in graceful semicircles from the front of the boxes, depending from the ceiling in fanciful devices, winding about the pillars, or wreathed in quaint draperies round the lamps. An immense silver butterfly, with expanded wings, hung suspended from the great chandelier, and upheld the centre of a number of wreaths of flowers, the opposite ends of which were sustained by other similar butterflies. The crossing and converging of the wreaths had a most charming effect. Scores of lamps were suspended from the ceiling, lighted with oil and wax. There was not the least glare, and yet the light was as bright as day. So much for Mr. Gye's share of the *Bal Masqué*.

The addition, by the way, of the magnificent Crystal Curtain, was, if we mistake not, of Mr. Gye's thinking. It is indeed a most ingenious and beautiful contrivance, and has a perfectly magical effect. But we shall not attempt to describe it. The Crystal Curtain, with all the decorations of the *Bal Masqué* will, we are given to understand, be allowed to remain during the concert season. In that case, everybody will have an opportunity, and will avail themselves of the opportunity, of seeing the Crystal Curtain, which saves us here the trouble describing.

The orchestra was not M. Jullien's grand *orchestre de concert*, but was provided for the nonce. The performers numbered close upon one hundred, and included more brass and wind than stringed instruments. M. Jullien conducted during the whole of the evening.

The costumes were of all nations and times, and included as many centuries as kingdoms. Kamshatka polka'd with Missolonghi; Tipperary led off with New Mexico; China handed Kaffeland to a quadrille; Sweden joined in the galop with Owyhee; and 1136 pirouetted with 1850. It was generally allowed that the ladies' costumes were by far handsomer than those of the gentlemen.

Jullien, when he entered the orchestra, was received with vociferations that bordered on the belligerent. The magnanimous conductor looked as healthful and smiling as ever, and directed his forces with his wonted energy and skill.

The dancing was kept up until five. The most perfect decorum prevailed throughout the evening, notwithstanding the theatre was crowded in every nook and corner.

The concert season commenced last night, and the performance proved a series of triumphs from beginning to end. The entrance of Jullien into the orchestra was triumph the first. The universally popular conductor was never received with louder or more prolonged applause. The applause fairly lasted three minutes. The orchestra proved triumph the second. It is a mistake to suppose that Jullien's band left him for the Grand National Concerts. Out of seventy-five performers, but fourteen went over to the ranks of the opposition. This should be made known, as it was currently rumoured that, by the formation of the National Concerts, Jullien was left without any resource. A single look at the prospectus will convince anybody that Jullien suffered no irreparable loss from the secession. The orchestra last night gave us a foretaste of their power in the performance of the overture to *Freischütz*, and the andante movement from the *Pastoral*

Symphonie. Both were admirably played, and served to show the individual excellencies of the force to peculiar advantage. The strings are numerous and strong, the brass and wind exceptional. We cannot, at this time of night, pause to dwell further on the merits of M. Jullien's band; enough, they are efficient at all points, and in some instances cannot easily be equalled.

Herr Koenig's solo constituted triumph the third. Jetty Treffz's triumph may be set down as two, legitimately. This admirable artist was received with rapturous demonstrations. She sang Mendelssohn's "Violet," and, at the conclusion, the whole audience raised an instantaneous cry for "Trab, trab." This being given originated a new storm of approbation, and the song was vociferously re-demanded. Jetty Treffz again came forward, and sang "Home, sweet home," whereupon the inconsiderate auditors would fain have it over again; but then Jetty sang it so deliciously, who could blame the brawlers? yes, they must stand excused, for no one could listen and reason calmly.

Triumph the fifth must be handed over to the performance of the Army Quadrille, which, with its three military bands in conjunction with the orchestra, its admirably descriptive music, and its national airs, never fails to throw the audience into a *furor*.

Not having remained for part the second, we cannot report thereupon. The house was choke full, and the boxes presented a most brilliant appearance. The crystal curtain and all the *Bal Masqué* decorations and illuminations being retained, added a novel splendour to the entertainments.

JENNY LIND IN AMERICA.

We left the nightingale last week charming the hearts of the good folks of Providence with her melodious warblings. From Providence she repaired to Philadelphia, and from Philadelphia she retraced her steps to New York. Of her doings at Philadelphia we have received no authentic accounts, and can avouch nothing. While at Boston, Barnum, it seems, fell into bad odour with the public, but, as we shall presently show, most unmeritedly. The *New York Herald* thus alludes to an affair which does not speak highly for the discernment of the multitude, or the forbearance of the critic:—

The campaign of Barnum has terminated in New England, and Made-moiselle Lind and suite left Boston yesterday morning en route for Philadelphia.

Files of Boston and Providence papers lie before us, containing rec- counts of the reception, the progress, and farewell concert of the Night- ingale, completing a brilliant career among the Yankees of Down east. They also contain some interesting etchings of the doings of Barnum and his agents, of which we propose to present the reader with a summary.

Among the discoveries made by the wise men of the East, is, that the Swedish Nightingale is the greatest and most astonishing vocalist that ever visited those parts, or that ever appeared in any other region of the globe; at the same time that her charities and her virtues, as a woman, set her high above the common herd of past and present artists; and that this combination of genius and art, of moral and intellectual ex- cellence, encircles her with a radiant charm that attracted all eyes, and wins all hearts. But they have made another discovery, and that is, that Barnum is the prince of Hungbuds—the veriest charlatan that ever exhibited his sleight of hand before the stupid gaze of the multitude; and the more they ponder upon the antagonistic qualities of the two dis- tinguished individuals, the more their wonder grows that Barnum and Lind did not fly off from each other by the natural laws of repulsion. That the explosion has not taken place before now, appears to them almost as great a phenomenon as the Nightingale herself. They contend that though Barnum can raise the wail at first by horus-pocus tricks, and thus swell the receipts for a few concerts, he is only a shallow fellow after all, and does not know how to play the long game, having never

been used to anything higher than the exhibition of Jolee Heth, the identical nose of Washington; Santa Anna's veritable leg; the living skeleton; the woolly horse, and Tom Thonh. They strenuously affirm that if Jenny Lind only cut the connection, and sung "upon her own book," the enthusiasm of the people would have been of a more steady and permanent character, twice the number would have had the pleasure of hearing her, and the dollars in her purse, at the end of the year, would have reached a far higher figure, while the bright jewel of her reputation, which is of more importance to her and to mankind, than all the money, thrice told, she will ever realize from her partnership with Barnum—would have remained untarnished, and shone brighter and brighter to the close. Indeed, one of the Boston papers lets out a secret about a difference having already taken place between "the great Northern Light," and the small Drummond light, that nightly makes the darkness visible at the Museum, corner of Ann Street and Broadway. Barnum vehemently denies the soft impression; but this very fact appears to many "confirmation strong as proof from holy writ."

We cannot leave Boston without taking a sad farewell of our friend Dodge the vocalist. Of Dodge the vocalist the *Boston Mail* writes in a strain that borders on minstrelsy. Dodge rejoices in the classic name of Ossian. He writes himself "Ossian Dodge," a euphonic and suggestive appellation. Dodge has given more concerts than any other man in America, and has been a manager to boot, as well as keeper of musical families. He is, moreover, a practical joker, punster, delineator, scholar, gentleman, and a terse sketcher. He is, consequently, "bound to shine."

Ossian has now been in the field as a public singer, over ten years, and has during that time probably given more than double the number of concerts of any other man than ever sung in America. He has acted as manager, and had charge of a number of musical families and companies, the last of which was the "New Branch Hutchinson Family," and in every instance he has been the principal star of attraction. He has also long been noted for his practical jokes, which at various times he has played off on different individuals who have shown an over anxiety to "see the Elephant." Some few of these most laughable incidents have been published in nearly every literary paper in New England. And Dodge is not only a vocalist, punster, delineator of character, and joker, but a finished scholar and gentleman, and a terse and vivid sketch writer of extraordinary ability. He has amassed a fortune by his profession, and we know of no one better calculated to enjoy the blessings thereof than himself. Nearly all the editor throughout the country are his friends, and consequently he is "bound to shine." He has just commenced his fall campaign of concerts; and if he don't, within the first three months, receive more than twelve per cent. interest, including the principal of \$25 dollars, then his speculation will turn out a weaker dodge than his prophecy.

Jenny Lind finds a dangerous rival at last in Boston. The rival is a mocking-bird. Art and nature contend for mastery. Barnum turns pale; but the Swedish songstress, by aid of the piano, conquers the American bird, which, having no instrument to succour his essays, dies in convulsions of the vocal pip. We quote from the *New York Mirror* :—

There was a mocking-bird in Jenny Lind's apartment at Boston, which imitated some of her most brilliant passages so truly and exquisitely that Barnum turned pale, being certain that, as the owner of the bird was very rich, he could not purchase the treasure that already rivalled the Nightingale. The latter, however, smiled at his fears, sprang to the piano, and struck off her Swedish echo song. The mocking-bird listened, and then essayed an imitation, but, unable to follow the notes of the human warbler, died convulsed in the effort.

Borrowing the seven-leagued boots of the nursery books, we take our readers back to New York, and introduce them to the opening concert at Tripler Hall. The *New York Sun* shall be our authority on this occasion :—

The "Nightingale" has at last been seen and heard in Tripler Hall, and no warbling bird ever achieved a greater triumph, or been listened to with more enraptured attention, than was Jenny Lind last evening by the admiring thousands, who sat spell bound with wonder and delight at the great Music Hall. At an early hour the audience began to gather, and at the time of commencing the performance the Hall was full. On the appearance of M. Benedict he was warmly greeted by the auditory. The opening overture (known as the "Festival Overture," composed for

the opening of the Liverpool Concert Hall), by Benedict, was a most beautiful composition, and, from the manner in which it was received by the audience, we should suppose that it will compare most favourably with any similar production of the talented author. Signor Belletti, on making his appearance, was deservedly welcomed—his fine, rich, melodious baritone has lost none of its beauties, since he left us for the East.

But here comes the Queen; the audience could not refrain from extending to her such a welcome as we believe no other being on earth could expect to receive under similar circumstances. Order was at length obtained, and then Jenny began the *Scena and Aria*, "Wie Nabe Mer der Schlummer," from *Der Freischütz*. Her flexible and powerful voice did ample justice to the brilliant composition of the immortal Weber. In singing the *Scena and Aria*, "Come Soreno," from *Samson's*, Jenny perfectly captivated the senses of the auditory. No one can fully appreciate this superb production, who has not listened to its wonderful beauties interpreted by the voice of Jenny Lind. The Bird and Echo Song have been so often the themes of praise, that it is only necessary for us to say, that, if possible, the diva castrice gave them both to a style of brilliancy that added additional jewels to these rare and wondrous treasures of song.

Tripler Hall is scarcely less a favourite with the *New York Sun* than Jenny herself :—

There can be no doubt hereafter as to the perfect adaptation of Tripler Hall to musical purposes—it was fully tested last evening, and while it is acknowledged to be pre-eminently the most beautifully finished, it was as readily admitted that for acoustic effect, it is beyond all cavil the best in this country, if not to the world.

The *New York Sun* takes up the engels lustly for Barnum. We do not fancy that the writer has hit upon the best mode of confuting what has been urged against Barnum by his antagonists; nevertheless, he speaks with an audible voice and in tune, and clearly demonstrates that no breach of amity or good feeling exists, or has existed, between the singer and the manager. We subjoin every word of the *New York Sun* :—

And in this connection, we cannot omit saying a few words on the malicious and undeserved attacks that some worthless portions of the press have made upon Mr. Barnum. The reason that we have not hitherto taken much notice of them, was our knowledge that Mr. Barnum stood above the influence, and that the unvarnished excellencies of Mlle. Jenny Lind could not be marred or clouded by such foul slanders. Mr. Barnum is not a man to succumb to the abuse of venal scribblers, and the public will only hold him in higher estimation because he has had the honesty and firmness to resist these wretched appeals for a bribe.

In the communication to which we referred yesterday, Mr. Barnum states :—

"Every seat in Tripler Hall is numbered, and a diagram made accordingly. The precise number of seats, beside those set aside for the press, is 3,240, instead of 5,500, as has been erroneously stated. Not a single ticket will be issued for any of Mlle. Jenny Lind's concerts, except one of these numbers accompanies it. No promenade tickets will be disposed of."

He also says :—

"My great desire has been to prevent speculators from obtaining tickets, and as at present arranged, that desire is accomplished. The tickets are furnished to such music stores and hotels as want them, on precisely the following conditions, with no deviation whatever in any case :—

"1st. Every person thus taking tickets absolutely purchases and pays for the same, receiving exactly five per cent. discount.

"2nd. All persons so purchasing, pledge their honour to retail the tickets at the precise prices for which we sell them at the office of Tripler Hall, and I furnish them diagrams to sell by, on which the prices are plainly marked by myself."

After writing the above, we received the following copy of a correspondence between Mlle. Jenny Lind and Mr. Barnum, which we know will be read and received with great satisfaction. It is another of the many evidences which Mlle. Lind has given of the unselfishness, goodness and amiable generosity of her disposition, while it exhibits the readiness with which Mr. Barnum seized the opportunity to oblige and accommodate the public of New York.

"To Mr. P. T. Barnum.

"My dear Sir,—You know that I have always been in favour of having lower prices to my concerts, and you have invariably expressed your willingness to make them so far as could safely be done, and at the same

time prevent speculators from taking advantage of the reduction. Will you permit me to suggest that Tripler Hall is immensely large, and that with proper precautions you might certainly avoid selling tickets to speculators, and at the same time put the prices within reach of the people at large. If you can do so, you will greatly oblige me.

"I have the pleasure to be, my dear Sir, most truly yours,
"New York Hotel, Oct. 24, 1850." "JENNY LIND.

¶ "My dear Miss Lind,—I hasten with much pleasure to say, in reply to your letter of this morning, that the great capacity of Tripler Hall will enable me to comply with your suggestions, and that, accordingly, I shall fix the prices to the entire first floor and second circle at 3 dols. each; the front row in the first circle at 5 dols. each, and all other seats in the same circle at 4 dols. each. I shall give immediate directions that these prices apply to the concert of to-morrow (Friday) evening, and all future concerts during your brief stay in New York.

"I have the honour to remain, truly your obedient servant,
"Irving House, Oct. 24, 1850." "P. T. BARNUM.

Of the first concert given by Jenny Lind at Tripler Hall, we glean further particulars from the *New York Herald*. From this journal we learn that the higher class, or upstart, of New York, does not monopolize elegance, loveliness, and fashion; that seats may be vacant and a concert-room crowded to suffocation at the same time; and that a great cantatrice may be agitated and not affected in the same breath.

The event of last evening was long looked forward to with interest by the musical dilettante and by the inhabitants of the upper part of the city, who resided at too great a distance from Castle Garden to attend Madlle. Lind's first series of concerts, as well as by those who heard her in the old sea-port, and were curious to see her again in new songs of a different style, and in a new hall that has been pronounced by competent judges to be one of the best in the world for its acoustic qualities, while its beautiful decorations were calculated to add brilliancy to the effect and captivate the eye as well as the ear. These expectations were not disappointed—a more dazzling array of elegance, loveliness and fashion—a more radiant scene than was presented by the *coup d'œil* of that gorgeous hall, so beautifully illuminated, and filled with human beings from the pictured ceiling to the orchestra, we have never beheld. The audience consisted for the most part of the middle classes, who are the support of concerts and theatres, and public amusements of every kind. There was also a fair sprinkling of the upper ten, but few or none of the hard-handed working classes. There were a few seats vacant, which doubtless would have been filled by them had the prices of admission been lower, or perhaps would have been filled by the pseudo-aristocracy had the evening not been so wet. There were no promenade, and the audience were comfortably seated, though the difficulty of coming in and getting out was very great. There was a continual noise kept up by the outsiders during the concert, that tended to agitate the great cantatrice, and to interfere with the enjoyment of the audience. It did not appear, however, to have much effect, and the singer and the audience looked equally happy. The queen of song entranced them with her wonderful strains, and every face beamed with delight, while her joyous, soul-speaking countenance, sympathized with the audience, and seemed lighted up with the reflection of the pleasure she diffused. She had already conquered the Empire City; and she now made her appearance to sing in it, for the first time after returning from her campaign in New England and Pennsylvania, with the laurels fresh on her brow, won in the chief cities of three States of this mighty confederacy; and her reception by the audience was worthy of the occasion—worthy of her, and worthy of themselves. They had stamped the seal of highest merit upon her in Castle Garden, and they could not but now feel proud that their judgment was so honored in the two most enlightened cities of the Union.

The same paper gives a longitudo and elevated account of the concert, and exhausts all the superlatives in the language in doing justice to the Nightingale. Belletti comes in for his share; nor is Benedict overlooked. Verdi also is eulogized, and the overture to *Egmont* is composed by Beethoven.

The programme was entirely new in this city, with the exception of the "Echo Song," and commenced with the "Festival Overture," composed for the opening of the Liverpool Concert Hall, by Benedict—performed for the first time in America. It is a very pretty thing, and ample justice was done to it by the splendid orchestra, who acquitted themselves with great credit throughout the concert. Their accompaniment to the vocal performances of the evening were in excellent taste,

and the truthful manner in which they performed the grand overture to *Egmont*, composed by Beethoven, reflected the highest credit upon the musical talent of New York, and was warmly applauded.

The first vocal performance was a cavatina from Verdi's opera of *Nabucco*, sung by Belletti, with a chorus of female voices. They were arranged around the front of the stage, and being very prettily dressed, the effect was most pleasing. The cavatina, "D'Esito la sui lidi," is a beautiful thing, and was admirably sung by Belletti and the chorus, and the orchestra did all that could be desired. The performance was warmly applauded, and everybody admired the smooth, round, mellow voice of Belletti, its fine quality being only equalled by his fine method and his intonation. We know of no baritone that can surpass Belletti. He pleased in everything, whether in the comic aria from Rossini's *Così fan tutti*, which he sang with much humor, or in the sublime "Pro Peccatis," from the *Stabat Mater*, of the same composer, which he sang with a sweet and solemn sadness, in keeping with the subject.

She sings Weber's grand scena, and the occupation of twenty minutes in the singing thereof is a proof of the beautiful rendering of the spirit of the composer.

On making her appearance on the stage to sing the grand scena from the opera of *Der Freischütz*, she was greeted with the most rapturous and hearty applause, which was repeated again and again, as if the audience felt unsatisfied with the homage they had rendered her. After acknowledging the reception, profoundly bowing, she proceeded to sing the scena from the German of Weber, and a more masterly piece of vocalization we never heard. It was truly magnificent, and the beautiful rendering of the spirit of the composer was not the smallest merit of the performance. It occupied twenty minutes in singing. The applause at the close was tremendous.

Although the first essay is unsurpassable, each subsequent effort transcends the former. We annex a brace of corroborations:—

"But the glorious excellencies which are peculiar to her, and make her the great Northern Light of song, were reserved for the grand scene, 'Come per me sereno,' from *Sonnambula*. In this she electrified the audience with her wonderful trials, her *forte* roars, her exquisite *dinamismo*, her unrivalled *alacrité*, her delicious warbling, and a facility of execution such as we have never witnessed in any other vocalist. In one portion of the aria, the sensation produced might be felt vibrating from heart to heart. She was vehemently encored, and a bouquet was thrown on the stage, which she took up, and sang the last four lines as beautifully as before. From the way in which she sang the 'Inflammatus,' from the *Stabat Mater*, with the chorus, the audience had an opportunity of judging of her vast power in sacred music. Her voice was heard like a claxon, above chorus and orchestra.

But the gem of the night, the sweetest and most delicious warbling of the enchantress, was the 'Bird's Song,' which she acted, as well as sang, with inimitable grace and expression. Her carolling in this exquisitely sweet song is wonderful unique. The audience were completely carried away, and a hurricane of applause shook the house. It was encored, and the fall of a pin might be heard. After singing it again, she gave her own Swedish melody, which comes always fresh upon the audience as the breeze from her native mountains. The echoes were singularly clear and distinct, owing to the fine resonance of the building, and she never sang the 'Herdsman's Song' so well in New York. Altogether this is the most successful concert that has been ever given in this city—so little was there to find fault with and so much to praise.

Of the reduction of prices, the same journal says:—

This is as it should be—it is a good beginning, and we are well satisfied that more money will be made at those prices, or three dollars all round, than there would be at extravagant rates. If we understand Miss Lind's desire, she wishes every one to hear her during her stay in this country, and to enable all to do so, she is desirous that the price of admission to her concerts should be fixed at a reasonable sum. The million will now rush to her concerts, pay their money for the three dollar tickets, and be gratified. Nor will any thing be left behind.

From the above extracts, although comprising the opinions of three journals only, we are bound to infer that the Nightingale's popularity is in the ascendant in America. Barnum's success has brought envy and calumny on his head, and, doubtless, there are many who, through jealousy of what he has accomplished, would not greatly care if Jenny Lind founded in the favour of the public, to pluck Barnum from his

pride of place; and hence it may have happened that the writers of journals have spoken indifferently of the Swedish *cantatrice*, and so many were led to surmise that her star was growing pale, and in its declination. From what we have presented to the reader, he cannot fail to draw a conclusion of an entirely different nature.

CATHERINE HAYES'S "NORMA,"

(From the Nation.)

"I shall never sing again in Dublin until I have won fame! Never! If I fail to make a name amongst strangers, I shall never care to go home." Were these the thoughtless words of a vain girl, or the prophecy of genius? Assuredly, the writer, to whom Catherine Hayes spoke them, in Paris, six years ago, whilst she was still the laborious, indefatigable pupil of GARCIA, smiled mournfully at the confidence they implied, and marvelled that such concentrated ambition did not leave deeper traces in the soft mild face of the fair young girl, who thus confessed the yoke of the most despotic and imperious of the passions.

No wonder that we feared disappointment for her. It was to no second rank she aspired. She would be all, or nothing.

Malibran, with her high intelligence—in whose clear face the slightest emotion or change of feeling was apparent as the hours on the dial-plate—of whom it was happily said, "She had a thousand passions on her upper lip,"—had passed away from the scene; but Grisi, in the flush of her passionate genius, with her classical beauty, her natural ease, her pathos, her fervor, her exquisite organ, and her clear brilliant, pure intonation, had made all the great characters of opera her own, and flashed from her throne, mocking scorn on her rapid, colourless rivals. No wonder that we trembled for the peace of this young girl, who set about studying her parts.

It would be impossible to overrate the difficulties she had to contend with. Up to that period she had aimed only to be a great concert-singer. The overwhelming passion for lyrical drama had but recently taken her soul by storm. She had not yet received a single lesson in the business of the stage; and even her warmest admirers did not venture to hope that, under her placid exterior, any striking dramatic power lay hidden. Her figure, though always graceful, did not seem to fall naturally into imposing, effective attitudes. An expression of majesty and command were foreign to it.

A certain winning, persuasive gentleness, a sportive tenderness, pervaded her form and countenance.

In Paris she was greatly beloved. No more genial, kindly, generous nature, was ever nursed at an Irish bosom. She was everywhere sought, too, and flattered, for the surpassing beauty of her voice; but she was not dazzled by this drawing-room popularity, nor ever turned away one hour by it from the hard, unflinching, daily labours she had marked out for herself.

She knew that the beauty of a voice will always find favor for its own sake, but that voice, without Art, can never hope for triumphant success on the stage, where so many other qualities are requisite to constitute the artist; and that Art is not attainable without the expenditure of much time and labor, from which the highest genius cannot hope to exempt itself.

Let no superficial thinker fancy that the success for which she panted, and which in overflowing measure is hers, has been won without effort. It is the reward of studies courageously, persistently, energetically pursued—followed out with a unity of purpose, and firmness of determination, rare

in her sex and race. All honour be hers, for this great example she has given to her fellow-countrymen!

Since her student days in Paris, we never heard her sing until last Tuesday night, in *Norma*, and notwithstanding the evidences of her established fame, and the enthusiasm she has excited, we confess some of our old misgivings flitted back into our heart. We remembered the voluptuous sensibility of Grisi's *Norma*—the unequalled modulations of her voice, rapidly changing from the tenderest love to fierce anger, or wild despair—her charming head, so full of character—and her expressive face, on which the artist feeling threw every varying shade of the wild passions that raged in the Druid priestess's bosom.

We had seen the awful Majesty with which Adelaide Kemble had invested *Norma*. Her voice may have been of inferior excellence. We cannot tell. We had no thought for criticism. So entirely were we carried away by her great dramatic power, that we hardly remembered that it was in song she poured forth her passionate soul. Never shall we forget her attitude of proud defiance, nor the glance of haughty, indignant scorn with which she received her unfaithful lover. We marvelled that the cowering wretch did not wither under her superb contempt. Her acting first revealed to us what Mrs. Siddons's grandest tragedy may have been.

Miss Hayes's first movements on the stage set all our fears at rest. She attempts no poor imitation of her great predecessors. She does not rant their passions, nor affect their sentiments, nor mimic their attitudes. She is simple and natural, and resembles more a well-bred lady on the stage, than a mere actress. Womanly love, in all its clinging, confiding tenderness, devotion under the cruellest wrongs, a woo in desertion bitter than jealousy, pure, genuine, maternal affection. This was her portraiture of *Norma*, and, with all the precedents against it, and their perfect knowledge of the music, proved by an irresistible impulse, occasionally indulged in the boxes, of humming the airs, it entirely satisfied the heart of the audience. She was, in short, eminently successful.

Her success proves what we partly suspected before, that it is not in Bellini's music the deep passion of this character was found.

Not only did her acting take us by surprise, but, familiar as we were of old with her pure silvery voice, we had no idea of the exquisite perfection to which the delicacy and purity of her tones had reached.

The warbling of birds, the murmuring of waters, are stupid, because hackneyed illustrations; yet they are the very sounds her fresh voice recalls to us. She is the impersonation of spring. Her joyous carol, pure and ringing as the lark's soaring to Heaven's gate, remind us of the gentle odours and soft breezes of a May morning. If her middle tones want somewhat of the sonorous richness of feeling, or thrilling depth of passion, of other singers, we know none that surpass her in exquisite delicacy of execution, or in the subtle, minute shades of tone, by which artist singers produce such magic effects.

LA DAME DES PÊQUES.—M. Halévy's new opera is in a forward state of rehearsal, and will probably be brought out at the Opéra Comique about the same period as *L'Enfant Prodigue* at the Académie. M. Halévy is said to have surpassed himself, and Scribo to have quite sustained his level in this new production: meanwhile, the Opéra Comique is in no want of attraction since the two new operas of *Giralda* and *The Songe* by A. Adam and A. Thomas continue to bring full houses alternately to the theatre.

STREET MUSICIANS.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

A MEMBER OF A STREET BAND.

I sang and played the guitar in the streets with my mother when I was only four years old. It was a good business when I was a child. A younger brother and I would go out into the streets for a few hours of an evening, from five to eight, and make 7s. or 8s. the two of us. For the last ten years I have been a member of a street band. Our band is now four in number. I have been in bands of eight, and in some composed of as many as twenty-five; but a small band answers best for regularity. With eight in the band it's not easy to get 3s. a piece on a fine day, and play all day too. Children now are taught very early, and seldom leave the profession for any other business. Every year the street musicians increase. Wind performers drink more than the others. They must have their mouths wet, and they need some stimulant or restorative after blowing an hour in the streets. The worst part of the street performers, in point of character, are those who play before or in public houses. They drink a great deal, but I never heard of them being charged with dishonesty. The better class of musicians are nearly all married men, and they generally dislike to teach their wives music; indeed in my band, and in similar bands, we wouldn't employ a man who was teaching his wife music, that she might play in the streets, and so be exposed to every insult and every temptation, if she's young and pretty. Many of the musicians' wives have to work very hard with their needles for the slop-shops. The German bands injure our trade much. They'll play for half what we ask. They are very mean, feed dirtily, and the best band of them, whom I met at Dover, I know slept three in a bed in a common lodging-house, one of the very lowest. They now block us out of all the country places to which we used to go in the summer. The German bands have now possession of the whole coast of Kent and Sussex, and wherever there are watering places. I consider Regent Street and such places our best pitches. Our principal patrons in the parties line are tradesmen and professional men, such as attorneys. 10s. a night is our regular charge.

A GERMAN BANDMAN.

I am a German, and have been six years in this country. I was nearly fourteen when I came. I come from Oberfeld, eighteen miles from Hanover. I come because I would like to see how it was here. I heard that London was a good place for foreign music. London is as good a place as I expect to find him. There about six come over with me, boys and men. Sometime we make 7s. or 8s. a piece in a day now, but the business is not so good. I reckon 6s. a day is good now. We play at private parties or public ball rooms, and are paid so much a dance—sixpence a dance for so seven of us. If there are many dances it is good; if not it is bad. We play cheaper than English, and we don't spend so much. The English players insult us, but we don't care about that. They abuse us for playing cheap. I have saved money in this country, but very little of it. I want to save enough to take me back to Hanover. We have three rooms to sleep in, and one to eat in. We are all single men but one; and his wife, a German woman, lives with us, and cooks for us. She and her husband have a bed-room to themselves. Anybody does for us to eat. We all join in housekeeping and lodging, and pay alike. Our lodging cost 2s. a week each; and our board

costs us about 15s. a week each; sometime rather less. But that includes beer, and the London beer is very good, and sometimes we drink a good deal of it. We drink very little gin, but we live very well, and have good meals every day. Ladies and gentlemen are our best friends; the working people give us very little. We play opera tunes chiefly. We don't associate with any Englishmen."

A HIGHLAND PIPER.

I am a native of Inverness, and a Grant. My father was a soldier and a piper in the 42nd. In my youth I was a shepherd in the hills until my father was unable to support me any longer. I was rather a novelty at first, and did pretty well. I could make a 1l. a week then; but now I can't make 2s. a day, not even in summer. There are so many Irishmen going about London, and dressed as Scotch Highlanders, that I really think I could do better as a piper even in Scotland. A Scottish family will sometimes give me a shilling or two when they find out I am a Scotchman. Chelsea is my best place, where there are many Scotchmen. There are now only five real Scotch Highlanders playing the bagpipes in the streets of London, and seven or eight Irishmen that I know of. The Irishmen do better than I do because they have more face. I'm very seldom insulted in the streets, and then mostly by being called an Irishman, which I don't like; but I pass it off just as well as I can.

THE PERSECUTED HARPIST.

I play the harp in the streets, and have done so for the last two years, and should be very glad to give it up. My brother lives with me, we're both bachelors, and he's so dreadful lame he can do nothing. When I was young I taught the harp and the pianoforte, but that very soon fell off. I had three guineas a quarter for teaching the harp at one time, and two guineas for the piano. My brother and I have 1s. and a loaf a piece from the parish, and the 2s. pays the rent. I've been torn to pieces; I'm torn to pieces every day I go out in the streets, and I'd be glad to get rid of the streets for 5s. a week. The streets are full of ruffians. The boys are ruffians. The men in the streets, too, are ruffians, and encourage the boys. The police protect me as much as they can. I should be killed every week, but for them; they are very good people. I've known poor women of the town drive the boys away from me, or try to drive them. Its terrible persecution I suffer—terrible persecution. The boys push me down and hurt me badly, and my harp too. They yell and make noises so that I can't be heard, nor my harp. The boys have cut off my harp-strings, three of them the other day. I tell them it's a shame, but I might as well speak to the stones. I never go out that they miss me. I don't make more than 3s. a week in the streets, if I make that.

A HURDY-GURDY WOMAN.

I have been forty-three years a public performer. My parents died when I was a child, and I was put into the poor-house, and I left it before I was twenty to earn my own living. The parish paid for my learning music, and bought me an instrument, and so started me in life—God bless them! I started with a cymbal, which some call a hurdy-gurdy, and have been playing it ever since. It's not the same instrument as I carry now, but I've had this one fifteen years last August. I have been blind since I was nine weeks old. When I started on my own account, a woman forty-one years of age, who had been in Bloomsbury poor-house with me, came out to lead

rise. We shared alike. She died, and I had several after who didn't do me justice, for they didn't give me all the money. Forty years ago the two of us would get 6s. a day; now sometimes we can only make 2s. a day for the two of us on an average the summer through, and 1s. 6d. in winter. I have my regular rounds. My Monday's round is Marylebone; my Tuesday's is Kentish Town—they call me Mrs. Tuesday there—the people say, "Ah, here's Mrs. Tuesday come;" Wednesday is Kensington way generally; Thursday is Brixton and that way; Friday, Hackney round; and Saturday in Pimlico way. In some rounds I have friends who have given me a trifle every week (or nearly so) for twenty years.

THE IMITATIVE NIGGERS.

We are niggers, said one man, as its commonly called; that is, negro melodists. When I first started in the streets I had five performers—four and myself. There were the banjo-player, the bones, fiddle and tambourine. We were regularly full dressed in fashionable black coats and trousers, open white waistcoats, pumps (bluchers some had, just as they could spring them), and wigs to imitate the real negro head of hair. Large white wrists or cuffs came out after. It was rather a venturesome 'spec, the street niggers, for I had to find all the clothes at first start, as I set the school a-going. Perhaps it cost me 6s. a head all round; all second hand dress except the wigs, and each man made his own wig out of horse-hair dyed black, and sewn with black thread on to the skin of an old silk hat. The first debaw, as I may say, of the niggers, brought us in about 10s. among us, besides paying for our dinner and a pint of beer a-piece. We were forced to be steady, as we didn't know how it would answer. We sang from eleven in the morning till half-past ten at night, summer time. Last year was the best I've known. We start generally about ten, and play till it's dark, in fine weather. We averaged £1 a week last year. It's rather difficult to play the bones well; it requires hard practice, and it brings the skin off, and some men have tried it, but with so little success that they broke their bones and flung them away. The banjo is the hardest to learn of the lot. Things are not so good as they were. The Marylebone and Whitechapel lots play at nights in penny theatres. I have played at the Haymarket in "the New Planet," but there's no demand for us now with the theatres.

LOW CONCERT SINGERS.

An experienced street vocalist, of the better kind, described the present condition of his calling. He was accompanied by his wife.

"I have been in the profession of a vocalist," he said, "full twenty-five years. Before that I was a concert singer. I was not brought up to the profession; I was a shipping-agent, but I married a concert singer, and then followed the profession. I was young and a little stage-struck"—("Rather," said his wife, smiling, "he was struck with those who were on the stage")—"and so I abandoned the ship-agency. My wife and I have been street vocalists for twenty-five years. We sing solos, duets, and glee, and only at night. Our plan is to inquire at gentlemen's houses if they wish to hear glee or solo singing, and to sing in the streets, or in the halls, as well as at parties. When we first commenced we have made 3s. and 3s. 10s. in a night this way; but that was on extraordinary occasions, and 3s. might be the average earnings, taking the year through. The earnings continued eight or ten years, and then fell off. Other amusements attracted attention. Now, my wife, my daughter, and I may make 25s. a week by open-air singing. Concert singing is extra, and

the best payment is a crown per head a night, for low-priced concerts. The inferior vocalists get 4s., 3s., 2s. 6d., and some as low as 2s. Very many who sing at the concerts have received a high musical education; but the profession is so overstocked, that excellent singers are compelled to take poor engagements." The better sort of cheap concert singers, the man and wife both agreed in stating, were a well-conducted body of people, often struggling for a very poor maintenance, the women rarely being improper characters. "But now," said the husband, "John Bull's taste is inclined to the brutal and filthy. Some of the 'character songs,' such as 'Sam Hall,' 'Jack Sheppard,' and others, are so indelicate, that a respectable man ought not to take his wife and daughter to see them. The men who sing 'character songs,' are the worst class of singers, both as regards character and skill; they are generally loose fellows; some are what is called 'fancy men,' persons supported wholly or partly by women of the town. I attempted once to give concerts without these low 'character-sings,' but it did not succeed, for I was alone in the attempt. No one would be allowed to sing such songs in the streets."

Our Scrap Book.

(We shall be obliged to any kind friends who may be able and willing to contribute to our Scrap Book.—Ed.)

LULLI.—Just previous to his death, Jean Baptiste Lulli was composing the opera of *Achille et Polixène*, and his confessor refused him absolution unless he burnt it. He consented, and the new music was committed to the flames. A few days after, being a little better, one of the young princes of Vendôme went to see him. "Why, Baptiste," said he, "have you been such a fool as to burn your new opera to humour a gloomy priest?" "Hush, hush," was the reply. "I have another copy."—*Higgins's Philosophy of Sound.*

HANDEL.—During the latter part of Handel's life, about the year 1753, in the Lent season, a minor canon, from the cathedral of Gloucester, proffered his services to Handel to sing. His offer was accepted, and he was employed in the choruses. Not satisfied with this department, he requested leave to sing a solo air, that his voice might be heard to more advantage. This request was also granted; but he executed his solo so little to the satisfaction of the audience, that he was, to his great mortification, violently hissed. When the performance was over, by way of consolation, Handel made him the following speech:—"I am very sorry, very sorry for you, indeed, my dear sir; but go back to your church in due country. God will forgive you for your bad singing; but *deu* *des* wicked people in London, *dey* *will* never forgive you."

SOLFIAING.—The invention of the syllables *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la*, now commonly used, is attributed to an Italian monk, whose name was Guido d'Arrezzo, who took them from a hymn to St. John.

Ut *quant* *laxi*, *resonare* *fibris*.
Mira *gestorum*, *sancti* *torum*;
Solve *polluti*, *labi* *resum*
Sancte *Joanne*.

But, in a letter to another monk, Guido merely advises him to recollect the air of this hymn, which rises one note on each syllable,—*ut, re, mi, etc.* An order to find the tone of each degree of the scale. Five hundred years afterwards, a Fleming added the syllable *si* to the first six, and completed the

series; after which, *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si*, were repeated for the second octave, and soon for the third, fourth, and succeeding octaves. About 1640, Doni, a learned musician, substituted *do* for *ut*, as being more agreeable in solmization. The Italians, the French, the Spanish, and the Portuguese, have adopted these syllables to designate sounds; the Germans and the English have preserved the letters for the same purpose. Extracted from, —; by *Aurilian*.

DREAM POETRY.—"Do you remember the story of Mickle the poet, who always regretted that he could not remember the poetry which he composed in his sleep? It was, he said, so infinitely superior to anything which he produced in his waking hours. One morning he awoke and repeated the lamentation over his unhappy fortune, that he should compose such sublime poetry, and yet lose it for ever: 'What I said his wife, who happened to be awake, 'were you writing poetry?'—"Yes," he replied, 'and such poetry that I would give the world to remember it.'—"Well, then," said she, 'I did luckily hear the last lines, and I am sure I remember them exactly: they were—

By Heaven, I'll wreak my woes
Upon the cowslip and the pale primrose.

This is one of Sharpe's stories,—it is true, and an excellently good one it is. I am not such a dreamer as Mickle, for what I can remember is worth remembering,—and one of the wildest scenes in 'Kehama' will prove this."—*Southey's Life*.

A TRIBUTE TO POETRY.—Near the city of Bath is a secluded little churchyard, in which, amongst other monuments, is one of pure white marble, on which is engraved the name of a nobleman's daughter, and her age—seventeen. In addition to this was the following stanza from Mrs. Hemans's poem, 'Bring Flowers':—

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead!
For this from its bud hath the white rose burst,
For this in the wood was the violet nurt;
They have a voice for what once was ours,
And are love's last gift. Bring ye flowers—pale flowers.

The space around that grave was filled with white flowers of all descriptions, planted for the most part by stranger hands. No one ever removed a blossom from the grave, and there they flourished, as if in obedience to the mandates of the poetess. It was one of the most graceful tributes ever paid to genius.—*Pen and Ink Sketches*.

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS.—Haydn, the solemn and majestic Haydn, never felt the inspiration if he did not wear the ring presented to him by Frederick the Second. Cherubini was generally roused by the mirth of his friends; and if this should fail, by drawing caricatures on a pack of cards. Gluck wrote his *Iphigenia* and *Orpheus* in a meadow, with a bottle of champagne by his side. Singarelli read the classics previous to dictation. Sacchini sought the society of his cats; and Sarti shut himself in a large room dimly lighted by one solitary lamp hanging from the ceiling.—*Higgins's Philosophy of Sound*.

HENRY PURCELL.—If there be any name beyond that of all others which merits to be treasured up with the most affectionate remembrance and with the holiest veneration in the hearts—in the heart's most sacred shrine—of his countrymen, as the foremost among English musicians, it is the name of Henry Purcell. Occupying, conventionally, with other illustrious masters, the first rank in this country, but, in the truest and

most extended sense of the term, rising and towering above all, he stands unapproachable—alone! To none is the "divine art" under so heavy an obligation as to his individual exertions. No musician ever started life with a larger endowment of the ethereal fire to support and improve that art than Henry Purcell. He was one whose memory will endure and works exist for all time! Belonging to no era, he created an epoch, which in his own times he raised to the most memorable mention. Notwithstanding his own profound comprehension of the science, his deep lore of its fundamental rules, in quoting the sonorous words of Bacon, we may say of him,

His understanding beat upon his heart:

and there is always to be discovered, amid all its wonderful strength, and power, and sublimity, and amid his rich and massive colourings and beauty, a simple grandeur of outline, a delicate and exquisitely pathetic retirement, a fanciful and graceful form of ideas, as inexhaustible and varied as were the subjects on which he exerted his genius. Judge him by the very highest standard, and in every way will he be found to be more than worthy of his undying fame. His life was like the flash of a meteor, short but dazzling in its brilliancy. Cut off by the destroying angel in the flower of his age and in the loftiest vigour of his intellect, he was a man who, if he had been spared a longer life, would have possessed sufficient power to bestow on his country the first rank in the scale of musical nations—a man gifted with so mighty a genius, that what he might have achieved can only be resolved by futile conjecture. In him we lost one who would have been able to define and characterise the English school of music—now lost—and perhaps for ever.—*Memoranda of a Musician*.

Poetry is itself a thing of God;
He made his prophets, poets; and the more
We feel of poetic do we become
Like God in love and power—undermakers,
And song is of the supernatural
Natural utterance; and solely can
Speak the unbounded beauty of the world,
And the pre-mortal concords of pure mind.

Bailey's Poets.

— There's a something in
The shape of harp, as though they had been made
By Music: ————
Bailey's Poets

The world is full of glorious likenesses.
The poet's power is to sort these out,
And to make music from the common things
With which the world is strung: to make the dumb
Earth utter heavenly harmony, and draw
Life clear and sweet and harmless as spring water,
Weaving its way through flowers.
Bailey's Poets.

Poets are all who love—who feel great truths—
And tell them: and the truth of truths is love.
Bailey's Poets.

L'ENFANT PRODIGE.—The long-expected opera of Auber is now in active rehearsal at the Académie, and will most probably be produced before the expiration of the present month. Those who have heard the music speak of it in lavish terms of praise. The general opinion seems to augur a success in no way inferior to that of *La Muette de Portici*, the first and most brilliant essay of Auber at the great national opera. The principal characters will be supported by Ruger, Massol, Madame Dameron, and Madame Laborde. The *restrie* of Massol after so long an absence is looked forward to with the highest anticipations by the Parisian public, with whom he was always an immense favourite.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE. HAYMARKET.

MACRENDY'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES.

THE performances since our last have been *King Lear* on Saturday, *Richelieu* on Monday, *Macbeth* (second time) on Wednesday, and *Werner* on Thursday.

It will be seen that these four performances include some of the great actor's most splendid and accomplished efforts. *King Lear* is, beyond a doubt, Mr. Macrendy's most subtle, profound, and truthful delineation, and is universally acknowledged as such. *Richelieu* is less subtle, less profound, but no less truthful and striking. Mr. Macrendy has made *Werner* entirely his own, in fact he created the part, and the man would be hardy indeed who would attempt to play it after him. We do not purpose criticising the performances of the above characters on the present occasion; we shall leave that for another opportunity. We cannot forbear, however, from expressing our conviction that we never saw Mr. Macrendy act with more vigour and effect than since his present engagement. His performance of *Werner* on Thursday night, a part which demands from the actor an unusual amount of physical force, was sustained to the last scene with indomitable and untiring energy. If we could have noted the slightest traces of a falling off in his power, it would have afforded us a melancholy gratification, knowing that there was then a real cause for his retirement; but no such reason exists, and we are left to wonder and surmise.

ADDELPHI.

THE new farce, *The School for Tigers*, increases in attraction. Without any pretence to plot, and with less terseness and point in the language than many of Mr. Mark Lemon's productions, it rears its claims entirely on the originality of the idea, and the humour and practical fun of the situations. The acting is inimitable. Mr. Wright and Miss Woolgar being the very *quinta pars nectaria* of the business. Mr. Wright's inflexible gravity throughout is enormously ludicrous; and Miss Woolgar in look, accent, dress, and action, is the very incarnation of a Yorkshire plough-boy turned tiger. We certainly never saw this lady's talents exercised with more happy effect. Her humour is not mere extravagance and fun—it is of heart—hearty.

OLYMPIC.

In the year 1196, Philip Augustus, King of France, involved himself in a dispute with the Pope by repudiating his wife, Ingelburga, sister to Canute VI., King of Denmark, for whom he had ever felt the greatest aversion, and marrying in her stead Agnes (or Marie), daughter of Berthold, Duke of Merania. The Pope, in consequence, laid the kingdom under interdict, and the king was obliged to part with Agnes, who died of grief in 1201.

This short historical fact was taken by Mr. Westland Marston for the plot of a five-act play, which was produced at the Olympic on Monday night, under the title of *Philip of France and Marie de Melanic*. The most crafty monarch of his age is represented as a being intensely sentimental, ever regretting that the possession of the crown restrains him from following the dictates of his heart. Ingelburga is the wife taken from policy, and slighted accordingly. Marie is the real object of love, and that to such a degree, that his conduct in all the internal reforms of France, for which Philip's reign is celebrated, seems (according to the piece) to have been prompted by the passion which she inspired.

The well-known combat between the heart and the world is sharply fought in the bosom of Philip Augustus, and as in this case the church of Rome takes the side of the world, he

succumbs to the double foe and gives up Queen Marie. Still, affairs are not so desperate as to render a middle course impossible, and the ingenious Philip hits on the expedient of lowering Marie from the state of queen to that of mistress, and of restoring Ingelburga to a shadow of royalty. The virtue of Marie abhors such a scheme, but she retains her affection for Philip, and dies in his arms immediately after he has gained a great battle, which we suppose is the battle of Bonivines, although that famous engagement did not take place till 1214.

The difficulty with which the author has had to contend in the treatment of this subject is its slight character as a theme for expansion into five acts. By the introduction of two scenes of turbulent citizens, he shows indication of an intention to spread out the story into a "history," in the Shaksperian sense of the word; but the piece drops back into the domestic, we might almost say, the idyllic, character, and the drawing out of the story somewhat attenuates the pathos. His merit as a constructive dramatist lies in the power with which he has worked out certain effective situations; and in this respect he shows a talent which has not been displayed in his previous works. Thus, a love scene between Philip and Marie, in which the former, who has made a pretext of consanguinity to divorce Ingelburga, induces Marie to become his wife, is highly effective, and is greatly assisted by the ardour of Mr. G. V. Brooke, and the restraint of feeling, followed by a passionate outbreak of love and devotion, on the part of Miss H. Fancit. This situation, which occurs at the end of the second act, is the first striking portion of the piece. More complicated, and of a more elevated character, is the last scene of the third act, where Philip defies the bishops who support the Papal decision against Marie, and the unfortunate favourite, suddenly appearing, throws off her crown that she may release her husband from the evils of an interdict. The admirable *mise en scène*, which does the greatest credit to the management, contributes much to the effect of this situation. The king on his throne hurling defiance at the prelates opposite, the nobles wavering between the two contending powers, Marie imploringly clinging to her husband—represented as she is with most eloquent gestures by Miss Fancit—and the accompaniment of the whole scene by the dismal bell tolling forth the interdict, produced an impression by no means common in the range of the modern drama. The circumstances of the day were also of some advantage to this scene, for Philip's harangues against Innocent III. were construed into so many allusions to the more recent inperinences of Pius IX., and the audience applauded to the echo the depreciation of the Bishop of Rome. The dying scene of Marie after her divorce, evidently modelled from that of Queen Katherine, and highly elaborated by Miss Fancit, is another striking point, and a good effect is produced by the sudden sympathy of a friend of Marie, which in the same way corresponds to the feelings of the audience as the final speeches of Emilia in *Othello*. This little "bit" is most forcibly brought out by Mrs. Leigh Murray. The language throughout the piece is poetical and elegant.

The house, which was crowded to suffocation, resounded with plaudits at the fall of the curtain. Miss Helen Fancit, who had not appeared in London for three years, and who, with all her talent and with great exertions sustained the arduous part of Marie, was vociferously called and led forward by Mr. Leigh Murray. Then Mr. Brooke, who is a popular favourite, was likewise summoned before the curtain; and, lastly, a cry was raised for the author, who bowed from his private box.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

HALLÉ'S SECOND CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERT,

PART I.

Trio, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello (Allegro, Andante grazioso, Rondo—Allegro, in E major). *Mozart.*
 Canonetta, Miss Deakin, "Quando miro quel bel ciglio" *Mozart.*
 Grand Sonata, Pianoforte, (Allegro vivace, Adagio grazioso, in G. Op. 31, No. 1 Rondo Allegretto). *Beethoven.*

PART II.

Grand Trio, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, (Allegro, Andante con moto, Scherzo—Allegro moderato, Finale—Allegro moderato, in E flat, Op. 100) . . . *F. Schubert.*
 Song, Miss Deakin, "Weary Flowers" . . . *Schubert.*
 Miscellaneous Selection, Pianoforte, (Mazourka, "La Chasse," G minor and C Sharp minor, Etude in E flat) . . . *Chopin.*
 Violoncello, . . . *Heiler.*

HALLÉ, grateful, no doubt, for their warm patronage, is ever on the *qui vive* to give novelty to his subscribers—as well as excellence. The above selection is as different as possible to any of its predecessors, and is remarkable as containing two trios for violin, violoncello, and pianoforte. The first, one of Mozart's gems; the other, a most wonderful production, by one of those of erratic habits, but amazing genius, that sometimes flash before an astonished age, like meteors, for a brief period, and are gone! Seldom is it that even a wreck is left behind! How much more seldom such a work as this remarkable trio of F. Schubert's? But to take the concert as it proceeded. Mozart's charming trio in E major, introduced M. Baetens in a new character to us as first violin, and a very fine player he is on that instrument (as well as on the tenor). If we must be critical and take exception as anything in his playing on this occasion as "first" fiddle, it was a want of purity and clearness in his tones, especially the first string and higher stops—it seemed as though he played with too slack a bow, or at times too much with the side of it. He did not seem quite happy either in the quantity of that same first string, as occasionally it was harsh and piercing. As to his execution and playing in concert, they were undeniably excellent, and from the evident practice of the three artists together, he appeared on the whole to great advantage as "primo." The allegro had no sooner commenced, than we needed no programme to tell us we were listening to the flowing, elegant, and graceful strains of Mozart; and we know not which to admire most, Baetens, Lidel on the violoncello, or Hallé on the pianoforte, they all discoursed it so smoothly together. The second movement, though, is the most delicious of the three—the "Andante grazioso," it was lovely, and was warmly applauded. The rondo is to us the least interesting, although it affords some capital opportunity for display for the first violin and pianoforte. In some alternate obligato passages, the whole trio was a great treat—a very excellent example of Mozart, and a nice beginning to a delightful concert. Then came the feature of the night—Beethoven's sonata. The one chosen this time was in G. Op. 31, No. 1, and a grand sonata it is truly; as to Hallé, it seems to us as if he might have been born for the special purpose of playing Beethoven's sonatas. He must, surely, at the outset of his musical career, have fixed upon the perfect rendering of these glorious works as the summit of his ambition, and having gained it, revels therein accordingly! No way also at all reasonably or rationally can we account for the great mastery and marvellous perfection of his playing these same sonatas.

Enough of Hallé's playing—it must be heard and felt to be at all appreciated, there is no describing it. The first movement in the present sonata, "allegro vivace." It is the vivacity of a giant—(oo, giant won't do; one thinks of Polypheme directly; he was monstrous and ugly, and there is nothing monstrous or ugly about Beethoven!)—so astounding and unlooked for all the vivacious movements; now loud as thunder, then gentle as Aëolus' pipe; his very thunders are harmonious, his piping as gentle as the coming of a dove, yet is all this contrast, not done to astonish, but has a meaning and design, in harmony with the whole composition. The

second movement, "adagio grazioso," is like a flood of rivulets or running brooks let loose, and running harmoniously side by side; such floods of notes are streamed out on the ear in this brilliant composition. But we must stop describing Beethoven is just as easy as describing Hallé's playing; then, why attempt impossibilities? The whole sonata is a glorious affair, and it was magnificently played. Hallé quite surpassed himself, and was warmly and enthusiastically applauded. P. Schubert's is truly deserving the name of a grand trio; why, it is a symphony for three instruments! Incompetent as we must be to pronounce on such a work, on a first hearing, we can safely say, as we have often had to do of Beethoven's compositions at these classical concerts, that it excited our wonder and delight to describe it is another matter, for it took near three quarters of an hour in performance! We thought when the allegro was over that the piece was finished, the four movements played through without pause; but no, so please you, there was the "Andante con moto," then the "Scherzo," and the "Finale" yet to come. A more elaborate trio one would think it must be impossible to write, the author seems to have exhausted every style of blending the three instruments, all the colloquial passages, *ad libitum* bits, the imitations, the full harmonies; in short every resource, for the composer for the chamber, and poor Schubert seems to have done it all to advantage too! for long as it is—however it may tire and try the three executants—(and most trying and difficult it must be to play, we are sure, requiring immense practice and rehearsal), the audience on this occasion never tired; the interest never flagged; new varieties of effects, or new forms of melody kept developing themselves. It is full of melody, and equally clever in the harmonization of each bit as it comes forth. We would recommend none, except first-rate hands, to attempt such a work; and even they would have to devote themselves to it, as Hallé, Baetens, and Lidel must have done. It was a glorious performance. Hallé's wind up selection, on this occasion, was two singular pieces, called Mazourka of Chopin, and an Etude in E flat, "La Chasse," by Stephen Heiler, and it might be a chase of the fingers, for it is a tax on the dexterity of fingers and flexibility of the wrist, beyond the reach of few but such as Hallé or Thalberg.

Miss Deakin will pardon us for speaking of her last, for she must have felt that the vocal music at these concerts holds secondary place; at the same time, a song is required as a relief to a whole part of instrumental music—and very charming relief it is, so, when given by so pleasing a songstress as Miss Deakin. She has a lady-like elegant appearance, delivers both words and voice well, and pleased us much. Her second song might have been more judiciously chosen; it was too sombre. The one, Schubert's "Weary Flower," after his namesake's great, yet long trio, something more brief and sparkling would have told better. We shall most gladly hear Miss Deakin again.

We never saw the room so full, or a more delighted attentive or appreciative audience. We most sincerely hope and trust that a report we heard whispered in the room has no foundation, that Hallé has thoughts of leaving Manchester. It would be a loss, indeed. No man that has come to reside as an artist amongst us, for the last thirty years, has done so much, in so short a time, to raise the taste of the highest musical circles amongst us; and it would be a great pity that he should leave us so soon. We will sigh hope, at any rate, that his departure will be deferred until some future day—some years hence—and that he will remain to us as enchant as with his wonderful sonata playing for many a season yet. Herr Lidel, it is said, also does not find it to his interest to remain in Manchester, although he has but been with us about a year or so. He made the experiment of a benefit concert on Tuesday last, at the Assembly Rooms, assisted by Signor Giulio Regondi, Mrs. H. Robberds, and Hallé, which was highly successful, and would, we should think, produce some golden arguments against his leaving us.

PART II.

Duo Concertante, Concertina and Violoncello, Signor Giulio Regondi and Herr Lidel (*Gaillienne Tell*) Schubert's *Kammer Sonat*, Mrs. Henry Robberds, "Rose, softly blooming" *Sopr.*
 Souvenir, Signor Regondi, Violoncello, Herr Lidel, (*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*) . . . *Serravallo*

Old German Air, Mrs. Henry Robbers, Mendelssohn.
Fantasia, Concertina, Signor Giulio Regondi (*Lucia di Lammermoor*), G. Regondi.
Solo, Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Halid.

PART II.

Thema con Variazione, Pianoforte and Violoncello, Mr. Charles Halid and Her Lidel, Mendelssohn.
Introduction and Polonaise, Concertina, Signor Giulio Regondi (first time of performance), G. Regondi.
Ballad, Mrs. Henry Robbers.
Feuillet d'Album, arranged for the Violoncello by Herr Lidel, Ernst.
L'Innocente, arranged for the Violoncello by Herr Lidel Duo (on a Polish air), Concertina and Violoncello, Signor Giulio Regondi and Herr Lidel, Field.
Baker.

Mr. William Barlow presided at the Pianoforte.

It must have been highly gratifying to Lidel, also, to see the quality as well as the number of his auditory; for we noticed many of the directors and leading members of the Concert Hall, with their families—indeed, there were a great number of the very same faces we see regularly at Hallé's concerts. Of the concert itself we can speak in high terms of the first part, which went with great spirit and success. The second part was too long altogether, which tired the audience, and many had to leave, their carriages being ordered at ten o'clock, as usual, before the concert was over. The opening piece introduced the *beneficiaire* and Signor Giulio Regondi, in a duet, on themes from *Guillemo Tell*, for concertina and violoncello, which told well, as it is nicely arranged for the alternate display of both instruments—in solo and in combination; the Tyrolean air was very beautifully introduced. Mrs. H. Robbers then gave us Spohr's "Rose softly blooming," in a pleasing style. She has a very sweet voice of moderate compass, which she might make more effective, (it appears as if she sang with her teeth too nearly closed); she was much applauded in Spohr's beautiful song—but why sing it in German? especially when announced in the programme under its English title, and the next song set down for her a German ballad of Mendelssohn's. Signor Regondi next appeared in a fantasia for the concertina, on airs from *Lucia*, wherein he quite astonished and delighted every one—each time he passed the most enraptured plaudits greeted him; anything more impassioned or more exquisitely finished we never heard, and did not believe it possible that such grand chords and such execution could be given on the concertina. Prior to this, Lidel gave us a solo on the violoncello, introducing the "Buona Sera," and "Ecco Ridente," from *Il Barbiere*, in which he showed his great mastery over all the modern difficulties written for the instrument, and what was still better, his power, and full sweet tones in the latter air; he was most rapturously applauded. Mrs. Robbers did not create any sensation in Mendelssohn's German ballad. Halid closed the first part with a solo on the piano-forte—he chose a scherzo of Chopin's, which he gave in his usual masterly style, but we would much rather have heard him in one of Beethoven's sonatas, either as a solo or a duet with Lidel. The second part opened with a duet, for the two great artists, by Mendelssohn, a theme with variation, in which their usual talent and skill was shown. Signor Regondi then gave us a polonaise and introduction of his own (first time of performance), which was sadly too long, and might have been well omitted altogether, clever though it was; the concertina, when once played in a solo, becomes monotonous on a second solo being given the same evening; the same interminable shakes and chords, crescendo and diminuendo, being inevitable from the imperfect nature of the instrument. Mrs. H. Robbers was next announced in a ballad; of all things, she gave one of a school, for which we have no great sympathy, the namby-pamby "Wilt thou love me then as now?" Many of the audience did not stay to hear Lidel's really fine *sostenuto* playing, in two selected airs, one by Ernst, the other by Field, in which he charmed us more with his splendid tone and delicate execution than the utmost chromatic difficulties he could have chosen. The concert finished at half-past ten, with a Polish air for concertina and violoncello, which was very beautiful; and made us regret still more that so much time had been taken up by the polonaise; it is the besetting sin of many other artists, besides the clever Giulio

Regondi, of not knowing when they should stop. He seems a regular enthusiast in his instrument and his art; we give him this word of advice in the best spirit, and with a high appreciation of his wonderful talent. To Herr Lidel we must award great praise for his taste and judgment in making his solos short but effective. As it is the first opportunity he has had in Manchester of appearing as a solo performer, the more credit is due to him that he did not abuse it. We congratulate him also on the eminent success of this his first concert, he being a comparative stranger here, and hope it will eventually bow to his interest to remain, an ornament and an honour to the town of Manchester. We ought not to close our notice of this concert without mention of Mr. Wm. Barlow, who acquitted himself well in the by no means easy task of accompanying all the solos, vocal and instrumental, (except Halid, of course). Last evening we were present at the third performance of the *Syren*, with which, on the whole, we were much pleased; it is capably put on the stage, we never saw a better set scene than the cabaret, in the *Abruzzi Mountains*; it represents the interior to the spectators, yet above we see mountain on mountain—a winding road on which, beginning at the top of the hut or sheeling, leads right up to the top of the building. The effect is very good, as the successive parties are seen approaching the mountain inn. The chorus made a famous lot of bandits or smugglers, (or both), for the plot is somewhat mysterious. Mdlle. Nan, of course, was the *Syren*; it suits her better than any part she has appeared in here, the only drawback being her indistinct enunciation, which makes all she has to say or sing difficult to be understood; it might be high Dutch for any assistance she gives in unravelling Scriba's intricate story. She warbles away very beautiful as the *Syren* behind the scenes, and, as songs without words, all her vocalization was very florid, and even, at times, beautiful. Mr. Travers made an excellent bandit smuggler, as Marco Tempest, and sang the music admirably that is allotted it, which is a good deal. Mr. E. L. Hime sang the part of Scipio respectably. Mr. Loe improves; he caused infinite merriment as the poor unfortunate *imprigionato* Bollazzi; the Duke of Popoli was quite a part in Mr. Berran's grandiose heavy style. Miss Lauza did not look old enough for the mother; Mademoiselle Nau looked and dressed *Zerlina* charmingly. What shall we say of the music? It is light, pleasing, and in keeping with the story, but by no means striking or great. There is a pleasing quartet for four male voices, at the close of the first act, and some spirited choruses in the beginning of the second, one especially with the tenor (Marco Tempest) leading; there is a fine duet between the lovers Zerlina and Scipio, about the best thing both Mr. Hime and Mademoiselle Nau did. It is much more of the romantic than grand, more a picturesque than a great opera. *Masaniello* after all is Auber's greatest work. We hear a whisper as to its being about to be produced shortly. Mademoiselle Nau's engagement terminates on Saturday next.

LEICESTER.

(From a Correspondent.)

On Tuesday evening, the 6th of November, Mr. Oldershaw gave a concert of sacred music in the New Hall; and, although, as will be seen from the programme, he made his selection chiefly from the oratorios of *Eljah* and *St. Paul*—both of them previously unknown to the public of this town—he had a numerous and appreciating attendance. Indeed, the selection was most happily made; and in the performance of the several pieces Mr. Oldershaw was most ably assisted by Mrs. Parkes (of Sheffield), Miss Owen (Prof. of R. A. M.), and Mr. Frank Bodda. Mr. Zöhr, organist of St. Margaret's, Leicester, presided at the pianoforte, and Mr. J. McEwan, of Coventry, was principal violin. The other instrumentalists were Messrs. Sansome, Hammerley, and Mulby (violins); Graham (viola); Staunton (violincello); Gamble (bass); Hall (oboe); Smith (clarinet); and Deacon (contrabasso). Mrs. Parkes sang with great feeling the air from *St. Paul*, "Jerusalem"—in the sustained notes of which her beautifully light soprano was heard to great advantage; nor was she less successful in the quartets from *St. Paul*, and the air, duet, and trios from the *Creation*. In the present dearth of leading sopranos, especially for oratorio music—the *Athenaeum*, we think, says there are but two readily available, Miss Birch and Miss Luceombe (now Mrs. Sims

Reeves)—we wonder that the attention of the directors of the Sacred Harmonic Societies has not been turned to Mrs. Parkes, whose voice, both in quality and compass, we have heard Mr. Gardiner state reminds him forcibly of Mrs. Salmon's. Miss Owen's voice and delivery of the music assigned to her fully bore out all the anticipations which had been formed from the notices of the London papers. Though evidently suffering from severe cold, her rich and full mezzo-soprano (rather contralto) told with great effect in the two songs, "But the Lord," and "O rest in the Lord," both of which she sang with genuine musicianly feeling, and without the introduction of a single meteoric flourish—the which, as great sticklers for simplicity of style in sacred music, more particularly Mendelssohn's, we were much pleased to note. In the quartets, also, her voice blended beautifully with the others. Mr. Bodda's delivery of his songs was excellent, and, excepting "O God of mercy," (which he took rather too slow), full of dramatic energy. In the concerted pieces his performance was equally effective. Mr. Oldershaw also sang his portion of the music in a masterly manner, and his clear, high tenor well qualified him to do full justice both to the songs from the *Eljah* and *St. Paul*, and that from the *Creation*; while in the concerted music it blended nicely with those of Mrs. Parkes, Miss Owen, and Mr. Bodda. Indeed, we seldom heard vocal quartets with more pleasure than on this occasion, the voices were so well balanced: the last ("O come every one that thirsteth") was so beautiful, that the audience warmly demanded its repetition. All the pieces from Mendelssohn were so well received, that the Leicester public will evidently welcome the performance of either the *St. Paul* or the *Eljah* in full. It is due to Messrs. Zöhr and Mr. Ewan to add, that, in the accompaniments throughout, they evinced their usual ability and taste. Early next month, we perceive, the projectors of the "Leicester Subscription Concerts" will give the *Creation* complete, with a full band and chorus, the principals being Mrs. A. Newton, Mr. Lockett, and Mr. H. Phillips, and there can be no doubt that they will have a crowded house.

SUNDERLAND.

(From a Correspondent.)

As you appear to take some interest in the musical doings of our not over-musical place, it may please you to hear, that within the last week there have been grand things going on here. We have had two concerts such as we shipbuilding folks have not often an opportunity to go to, and which are like the rays of the sun that now and then dispel our everlasting fogs: the more prized and admired, the rarer they appear. The first of these concerts took place on Monday week (October 28), at the spacious and elegant hall in our Athenæum. It was a sacred one, and consisted of a copious selection of airs, recitatives, and choruses from the *Creation* and the *Messiah*, of which the former were performed by Miss Anne Loder, Mr. H. Phillips, and Mr. Robson (a local amateur), and the latter by a tolerably numerous band and chorus, collected from amongst the performers and dilettanti of Sunderland and the neighbouring places. The originator and conductor of the concert was Mr. T. Loder (brother to E. Loder, and a zealous and successful teacher), who annually treats us to a musical entertainment of a similar nature. The performances went off to the entire satisfaction of the public. Miss Anne Loder, who is a great favourite here, pleased much by the unpretending, simple, and yet sometimes exceedingly pathetic and impressive manner, in which she delivered the music allotted to her. Mr. Phillips, too, came out in a fine style, although his voice was a little clouded, and appeared to me less sonorous than usual; and Mr. Robson acquitted himself in a very creditable manner, he even obtained the honour of the first encore. The performance of the band and chorus, ably conducted by Mr. Loder, was in the whole as good as could be expected; and as Mr. Loder modestly observed in his bills, that "they would be as efficient as possible," it would be unfair to measure with the rod of criticism, the value of a performance, whose object was in every respect a praiseworthy one. The same indulgence cannot be claimed by the exequants of the second concert, which took place last night. It was a concert of artistic pretensions, for the performers were no less than *père* Distin and his "bairns," (as they call it here), besides the vocalists Miss O'Connor and John Willy,

the accompanist. They played and sang the same pieces which they did at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle, and other places, and reaped, as a matter of course, a rich harvest of applause; but I am afraid that the "golden harvest" at the *carrette* was less abundant than they deserved, although the house was a tolerably good one. Most of their pieces were encored; in fact almost everything would have been repeated, if they had given way to the inconsiderate demands of the sixpenny patronizers, who here, as everywhere else, can never get enough for their money. We all know that the *Distin* can play if they like, and they showed on this night also, that they had lost nothing in their executive power, their brilliancy and pureness of tone, and beautiful *ensemble* during their stay with brother Jonathan. A *terzetto* by Costa ("Vancea a colli"), for instance, and some parts of a fantasia on *motivi* from the *Prophète*, were specimens of musical interpretation as beautiful and perfect as ever were heard. But they know full well that in a place like ours their success depends mainly on their pieces of a light *calibre*, and, therefore, prudently make them predominant. They did so in their last concert, and the applause of the audience fully proved that they knew their men. A duet for two French horns, in which an artificial echo, by means of mutes, was most cleverly managed, perfectly electrified the hearers; and other pieces of a showy, though less classical, character earned equal applause. Miss O'Connor sang much better than ever I heard her before; and the three brothers, together with this lady, performed some fine vocal compositions, in which especially their beautiful *ensemble*, and gradation of tempo and power, excited much admiration. Old Mr. Distin blew as finely and vigorously as ever, but appeared worn out in body, a thing which is not to be wondered at, seeing that, as he told me himself, he and his sons have been playing, on the average, five times per week for more than three months. Let me say a word in praise of Mr. Willy's performance of Rossini's "Invitation à la valse," from the "Reveries," and with this conclude my short notice, which I hope will be the forerunner of other equally favourable ones. A. B.

DUBLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE engagements of Miss Catherine Hayes and her company have been a complete series of triumphs to its close. Nothing could exceed the absolute enthusiasm with which the "unrivalled native vocalist" has been received on each evening of her performance; and her performance, I can assure you in cool English blood, has fully justified the enthusiasm with which it has been received. You who have only seen and heard her in London, and who only think her an admirable artist, worthy to hold the position in which she has been placed there, among the highest, can have no conception of the truly extraordinary histrionic and vocal powers Miss Catherine Hayes indeed possesses, but which manifest themselves to full advantage only under the sun of popular and well-deserved encouragement, and which encouragement she receives here, from her warm-hearted countrymen, to the utmost possible extent. The grand climax of public excitement, was on the occasion of Miss Hayes's benefit, on Friday last, when the Theatre Royal was crammed to its utmost capacity, and when the evident predetermination of every body to be delighted, elicited from the *beneficence* and her talented conditors, ample matter to delight them. After the opera, which was *Linda di Chamouni*, there was a short concert, in the course of which Miss Hayes sang some Irish melodies, which, more than anything she has done since she has been in the city, excited the audience to a perfect fury of rapture. In speaking of this concert, in which Messrs. Menghis, Paltori, and Bordas, each sang a song in his peculiar style, with good effect, I must not omit to mention Madame Macfarren's beautiful rendering of the ballad, originally sung by her, in her husband's opera, *King Charles the Second*, which made the Dubliners aware how much they had lost, when this opera was given here in the summer by Mr. Harrison, through the inefficiency of the representative of the contralto part. Now that I have named Madame Macfarren, I must tell you that she has grown rapidly in the esteem of the cognoscenti, the public, and press, from night to night. Her *Adelina* has been quite a theme of musical discussion, and I, not singular in my opinion, have now quite made up my mind, which I

could not do after witnessing but a single representation, that her alterations of the music to make it a contralto instead of a soprano part, are not only most musically and effective in themselves, but, on the whole, a great improvement to the general effect of the opera, which is always, to a certain extent, monotonous, from there being so many places where the two sopranos repeat each other's solos in precisely the same pitch. I hope you may sooner or later hear this in London, when you will be able to judge for yourself, and will, I think, be of my opinion. Madame Macfarren in *Pierrot* and in *Drain*, adapts herself with excellent versatility to the great difference of character between the two roles, always dressing and looking her parts admirably, and singing and acting in a manner to awaken the warmest admiration in the severest judges, and to draw forth the heartiest applause from the really discerning audiences. I speak thus at length of this lady, because she is quite a stranger here, and, I believe, little known in this style of music in London. Menghis is a favourite from last year in this metropolis, and Borda is well known from his singing at Her Majesty's Theatre. The party closed their series of operas on Saturday last with *Lucresia Borgia*, but in consequence of their unexpected success (and very great success was expected), they have been induced to relinquish some of their intended provincial concerts, and to return here on the 20th for two more performances. They have been giving concerts this week at Wexford, Waterford, and Clonmel, which I hear have not been so successful in respect of attendance as the performances in Dublin; and they are to compensate their performance of Italian operas at Cork to-morrow (Friday) evening. I will give you full particulars of their return. Let me not omit to say that Leveaux is a capital conductor, and has discharged his arduous duties to the satisfaction of everybody, and that Mr. Levy, the vocal leader, is such a musician as one rarely meets out of London.—I remain, yours truly, S. U.

Dublin, 7th November, 1850.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Allow me to suggest to the managers of the National Concerts, that it is impolitic to have discontinued inserting, in detail, the programme in the papers of the day. I believe that if you are in Regent Street, or other places in town, you may see one; but a resident in the suburbs cannot do this, but refers to his *Times*. I did to-day (Wednesday), but I only found the names of the singers given, and solo instrumentalists. This, to a musician, is the last thing he wants to know. What symphony, concerto, and overtures are to be the order of the evening is the information he requires. The public are not satisfied at being told that if they present themselves at the pit door of the Haymarket Theatre, and pay the sum of three shillings sterling, they will be allowed to see Macready. "What in?" cry they; and they have a right to know; and the morning papers tell them: and so it should be with a grand orchestra at the National Concerts.—I am, Sir, in haste, yours obediently, J. CHILDS.

Kensington, Nov. 6, 1850.

THE ENGLISH OPERA, ON THE COMMONWEALTH PRINCIPLE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—One of the committee of this new undertaking informed me last week, that a gentleman spread a report amongst the company that I had written a satire upon the programme, which the managers have publicly issued. I beg to inform your readers that up to the present moment I have not seen the programme, and know nothing about it. He who has taken the pains to circulate this report is the most likely person to have been the instigator of it himself; and, like the wolf in sheep's clothing, palms upon me! You, Mr. Editor, are aware that I always write in my own name, and that on no occasion have I been guilty of mean, uncharitable, or cowardly conduct in anything connected with music and musical doings; and that any complaints I do make are openly and amply backed by

argument founded on experience. I wish this new scheme every success; and if the managers act with impartiality, prudence, and kindness, towards native composers and singers, I hope they will be encouraged. I make no doubt, too, that the press generally will be the same on the subject. This scheme is, at any rate, a national one, and disfigured by no insignificant noisy foreign productions. If the public must be children, and indulged with musical sweetmeats, let them enjoy the home-made "AUNT'S EYE;" they would relish just as well as foreign mistros. If they did not see the bill of fare; for no musician can ever decide on their comparative merits, if he did see the confectioners names attached to such modern cookery. The same reasoning, however, does not altogether hold good as regards foreign and native singers, and, therefore, no one ought to blame the managers of the so-called "National Concerts" for engaging foreign vocalists; but who should we blame for this, ah?—there's the rub!

I am, sir, yours obliged,

FRANK FLOWER.

P.S. My next letter will be on the uncharitable and illogical remarks of Mr. Chorley, the musical "W" of the *Athenaeum*, respecting me. Let me warn this important one not to judge of others by his own merits, from which his mouth speaks, and his hand writes! Let him remember, too, that no personal animosity can damage well-intentioned actions, or the doers of them.

MARYLEBONE AMATEUR CONCERTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Several inquiries having been made respecting my not appearing any more at the concerts given by the Marylebone Amateur Musical, if you will allow me space in your excellently conducted publication, I will state my reasons. The concert at which I led the band—that is to say, I led two compositions, viz., Redl's "Vauxhall Waltzes," and Frank Eames's M.S. Schottische "The May," and likewise played my fantasia from *Lucia* on the violin to the entire satisfaction of the auditory; and several gentlemen whom I recognised as being connected with the press complimented my leading the band and the fantasia I performed on the violin, saying it reflected great credit upon me. After this concert, I called at Mr. T. Fogg's, jun., the director of the concerts' house, at No. 137, Edgware Road, where he personally solicited my services for the second concert to play De Beriot's fifth air with full band accompaniments. I consented, and I borrowed the band parts of Mr. C. A. Pater, who was formerly my preceptor. Shortly after this, I had occasion again to call upon Mr. Fogg, when he intimated to me that a "member of the society" had arranged with another violin soloist, viz., Master Clementi, to play the same solo, and at the same concert. As I had arranged with the director of the concerts, Mr. Fogg, to play, now my humble wish is, that if it is necessary to have directors to concerts, instead of allowing the conductors to officiate, who preside at the pianoforte, it is a pity to have their arrangements made null and void by the introduction by a member of another solo performer to play at the same concert. I had arranged to play. I call this most ungentlemanly treatment.

Yours obliged, AUGUSTUS G. H. EAMES.
(Member of the Royal Society of Musicians.)

3, Church Place, Covent Garden,
Nov. 4th, 1850.

P.S.—I intimated to Miss Greenwood and Miss Annie Taylor the manner I had been treated, and they at once refused to sing, saying, if one person was subject to such unaccountable treatment, they might anticipate the same.

GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Seeing an advertisement that Mr. Zeiss would accompany Mrs. A. Newton in "Let the bright Seraphim," at her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket, on Tuesday, I and some friends resolved on being present, as the song was a great favourite with us, but we were very much disappointed by hearing not the chromatic

trumpet, as we expected, but a little instrument called the "trumpetina," which would bear so more comparison with the original instrument, than a well-constructed accordion would to an hautboy or yidli; in fact, it is nothing more than a cornet-phantom in the key of A, when at the same time the music was written for a trumpet in D. I do not for a moment question Mr. Zeiss's ability as a trumpeter, but I certainly think it very bad taste on the part of the directors to debase music, such as Handel's, by such performance, while there is such men as Harper or Distin, who would have performed it on the legitimate instrument, and, besides, being native artists, are more entitled to a preference at a national concert. The above-mentioned instrument is (I am aware) well adapted for dance music, &c., but ought never to be admitted into a classical orchestra. Hoping you will find space in your valuable paper for the insertion of this note, which I am sure contains the sentiments of a great many individuals, I am, Sir, yours truly,

A CONSTANT READER.

4th November, 1830.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WELSH FESTIVAL IN LIVERPOOL.—It is proposed that an Eisteddfod, in aid of the Welsh Charity School, shall be held in Liverpool next spring. The chief poetical prize will be for the best poem on "Navigation."

LIVERPOOL.—MR. RYALLS' ANNUAL CONCERT.—There was a tolerably good muster of Mr. Ryalls' friends at the meeting on Monday evening week, at the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson-street. The entertainments were satisfactory—the selection familiar, without being commonplace or vulgar, and some gems were introduced. Miss Ransford, with her fine, free voice, was encored in all her songs; and Mr. Ryalls, who did not appear to be in such robust health as formerly, and therefore sung weakly, had a similar compliment paid to him. Miss Lizzy Ryalls made an interesting debut. Her voice is powerful, but somewhat wiry, and she warbled with good judgment. A few years' hard practice will do that for her which it has partially done for her sister, Miss Ryalls, in whose tone a remarkable improvement was manifest, compared with it when she first sang in public. These ladies had several encores. Mr. Sarge played well on the clarinet, and was much applauded. Mons. Whelli, on the piano, elicited an enthusiastic demand for the repetition of his performances. Mr. Sanderson has a good voice, but does not know how to use it. The concert terminated at eleven, and passed off agreeably.—Mr. E. W. Thomas and Mr. Haddock gave the first of six classical chamber concerts in the saloon of the Philharmonic Hall, on Wednesday night week, to a numerous and fashionable audience. The pieces performed with the assistance of Messrs. Lawson, second violin; Baetens, viola; and Ward, contra-basso; and Mrs. Hesse, pianoforte; comprised two of Beethoven's, one of Hummel's, one of Mendelssohn's, and a quintet of Onslow's. There was a little unsteadiness at the commencement of the performance, probably from the want of the true pitch of the room, but, as they warmed to their work, they improved in tone, till Onslow's quintet roused all their enthusiasm, and was rendered with great spirit. We are glad to see their concerts commencing under such favourable auspices, as they will introduce to the Liverpool public a higher class of music than they have been in the habit of hearing, and give them an opportunity of elevating their taste. We recommend all lovers of music to avail themselves of these opportunities of hearing well-performed works which have had great influence in establishing the reputation of the most celebrated composers.—*Liverpool Mail.*

BAISTOL.—A concert, given by the Classical Harmonist Society, took place on Tuesday the 29th ult., at the Victoria-rooms, Clifton. The performances consisted of selections from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Weber's *Oberon*, which were excellently rendered by a band and chorus of nearly 250 performers. The principal vocalists were the Misses Birch and Dolby, both of whom acquitted themselves admirably. The National Anthem, instead of being hurried through at the end of the performance, to an accompaniment of shuffling feet and closing doors, was sung at the commencement, after the manner adopted, we believe, at the

National concerts in London. The principal "points" in the first part were the air with variations, "Sommo cielo," sung with great sweetness by Miss Birch, and the violin obligato accompaniment by Mr. Cooper, whose introduction was unanimously and loudly encored. The second part, consisting of selections from *Oberon*, appeared decidedly the favourite portion of the entertainment. We were particularly struck with the beautiful "Heracl chorus," and the solo by Miss Birch. Miss Dolby's song, "A lovely Arab maid," and "O Araby, dear Araby," were also much applauded. We must not omit to name Miss Birch's brilliant execution of the grand scena commencing "Ocean, thou mighty monster," the various conflicting emotions in which were beautifully portrayed. The concert concluded with the adante movement to Beethoven's grand symphonie in C minor, and we were much pleased to see that the merits of this splendid piece of music had power to detain the company to the conclusion of the performance. We have been informed that the number present (about 800) did not compensate the society for the outlay incurred. This is not as it should be; and unless the Bristol public look to it, we may chance to lose a society which is a credit to our city, and the decadence of which would be a reflection upon the taste of the musical public in this neighbourhood. We must not omit to speak to the highest terms of the instrumental department of the concert.—*Felix Farley.*

LYNN.—The Misses Birch and Williams, and Messrs. Lockey and Bodda, sang at a concert in the theatre here on Wednesday night, which was tolerably attended as far as concerned the boxes, the other parts of the house being but indifferently filled. Miss Birch did not seem to be in tip top voice. She sang the first scene from *Somnambula*, and I thought overloaded it with ornament. Miss Williams was encored in "She shines before me like a star," but scarcely did it justice; a song of her brother's was most charmingly sung by her, and also encored. Mr. Lockey appeared here for the first time, and his singing proved the gem of the concert—it was so pure and so perfectly in tune. "Ti prego" was most deliciously sung by these three artists, as also was "Da mira quel fiore," by Miss Williams and Mr. Lockey. Mr. P. Bodda was encored in "Sally," when he substituted "Philip the Falconer." We were glad to find that Miss Williams had the good taste to repeat the songs in which she was encored, and did not follow the present offensive fashion of substituting others.

VINCENT WALLAGE.—The *New York Herald* announces the marriage of this celebrated composer with Mdlle. Helene Stoepel, the pianiste. They are shortly expected in England.

GALILEO.—Galileo seems to us the most misapprehended of almost all men. "All things were against him." His race, his country, his religion—the meagreness of his instrument, the prevalence of a false philosophy, "the heavens of which were iron, and the earth brass;" his age, too, to which he had come like one born out of due time, all hampered his motions, if they could not altogether impede his flight. Homer was, according to tradition, poor, but there is no evidence that he was persecuted—and his poems, as glorifying the religion of his time, were unquestionably popular. Dante's misery, too, as Macaulay remarks, "came from within"—he was a dark star, and rayed out darkness; but in religion, philosophy, and feeling, he was the man of his own era. Milton at one time rode upon the wave, and even in his decadence and decline he was not openly insulted, but sat peacefully at his cottage door, with eyes rolling in vain to find the day. The religious belief of his age, besides, he respected, coincided in, and covered with a richer mantle than was ever woven in the looms of Uranus. But Galileo outlasted his period by the distance of the stars, and the religion and philosophy of his age, united with its baseness and superstition in revenging the unprecedented stride. Persecuted by the Church, unsupported by the world, with here and there, indeed, a brave young breast for a shield, we never find him broken-hearted, and but once, and for a moment, borne down. We see him, on the contrary, like the hero of "Excelsior," with a banner in his hand, bearing on it the device "*Ex sur si mores*" (still it moves), climbing from height to height, stepping from star to star, till lost in the immensity of distance, like an ascending god. Ever thus does the great man arise, like a strain of music which, when highest, suggests least the idea of an upward limit, and which triumphs even in its lowest fall.—*Eclectic Review.*

WILLIAMS, THE BARD OF GLAMORGAN.—During one of his perambulations in Cardiganshire, he found himself, on a dreary winter evening, at too great a distance from the abode of any friend for him to reach at a reasonable hour; he was also more than commonly weary, and, therefore, turned into a road-side public-house to take up his night's lodgings. He had been there only a short time, standing before the cheerful fire, when a poor pedlar entered with a pack on his back, and evidently suffering from cold and fatigue. The pedlar addressed the landlord in humble tone, begging he might lodge there, but frankly avowing that he had no money. Trade, he said, had of late been unfavourable to him; no one bought his goods; and he was making the best of his way to a more populous district. There were, however, articles of value in his pack, much more than sufficient to pay for his entertainment, and he tendered any part of them, in payment, or in pledge, for the boon of shelter and refreshment. The landlord, however, was one of those sordid beings who regard money as the standard of worth in their fellow-men, and the want of it as a warrant for insult; he, therefore, sternly told the poor wayfarer there was no harbour for him under that roof, if he had no coin to pay for it. Again and again the weary man, with pallid looks and feeble voice, entreated the heartless stretch, and was at length repulsed, in a style of bull-dog surliness, till at length he was roughly ordered to leave the house. The bard was not an unmoved witness of this revolting scene; his heart had been scolding forth its current in rapid and yet more rapid pulsations to his now glowing extremities, as he listened and looked on. He had only one solitary stilling in his pocket, which he had destined to purchase his own accommodations for that wintry night; but its destination was now changed. Here was a needy man requiring it more than himself; and, according to his generous views of the social compact, it became his duty to sacrifice his minor necessities to the greater ones of his fellow-creature. Snatching the shilling from his lurking-place, he placed it in the hand of the poor pedlar, telling him that would pay for his lodging, and lodging he would have, in spite of the savage who had refused it. Then darting a withering look at the publican, he exclaimed, "Villain, do you call yourself a man? You, who would turn out a poor, exhausted traveller from your house on a night like this, under any circumstances! But he has offered you ample payment for his quarters and you refused him. Did you mean to follow him, and rob him, and perhaps murder him? You have the heart of a murderer. You are a disgrace to humanity, and I will not stay under your roof another minute; but turn out this poor traveller at your peril—you dare not refuse the money he can now offer you." Having thus vented his indignant feelings with his usual hesitations, Iola seized his staff, and walked out into the infernal night, penniless, indeed, and supperless, too, but with a rich perception of the truth uttered by him who "had not where to lay his head," though omnipotent as well as universal in his beneficence—"It is more blessed to give than to receive." A walk of many miles lay between him and his friend's house, to which he now directed his steps; and by the time he entered it early on the following morning, his powers lay nearly sunk under cold and exhaustion. A fever was the sequel, and he was not able to resume the journey for several weeks.—*Recollections of E. Williams, the Bard of Glamorgan.*

REV. DR. CEMINO ON MUSIC.—Luther was deeply affected with music. One day two of Luther's friends, on visiting him, found him in deep despondency, and prostrate on the floor. They struck up one of the solemn and beautiful tunes which the reformer loved—his melancholy fled—he rose and joined his friends in the tune, adding, "The devil hates good music." Writing to a friend who was oppressed with melancholy, he said, "Up! strike up a song to my lord on the organ—the *Te Deum* or the *Benedictus*; sing away, as David and Elisha did. If the devil come again, say, 'Out, devil! I must sing to my Lord!' Sing a good tune or two, and learn to defy the devil." The highest evidence of the power and excellency of the hymns and music of Luther, is the fact that the Roman Catholics adopted them. The people would sing them; and, therefore, the priests introduced them into Romish churches. A Carmelite friar observed, "Luther's hymns helped his cause astonishingly—they spread among all classes of the people, and were sung not only in the churches and schools, but also in the houses and workshops, in the streets and market places, in lanes

and fields." I do long to see the wretched rants, that are but too popular, banished from church and chapel, and those grave and heavenly compositions occupying their place; and one object of this lecture is to lead you to hunt all rants out of Christendom, and bring in and popularise the noble compositions, chants, and tunes of the ancient masters. In listening to the music of the great masters, what rapturous flights of sound! what pathetic chimes! what expressions of agony and woe! in short, what an embodiment of all the feelings of suffering and rejoicing humanity sympathised with, and furnished with a voice, and an eloquent tongue, in those creations of human genius! How the chorus strikes on the ear in crashes of thunder at one moment, out of which instantly starts a solitary trumpet, like the trumpet of doom. Again the chorus swells and dies like the wind of summer; anon we listen to intricate and mystic passages of music, which waver to and fro like the swinging of branches of trees in the storm; then again echoes as if a lull had occurred in the hurricane, and some solitary sweet voice, like Jenny Lind's, darts off like a bird out of the trees, and floats upon the air, and sings in ecstasy a wild sweet solo in the warm sunshine. Poetry, painting, and music, are three great interpreters of nature, each disclosing some hidden beauty, some inner excellency, some long-concealed hieroglyphic; but of the three, music is the mightiest, the purest, truest, heavenliest. Painting is nature smiling, resting, moving, beautiful; poetry is nature speaking, whispering, laughing, crying, "day unto day uttereth speech, and night showing knowledge." Music is nature rendering forth those deep and abyssal feelings which the first two are unable to express—nature singing what poetry seems—the three witnesses to the loss of beauty, and glory, and perfection, that are gone, but prophets, and earnest, and instalments of a glory, and beauty, and perfection that are promised; not the devil's property, and so to be left in his possession, but God's fallen chiefs yet to be redeemed and reinstated in their place as reflectors of his glory, the trumpets of his praise.—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

MESSES. BEALE AND CHAPPEL intend giving a musical and dramatic entertainment on a very novel scale at Willis's Rooms. Madame Thillon and Mr. Hudson are engaged. These entertainments will involve changes of costume, assumptions of characters, &c. Mr. Albert Smith is writing the first part, and Mr. Solley the second.

FELICIEEN DAVID.—Among the competitors for public honours during the approaching Industrial Exhibition of Nations, will be this eminent composer, who intends to bring with him to London his "Christopher Columbus," and other works of interest, as yet unknown in this country. It is not true that M. Felicieen David is engaged to produce any of his works at the Grand National Concerts.

JULIEN'S MONSTER FIDDLE.—Mr. William Green, shipping agent, at Folkestone, received on the 1st inst., from Paris, an "octoharpe," which is intended for the first coming concerts at Drury Lane. The wonderful dimensions of this instrument may be imagined from its height being upwards of twelve feet, independent of the stand. The tones will be produced by pedals acting on circular pieces on the finger-board.

MADAME UGOLINI.—This brilliant vocalist, the French Jenny Lind, or Parisian Nightingale, as she is styled, has resumed her performances at the Opera Comique, with the utmost success, in Ambroise Thomas's clever and successful opera, the *Songs d'un nuit d'été*. She has taken the public quite by storm. Couderc's performance in the character of Shakspeare, in the same opera, is a master-piece of genuine lyric comedy. The music is decidedly the best which Mr. Thomas has yet given to the public, and has materially raised his reputation.

THEATRE ITALIEN.—The Theatre Italien in Paris was to open last night under Mr. Limley's direction; a general rehearsal took place on Thursday, to which the press and a certain number of privileged individuals were invited. The theatre has been newly and splendidly decorated. The opera was the *Semiramide*, in which Madame Sontag sustained the principal part, supported by Lablache and Calzadilla. It is reported in Paris that Signor Ronconi has concluded an engagement with the Theatre National de Musique.

MEYBURN.—This celebrated composer, who has been staying several weeks at Paris, left on Sunday evening for Berlin.

MACREDDY'S LAST PERFORMANCES.—The attention of the youth of both sexes should be especially directed to these last performances of Mr. Macreddy, for they would form the finest intellectual lessons conveyed in the most captivating form. They would form one of the most pleasing remembrances of their lives—he as familiar to them from their powerful impressiveness as household words. They would witness the forty years' concentrated study of a powerful mind developed in the vigorous embodiments of Shakespeare's unparalleled creations by our greatest living actor—at that mighty poet, whose works adorn the homes of the greatest and humblest of every creed throughout the civilized world, and beautifies and gives force to the oratory of the pulpit, the senate, and the bar.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.—You are mistaken about Henry White; the fact is briefly this:—At the age of seventeen he published a little volume of poems of very great merit, and sent with them to the different reviews a letter, stating that his hope was to raise money by them to pursue his studies and get to college. Hamilton, then one of the critical, showed me this letter. I asked him to let me review the book, which he promised; but he sent me no books after the promise. Well, the M. Review noticed this little volume in the most cruel and insulting manner. I was provoked, and wrote to encourage the boy, offering to aid him in a subscription for a cosier publication. I spoke of him in London, and had assurances of assistance from Sotheby, and, by way of Wynn, from Lord Carysfort. His second letter to me, however, said he was going to Cambridge, under Simon's protection. I plainly saw that the Evangelicals had caught him; and as he did not want what little help I could have procured, and I had no leisure for new correspondences, ceased to write to him, but did him what good I could in the way of reviewing, and getting him friends at Cambridge. He died last autumn, and I received a letter informing me of it. It gave me a sort of shock, because, in spite of his Evangelicism, I always expected great things from the proof he had given of very superior powers; and, in replying to this letter, I asked if there were any intention of publishing anything which he might have left, and offered to give an opinion upon his papers, and look them over. Down came a box full, which literally made my heart ache, and my eyes overflow, for never did I behold such proofs of human industry. To make short, I took the matter up with interest, collected his letters, and have, at the expense of more time than such a poor fellow as myself can very well afford, done what his family are very grateful for, and what I think the world will thank me for too. Of course I have done it gratuitously. His life will affect him. When his nerves were already so overstrained that his nights were bitter misery, they gave him medicines to enable him to hold out during examination for a prize! The horse won—but he died after the race! Among his letters there is a great deal of Meliodism; if this procures for the book, as it very likely may, a sale among the righteous over-much, I shall rejoice for the sake of his family, for I am very much interested. I have, however, in justice to myself, stated, in the shortest and most decorous manner, that my own views of religion differ widely from his. Still, that I should become, and that, too, voluntarily, an editor of Methodistical and Calvinistic letters, is a thing which, when I think of it, excites the same sort of smile that the thoughts of my pension does, and I wonder, like the sailor, what is to be done next.—*Life of Southey*, Vol. 3.

PROFESSOR AYTOUN'S BALLADS.—These fine and spirit-stirring lyrics, it seems, are becoming the subjects of popular exposition among our neighbours on the other side of the Tweed. The *Midland Counties Herald*, of the 17th inst., records that, "On Tuesday evening, the Rev. Hugh Hutton delivered a lecture on Professor Aytoun's 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers,' to a very attentive and interested audience of the friends of the Polytechnic Institution at Birmingham. The lecturer illustrated his subject by reading, with great taste and effect, several of the pieces in the Professor's volume, such as the 'Death of Montrose,' 'Graham of Dundee,' and others, and concluded with 'Charles Edward's Lament,' amidst great applause."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS DOLBY begs to announce that the **FIRST** of her Annual SERIES of Three SOIREEs MUSICALES, will take place at her residence, 2, HINDLE STREET, MANCHESTER SQUARE, on TUESDAY, the 12th instant, to commence at EIGHT O'CLOCK precisely. Miss DOLBY will be assisted by eminent vocal and instrumental artists. Subscription for the Series, THREE GUINEAS. Single tickets for the benefit of Subscribers, HALF-A-GUINEA each. To be had of Miss DOLBY only. The remaining Soirees will take place on the 26th inst. and December the 10th.

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JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH'S SIX MOTETS. (Two of which were recently performed at the Meeting of the BACH SOCIETY,) now in course of publication, are to be printed in Scots, with English and German Words, and an additional adaptation for the Pianoforte or Organ, for use at Rehearsals. The English Words by B. BARTHOLOMEW, Esq. This Work, which is to be brought out under the auspices of the LONDON BACH SOCIETY, will contain about Fifty Sheets extra large Music Six, and in order to give it as wide circulation as the Works of the Great Master deserve, the Publishers have determined to render it at a price which will bring it within the reach of every Student and Amateur; and, in consequence, have opened a Subscription List, fixing the PRICE OF THE SIX MOTETS AT FIFTY SHILLINGS, payable on delivery. THIS SUBSCRIPTION PRICE TO CEASE WHEN THE WORK IS COMPLETE.

N. B.—Separate Voice Parts will also be engraved: Plans to No. 1 being already done.

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No. 46.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1850.

PRICE THREEPENCE.
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ERNST.

THE great German violinist has been playing with brilliant success at the theatre in Nantes. The two concerts were productive in two ways. Honors and five-franc pieces were poured upon the head and into the pockets of the admirable and intellectual artist, by the good people of Nantes, with lavish prodigality. Ernst returned to Paris last week, covered with new laurels. In a few days he will be in London—a piece of intelligence that cannot fail to be received with pleasure by every music-lover in this vast metropolis, where music is so widely disseminated and so popularly appreciated.

VIVIER.

THE accomplished and witty and humorous and genial and kindly and irresistible cornist, poet, and philosopher, is at present the rage and the *delices* of all the Parisian circles. He is received at the palace of the President, at the mansions of Auber and Scribe, as the favoured guest. In short, Vivier is such a fund of intellectual amusement that he is welcome everywhere. He will arrive in London next week, being engaged by the munificent Jullien for a *tournee* in the provinces.

OPENING OF THE ITALIAN OPERA IN PARIS.

(From a Correspondent.)

FOR several weeks the attention of the Parisians has been divided among the President of the Republic, General Changarnier, and Mr. Lumley, the present director of the Italian Opera in Paris. The President's message on the opening of the chamber, the expected stormy debate on the late reviews, the distribution of champagne to the troops, the unconstitutional cry of "*vive l'Empereur*," proceeding from the ranks, and the opening of the Italian Opera, under the management of the celebrated English director, have been the constant topics of discussion, and with that facility so peculiar to the French people, there has been an incessant and alternate run from harmony to discord. The most agreeable problem, however, has been solved, namely, the assembling, within the walls of the *Salle Vendôme*, an aristocratic audience, such as in days gone by. This has been effected by Mr. Lumley, whose name has acted as a talisman when it was positively ascertained that he was really the director of the *Italiani*; all misgivings respecting the management gave way to confidence; he was looked on as *l'homme de l'occasion*, and joyfully accepted. What a happy thing it would be for France if the Parisians could but agree in their choice of a man to direct the helm of state. Mr. Lumley must be gratified with the feeling evinced towards him, and the confidence placed in his experience. At an early hour the carriages were in motion, and by a quarter to eight the line was extended through several streets. The shopkeepers in the neighbour-

hood stared with amazement, and, doubtless, the Republic, in their eyes, seemed to be putting on a new aspect. It would be superfluous to give a musical analysis of the *Sonnambula*, so well known to all your readers, and so universally admired; nor is it necessary to describe Madame Sontag's Amina, further than that she was in excellent voice, and as charming as ever; but, as it was her first appearance on the Italian stage, in Paris, since she left it to become Countess of Rossi, there was evidently a great desire to hear and see her. Many, who had already had that pleasure in London, announced to the Parisians that Time, who "thins the flowing hair," and otherwise conspicuously leaves traces of his passage, had been either exceedingly gallant to the *prima donna*, or must have been laid up for some years unable to attend to his usual duties, and that, as a necessary consequence, Madame Sontag had reaped the benefit of his temporary (or timely) indisposition. You can easily imagine the anxiety of the Parisians when she made her *entrée*, and the searching scrutiny she underwent. However, as in London, Madame Sontag obtained a unanimous verdict in her favour, and all agreed she was a young and charming Amina.

The most effective parts of the opera was the duet between Madame Sontag and Calzolari at the end of the first act (hitherto left out at Paris), and the quintet in the second act, when they sing in unison. This latter produced quite a *furor*—that is, a *furor* for the audience of the Italian Opera, than which it would be scarcely possible to find a colder, or at any rate one less audibly and visibly demonstrative of its emotions. The charming cantabile in the third act was beautifully rendered by Madame Sontag; but her *pianissimos*, which have been so much admired in London, and which are evidently copied from Jenny Lind, did not produce the effect expected. I am inclined to think it was generally supposed the fair artist was economising her powers for the *cabaletta*.

At the close of the opera the curtain rose, and Madame Sontag, accompanied by Calzolari, who was much admired, came forward to receive the bouquets and acknowledge the plaudits of the audience, one of the most crowded and brilliant ever congregated within the walls of the theatre. On leaving the theatre I was much struck with the animated scene. At the foot of the staircase, as in days gone by, there was an imposing group of domestics, with powdered wigs and gold-headed canes, straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of their masters and mistresses, and unconsciously giving the lie to those preposterous words in large letters over their heads, "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*." On a former occasion how different the scene! A few hackney coaches at the door—a general rush for a *Boulevard omnibus*—and about a dozen servants in rusty black waiting, if it happened to be a wet night, with cloaks, umbrellas, and a stock of American shoes. The 9th of November, 1850, however, has been a memorable

one for the Parisians, who seem charmed with their new director, while Mr. Lumley himself has every reason to be pleased. Thus, mutual confidence existing, neither will be disappointed.

P.S. I should have said that the *Redolpho* and the *Lisa* were both failures.

THE GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

A NEW symphony by Herr Taubert was introduced on Saturday night. Herr Taubert is music-director of the Grand Opera at Berlin, and favourably known as a composer of pianoforte music. His symphony, three movements only of which were performed, the *scherzo* being omitted, is not remarkable for invention. Although evidently the work of a clever musician, the absence of melody deprives it of interest, while the ingenious manner in which it is instrumented for the orchestra does not help to conceal a singular poverty of ideas. The *andante* is the best movement; here the subject is better defined than in the *allegro* and *finale*, which are, some few points excepted, extremely vague and unsatisfactory. Herr Taubert's symphony received every justice from the band under the direction of Mr. Balfe, who took the utmost pains to give it the best chances of success. Its reception, however, was cold, and it made no impression. Mendelssohn's fairy overture to *Melusina*, on the other hand, a work of great beauty and imagination, was performed in a style which indicated that it had by no means been carefully rehearsed. All the first part, for the wind instruments, was coarsely and unsteadily played. The utmost delicacy of light and shade is demanded in the execution of this work, which is distinguished by infinite variety of colouring in the orchestral details. The *lierin* chorus gave one of Conradin Kreutzer's sacred pieces with the utmost effect, and on being encored substituted a part-song of Mendelssohn, full of character and beauty. In the second part they gained a double encore, "The last Rose of Summer" being followed, in rotation, by "God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia," which were uproariously received by the audience. A new hunting chorus by Mr. Balfe, with accompaniments chiefly for brass instruments, was not so nicely rendered as was desirable, and thus did not produce the effect anticipated. It is, nevertheless, a work of considerable spirit and character, although the instrumentation is too loud for a vocal composition. The English choristers, moreover, were not found palatable after the more finished execution of their German rivals, and an encore, attempted in favour of the work by a large number of the audience, was violently opposed by the rest, the last part alone being repeated, and that under the disadvantage of a noisy conflict of "ayes" and "noes," mingled with still more decided evidences of opposition. We trust, however, to have an opportunity of hearing Mr. Balfe's new work under less unfavourable circumstances.

Miss Goddard and M. Sainton performed a duet on themes in the *Huguenots* for piano and violin, the joint production of Thalberg and De Beriot. The composition was by no means inviting, but the performance of the little English pianist and great French violinist was excellent, and gained what it deserved—the heartiest applause. Miss Goddard also gave Thalberg's *Tarantella* with surprising fire and neatness, and was applauded unanimously. The playing of this highly talented young pianist is one of the most attractive features of the concert, although her choice of music is not always unexceptionable. Mdlle. Angri sang "In questa semplice," from Donizetti's *Betty*, with the utmost spirit and animation, and

was enoored with enthusiasm. Two specimens of Herr Labitzky's dance music were exceedingly well played under the direction of the composer, one of which was entitled "Victoria." They were by no means equal to some of his previous works, which in their way enjoy and deserve a very high reputation. Mrs. A. Newton and M. Lefort were among the vocalists. The other overtures were Rossini's *Sighe de Corinto* and Herold's *Pré aux Clercs*. Both were rendered in a highly efficient manner, the first especially, which was enlored by the band with extraordinary vigour, and vehemently applauded. There was a very good horse, the promenade being completely filled and the boxes well attended.

The concert on Wednesday night was distinguished by the first performance of Herr Labitzky's new composition, "The Great Quadrille of all Nations," which has been for some time announced in the bills. Herr Labitzky was supplied with extra vocal and instrumental resources on the occasion. In addition to the ordinary band, those of the 1st Life Guards, Grenadier Guards, Scots Fusilier Guards, and a corp of "British military side drums," besides the Berlin Chapel Royal chorus and the ordinary English chorus, were pressed into the service. With such means Herr Labitzky could hardly fail to make a great noise with his quadrille, and in this respect he has succeeded to admiration. In the first figure he has given a new version of "Rule Britannia;" in the second, the "Russian Hymn" forms the basis of a flute variation executed by Mr. Richardson; in the third, the "Austrian Hymn" plays the same part in favour of M. Arban, on the cornet à pistons; in the fourth, "Vivo Henri Quatre," and "Yankee Doodle," are presented in forced companionship, MM. Arban, Harret, and Remusat, being respectively supplied with variations for cornet, oboe, and piccolo; in the fifth, or "grand finale," all these several subjects, with "Auld lang syne," "St. Patrick's Day," and "God save the Queen," are supposed to be heard in concert. We cannot accord to Herr Labitzky the distinction of having exercised any particular display of ingenuity in the management of these abundant and diversified materials. His quadrille is heavy and devoid of character. He has failed to seize the spirit of the national melodies intrusted to his management; nor has he succeeded in imparting any strong contrast or pleasing variety of colour to the orchestral arrangement, which, though exceedingly boisterous, is neither brilliant nor effective. The addition of a brass band in the galleries, and a cohort of instruments under the stage, is a vulgar expedient which nothing but striking novelty of treatment can extenuate. Here, however, Herr Labitzky has missed his mark, while in the employment of the two choruses he has exhibited equal poverty of contrivance. In the "grand finale," the best opportunity for exercising the musician's art, Herr Labitzky has shown himself strangely destitute of invention, having done nothing more than present the various themes in fragments, with alternate responses for the band in the gallery, the band under the stage, and the double chorus; and when two or more of the airs are intended to be heard in combination it is very difficult to recognise them at all. In short, it cannot be denied that the "Great Quadrille for all Nations" is but a feeble imitation of a model not easy to copy without running into the extreme of caricature. The performance, however, under Herr Labitzky's own direction was highly satisfactory, and the applause at the end was so uproarious that in spite of some hisses the latter part of the quadrille was repeated. Herr Labitzky was then summoned to reappear, and honoured with an ovation in due form.

In dependent of the "monumental production" we have

endeavoured to describe, the concert was excellent. Beethoven's magnificent C minor symphony, Weber's brilliant overture to *Euryanthe*, and the fantastical and poetical *Midsummer Night's Dream* of Mendelssohn—all played with admirable effect upon the steady and energetic guidance of Mr. Balfe—made a rich feast of orchestral music, while the animated singing of Miss Angri, who was vociferously encoined in the cavatina from *Belly*, and the performances of the Berlin chorus, gave strength and efficiency to the vocal department. We must suggest, however, to this able body of singers, that the double quartet from *Eljak* ("And he shall give his angels") should be taken nearly twice as fast as they sang it on Wednesday night, since, dragged in such a manner, it loses its character. One of the instrumental features of the evening was a duet for violin and violoncello (by Kummer and Schubert), which, although as a composition very uninteresting, as a specimen of perfect execution, in the hands of those accomplished performers, Herr Moïse and Signor Piatti, could scarcely be surpassed. Miss Goddard also must be praised for the light and graceful manner in which she played the "Invitation à la Valse," one of the most elegant and fanciful of Weber's contributions to the pianoforte. Mr. Balfe's new "Hunting Chorus" improves upon acquaintance; it was much better executed on this occasion, and consequently much better appreciated. Besides possessing a natural and spontaneous flow of melody, it is skillfully written for the voices, and marked by vigour of character no less than by effective contrasts of rhythm and measure. It was loudly and deservedly applauded. The house was crowded in every part.

Last night, Macfarren's long expected serenata, called *The Sleeper Awakened*, was brought out with entire success. A full account of this interesting performance will appear in our next.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

OUR account of M. Jullien's opening night was unavoidably brief. While the spirited *maestro* was directing the performance of his renowned "Army Quadrille," we ourselves were going to press, which precluded the possibility of our noticing the second part of the Concert. Let us now make amends the best way we may. The press, as well as the public, have given their old favourite a hearty reception. It was augured that Jullien must perforce succumb to the formidable opposition set up by a society of enterprising amateurs panting for distinction at the aristocratic theatre in the Haymarket.

Jullien's resources, and Jullien's indomitable energy, however, have given the lie to their foreboding. What the vivacious Balfe did for Mr. Lumley in a similar predicament, Jullien has done for himself. Stript in a great measure of his ancient orchestra, he has surrounded himself with a modern one, delved from a mine of his own discovery. "Baumann is gone!" said the ravens. "What will Jullien do without Baumann?" Jullien appears; and lo! the deep tones of Winterbottom fall on their astonished ears! "Barret has left him," croaked the crows. Jullien without Barret is nowhere! But Jullien appears; and is, indeed, nowhere; but his nowhere is as the nowhere of Baumann with Jeany Lind; for hath he not Lavigne? "He has not got Jarrett," screamed the serenaders; but lo! on the first night Jullien stands forth, and Jarrett is blowing mellifluously at the north east corner of his baton, in tones that rival the west wind in sweetness. "Jullien has lost, etcetera," vociferated the vultures; but lo! he springs up, and where etcetera is wanting, his place is sup-

plied *cum multis aliis*. But, to kick aside trope, Jullien has gathered together an orchestra which unanimous opinion has pronounced equal, if not superior, to that of last year. In order that our words may receive substantial support from other competent authorities, let us cite the opinion of our able contemporary the *Morning Herald*.

It seems that this orchestra has experienced but slight changes by the employment given to good instrumentalists elsewhere. He has lost but three of his principals, and the places of these artists are filled by Mr. Delavigne, the oboist; Mr. Winterbottom, the bassoon player; and M. Demuck, the celebrated violoncellist; besides M. Dortu and M. Vogel, said to be performers on the opheide and viola of eminence on the Continent. The gross number of the band consists of one hundred and ten artists, including in its ranks many of the best orchestral players in the world, and fully capable of doing the most complete and æsthetic justice to any compositions, whatever their class or import. The theoretical views of the directors of the National Concerts will, probably, stimulate M. Jullien to construct his future schemes upon much the same principles. We have stated that he has already done so to a considerable extent; but he will, doubtless, receive a fresh stimulus by antagonism; and between the two undertakings much good must inevitably accrue to art.

The *Daily News*, a great and competent musical authority, speaks even in more decided terms of the improvement of the orchestra.

The orchestra is made up of nearly the same performers as last year; but, taken collectively, it is certainly much improved, owing, no doubt, to many of its members having been long accustomed to play together under Jullien's direction, and to the pains he has evidently taken to bring the whole to a state of discipline; for he is an able *chef d'orchestre*, and knows how to drill his band, as well as conduct its public performance. With all its former strength, it has gained smoothness and delicacy, attention to light and shade, and the great desideratum in large orchestras—the power of playing pianissimo in the accompaniment of a solo.

Read also the opinion of the intelligent writer in the *Morning Chronicle* :—

With the exception of three principal and eleven other instrumentalists, M. Jullien's orchestra consists of the same members as last year. The places of those principals who have left have been supplied by M. Delavigne (oboe), from the Conservatoire de Musique, at Paris; Mr. A. Winterbottom (bassoon); M. Dortu (opheide), from the Grand Opera, Paris; M. Demuck (violoncello), from the Conservatoire of Brussels; M. Vogel (viola), from the Chapelle Royale of Brussels, &c.; and the void left by others has been filled by performers of continental eminence. Altogether, M. Jullien's orchestra consists of one hundred and ten performers. This array of instrumentalists will be reinforced by the Corps de Tambours of the 2nd Legion of Gardes Nationales de Paris, whose services will be specially required for the performance of a new grand quadrille by Jullien, to be called the "Quadrille des Nations," at the performance of which, also, four military bands—the Royal Artillery, the 2nd Life, the Coldstream, and Scotch Fusiliers—will assist, the combined orchestra numbering 207 musicians.

But not only is Jullien strong in a department in which he has ever been unassailable, Jetty Treffz, the charming Viennese, whom Mendelssohn pronounced the best *lieder-sängerin* in Germany, has come back more popular than ever with the public, and more admired than ever by the judiciously critical. We need not cite all the journals that speak in praise of Jetty; it will be enough to bring forward four first-rate authorities—the *Herald*, the *Chronicle*, the *Daily News*, and the *Post*. The *Herald* christens Jetty Treffz "the vocalist of the people." He might have said worse—he could not have said better. Read the *Herald*.

Great was the pleasure when Jetty Treffz emerged from the abyss behind Jullien's chair, and great the applause which followed her clear and masterly execution of Mendelssohn's "First Violet,"—a bagatelle, but how lovely! An encore was unavoidable, which Jetty, with a conning knowledge of her audience, answered with the irresistible "Trab, trab." In the fascinating rhythm of this Mendelssohn was forgotten, and a second encore was demanded; and Jetty, again variable, gave her legion of listeners, "Home, sweet home." The same excitement prevailed in the second part when she sang Donizetti's "Boy of Naples," to which

she appended the Scotch ballad, "Comin' through the rye," and another repetition of "Trab, trab." Jetty is truly the vocalist of the people. Her frank, unaffected deportment wins the heart at once, and no one manages a ballad with a more captivating naïveté and expression. Her enunciation is perfect; and although a foreigner, every word is as intelligible as if spoken.

The *Chronicle* confines himself to a true record of facts. He might have been more flowery—he could not have been more correct. Read the *Chronicle*.

The *andante*, from Beethoven's *pastoral* symphony, was also beautifully played by the band, and then *Mdlle. Jetty Treffs* sang a German song by Mendelssohn, "The first violet." The enthusiastic promenaders, however, required *Mdlle. Jetty* to do something more than this, and bespoke Kucken's "Trab, trab," which, last year, she popularised for us. The cravings of the audience were not yet satisfied, and *Mdlle. Jetty Treffs* had to sing "Home, sweet home," to appease them.

The *Daily News*, ever candid, rarely enthusiastic, is candid and enthusiastic. Read the *Daily News*;

The only vocalist was *Mdlle. Jetty Treffs*, who was received with immense enthusiasm. She sang (in English) Mendelssohn's pretty song, "The First Violet." This being encored, she came forward, when a voice called out "Trab, trab." The call was instantly taken up by hundreds of voices, and instantly complied with. Jetty was again encored, and again came forward, but sang (to the still greater delight of the audience) the English ballad, "Sweet Home." She sang very charmingly, and well deserved her flattering reception.

The *Post*, whose word carries weight in high places, and is respected elsewhere, outgrows his contemporaries in glowing panegyric. Not, however, that he exceeds the truth. Read the *Post* :—

The appearance of *Mdlle. Jetty Treffs* was the signal for most enthusiastic cheering. The lady first sang Mendelssohn's pretty lied, "The First Violet," which being rapturously encored, she substituted Kucken's popular "Trab, trab," which evidently delighted the promenaders much more than the Mendelssohnian inspiration; for, on hearing the well-known tune in the symphony, their ecstasy was unbounded. This tune was followed by another tremendous *encore*, when the amiable vocalist, led once more into the orchestra by the indefatigable *chef*, favoured the audience with the domestic ditty, "Home, sweet home," which served to prolong their delicious excitement for some moments longer; a perfect hurricane of applause overtook her as she at length receded, covered with glory, down to the orchestra steps. This lady is a great favourite with *M. Jullien's* patrons, and will, no doubt, prove a powerful source of attraction.

But, while paying just homage to *Jullien's* orchestra and *Jullien's* singing bird, *Jullien's* self, of course, is not forgotten. A better merited tribute to the beneficial influence of his exertions on the musical taste of the great masses in the metropolis was never paid to a deserving artist by a sagacious critic than the following, which we again quote from the *Morning Herald* :—

The promenade concerts of *M. Jullien* commenced last night under very favourable and encouraging auspices, notwithstanding the brilliant rivalry at her Majesty's Theatre. In the opening prospectus the popular *chef d'orchestre* prides himself upon having been the first to introduce this species of entertainment in its present costly and imposing state; the miscellaneous public, and with reason, for the musical records of the last few years bear witness to the unvarying character of his exertions, and the vast amount of rational and instructive enjoyment which he has provided. Although the bulk of his programmes may have been composed of light and evanescent materials, he has not been indifferent to matters of a higher class, and many of the finest works ever written by mortal pen have been infused at judicious intervals, and listened to with respect, if not with absolute affection, by thousands of individuals hitherto totally unfamiliar with the unvarying taste may now be constant. Whatever improvement in the national musical taste may now be evident, it may be traced, we believe, to *M. Jullien*, who, under the disguise of an amusing kind of foppery, has really exercised a beneficial and wholesome influence. He promises, during the month which he occupies the theatre, prior to the in-coming of *Mr. Anderson* and his pantomime at Christmas, to pursue precisely the same course that he has hitherto done, and he deserves no diminution of the success which has hitherto supported him,

In a more playful strain the same writer apostrophises the active agency of the popular *chef* in the conduct of his orchestra.

"The pedestal of *Jullien* stood high in the centre; and the little man, his golden music-stand, and his lustrous fustell, formed a group of objects distinct from everything else. Not a vestige of the effervescent pantomime of the illustrious maestro was lost; and his energies seemed fuller and more impassioned than ever. His baton flew about with the restlessness of lightning, and his attitudes, whilst working up a climax, dallying with a *diminuendo*, or enacting a staccato, were as explanatory as words, and infinitely more prompt. When he sank into his arm chair, you sympathised with the charming languor that naturally supervened upon exertions something more than human. It is needless to say that he was received with a hurricane of acclamations, and that he wore a waistcoat of unparagoned whiteness.

As the fullest account of the opening concert appeared in the *Times*, we quote that entire, and thereby make amends for all deficiencies in our hurried review of last week.

"*M. Jullien* commenced his annual series of musical entertainments at *Drury Lane Theatre* last night. Shortly after the doors were opened the theatre was crowded in every part. In the decoration, remarkable as usual for taste and elegance, the crystal curtain and other glittering insignia of the masked ball were prominent, the whole presenting a brilliant and animated spectacle. On its appearance in the orchestra *M. Jullien* was greeted with tumultuous cheering, which, lasted for several minutes, and at length merged into a general cry for "God save the Queen." In obedience to the wishes of the audience *M. Jullien* waved his baton, and the national anthem was executed by the band with striking effect. Owing to circumstances unnecessary to particularise, *M. Jullien* must have been at some difficulty in collecting together a body of instrumentalists of the number and competency to which his patrons have been used. He has, nevertheless, succeeded entirely, his present band being in all respects equal, and in some superior, to that of previous seasons. This was made manifest in the overture to *Der Freischütz*, which commenced the concert, and was played with singular force and precision. In the beautiful *andante* for four horns, the first part allotted to *Mr. Jarrett*, our most finished horn player, and the next in importance to *Mr. C. Narpe*, who only ranks second to *Mr. J. Jarrett*, showed that in this material department the band was highly efficient. In the *allergo* the solo playing by *MM. Lavigne* and *Sonnenberg* spoke equally in favour of the oboe and clarinet. The stringed instruments are numerous and powerful, the violoncellos especially. *MM. Tolleue* and *Nadaud* occupy their old position at the head of the first violins, and the tone and correct execution of *Signor Cioffi* give weight and efficiency to the trombones. At the head of the double basses are *Messrs. Howell* and *Pratten*, than whom more able players are not to be found; *Herr Koening* retains his place as principal corat-a-pistons; while *MM. Pilet*, *Deloffre*, *Collins*, *Winterbottom*, *Collinet*, &c., swell out the list of practised and acknowledged artists. On the whole, the band, counting upwards of one hundred performers, is not less effective than numerous.

The instrumental part of the programme last night was composed, for the most part, of those popular materials in the management of which *M. Jullien* has no rival, a certain quickness and aptitude, the offspring, no doubt, of long experience in such matters, imparting what the French term a "chique," which invests them with their peculiar attractions. Among these light and showy pieces, however, we observed no novelty except a *valse* called "Rose de Mai," the composition of *Herr Konig*, which, though not distinguished by any great amount of originality, is sparkling and pretty. Among the works of *M. Jullien* himself, the "Nepaul-Quadrille," ending with the "Grand Ghooka March," alike noticeable for quaint melody and clamorous instrumentation; the "Wild Flowers," a *valse a deux temps*, one of the cleverest and most graceful of its author's productions; the "British Army Quadrille," a long characteristic *morceau*, in which the preparations for a siege and its triumphant climax are illustrated with unflagging vigour; and the "Review Galop," exceeding in overpowering energy all that preceded it—were the most conspicuous and the most applauded. The "British Army," terminating with "See the Conquering Hero comes," by the full strength of

the orchestra, exerted to its utmost pitch, was accompanied by demonstrations as loud and vociferous as the music itself. After each of the solos for oboe, flageolet, flute, and clarinet (admirably executed by MM. Lavigne, Colinet, Pratten, and Sonnenberg), there was a burst of applause; and when the three military bands, in their regimental costume, gave a triple tongue of brass to the well-known martial strain, M. Jullien was at the height of his glory, and the crowd at the apex of contentment. After the quadrille, another shout was raised for the national Anthem, and again another for "Rule Britannia." M. Jullien immediately complying with both, while both were followed by wild and unruly displays of loyal sentiment. A considerable party in the promenade appeared desirous of getting up a more significantly political demonstration; but the attempt was fallacious, and the cries of "No Popery!" and "A groan for the new Archbishop," were merely responded to by hisses.

The reception accorded to Mdlle. Jetty Treffs, was of that warm and flattering kind, which showed that her popularity had in no wise diminished. In the first part she sang Mendelssohn's ballad, "The Last Violet;" her touching and unaffected reading of which, was perfectly in character with its expressive melody, and obtained for her a loud and unanimous recall. As she was about to repeat the song, however, there was such a boisterous demand for "Trab, trab, trab," that she was compelled to substitute that primitive and much admired ditty in its place. Even then the audience would not allow her to depart in peace, and were not satisfied until she had favored them with the English ballad of "Home, sweet home," which she gave with simplicity. In the second part Mdlle. Jetty Treffs introduced a Neapolitan canzone, by M. C. Casetti, called "The bay of Naples," which pleased so much that she was again called upon for an encore, with which she instantly complied. Mr. Pratten then came forward to play his solo on the flute, but the audience had not yet done with Jetty Treffs, and he had scarcely executed half a dozen bars when he was interrupted by loud calls for "Trab, trab, trab," which the lady was forced to come back into the orchestra and sing once more for the pleasure of her voracious admirers. While fully concurring in the sentiments that moved the audience to so hearty a recognition of the merits of Mdlle. Treffs, we must exclaim against this superabundant display of enthusiasm. It is really unfair to make a single perform six times instead of twice. Such a tax upon popularity would tend almost to make popularity unobtainable. Mademoiselle Treffs's voice has acquired additional strength and sweetness of quality since we heard her last, and her varied repertoire, embracing no less than four different languages, renders her eminently serviceable in such concerts as those of M. Jullien.

The solos were "The Exile's Lament," of Roch Albert, performed by Herr Koenig on the cornet à piston, and variations on "Comin' thro' the rye," for the flute, by Mr. Pratten. Herr Koenig, who preserves the fine tone and fervid expression for which he has long been celebrated, was warmly received and his performances followed by an encore. Mr. Pratten has prodigious facility of execution, and ranks amongst the most skilful solo players on his instrument. The selection, the popular one from *Robert le Diable*, was chiefly admired for solos on the oboe, clarinet, harp, and bassoon, by Messrs. Lavigne, Sonnenberg, Streaker, and Winterbottom. The last named gentleman produced a marked sensation. His tone, eminently soft and pure, excels no less in fulness and power, while his execution is remarkably neat and certain. We have rarely heard the bassoon—a very difficult and ungrateful instrument—more cleverly handled. The "classical" pieces were confined to the *andante* from Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, and the *scherozo* from Mendelssohn's Symphony in A minor. Both were well played under the direction of M. Jullien, but we should have been better pleased to hear one composition entire than any number of fragments. We have a strong objection to the mutilation of great works, and M. Jullien should know better than to sanction so equivocal a precedent by his example. The "Mendelssohn Festival," announced for Tuesday next, will give him an opportunity to make amends. Meanwhile, his opening night was one of the most brilliant and successful we remember; and, although the programme was too uniformly of a light character to conciliate the exclusive lovers of good music,

there was a spirit about the performance which caused everything to pass off with *félicité*.

The spacious refreshment room behind the orchestra, and the reading-room, in which the most accredited daily and weekly newspapers, serials, &c., from all parts of the world, are placed at the disposal of the visitors, continue to form important features in the general arrangements, and were constantly thronged during the evening.

The programmes of the succeeding concerts have presented but slight variations from that of the first night. The theatre has been continually crowded, and M. Jullien has wisely refrained from meddling with an entertainment which has proved so solid an attraction. But Thursday night was an especial night—Mendelssohn's night—and must be noticed at full length.

M. Jullien was the first to attempt the popularisation of the highest class of orchestral music in this metropolis. His Beethoven and Mozart "Festivals," as he entitled them, were experiments considered hazardous by many, at concerts professedly devoted to music of a purely light description. They succeeded, however, so entirely that M. Jullien has found it expedient to make them invariable features of his short annual series of concerts. Out of these sprang the "Mendelssohn Festival," which was instituted shortly after the death of the celebrated composer in 1847, and has been continued ever since. Thursday night was but a repetition of former successes. The programme began, as usual, with the grand symphony in A minor, No. 3, and finished with the overture, *scherozo*, interlude, and comic march—never played except at M. Jullien's concerts—notturno, and wedding march from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The band, of which we spoke at length in our notice of the opening concert, was thoroughly tested by these elaborate compositions, and came out triumphantly from the ordeal. The symphony went exceedingly well from beginning to end. The *ensemble* was close and vigorous, and wherever variety of detail was called into request the principal instruments were quite up to the mark. In the overture and *scherozo* the wind instruments were deliciously in tune. Nothing could be more neat and crisp than the opening, in which the flute, clarinet, and bassoon (Messrs. Pratten, Sonnenberg, and Winterbottom) are so busily engaged. Every point for the oboe was given with excellent precision by M. Lavigne from her Majesty's Theatre, and the difficult flute passage at the end was executed to a nicety by Mr. Pratten. In the *notturno* Mr. Jarrett gave the horn solo with perfect taste, and a tone not to be surpassed in sweetness. Mr. Jarrett does not disdain to adhere to the peculiar character of an instrument which stands a chance of being utterly metamorphosed in the recent discoveries that are used to modify, though hitherto they have entirely failed to improve it. Besides these pieces, the War March of the Levites, from *Atlathiel*, was performed with great effect. The audience listened with undisturbed attention to everything, applauded each succeeding *workman* with increasing warmth, and encored the Wedding March, which brought the whole to a brilliant and pompous conclusion.

The pianoforte piece on the occasion was quite as good as a novelty, so rarely is it played in public. In enaging M. Alexandre Bilet, M. Jullien secured the assistance of a gentleman whose classical bias is as noted as his extensive research. M. Bilet did not come forward with a hackneyed composition, but, with the enterprise for which he is distinguished, selected the rondo in E flat for pianoforte and orchestra, relying on the willingness and capability of the audience, influenced by the name and reputation of

Mendelssohn, to appreciate a work which must of necessity be unknown to the majority of them. The rondo in E flat was composed by Mendelssohn eighteen years ago, and played by himself at the concerts of the late Mr. Mori, and at the Philharmonic. In its way, nothing more dashing, piquant, and original has proceeded from his pen. It consists wholly of one movement, a rapid allegro; but the subjects are so joyous and well designed, and the orchestral details so full of interest, that the attention is held spell-bound to the last. M. Billet, whose skillful mechanism and unexceptionable taste we have more than once acknowledged, played the rondo in his most finished and spirited manner, and the accompaniments were rendered with delicacy and precision, under the careful superintendence of M. Jullien. M. Billet was warmly and deservedly applauded. The rondo made a decided effect, and will bear repeating on a future occasion.

Besides "The Last Violet," which Mlle. Jetty Treffz sang with her accustomed feeling, and which, as usual, was loudly encored, she introduced the famous *Volsied*, (in English, "Tis thus decreed.") Mendelssohn composed this touching and characteristic melody expressly for Mlle. Treffz, at Leipzig, and it was introduced by her at the *Gewandhaus* concerts with the greatest success. Nothing can be better than her style of singing it. While imparting the utmost expression of which it is capable, she avoids all excessive sentiment, and adheres to the simplicity of the text—whereby a strong and additional charm is obtained. It is worth noting, that when "The Last Violet" was encored on Thursday night, there was not a single voice to demand "Trab, trab, trab," as on other evenings—a proof that the audience at the "Mendelssohn Festival" is attracted by Mendelssohn's name and exclusively concerned in Mendelssohn's music. After the first part, which M. Jullien had the good taste not to mix up with any pieces of an inferior order, there was a miscellaneous selection of the usual kind, which we did not remain to hear. The house was completely crowded.

Meanwhile we await with much curiosity for the new "Quadrille des Nations," with 356 French drummers, on Monday night, since, while rendering justice to M. Jullien's more delicate pretensions as a musician, we must not overlook the fact that he is a capital hand at creating a row, by all sorts of means, indiscriminately and discriminately, where through he has appealed to, and obtained, the unanimous suffrages of that very numerous and conspicuous class of frequenters of public amusements, whose physiology has been so brilliantly enunciated by our constant, witty, and philosophical contributor Albert Smith. God save the Queen!

THE THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From a Contemporary.)

SINCE the revolution of 1848 the theatres in Paris have had a hard combat to preserve their equilibrium. In most instances they have fought well, and have not been dismayed, although 'ruin stared them in the face. The last two summers have tried their resources to the utmost, and that the greatest number of them are still in vigorous action is a proof of more than ordinary courage and talent on the part of the respective managers. The theatres in Paris have a double mission. On the one hand they maintain the existence of a delightful art, and are the means of support to its professors, whose numbers are incredible; on the other they are influential in distracting the public mind from revolts and *émeutes*,

and provide a considerable sum for the uses of the public charities. Their utility is, therefore, as unquestionable as their wholesome tendency, under wise direction, in promoting the recreation and amusement of the masses. To sustain them is the bounden duty of the Government and the press, who are both deeply concerned in their prosperity. It must be owned, however, that during their day of trouble the Government showed but little zeal in behalf of the theatres, which the press either damaged their moral weight by giving encouragement to productions in which blasphemy and obscenity went hand in hand to outrage decency and subvert order, or, by bickerings and partial criticisms, helped to sow dissension among the managers and artists, whose only chance of safety consisted in unbroken union. A recent proceeding of the Minister of the Interior, moreover, has increased the difficulties of the theatres, by augmenting a tax already too burdensome as matters stand. The *droits des pauvres*—in other words, the per centage on the monthly receipts for the benefit of the hospitals—in the most prosperous time only 12 per cent. was reduced after the revolution of 1848, to less than half by the reigning government, anxious to keep the theatres open at any sacrifice; M. Baroche, however, has found occasion to raise it once more to 8 per cent. This step has led to a general outcry on the part of the theatres, supported by the unanimous voice of the press and the verdict of public opinion. The directors have obtained an interview with M. Baroche, who, we are given to understand, listened with a favorable ear to their protest, and promised to reconsider the affair. At the present hour, when the theatres have just come out enfeebled and exhausted from a desperate struggle, any fresh impost adds heavily to their difficulties, and renders their position still more hopeless. That M. Baroche may rescind his late resolution is the universal desire.

There are no less than twenty theatres open in Paris. The *Académie Nationale de Musique*, (as the Grand Opera is now called), the *Théâtre de la République*, (or *Comédie Française*), the *Opéra Comique*, and the *Théâtre des Italiens*, the principals receive from government a subvention which relieves them of at least one-third of their expenses. The *Odéon*, or second *Comédie Française*, is also, we believe, assisted in a similar manner. The management of these establishments depends upon the approval of the government, which, in case of the retirement of a director, exerts the power of sanctioning or rejecting any individual who may be proposed as successor. These theatres being national property, and deriving a great part of their means from national bounty, such a regulation is only just and reasonable. The *Comédie Française* is a corporate association of artists, who have nominal salaries, and receive *pro rata* according to the receipts. The director of the *Académie de Musique* is M. Nestor Roqueplan; of the *Comédie Française*, M. Arsène Houssaye; of the *Opéra Comique*, M. Perrin; of the *Odéon*, M. Altaroche; and of the *Italiens*, Mr. Lamley, who has been appointed successor to Signor Ronconi, by the decision of the Minister of the Interior. The theatres next in rank, are the *Faudeville*, *Varities*, and *Gymnase Dramatique*. The kind of pieces produced at the two first are, evident from their names—music, however, forming, by law, an essential part of the entertainments. At the *Gymnase*, which is governed by the celebrated actress Rose Chéri, who is married to M. Monsigny, the director, a variety of domestic melodrama is the staple entertainment. The *Théâtre Montaisier* (or *Palais Royal*), is devoted to farce of the broadest kind, while the *Porte St. Martin*, the stage of the chief triumphs of Frédéric Lemaître, provides the lengthy five act melodrama,

with its lavish spectacle and stirring incidents, to which, by the way, our ancient Coburg bore some resemblance in its palmy days. The *Gaité* furnishes much the same kind of entertainment as the *Variétés*, though of an inferior kind; and on the other hand the *Aubign Comique* (in spite of its name) emulated the *Port St. Martin* in prolixity and horrors. The *Theatre National*, on the site of the ancient *Cirque* (a sort of Astley's), was opened in 1847, by M. Adolph Adam, the composer, as the *Opera National*, or third lyric theatre. His object was professedly the encouragement of young musicians of talent, to whom the doors of the *Académie* and the *Opera Comique* were closed; but, after bringing out one three-act opera (*Gastibelza*, by M. Maillart), with considerable success, M. Adam restricted the *repertoire* to revivals of the old French writers, combined with works of his own, which had elsewhere obtained but equivocal success. The consequence was failure. The *Opera National* was shut up, and after a long interval, re-opened with *raverilles* and *petites comédies*, intermingled with music by the band of one of the regiments of the line. The *Folies Dramatiques*, and the *Delassements Comiques* (where *Robert Macaire* was first produced), forms, with the *Gaité*, already named, a cluster of three small theatres all near to each other. The performances consist of short farces and comedies, of the Paul de Kock school. The *Funambles*, another minor theatre, offers a still lower entertainment of the same order, and is supported by the humble classes. The little theatres of the *Luxembourg* and *Comie*, those of the *Batignolles* and the *Montmartre*, are also chiefly devoted to the amusement of the *bas peuple*. At the *Comie* are to be seen harlequins, *saltimbanques*, and conjurers. The *Theatre Historique*, one of the largest in Paris, is at present closed, M. Alexandre Dumas having withdrawn from the management. Here were first produced the revolutionary inelo-dramas, in which M. Melingue made his reputation, one of which was attempted at Drury Lane Theatre, in the face of an opposition, but little creditable to the English actors and managers, who should have showed themselves above such petty and contemptible jealousies. Here also originated the popular air, "Amour pour la Patrie," the modern *Marseillaise*, which played so conspicuous a part in the disastrous events of 18-48, from the effects of which it will take the theatres, no less than the other institutions of the French capital, many a long year to recover. The *Historique* will shortly re-open, under new management, and the list of Parisian theatres in active exertion will thus be raised to 21, without including the *Cirque National*, in the *Champs Elysées*, where equestrian exhibitions are still in progress.

For all these theatres there is an especial audience, and in times of peace, when political convulsions are at a discount, they all prosper, if well conducted. Not one of them but deserves a visit from the inquiring strangers, anxious to observe and study the manners, customs, and peculiarities of a mighty city, to whose vast and motley population a great variety of amusements is not so much a luxury as an actual necessity. To the foreigner, desirous of becoming acquainted with the Parisian theatres, two advantages present themselves—the exceeding cheapness of the prices of admission, and the near proximity of the houses to each other. From the *Rue Lepelletier*, where the *Académie de Musique* stands, to the *Boulevard du Temple*, where no less than six theatres, beginning with the *Historique* and ending with the *Funambules*, appear almost in an uninterrupted row—with a short excursion down the *Rue Choiseul* to the *Italiens*, another down the *Rue Richelieu* to the *Comédie Française*, and a third down the *Rue Vivienne* to the *Vaudeville*—every

theatre of importance in Paris, except the *Odéon*, which is on the other side of the water, near the palace of the Luxembourg, may be viewed in an hour's stroll, the two extremities, the *Boulevard des Italiens* and the *Boulevard du Temple*, being divided by little more than a mile's length. A stranger who knows nothing of the town, has only to find out the Boulevards, that glittering succession of streets, the pride of Paris, and the envy of other cities; in whichever direction he may trace his steps, he cannot be long without stumbling upon a theatre, and its pendant café, brilliant with mirrors and lustres, busy with life and movement. When it is added that, except the *Theatre des Italiens*, which has its ordinary season from October to March, all these places are open to the public the whole year round; the reputation of Paris as a city of out-of-door amusements may be readily accounted for. That any combination of untoward circumstances should stop this flow of innocent and delightful recreation is deeply to be deplored; and the signs of improvement lately discernible must be hailed with unmitigated satisfaction.

Among the theatrical incidents most worthy attention at the present moment are the performances of Mademoiselle Madeleine Brohan and Mademoiselle Rachel, on alternate nights, at the *Comédie Française*; the inimitable Dejazet, who attracts crowds to the *Vaudeville*; the irresistible humour of Arual, in an amusing extravaganza, called *Le Supplée de Tantale*, at the *Variétés*, which nightly fills the theatre to overflow; the *Prophète*, with Mademoiselle Viardot, and the grand ballet of the *Filleule des Fées* at the *Académie de Musique*; and the brilliant vocalisation of Mademoiselle Ugalde at the *Opera Comique*, in the successful new opera of *Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Été*, the music of which, by M. Ambroise Thomas, one of the cleverest of the young French composers, is well worth a hearing, although the piece, wherein Shakespeare is made the lover, and Falstaff the friend, of Queen Elizabeth, is only redeemed from absurdity by the admirable acting of M. Coudere, as the "bard of all time." Mademoiselle Madeleine Brohan, sister of the talented Augustine Brohan, and daughter of the famous Madame Brohan, the Mrs. Glover of the French stage, in the last new comedy of the prolific Scribe (*Les Contes de la Reine de Navarre*) has been lavishly praised by the *feuilletonistes*, who, with M. Jules Janin at their head, strove to make it appear in their first notices that the young debutante was destined to dethrone Mlle. Rachel herself. The triumphant *rentrée* of that sublime tragedian, however, as Camille in *Les Horaces*, after a brilliant *tournée* in Austria and Prussia, at once arrested these exaggerated predictions, and, perhaps, rendered an essential service to Mlle. Madeleine Brohan, who ran the risk of being ruined at the outset of her career by the indiscriminate flattery of her admirers. This young lady has, nevertheless, infinite promise, and it is not too much to say that the French stage has gained a new actress in her person. She is tall and handsome, with a very expressive physiognomy, and an ease of deportment astonishing in one who now for the first time treads the boards. She has plenty of fire, a strong and deep-toned voice, the entire management of which she had yet to acquire, dark flashing eyes employed to excellent purpose, and a vivacity of delivery which, in short epigrammatic sentences, tells with remarkable effect. Her age is stated to be under eighteen, we have reason to believe with truth, although her frame being womanly she looks much older on the stage. She would do well to be less prudish in the application of white and rouge, which damage rather than enhance the charm of her youthful features. Some verses have been addressed to Mademoiselle Madeleine Brohan

by Alexandre Defail, a poet, who commences with the following couplet:—

"Nous pouvons annoncer à la France étonnée
Une coquette nous est née!"

Why France should be astonished at the birth of a coquette we leave M. Jules Janin, who cites this couplet with admiring epithets, to explain. Mdlle. Madeleine Brohan must, however, be seen in another part than that of the Queen of Navarre before she can verify the extraordinary anticipations of her friends. She has shown no little talent in making a feeble comedy attractive for a time; it remains for her to proclaim her ability to appreciate and shine in one of higher pretensions. Of her great promise there can be little doubt; but more, much more, must be effected ere she can establish her just title to the inordinate eulogies of the press. Meanwhile Mademoiselle Rachel remains, and is likely to remain, without a peer, in spite of M. Jules Janin, who was the first to acknowledge her genius, and place her upon the pedestal from which, with truth and common sense against him, he is powerless to remove her.

The *Prophète* is fast attaining its hundredth representation. The great success of Mademoiselle Alboni, in the part of Fides, which surprised none more than her most ardent and particular admirers, gave a new interest to Meyerbeer's great work, and sustained the fortunes of the Académie during the absence of Madame Viardot. But now that Mademoiselle Alboni has left Paris for the Theatre d'Orient in Madrid, and Meyerbeer himself has gone to Berlin, something new is felt to be indispensable, and the rehearsals of Auber's grand opera, in five acts, *L'Enfant Prodigue*, are proceeding with undiminished activity. Those who have heard the music pronounce it in all respects worthy of the author of *Masaniello*, who, meanwhile, is already engaged upon another opera, expressly for Mademoiselle Alboni. The principal parts in the *Enfant Prodigue* are allotted to Mademoiselle Dameron, a young *soprano* of the highest promise, Mademoiselle Laborde, M. Roger and M. Massol, who returns to the Académie, after an absence of eight or nine years, to the satisfaction of the subscribers and the public. The opera will, in all likelihood, be produced at the end of the present month, or early in December. At the Opera Comique, a new work by Halévy and Scribe, *La Dame de Piques*, is in rehearsal, in which Madame Ugalde and M. Coudere have principal parts. *Après* of Scribe, it is really curious to mark his progress during a single day. From the Académie, having put in order an act or so of the *Enfant Prodigue*, he hastens to the Opéra Comique, and sees that all is going on steadily with the *Dame de Piques*. From the Opéra Comique he rushes precipitately to the Théâtre Français, where he has a new piece in preparation, and again hurries thence to the Variétés, or one of the melo-dramatic theatres, to overlook the details of another of his manuscript dramas. How he finds time to invent, and having invented to compose, and having composed to write out, or dictate to an amanuensis, the various works he has simultaneously on hand, is sufficiently a puzzle, without taking into account the hours he must of necessity devote to refreshment and sleep. "*Scribe ne dort pas*," it is true, is a popular saying; but it cannot be accepted literally. Scribe is at present engaged upon his 300th piece! He is certainly the most prodigious, if not the most gifted, of dramatic authors. Lopez de Vega was nothing to him. It is a fact worth noting that Scribe made his *début* as a dramatic author at the Opéra

Comique in 1813, with the *Chambre à Coucher*, an opera set to music by M. Guénée, and that Auber made his first essay as a composer in the same year, at the same theatre, with the one-act opera of *Le Séjour Militaire*, the libretto by M. Bouilly. Both operas were unsuccessful, and both are now forgotten, together with M. Guénée and Bouilly. It would have been more satisfactory had M. Guénée composed the music of M. Bouilly's piece, and Auber that of Scribe's. Had it been so, one of the two operas—we need hardly say which, might still have been remembered.

An engrossing subject of interest to the musical world of Paris for some time has been the opening of the Theatre des Italiens, under M. Lumley's management. The house has been entirely re-decorated by the enterprising lessee, who commenced his campaign on Saturday, with *La Sonnambula*, in which Madame Sontag, Signor Calzolari, and Lablache, sustained the chief characters. "*Tout Paris sera là*," the unanimous prediction, strengthened by the good impression at the general rehearsal on the previous Thursday, to which the members of the press, and a select number of visitors had been invited, was happily verified on the occasion.

COMMEMORATION OF THE ORGANISTS OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

THIS affair took place on the 13th, in the Chapel Royal, and excited great interest in the musical world. The idea of a meeting of the members of different choirs in St. George's Chapel, originated, we believe, with Dr. Elvy, the organist; and the pieces selected for execution, as detailed in the programme, afford excellent specimens of the style of church music from the days of Marbeck, in 1550, to the present time. The commemoration was intended to be got up without publicity, but the extent of the arrangements, coupled with one or two brief announcements in the papers, made the matter well known in London and throughout the kingdom, more particularly to parties connected with metropolitan and provincial cathedrals. As the day approached arrangements were made for the accommodation of as many of the public as the sacred edifice would hold. The choir was set apart for the Dean and Canon, their friends, and other parties admitted by tickets. The nave was provided with seats, and thrown open to the public; but the attendance, although numerous, was by no means so great as might have been anticipated. An idea had gone abroad that the rush would be unprecedented, and that the chance of a seat, or even standing room, would be very remote, and numbers gave up the attempt as futile. Those who were present were amply repaid for their perseverance. As a grand performance of sacred music, got up extemporaneously, and without rehearsal, the services were remarkable. The meetings of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, were suggested in a less imposing manner, and why should not this performance be the first of a series of musical festivals to be held alternately at Windsor, London, and Canterbury? At half-past ten o'clock the procession of choristers was formed in the Cloisters, and the number of surplices presented a novel and pleasing sight. In addition to the members of the Chapel Choir, there were lay vicars from her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. James's, Westminster Abbey, Canterbury, Salisbury, Worcester, and Lichfield Cathedrals; Mr. Bowley, and several members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, from Exeter Hall; the organists of Gloucester, Bristol, Worcester, and Rochester. The treble parts were strengthened by the choristers of her Majesty's Chapel

Royal, with the Rev. J. Helmore, and the chorists of St. Andrew's Church, Wells-street, London, forming a choir of upwards of 100 voices. During the morning service the royal closet was occupied by several ladies and gentlemen of the royal household, and in the afternoon by his Royal Highness Prince Alfred, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and Princess Royal, and attended by Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Alexander Gordon and Mr. Birch. The Rev. H. Butterfield, who officiated as minor canon, 'chantered the service in an impressive tone, and the following dignitaries of the chapel attended:—The Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean, the Hon. and Rev. Lord Wriothesley Russell, the Hon. and Rev. H. C. Cust, the Hon. and Rev. E. Moore, the Rev. W. Canning, and the Rev. W. Markham. The minor canons in attendance were the Rev. C. Packs and the Rev. J. Gore.

The lessons in the morning were read by the Rev. Mr. Markham and Lord Wriothesley Russell, and in the evening by the Rev. W. Canning and Lord W. Russell; a domestic calamity having prevented the first named canon (Mr. Markham) from being present at the festival after he had performed the morning duties. The awful intelligence of a sister of the rev. gentleman having been accidentally shot by a brother (the particulars of which we have not heard) was communicated to the rev. gentleman in the chapel.

Dr. G. J. Elvey presided at the organ. The solo parts were sustained by Messrs. Turner, Knowles, Marriott, Hobbs, Mudge, Bridgewater, and Whitehouse. The chorus was highly efficient. The following is a copy of the official programme:—

MORNING SERVICE.

Chant, Venite, *Humphreys*, 1666. Chant, Psalms xxxviii. and xxxix., *Morley*, 1600. Chant, Psalm xl. (from an ancient harmony), *Crotch*. Te Deum and Benedictus, *Gibbons*, 1620. Anthem, "Hosanna to the Son of David," *Gibbons*. Anthem, Litany and Responses, *Tallis*, † 1570.

AFTER THE SERVICE.

"Gloria in Excelsis," *Marbeck*, ‡ 1550. Anthem, "Lord for thy tender mercies' sake," *Richard Farrant*, § 1580. Anthem, "Sing we merrily," *Dr. Child*, § 1660. Anthem, "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day," *Dr. Blow*, § 1675. Anthem, "O give thanks unto the Lord," *Henry Purcell*, ** 1685. Anthem, "I have set God always before me," *John Goldsmith*, †† 1710. Anthem, "Cry aloud," *Dr. Croft*, ‡‡ 1720. Anthem,

* Gibbons was organist of the Chapel Royal.

† Tallis was organist of the Chapel Royal, and was the first who enriched the cathedral service with harmony.

‡ Marbeck was organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and was the first composer of the cathedral service, having published his "Book of Common Prayer, noted," in 1550. He narrowly escaped martyrdom, having been convicted on a charge of favouring the Reformation, together with Anthony Person, Robert Testwood, and Henry Filmer: the latter were burnt below the North Terrace of Windsor Castle, but Marbeck obtained, through the Bishop of Winchester, the King's pardon; after this Marbeck wrote several works against popery.

§ Organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

|| Dr. Child was organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor; and was a liberal benefactor to the borough, having bequeathed a sum of money to the corporation; he likewise paved the body of the choir of St. George's Chapel (which remains to this day) at his own expense. A portrait of the late Doctor has been presented to the corporation of Windsor by Mr. Richard Clarke, of Westminster Abbey, and is now placed in the Town-hall. Dr. Child was buried in St. George's Chapel, and a stone with his epitaph lies at the present time close to the organ-loft door, in the north aisle.

** Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, and, upon the death of Purcell, of Westminster Abbey.

†† Organist of Westminster Abbey.

‡‡ Organist and Master of the Chorists of St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

§§ Organist, Master of the Boys, and Composer to the Chapel Royal; Organist of Westminster Abbey.

"God is our hope," *Dr. Greene*, * 1740. Anthem, "O give thanks," *Dr. Bayes*, † 1750. Anthem, "In that day shall this song be sung," *G. J. Elvey*, Mus. Doc. Anthem (for three choirs, to be sung in the nave, without the organ), "O praise the Lord," *G. J. Elvey*.

EVENING SERVICE.

Chant, *Tallis*. Chant, in *F*, *Gibbons*. Anthem, "O sing unto the Lord," *Purcell*.

The above programme was strictly adhered to with the exception of Dr. Elvey's anthem, which was sung in the choir instead of the nave, in consequence of the difficulty of arranging so many voices. Dr. Elvey's anthem "In that day" was repeated, by request, at the end of the afternoon service. The service ended, the whole of the choir proceeded to the Castle, and beneath the dining-room windows, serenaded her Majesty and the Royal Family with the national anthem. Her Majesty most graciously acknowledged this fresh proof of the affection of her subject, by appearing at the window and bowing. Three cheers were given for her Majesty, and thus closed a festival to be long remembered in Windsor. It should be mentioned that the services of all the musical gentlemen who assisted in the celebration were rendered gratuitously; they were only too happy to fall in with the idea suggested by Dr. Elvey. The greatest order prevailed throughout the proceedings; a part of the Windsor police, under Superintendent Eager, was in attendance, but, fortunately, their active services were not much required.

Our Scrap Book.

(We shall be obliged to any kind friends who may be able and willing to contribute to our Scrap Book.—E.P.)

THE HARP.—By the laws of Wales, the possession of a harp was one of the three things that were necessary to constitute a gentleman, that is, a freeman; and no person could pretend to that title unless he had one of those favourite instruments, and could play upon it. To prevent slaves from pretending to be gentlemen, it was expressly forbidden to teach or to permit them to play upon the harp; and none but the king, the king's musicians, and gentlemen were allowed to have harps in their possession. A gentleman's harp was not liable to be seized for debt, because the want of it would have degraded him from his rank, and reduced him to a slave. The harp was in no less estimation among the Saxons and Danes; those who played upon it were declared gentlemen by law; their persons were esteemed inviolable, and secured from injuries by very severe penalties.

MUSICAL SIGNS.—*Oriental*.—It is remarkable that those nations of the East, who have thought of representing sounds by signs, have understood the use of these only as means of expressing collections of sounds by a single sign, instead of separating them into their most simple elements. This peculiarity must be ascribed to their taste for excessive ornament in their melodies, which would have rendered the reading of music extremely difficult, if they had not found means to represent several sounds by a single sign. The signs which are still in use in the Greek churches of the East are of this kind; they were invented by a monk, John of Damascus.—*Extracted from*—; by *Aurelian*.

* Organist and Composer to the Chapel Royal, and Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.

† Organist and Composer to the Chapel Royal.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

MACREADY'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES.

The performance of the four last nights have been *Othello* on Saturday, *King Lear* on Monday, *Richelieu* on Wednesday, and *Virginia* on Thursday.

Mr. Macready's *Othello* is decidedly not one of his greatest parts, although we will not deny it abounds in numerous and striking beauties. The first act is, perhaps, the least satisfactory thing the actor does. The address to the senate is, we think, founded on a misconception. It lacks simplicity, "rudeness of speech"—the warrior's "rudeness"—and does not display that innate modesty which Shakspeare makes us feel the Moor possesses when descending on his own merits. Mr. Macready, if he would, might have reformed this mistake long ago, but he adheres to his original impression. There are many grand things in the third and fourth acts, and the entire of the last act is profoundly touching.

As in the case of Werner, Macready has made *Virginia* entirely his own, and the part will probably die with him. *Virginia* was the first play in which Macready made his name famous, and the character of the Roman patriot has remained for nearly thirty years one of his most popular performances. The announcement of the tragedian in this favourite part, for the last time, drew an immense concourse of people to the theatre on Thursday night. The pit and gallery entrances were besieged long before five o'clock, and hardly a seat could be obtained a few minutes after the doors were opened. The performance was entirely worthy of the greatest days of the great artist; and, indeed, we question much if he ever played the character with such astonishing force and exquisite delicacy. It was indeed a perfect display of art from first to last, and was acknowledged as such by the entire audience, who testified their delight by the most enthusiastic acclamations. After the third act a universal and continuous call was made for Macready, which, however, was not responded to. To many a looker-on it must have brought a saddening reflection to behold Macready bidding his last farewell to a part with which, for so many years, he had so inextricably interwoven his name, in which he had so often touched the hearts of thousands, and wrung such thunders of applause. Not less sad was it to think what the actor himself must have felt when the last roar of the audience died away on his ears as he passed from the stage for ever in the garb of the Roman father.

PRINCESS'S.

It is not often that one sees a more genuine success than that of the new play produced on Saturday under the title of *The Templar*. There was no flagging from beginning to the end; the interest rose as the piece progressed, and at the fall of the curtain the applause was of the sort that every habitué of a theatre can perceive to be perfectly genuine.

The first act is a mere introduction. Isoline, an apparent peasant girl, residing in Normandy, has a secret interview with her lover, Bertrand, a warrior and a founding, who reveals to her the unpleasant fact that he is a Templar, and therefore bound by a vow of celibacy. Act two takes us to the cottage of Isoline's father, called Hubert, and living in most humble style, but really a nobleman of Languedoc, La Martelle by name, who has maintained a disguise since the crusade against the Albigenes. A packet which accidentally falls into his hands reveals to him the secret that Aymer de

la Roche, the Grand Master of the Templars, and one of his chief persecutors, has a living son named Bertrand, born before his father had taken the vow, and long since supposed to be dead. Further information reveals to him that his daughter has secret interviews with a Templar, and that this Templar is the Bertrand in question. Roused by a desire for vengeance, not only for the old persecution, during which he lost a wife and a son, but also for the new attempt on his daughter, he appears in act third before the Grand Master, and tells him that one of the order has broken his vow. The Master doubts, but is brought by Hubert to the spot where Isoline has an interview with Bertrand, and the latter is at once arrested. The circumstances of Bertrand's condemnation by the Grand Master in Council occupy the fourth act. Hubert disguises himself as a monk to witness the proceedings, but is so much struck by the magnanimity of Bertrand, who when offered life if he will give up Isoline as a victim, indignantly rejects the offer, that he repents of his vindictiveness, and whispers into Bertrand's ear the secret of his birth. In the fifth act, Isoline, whom her father would remove from danger, rushes to the hall of the Templars to save her lover's life, and to shorten her route crosses a ruined bridge, generally deemed impassable. Her entreaties avail nothing, but the execution is interrupted by the arrival of the king's troops, who bring the proclamation that the Templars' order has ceased to exist. A battle takes place, in which Bertrand fights valiantly for his newly-discovered father, and when the latter is killed he is able to console himself by marrying Isoline, being released from his vow by the dissolution of his order.

The story is well told. Every act is distinct in character from all the rest, and curiosity as to what will come next is constantly maintained. The language is smooth and concise, and perfectly fitted to carry on the business of the scene.

In presenting the piece to the public the managers have shown the most determined spirit. It abounds with opportunities for making appeals to the eye, and not one of them has been lost. The skirmishes that take place on the stage are brought about with good discipline. The hall of the Templars, their dresses, shields, banners, and beards, display taste and research in the most minute details, and altogether we have a piece thoroughly well put upon the stage, well dressed, well painted, well appointed, and well organized.

Mrs. Charles Kean, as the heroine, has a part which taxes all her rapid intelligence and corporeal energy. Distress, now in its most sentimental form, now in its most physical manifestations, has to be represented, and she goes through it all with unwearied energy, ready to appeal to the feelings by a silent look, or brave the perils of a terrific pass. Mr. Kean, who plays the father, has a character of a more subtle description, and he finely depicts the struggles between sternness and affection. His expression of mute horror while Isoline crosses the bridge could not be excelled as a specimen of mute eloquence. In the part of Bertrand, Mr. Belton seems to have taken quite a new turn. When defying his judge he completely dropped that affected manner which has been his greatest drawback, and came out in a manly, earnest, and spontaneous style, his attitudes and general aspect greatly heightening the effect of some of the best situations in the piece.

Loud acclamations followed the fall of the curtain, and after Mr. and Mrs. Kean and Mr. Belton had crossed the stage, in answer to an universal demand, the author, Mr. Slous, was summoned, and bowed from his private box.

LYCEUM.

Mr. C. Mathews having in a great measure recovered from his accident, the theatre re-opened on Saturday. He is still unable to use his right hand, and in the fencing scene, which caused his wound, he created great amusement by saying in answer to the challenge of his adversary—"No, I have had enough of that; stick yourself this time; *Merçi je sors d'en prendre.*" It is needless to say that he was heartily greeted.

The pieces produced at the commencement of the season were repeated on Saturday.

The new piece of the *White Hood*, taken, we believe, from the libretto of Auber's opera *Le Chaperon Blanc*, and produced on Monday night, has for its foundation the struggles between the Count of Flanders and the Flemish towns, which stands out so prominently in the history of the middle ages. The young Count Louis de Mals (Mr. G. Vining) carries off the servant (Miss Baker) of a druggist (Mr. Basil Baker) of Bruges, with whom a noble of his Court is also in love. This noble secretly belongs to the democratic party of the "White Hoods," which aims at the Count's overthrow, and he imprudently makes a confidant of the girl's proper lover, the druggist's apprentice (Mr. C. Mathews), merely because the latter has accidentally on his head the cap which is looked upon as the symbol of the party. The Count assumes the disguise of his own mother that he may throw the damsel off her guard, but relinquishes his vicious designs on being saved from the "White Hood" conspirators by the zeal of the apprentice. The *mise en scène* of this piece is very good, but it lacks substance as well as opportunity for histrionic display, and the success was but equivocal. An addition has been made to the company in the persons of Mr. Basil Baker and Miss Baker, who, respectively, played the parts of the druggist and his servant, and promise to be of good service.

Another novelty produced on Monday night was a short fairy piece, entitled the *Romance of the Rose*, slight in plot, but elaborate in point of decoration. A misanthropic Count (Mr. Clifford) is encouraged in his peculiarity by a malignant spirit, named the King of the Thorns (Miss Julia St. George), who attends him as the Chevalier Le Sombre. The evil influence is counteracted by the Queen of the Roses (Miss Kenworthy), who corrects the Count whenever he vents his ill-humour on his servant Hans (Mr. Suter), and by showing him a series of *tableaux* convinces him that the world is beautiful after all. These *tableaux*, for the sake of which the piece is evidently produced, consist of elegant groups, arranged with great regard to picturesque effect, and heightened by the beauty of the young ladies composing them. Each of them is an allegorical representation of one of the four Rosicrucian elements, and the principle of a revolving horizontal circle, familiar to the studio of the sculptor and the audience of *poses plastiques*, is applied, so that the group may be visible on every side. The management of these figures, which are supposed to be floating in the air, is exceedingly clever. They are not suspended by ropes, but are elevated on inflexible supporters, which are concealed by foliage, or other appropriate means. The arrangement of the figures is by Mr. Beverley, the admirable scene painter of the house, and is one evidence more of his talent in producing elaborate effects. Herr Pigali, a German vocalist, was introduced in the character of a goatherd, that he might sing a characteristic mountain-song, which he accompanied on the guitar, and the remarkable use of his *falssetto* elicited a double *encore*. A pretty air by Mr. Tully, very nicely sung by Miss St. George, received like honours, and the graceful dancing of Miss Rosina Wright was

an agreeable addition to the pictorial means of attraction. There was great applause at the various *tableaux* and at the termination.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

LIVERPOOL.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The first public performance of Mr. C. E. Horsley's oratorio of *David*, the production of which has excited so much interest amongst our native musicians, took place on Tuesday evening last, and was completely successful. As I fully expected some of your staff down from London, I did not prepare any report, thinking, naturally, that you would have some one present on such an occasion, much more able to do it justice than I am, as I believe that no metropolitans were present but Mr. Chorley, of the *Athenæum*. You must be content with the following notice from the *Liverpool Times*, which, considering the haste with which it was written, is a very fair, true, and particular account of the oratorio and its performance:—

"It is with feelings of more than ordinary pleasure that we this day notice the first performance in public of an oratorio by an English composer, Mr. C. E. Horsley, which was performed by the Philharmonic Society, at their hall, on Tuesday evening, with the most complete success. The Society deserve the praise of all who take an interest in music, for the admirable manner in which they produced Mr. Horsley's oratorio, a work which will, we think, now prove to all the world that we have a talented native musician of whom we may justly be proud. Perhaps the most difficult task a composer can assign to himself is the composition of an oratorio, which if it can bear a comparison with the immortal works of the great German masters, shall possess great individuality and evince the presence of that true genius, without which, no work of any pretension can ever hope to gain permanent popularity. We do not think that Mr. Horsley's *David* can be placed on the same pedestal as *Elijah* or the *Messiah*, but we feel proud in avowing it as our decided opinion, that Mr. Horsley's oratorio will always remain a standard work to which English musicians can point with pride as an evincement of great native musical genius. True, it is written by Mr. Horsley after the model of his great master and friend, Mendelssohn, (and what better model could he follow?) but, at the same time, it is replete with melody, science, and originality. The story of "David" is one which offers fine scope for the genius of the musician to illustrate by that divine art so beloved by the King of Israel; but from the numerous and interesting circumstances connected with David's career, the composer could not compress all the matter relative to him in the time usually allowed for an oratorio. Under these circumstances, he suggests that his work should be considered rather an attempt to illustrate, by means of music, certain portions of the life of David, than as an intention of forming a continuous plot.

These portions may be thus headed:—

Part I.—1. The rejection of Saul by the Almighty, and the mourning of Samuel for the same. 2. The mission of Samuel to anoint David, and his fulfilling thereof. 3. The battle with Goliath, and the rejoicing of the Israelites at the victory of David.

Part II.—4. The assembling of the tribes of Israel to make David king, and his thanksgiving to God. 5. The rising of the Philistines on hearing of the elevation of David to the throne. 6. The conveying of the ark of the covenant to its appointed place by David.

The early career of Mr. Horsley is marked by a succession of minor productions in comparison to the work now brought forward, each proving, as he progressed, the enlargement of a mind continually in search of improvement. The society of British Musicians has been the medium through which Mr. Horsley's chamber music has attracted the notice of the public, and we understand we shall have the pleasure of hearing his second quartetto at one of Messrs. E. W. Thomas and Hadscock's concerts. However, "David" is undoubtedly a great work. The overture in D minor is replete with grandeur, and evinces

imaginative power of the highest order, and a thorough knowledge of instrumentation, pervading most effectively the entire work. It is based on a chorale which appears to be a connecting link, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, the prominent idea (treated under different phases), of the work. Massiveness, spirit, vigour, energy, and grandeur seem to combine in producing an effect calculated to impress on the audience the feeling that a work of no ordinary character is to follow.

The overture is followed by a choral recitative; and if there is one thing more than another that will give an idea of weight and massiveness, it is a choral recitative. This was remarkably well sung, and seemed to show at once the spirit with which the choir were imbued, and the evident wish to do justice to a composer whom they thought an honour to his country. Next comes the chorus, "How are the mighty fallen," in G minor, which partakes of the melancholy sadness expressed in the words.

The air, "Give ear unto my prayer," in B flat, was full of an imploring spirit, partaking largely of the character of the preceding chorus. This was the best effort of Mr. Machin, who, on the whole, sadly disappointed us. That he has not sufficient voice for so prominent a part, was painfully apparent throughout the performance, and we scarcely think him possessed of power to grasp and individualize such an important position as that assigned to him.

The duet by Misses Birch and Williams, "The Lord preserveth," was an exquisitely gushing flow of melody, most artistically rendered by the fair vocalists, and it appealed to the feelings of the audience in so forcible a manner as to call for a most unanimous encore. The chorus of the "Curse against Saul," commencing "Behold, I am against thee," in B flat, was most impressive and full of dramatic feeling. If the expression may be allowed in reference to an oratorio, which, after all, is only a modern term for the ancient "Sacred Mysteries"—the earliest dramatic efforts.

This was followed by another choral recitative, in C minor, and the aria, "The Lord is my shepherd," sung by Mr. Lockey with the most intense feeling, and with a fervour and expression that won from his audience that breathless attention so much more flattering than all the applause that followed its termination. We need hardly add that it was re-demanded.

The chorus, "He scattered Israel," followed, and then a recitative by Miss Birch and Mr. Machin, in A. Recitatives and short choruses now followed each other in quick succession.

The next piece demanding notice was the air by Miss Williams, "Righteous art thou, O Lord," in which the purity and volume of her voice, and the chasteness of her style, commanded the sympathies of the audience to an encoring point; and to which point they were also brought by the succeeding double quartette in B flat, a perfect gem of part writing.

Mr. Machin, in the recitative, "Why are ye come out?" and the following air, "I defy the armies of Israel," gave most undeniable proof of a want of individuality. This was the more distressing as the song is really one possessing an infinity of character.

Mr. Lockey, on the contrary, in the following recitative, seemed to identify himself with the poet, and entered fully into the spirit of the author, than whom we can imagine no one more delighted.

Mr. Armstrong astonished everybody with his singing of the aria, "Why comest thou down hither?" and gave rise to the remark that "a Goliath might have been found in Liverpool." In the chorus and solo, "Thou art not able," Mr. Armstrong was scarcely heard, owing to a preponderance of instrumentation, though we think this was the only mistake in that respect throughout the work. We now speak as regards the solo part. The chorus was peculiarly effective, the lyrical tone of which has been admirably indicated by Mr. Horsley, who unites in his own person the two-fold character of author and composer.

Mr. Lockey was again happy in the illustrating the composer in the air, "Thy servant kept his father's sheep," which he gave with all that warmth and earnestness of manner peculiar to him.

In the duet between David and Goliath, commencing "Am I a dog?" one of the finest productions in the work, we had again forced on us the unpleasant fact of Mr. Machin's incapacity to sustain the character assigned him, which was the more apparent from the contrast so evident between himself and Mr. Lockey, who entered into it with all that gusto perceptible in a "labour of

love." This was followed by a chorus of Philistines, leading to the concluding chorus of the first part, "Sing unto God," than which we know nothing more joyous, energetic, or full of religious fervour.

The second part we shall dismiss more briefly. It is not so pleasing as the first, though there are several *morceaux* in it which evince the highest talent. In consequence of its length, however, it appeared heavy, and was not as well performed as the preceding portion.

It commences with a march of the tribes of Israel, a composition of great vigour and originality, and exceedingly well scored. It reminded us alternately of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" and Meyerbeer's march in the *Prophète*, combining, as it does, the varied excellencies of those two compositions. A chorus, in which the Israelites request David to be their king, is very effective, more particularly a clever crescendo, leading to a double fugue, "The king shall joy," which was well rendered by the choir. Following this is the great aria for David, "Who am I?" sung with great fervour and ebullience by Mr. Lockey, to which Mr. Jennings's accompaniment on the harp was very nearly given. Miss Birch was encored in the air, "O love the Lord." The next double chorus of the Philistines and Israelites was completely marred by the ironbones, who sadly want reforming. The next noticeable bit was a beautiful quartet, "Behold thou art wroth," well sung by the principals, followed by an air, "The Lord shall endure," in which Miss Williams displayed the qualities of her delicious voice and chaste style to great advantage. A trio, which shortly succeeded, "Hew amiable," was much applauded, as was also a solo for David, "Sing ye to the Lord," this jubilate character of which was brought out by Mr. Lockey with great union.

A portion of the 150th Psalm, "O praise the Lord," for the chorus, is first sung by the voices alone, then repeated by the band, and the voices in octaves, the oratorio concluding with a "Hallelujah" chorus, ending with the last eight bars of the overture.

This brief and hastily-written sketch is but a poor description of a work of so much talent and pretension; but as it will doubtless become the *cheval de bataille* of our Philharmonic Society, we hope to give a more lengthy and accurate description of its merits when we have heard it more frequently. One hearing is quite insufficient to give the cleverest musician a true knowledge and comprehension of so great a work as Mr. Horsley's David.

The Philharmonic Society have done themselves great honour by this performance, which will in part justify the praises they lavished upon themselves in their address to Jenny Lind. Everything that could be done to give the oratorio with due effect was done. The rehearsals have been long and arduous; yet no one complained, all feeling that the reputation of not only Mr. Horsley, but even of the whole musical body of Great Britain, depended upon the result. The orchestra, led in the most able manner, by Mr. E. W. Thomas, was strengthened by the accession of Mr. Mellon and Mr. Griesbach, violinists, and Mr. Hill, whom the *Morning Chronicle* calls the prince of tenors. It was also much better arranged than usual, by which a concentration of musical effect was secured which we hope will never again be wanting. The choir, notwithstanding the difficulty of their position—singing a lengthy and difficult new work, without any tradition to guide them—proved themselves equal to the task; and, with the exception of one or two slight flaws, not worthy of mention, gave the utmost satisfaction both to the audience and composer. We doubt if any chorus in the world could have done their duty better under the same circumstances.

Our Theatre Royal has not been so well attended for months past as it has been during the last fortnight, for every evening Professor Anderson, the Wizard of the North, has succeeded in filling it with numerous and highly respectable audiences, who vehemently applaud each trick as it makes "their eyes the fools of 'th' other senses." To enumerate all Professor Anderson's tricks, deceptions, and magical feats is beyond my province, but I may mention that the inexhaustible bottle is welcomed eagerly every night by those present, who relish its contents with evident gusto, while all profess their total inability to explain how "it is done."

The second of Mr. W. Sudlow's interesting series of lectures on the musical services of the Church of England takes place next Wednesday; and judging from the first one, I can safely predict

that it will be highly interesting and instructive. The subject selected is "The Lessons," a full history of which will be given, illustrated by the choicest compositions of Dr. Bayce, S. S. Wesley, and other composers of sacred music, sung by a full choir of the practical members of the Philharmonic Society.

A curious and interesting exhibition was opened this afternoon at the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson Street. It is a panorama, or mirror of American slavery, painted by several artists of Boston. The exhibition has a peculiar interest from being described and commented upon by Mr. Brown, a fugitive slave, who effected his escape from thralldom by being packed in a small box and sent by mail and steam-boat, like a parcel of goods, to Philadelphia. Mr. Brown was packed and forwarded by his friend Mr. Smith, who now accompanies him. Paintings illustrative of slavery, described and commented on by those who so well know all the miseries of that state, cannot fail to prove highly instructive as to the actual state of those who are in bondage.

A metropolitan correspondent of the *Liverpool Times* says:—"Mr. W. R. Copeland, the highly-respected manager of the Liverpool Royal Amphitheatre, has been, in London, negotiating for the lease of the New Strand Theatre—a house which has realized fortunes for more than one manager. Poor W. J. Hammond, for instance, made what the Jews would call 'a mint of monies' in this 'pill-box,' as Farren described it; and I see no reason why his spirited brother-in-law should not do the same, if he is fortunate enough to obtain a lease upon anything like moderate terms. It has the same peculiarity as the Adelphi. Its season stands all through the year, and, furnished with a judiciously selected company for playing farce and burlesque, it would become as popular and fill as well. I am not in a position to say whether Mr. Copeland's offer has been accepted; but this I know, in coming to London he has accomplished the very difficult feat of killing two birds with one shot. His journey has not only enabled him to pave the way for extending his sphere of action, but to make arrangements for introducing to his numerous Liverpool patrons, at Christmas, one of the best pantomimes that will be produced out of London."

A private performance, by the band of the 52nd Regiment, at present stationed here, took place at the Philharmonic Hall this afternoon, under the able direction of Mr. J. C. Van Maanen, the talented band-master. The programme included a variety of popular morceaux de danse, the overtures of "La Vierge d'un jour," and "La Dame Blanche," a selection from *Norma*, &c. The band, which is one of the best in the service, performed in a most artistic manner, and were loudly applauded by a fashionable audience. The selection from *Norma*, though played a little too fast, evinced the fact that all the performers possess considerable talents, and have been ably and well drilled. The band of the Blue Coat School, who were present, seemed to be highly delighted.—
Yours, J. H. N.

Liverpool, Nov. 14, 1850.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CAMBRIDGE.—On Wednesday evening there was a concert in our Town Hall, of which but short notice had been given, and consequently there was not so large an attendance as might have been anticipated from the attractive nature of the programme. Miss Clara Fraser, whose personal attractions invest her singing with an additional charm, was the principal vocalist of the evening. She has a sweet voice; which, however, she did not seem to give out to its full extent. She sang very sweetly Bishop's celebrated "Echo Song." Mr. H. Nicholson playing flute obligato, and also Linley's song, "I was happy," in both of which she was encored. Miss Owen (though present) was suffering so severely from a bad sore throat and cold, that she was prevented from taking the part allotted to her. Accordingly Mr. A. Nicholson came forward and made an apology for her; and it was no slight compensation for the disappointment to hear that Mr. Cooper had very kindly volunteered an extra solo, and that Miss Fraser would sing in place of Miss Owen's songs two of Sterndale Bennett's, the "May Dew," and "Gentle Zephyr." When Mr. Cooper appeared he was received with loud applause, which was renewed at intervals during his performance of a difficult concerto by De Bériot. His fine and

powerful tone, united with the most faultless execution, produced an excellent effect on the audience, who, without due consideration for the extra labour he had so kindly imposed on himself, encored him unaniously. This demand, however, he declined to comply with. He afterwards performed a solo full of enormous difficulties and eccentricities, such as the *pezzicato* with the left hand, and fantastic *arpeggio* passages, &c., in all of which his great command of the instrument was displayed to advantage. In the second part he played a solo of Paganini's, on the fourth string only, with equal effect. Mr. A. Nicholson played a solo on the oboe in his accustomed and brilliant style, displaying his fine tone and execution, and was rapturously encored. Mr. H. Nicholson in a concertante duet for flute and oboe, gave evident proof of his mastery of the flute, and made many of the audience regret he had so little to do. Miss Rowe, from the Royal Academy of Music, presided at the piano, and on her a large share of the labours of the evening devolved, as she appeared as accompanist in everything but one of Mr. Cooper's solos; she played nearly a piece of her own composition, and in the glees attempted to fill up Miss Owen's part by singing a second. Mr. Harley's singing was a failure, and especially in Bishop's beautiful glee, "Blow gentle gales," which was by no means well sung. Mr. J. Smith played a solo on the cornet-a-piston. Between the parts there was some presentation of a gold watch to a Mr. Cook, for his successful management of excursion trains; but this was totally out of place, and such a ceremony would have been far more appropriate at the railway station.—*Cambridge Independent Press.*

LEEDS.—Last night, the Messrs. Divins gave a concert in the Exchange Rooms, Albion Street, to a rather numerous audience. In the vocal part of the entertainment they were assisted by Miss M. O'Connor. Of the instrumental performance soloists cannot be too high. The programme comprised pieces selected from the first composers, which Mr. Dieln and his three sons executed with a purity and precision most remarkable. The audience testified their delight by warm plaudits.—*Leeds Times, Saturday, Nov. 9.*

M. JULIEN'S BAL MASQUE.—Notwithstanding the many predictions to the contrary, we may look upon masquerades as fairly acclimatised on the soil of Britain, and an annual *bal masqué* at Drury-lane Theatre, under the direction of M. Julien, may be ranked as one of the institutions of the country. To that strenuous foreigner is due a reform in the manners of promiscuous assemblies in England which should earn for him a place in the social history of this century. The soothing influence of his *baton* has conquered that extraordinary propensity of our national character to look upon all strangers as personal enemies and objects of unmitigated contempt—a feeling which made every large public assembly a magazine of combustible materials ready to explode with infinite "rows" at the least spark of altercation. Thanks to promenade concerts and *bal masqué*, we now shoulder and accost each other without risk of sudden personal encounters. Beyond this point of passive quietude, however, we cannot boast of having passed. The frolic and high spirits which should sport upon this solid foundation have yet to develop themselves. This was fully shown on Thursday night, when an unusually large assembly of maskers were collected, who behaved with unusual order and propriety, but alas! all appearance of fun or exuberant enjoyment was absent. People danced in a steady sober manner, but there was no attempt at a rally of wit, practical or otherwise, on the part of any of the motley characters assembled. So far so good. We may hope for a crop of fun as the action grows more efflow and we become more accustomed to discriminate the laws and the license of such assemblies. The house was decorated in the most tasteful manner, the hangings being of pure white, ornamented with garlands of flowers sparingly but tastefully disposed, and the whole bore a light and most cheerful appearance. The orchestra was unexceptionable, and kept up a succession of dancing airs with unflagging spirit. Last, though certainly far from least in the estimation of the maskers, we must attribute due praise to the refreshment and supper department, superintended by Mr. Pains, whose arrangements gave general satisfaction.—*Times.*

LONDON SACRED HARMONISTS.—This society will open its season on the 8th of next month, with Handel's immortal *Israel in Egypt*. (Qu.) the first time these two years that it has been performed by either society.

ARNOLD WIEBECKER.—The following letter has been sent to us for insertion by Mr. Henry Russell:—"Dear Russell,—You will be sorry to hear that our friend, Augustus Wiebecker, (late of the 67th Regiment), has met with a severe bereavement in the loss of his son, Arnold Wiebecker, a most talented youth, nineteen years of age, who died last week after an illness of ten days duration. Mr. Arnold Wiebecker had taken up his residence in London for the last few months, for the purpose of completing his musical studies, under the able instruction of Mr. J. W. Holmes, the progress of which gave the highest hope of future ability. Besides sterling talent, he possessed a most gentle disposition; and a large circle of friends and admirers have to deplore the premature close of a life, rich in every promise of personal worth and artistic excellence. Perhaps you would be kind enough to send a notice of this event to the *Musical World*, whose extensive circulation would spread the intelligence in the various quarters where it would be read with interest and sympathy.—I remain, dear Russell, yours very truly, HENRY COWAN, 65, Great Prescott Street, London, Nov. 10, 1850. To Henry Russell, Esq."

Musical Style.—The musical dissertation was continued until they reached the palace of Zustiniani, where they arrived towards midnight, to partake of coffee and sherbet. From the technicalities of art, they had passed on to style, musical ideas, ancient and modern forms; from that to the artists and their different modes of feeling and expressing themselves. Propora spoke with admiration of his master, Searlati, the first who had imparted a pathetic character to religious compositions; but there he stopped, and would not admit that sacred music should trespass upon profane, in tolerating ornaments, trills, and roulades. "Does your Highness," said Anzeletto, "find fault with these and other difficult additions, which have, nevertheless, constituted the glory and success of your illustrious pupil, Fasinielli?" "I only disapprove of them in the church," replied the maestro; "I would have them in their proper place, which is the theatre. I wish them of a pure, sober, genuine taste, and appropriate in their modulations, not only to the subject of which they treat, but to the person and situation that are represented, and the passion which is expressed. The nymphs and shepherds may warble like any birds; their cadences may be like the flowing fountain; but Medea or Dido can only sob and roar like a wounded lioness. The coquette, indeed, may load her silly cavatina with capricious and elaborate ornaments. Corilla excels in this description of music; but once she attempts to express the deeper emotions—the passions of the human heart, she becomes inferior even to herself. In vain she struggles, in vain she swells her voice and bosom—a note misplaced, an abrupt roulade, parodies in an instant the sublimity which she had hoped to reach. You have all heard Faustina Bordonio, now Madame Hasse, in situations appropriate to her brilliant qualities—she had no equal; but when Cuzzoni came with her pure, deep feeling, to sing of pain, of prayer, or tenderness, the tears which she drew forth banished in an instant from your heart the recollection of Faustina. The solution of this is to be found in the fact that there is a showy and superficial cleverness, very different from lofty and creative genius. There is also that which amuses—which moves us—which astonishes, and which completely carries us away. I know very well that sudden and startling effects are now in fashion; but if I taught them to my pupils as useful exercises, I am almost sure of it when I see the majority so abuse them—so sacrifice what is necessary to what is superfluous—the lasting emotion of the audience to cries of surprise, and the darts of a feverish and transitory pleasure.—*Concluso, by George Sand.*

A MUSICAL CALCULATION.—Bastardini, when engaged at the Pantheon in London (one of the then rival opera houses), used to receive for each night of her performance of two songs 100 guineas—an enormous sum at that time. Storaee, who was then a boy, studying music under his father, who gave him a bravura song of Bastardini's to copy, was so astonished that fifty guineas should be paid for singing a song, that he counted the notes in it, and calculated the amount of each note at 4s. 10d. He valued one of the divisions running up and down at 18s. 11d. It is a whimsical thing for a boy to do, but perfectly in character; and Storaee's passion for calculation was beyond all belief, except to those who witnessed it.—*Coch's Musical Miscellany.*

EXETER HALL.—The Hall will be re-opened by the Sacred Harmonic Society on Friday week, the 29th inst., with a performance of the *Messiah*, the final rehearsal taking place on the morning of the same day.

THE POLISH BALL.—Lord Dudley Stuart's quadrille and polka friends assembled on Thursday night in the Guildhall of the city of London for the purpose of expressing their sympathy with the wrongs of Poland, of aiding the funds of the association, and of dancing for their own satisfaction. In all these objects they seemed to have achieved a decided success. If sympathy could be enunciated in very decided and perpetual Torpichorean exclamations, Poland has the staunchest sympathizers in some 1,200 or 1,300 ladies and gentlemen, who enjoyed themselves for five or six hours of solid dancing, that ever vindicated the liberty of a nation. The Guildhall was nearly full. Who the notabilities were we refrain from saying, lest offence might be given to the unknown, and for other reasons which are not so readily explicable. But we may state that Lord Dudley Stuart was there, and danced with a devotion worthy of any cause; that Lord Devon was there; that the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, and a few stray city dignitaries, were there also, a large number of the people who go to every public ball, and many who only go to the Polish ball on the same principle which actuates those excellent persons who never approach the opera except upon a "Giovanni" night. Mr. Christopher Anstey, M.P., lent his aid to the cause of Poland by his presence and by his dancing. There were also some half dozen or so of "real" officers, whose glories were quite eclipsed by the new brilliancy and scarlet of the city lieutenants, who looked almost as well as actual *militaires*, and gave rise to an immense amount of controversy among those ladies who had not had the benefit of a garrison education, from the perplexing resemblances of their uniforms. The fancy dresses, properly so called, were few—that is, if, except the gentlemen in frock coats, and vests of strange device, and neckerchiefs of eccentric pattern and colours, who were to be seen about, so as to give occasion for argument whether they were "characters" or absolute "gents." There was one Greek, who seemed afraid of meeting a Pacifico in every waltzer, and speedily retired into the recesses of the darkest corner—there was also one "naval officer" who sustained his difficult role with extreme infelicity—one *debardeur*, and one Charles the First, who seemed in a single respect to be like his original, and to have lost his head before there was any occasion for it, and there was an end of the "fancy costumes." Mr. Harker was there to announce the Lord Mayor, and, besides, came a great crowd of persons, whose oil propensities were connected by the wholesome intervention of the police, who moved through quadrille, polka, and waltz with a stolid indifference to time, music, or convenience that was highly creditable to them as Britons, and rather derogated from their pretensions as friends of the solitor arts. However, the music was fair and spirited; moreover, it was inexhaustible. Gog and Magog looked down hour after hour on the merry throng polking away for the credit of the Poland Association with as much indifference as the performers on cornet and violin. Mr. Bathe seemed to have discovered some inexhaustible mine which was ready at all times to yield its treasures of ham-sandwiches, of ices, of negus, and of wine, and to satisfy the yearnings of the famished crowds, who rushed from a dance to a supper as certain as a bloodhound follows an Indian. Altogether, there was a great deal of amusement for those who liked it. A polka 600 strong is enough to create stir among a valley of Mormonts, and quadrilles of 400 will, somehow or another, stir people's hearts as they stir their legs. Besides this, there was vocal music not at all bad in its way. Mdlle. Angri sang her admirable aria from the *Huguenots* as well as ever, and Miss Mesent did her best in her simple ballad style, while Mr. Boddie, Mr. Allen, and M. Lefont, discouraged most excellent music. Whether Alderman Sydney damaged the ball or not we will not say; but certain it is that with all these means and appliances to make it a good ball, there was a lack of the good heaven which gives life to those affairs, and the city magistrates, at all events, did not support it by their presence. It was past three o'clock before the company began to break up.

PENSION TO MR. PAYNE COLLIER.—The *Athenaeum* says:—"We have great pleasure in stating that Her Majesty has been pleased to grant a pension of £100 a year to Mr. John Payne Collier, the editor of *Shakspeare* and author of the 'History of the English Stage.' The warrant is dated the 30th of last month—and expressly merits that the pension is given 'in consideration of his literary merits.' Few men have done more than Mr. Collier for the illustration of our Elizabethan literature, and of the lives of the many worthies of the great period of English poetry."

THE MISSES ALEXANDER'S concert took place at Crosby Hall on Tuesday last. The vocalists were Miss Rose Prahm, Miss Bassano, Miss Adelaide Alexander, Miss Harriet Alexander, Mr. Leffer, Mr. Genge, and Mr. G. Tedder. Harry Grosse performed solos on the clarinet, Mr. G. Case displayed his capabilities on the concertina, and Miss Biofield Williams officiated at the piano.

SIGNOR PALTONI, the well-known Italian barytone, has been performing in Dublin in Miss Catherine Hayes's company with much success. He played the buffo part of the Marquis in *Linda di Chamouni* with excellent effect. Signor Paltoni has been found a highly useful member in the new company.

ELECTION OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—On Monday last the members of the Royal Academy proceeded to the election of their president, in the room of the late Sir Martin Shee. Thirty academicians were present, of whom twenty-eight, in pursuance of the statutes, recorded their votes. The result was that Mr. Charles Locke Eastlake was elected president by the all but unanimous assent of his fellow academicians. On the same occasion Mr. Hook, whose works attracted our particular notice at the last exhibition, was declared an associate of the Royal Academy.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

New Ready, price 2s. bound in Cloth, or with Paper covers, 1s. 6d.; with a Preface in defence of the English Chant:—

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1850.

Maelfarren's Serenata, 'The Sleeper Awakened.'

LABITZKY'S

GRAND QUADRILLE OF ALL NATIONS.

THE SLEEPER AWAKENED.

Haroun Alraschid . . . Mr. FRANK BODDA,
Abon Hassan . . . Mr. SIMS REEVES,
Zuleika . . . Mademoiselle ANGLI.

Angri, Rodda, Lefort, and Sims Reeves; Moliue, Piatti, Baumann, Barret, Arban, Richardson, Rcmusst, Maycock, Franc, and . . . Miss Goddard.

The Band of the First Life Guards. Band of the Grenadier Guards. Band of the Scots Fusilier Guards. Corps of British Military Side Drums. The English Choroists, and . . .

THE CHOIR OF THE BERLIN CHAPEL ROYAL.

Promenade, admitting to all parts of the Theatre, except the Private Boxes and Stalls, 1s. 6d.

Boxes and Stalls to be had at the Box-office, where Programmes of the Performances may be obtained.

DISTIN'S CONCERTS.—Mr. Distin and Sons will perform on the SAX-HORN, in the following Towns:—Monday, 18th, Nottingham; 19th, Hinchley; 20th, Sutterworth; 21st, Stratford-on-Avon; 22nd, Banbury; 23rd, Oxford; 27th, Grand National Concerts, London.

Vocalist, Miss M. O'CONNOR; Pianist, Mr. J. WILLY.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Easter Hall, Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—The Committee are happy to announce that the improvements in the large Hall, undertaken by the Directors of the building, being nearly completed, HANDEL'S MESSIAH will be performed on FRIDAY, 29th of November. Tickets will be issued on the 22nd inst. Applications for them, or for the remaining Subscription Tickets, received daily at the Society's office, No. 6, in Exeter-hall; or by Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing-cross. The subscription for central area numbered seats is three guineas; area or gallery (reserved) two guineas; body of the hall, one guinea. During the past year Ten Subscription Concerts were given.

Musical Library of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and very valuable Musical Instruments.

PUTICK & SIMPSON, Auctioneers of Literary Property, will sell by Auction at their Great Room, 191, Finsbury, on Thursday, November 28th, and following Day, the **MUSICAL LIBRARY** of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, consisting of capital Works in all classes, particularly a large and valuable collection of Instrumental Music, Trios, Quartets, &c.; a fine copy of Dr. Arnold's *Handel*, on large paper; a Violin and Violoncello, by Stradivarius; and other Instruments of high quality. To which is added a Miscellaneous Musical Library, and some very valuable Musical Instruments; a very recent Harp, by Broad; other Harps, by Erard, Schweiss, and Stumpff; Pianoforte, by Broadwood and others; a splendid Violoncello, by Amati; Violins of high character, Concertinas, and other Instruments, Wind and Stringed. Catalogues will be sent on application.

• • • Small parcels of Music, Instruments, Books, and other Literary Property will be received for introduction into occasional Sales, with Property of a kindred description, thus affording the same advantages to the possessor of a few lots as to the owner of a large collection.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS.

LAST WEEK BUT TWO.

FIRST NIGHT OF

THE NEW "QUADRILLE DES NATIONS."

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that the **FRENCH CORPS DE TAMBOURS**, of the 2nd Legion of the Garde Nationale of Paris, having arrived, his Grand

"QUADRILLE DES NATIONS,"

Founded on the all-absorbing subject of the day, (the Great Exhibition of 1851,) will be performed

On **MONDAY** next, **NOVEMBER 18th, 1850.**

In the production of this Quadrille, **M. JULLIEN** has endeavoured to bring together every possible element which could conduce to the true interpretation of the characteristic Music of the different Nations therein introduced, and has made the following arrangements:—**M. SOLLAY** will perform "The Sicilian Serenade" on the new Instrument, the Corno-Musa. The Brothers **CIEBRA** will accompany on the Guitar the Spanish Sapatocodo. **M. LUREY** (from the Choir of the Church of La Madeleine, at Paris), will perform on the Monstre Ophicleide. The New Octo-Basso, to which was awarded the First Prize by Messrs. Auber, Halévy, and Meyerbeer, at the French National Exposition of 1849, will be played by **Mr. A. WINTERBOTTOM**. The Castagnets in "The Neapolitan Tarantella," and "The Piedmontese Monserina," will be played by **Signor BALDACC**.

THE GRAND MORCEAUX D'ENSEMBLE WILL BE AIDED BY :

THE BAND OF HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL ARTILLERY, under the Direction of **Mr. Collins**;
THE BAND OF HER MAJESTY'S 2nd LIFE GUARDS, under the Direction of **Mr. Grazier Cooke**;
THE BAND OF HER MAJESTY'S COLDESTRIAM GUARDS, under the Direction of **Mr. Godfrey**; (by the Permission of the Commanding Officers);
And the French Pas Accelérés, Pas Redoubles, the Revellies, Rappel, Marches, &c., and other Military Ordinances of the French Army, by the **FRENCH CORPS DE TAMBOURS**, under the Direction of **M. BARNIER**, the Tambour-Major, being their First Appearance in this Country.

DESCRIPTION OF THE QUADRILLE.

INTRODUCTION—Music of Northern Nations.

No. 1.—The French Pas Acceléré, performed by the **CORPS DE TAMBOURS**, including La Chamade, Le Chant d'Honneur, and Le Banc. The Grand Pas Redouble by the **THREE MILITARY BANDS**, and Roulement Serré, concluding with the Grand Chant Militaire.

No. 2.—The Spanish Sapatocodo, with Variations for Oboe by **M. DELAVIGNE**; Flute, **Mr. PAATTEN**; Flageolet, **M. COLLINET**; Guitar Accompaniment, by the Messrs. **CIEBRA**.

INTRODUCTION to No. 3.—The Aurora Serenade—a Sicilian lover to his mistress. Corno-Musa Solo, **M. SOLLAY**; Harp Obligato, **Mr. STRATHENA**.

No. 3.—The Piedmontese Monserina, concluding with the Neapolitan Tarantella. Castagnettes, by **Signor BALDACC**.

No. 4.—Partant pour La Syrie—French air taken from an old Eastern melody, with Variations for Bombardon, by **Herr SOMMER**; for Trombone, by **Signor CIOFFI**; and Cornet-a-Piston, by **Herr KENNIS**.

No. 5.—March of all Nations to London. The morning of the inauguration of the Great Exhibition is supposed to have arrived. The great city, which for the first time shelters such wonderful masses from all parts of the known world, is as yet still, when at day-break the festival is ushered in by the sounding of the chiming of London, echoed far and near from such surrounding belfry. Soon the city is in movement, and the multitudes hasten towards the same goal, all eager to behold the most stupendous realization of human industry recorded in the history of the globe. A tremendous shout bursts forth, and the welcomed Nations one and all join in the glorious cry—

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

In addition to the New Quadrille, the Programme will include a **SYMPHONY** by Beethoven; The **SCHERZO** from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," by Mendelssohn, (received with so much applause at the Mendelssohn Festival); Two **GERMAN LIEDER** by Madlle. **JETTY TREFFZ**; Meyerbeer's celebrated **SELECTION FROM "LE PROPHETE"**, &c. &c.

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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No. 47.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1850.

{PRICE THREEPENCE.
{STAMPED FOURPENCE.

JETTY TREFFZ.

THE thrush that enlivens the nightly concerts of M. Jullien with its soft song was laid up in its cage on Saturday, and its notes were missed among the torrent of belliguerous sound that drenched the ears of the *habitués*. The absence of Jetty Treffz—who else but Jetty could be “the thrush,” or at least M. Jullien’s thrush—was unanimously lamented. Her illness cast a damp upon the concert and dented its brilliancy. On Monday night, however, having gathered fresh strength from repose, the thrush reappeared, and its mellow tones filled the walls of Old Drury with melody that made the ears of the listeners tingle with delight, and their eyes glisten with contentment. The favourite had come back again, and the gloom which had hung over the brow of Jullien, like a dark shadow, had fled before the sunshine of renewed hope, which chased it to the very doors, and would not let it come in again. Jetty was in her sweetest voice and sang in her sweetest style. How she was welcomed, how applauded, how cheered, need not be told. Why repeat a story to satiety, however deep its interest?

THE SLEEPER AWAKENED, ETC.

Mr. Macfarren’s new composition has been played five times. On the first night it occupied two hours and a-half in performance, and being found too long by the “executive committee, managers, and directors,” execution was done upon it, in the shape of loppings and incisions, whereby it has been reduced to a sort of *mutilé*. Enough of its original beauty of feature remains, however, to make it still an object of interest. Mr. Macfarren has breathed so much life and vigour into his music, that, like an eel, it defies the knife, and the dismembered pieces jump about with unextinguished animation. The symmetry of its form is, of course, destroyed, but, melody existing in almost every bar, were it cut up into yet smaller fragments, there would be tune enough to charm the ear and satisfy the understanding. That which is of the spirit dies not. That which genius has conceived and talent accomplished is not an ephemeral thing. On Thursday we attended at Her Majesty’s Theatre, attracted by the announcement of the fifth performance of *The Sleeper Awakened*. Our surprise was great, indeed, to find it curtailed of at least an hour’s worth of beautiful music. The fine prayer cut out; the grand *finale*, which constitutes the second act, severely damaged by the extraction of the *coda* and other barbarous mutilations; the second couplet of this air omitted, the whole of that chorus, and the major part of the other recitative or instrumental passage of description. Our surprise was great and our chagrin greater. We thought of the magnificent prospectus, of “monumental productions,” of native talent encouraged, of “**GRAND NATIONAL REQUIREMENTS**,” and of the *Quadrille for all*

Nations. Herr Labitzky, the exotic, enjoys the full measure of his dimensions—Mr. Macfarren, the indigenous, is reduced to a skeleton. Every blast of that boisterous quadrille is still nightly blown into the public ear. Not one phrase of that lovely *serenata* is spared or respected. What must be thought of such an anomaly? Can we come to any other conclusion than that the “Grand National Concerts” are founded on a grand, not national, mistake? Mr. John Barnett, who has thrown up his subscription to this journal, is a lucky man not to have applied, and not to have been applied to by the “executive committee, managers, and directors.” He has had a good miss, and, if he be the man we take him for, he will renew his subscription on the strength of it. We do not call ourselves *The Grand National World*, but simply *The Musical World*. Mr. John Barnett should not, therefore, throw us up, because we sometimes go abroad and hear French music. For us music has no country. As for the “executive committee, managers, and directors,” the word “national” has no meaning.

We love fair play, even where music is concerned; and from a society of gentlemen, who start up with the pretext of doing good to the artist and the art, by engaging one and elevating the other, we must be excused for anticipating something more than an imitation of the fanciful vagaries of M. Jullien. The Grand National Concerts have got together a splendid orchestra, but they have never yet got up a splendid concert. They have secured Balfe, one of the best of conductors, to superintend the performances, and yet the performances have never been what they ought to be. Their entertainments are neither this, that, nor the other—neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. Anybody has a right to set up an opposition to M. Jullien, since this is a free country; but no one has a right to begin with a prospectus which says, “We will do great things, and new—we will reform music, and refine it—we will do what was never done before—we do not want profit—we wish only to benefit artists—we will have monumental productions—we will have new works by the ‘author of the *Fire Fly*’—we will encourage native composers—we will not engage John Barnett—in short, what we shall do, and what we shall not do, was never done, and never could be done, yet, because no one directing mind could compass it—we are legion and can do it, we are noble and can recommend it, we are rich and can pay for it—you shall see what you shall see, oh, many-headed mob!—no one has a right to blow such a preparatory flourish of rhodomontade, and then set up a gigantic serpent, an unencomparable double, or rather centuple, bass, and a “quadrille for all nations,” (for all nations!) as prominent objects of attraction. What are these but Jullien out-himself! Oppose Jullien who pleases, and who can—but let him not brag of the purification of sins.

See the result. Even the chorus of the Berlin *Chapel* are obliged to decamp. Their country calls on them, not for a

song and an anthem, but for a sword and a buckler. Some of these are captains, and their chapel is not one of ease. They are more "national" than the "National Concerts" of London, however, and "mizzle" at a beckon from their King. Had the "National Concerts" engaged a good national chorus (we heard a famous one at Mr. Hullali's the other night), they would not have been compelled to put forth in the newspapers the most inflated clap-trap, in the shape of a puff, that was ever traced by mortal pen—they would not have exposed themselves to the animadversion of their ill-wishers by the publication of such an advertisement as this:—

"RECALL OF THE BERLIN CHOIR.

"The directors regret to announce that in consequence of the disturbed state of Prussia, the celebrated Berlin Choir has been ordered to return forthwith. Two of them being officers, and several of them soldiers, no excuse can avail; and their regiments being under orders to march, they are most anxious to rejoin their respective corps. Under these circumstances the directors are compelled to announce their two farewell performances. This evening they will sing "Non Nobis Domine," Weber's Battle Song, "Thou Sword on my Side," and "The Echo Chorus;" and to-morrow evening they will make their final appearance in England, and perform Zollner's Grand Chorus, "The March to Battle," precious to embracing another profession in the cause of their King and country."

Now really the "executive committee, managers, and directors" must have been strangely counselled when they ventured upon publishing such an apology for an approaching diminution of attraction in their concerts. Has the English public any sympathy with these "captain-choristers" going forth to battle against our hear ally, the Austrian? Does not the whole world know that Prussia has made an ass of herself, and has been compelled to eat her own words without any *petit terre* of consolation to digest them? What sympathies, then, are summoned by this anti-patriotic puff? The "executive committee, managers, and directors," should rather have announced that, in consequence of the unforeseen departure of the Berlin choir, a new work by John Barnett—no, by Henry Smart, John Barnett is no longer a subscriber—a new work by Henry Smart would be produced immediately after the serenatas of Macfarren, Loder, and Howard Glover had run their course of public approval or disapproval. This would have looked "national," and answered the purpose well enough. For our own parts, much as we admire the Berlin choristers, they have disappointed us. They sing nothing but slow pieces, which leads to the supposition that they cannot sing fast. Besides, they gave the double quartet from *Elijah*, "And he shall give his angels," the other night, as slow as an *adagio*. The effect was absurd; but, putting these matters out of the question, the other matters remain unanswered and unanswerable. Next week we shall enlarge upon them.

Meanwhile we have borrowed an account of *The Sleeper Awakened* from a contemporary. The reader will find it, if he looks further on. What is there unsaid, we shall endeavour to say next week, with our own *plume*.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—At a general meeting of the members of the Philharmonic Society, held at the Hanover Square Rooms on Monday evening, November 4, Mr. Henry C. Cooper, the violinist, was elected an Associate of that Society.

ALBERT SMITH had the largest audience in the Town Hall, at Brighton, on Friday, at his *Overland Mail*, since Jenny Lind's night, 700 persons being present; but, owing to the admirable arrangements of Mr. Frederick Wright, who managed the entertainment, there was not the slightest confusion. At Oxford, on Monday, between two and three hundred were turned away, and at both places Albert Smith is about to repeat his visit.

MUSIC IN PARIS.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE musical season has begun here earlier than usual. There are now three societies—the Philharmonique, the Union Musicale, and the St. Cecilia—each with a numerous and efficient orchestra to execute the works of the great masters, ancient and modern. The lovers of choral and orchestral music have now an advantage which will be further increased when the renowned concerts of the Conservatoire (by the Société des Concerts) are resumed, which will shortly be the case. The second Philharmonique concert took place last week under the admirable direction of M. Hector Berlioz, the celebrated composer. A crowded and fashionable audience, including the *élite* of the artistic world in Paris, attended to hear the poetical symphony, entitled, *La vie d'un Artiste*, which was executed for the first time in 1830, and at once stamped Berlioz as a bold and original composer in the opinions of all capable of understanding him—of all, in fact, who not only sanction but appreciate a departure from the beaten track, especially in the form of a composition so full of genius and fancy as the *Symphonie Fantastique*. This early inspiration of Berlioz is meant to describe the life of an artist, each movement being headed in the programme with an explanation of the author's intentions. Certainly it endeavours to demonstrate that there is a great scarcity of roses in the artist's path. There are some, however, for whom happiness would not be possible without a proportionate share of pain and anxiety; and Berlioz, as one of these, stands brilliantly conspicuous among the poet-musicians of his age. Bellini was another such, in a very different way. One day, a lady was exclaiming to him on the bliss enjoyed in heaven, where "no sorrow is found," when Bellini suddenly exclaimed, "Oh! dear madam, say not so! Complete happiness surely cannot exist without some little pain, however small it may be." The production of the *Symphonie Fantastique*, in 1830, created a lively sensation in the musical world. Since then, two armies have been encamped in hostile propinquity, and, with brief intervals of peace, have waged a battle that is but now decided. One alone remains. A flag was struck at the last performance. The walls of Jericho fell after being seven years encompassed by the future conqueror. The opponents of Berlioz have surrendered after a contest of nearly twenty years—an argument in favour of the walls of Jericho, which, though brick and stone, were less deaf to unanswerable truth and power. The applause bestowed on the symphony was of the most enthusiastic character, and the encore of *The Marche à Supplice* a perfect uproar. Three times was Berlioz compelled to come forward and acknowledge the unanimous tokens of entire appreciation. As it is very probable this work will be performed in London during the ensuing season, under Berlioz's own direction, an opportunity will be afforded of presenting your readers with a detailed analysis, accompanied by musical examples, which cannot fail to interest. I shall, therefore, refrain from entering minutely into the subject, my purpose being attained in publishing the fact in London of the great reaction which has taken place in Paris—the first* of musical cities—respecting the instrumental works of Berlioz. It may not be amiss here to remark on the disadvantages a symphonic writer labours under, in comparison with a dramatic composer. A symphony is produced after one or two rehearsals, and heard by the public, probably, once; the composer, nevertheless, is

* Second.—Ed. M. W.

judged by this one audition, and how often does that judgment involve an unfair and unmerited condemnation! The public leave the concert-room, dissatisfied at not being able to retain the different melodies as easily as those of the popular operas they may be in the habit of hearing; and even musicians have much difficulty in following the composer through the various divagations of his fancy. Yet there is no alternative; the author must appear at the bar of public opinion—a verdict must be given. No second concert takes place; for too often the symphony has been produced at great pecuniary sacrifice. How different the position of an operative writer! His opera is represented after many careful rehearsals;* if successful, it has a long run; the overture, airs, duets, and trios, are heard at concerts, and the different themes, tortured into quadrilles and polkas, become the *délices* of the ball-room. The great majority of the public are familiar with an opera before they see it produced on the stage. In spite of these advantages on the side of the theatrical contributor, when a comparison is drawn between two men, each of whom may be great in his line, how easily is the palm awarded, and what little weight attached to the peculiar position of the orchestral writer. Fortune and honour attend the one; † the tomb may be close on the other, in the midst of privations, appreciated by a few.

[Our excellent correspondent might have added that the comparative acquirements necessary to write a good symphony, and a good opera, are altogether lost sight of. He who is able to do the first, can generally effect the second; but not vice versa.—Ed.]

THE GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

Mr. Macfarren's serenata, entitled *The Sleeper Awakened*, the first of the original works by native composers, the announcement of which was hailed as the most gratifying feature of the prospectus issued by the committee of the Grand National Concerts, was produced on Monday night with decided success, in presence of a very crowded audience. The term *serenata*, which was applied by Handel to his *Alexander's Feast and Acis and Gaïete*, must admit in the present instance of a wide interpretation, since Mr. Macfarren's composition is essentially an opera, in four *tableaux*, and with scenery, action, and the other stage appliances, would be doubly as effective as in a concert-room, where the dramatic character of the music, at a first glance, appears somewhat out of place. In whatever form presented, however, a new contribution of such length and pretensions from the pen of one of the most eminently gifted musicians now living, is to be welcomed; and, while paying a just tribute to the spirit and discernment of the committee in bringing it before the public, we shall not stop to consider whether the execution of entire dramatic works, away from the theatre, be feasible in the long run. We may doubt the expediency of such an innovation, and the possibility of its ever being established as a precedent; but we are not the less pleased at its first results, in *The Sleeper Awakened*, which, as well as we were enabled to judge from one imperfect hearing, has added a *chef d'œuvre* to the school of English dramatic music.

The author of the libretto of *The Sleeper Awakened* has chosen an incident in the same story from *The Thousand and one Nights* which furnished Weber with the book of his comic

opera *Abon Hassan*. He has treated it with consummate skill, making it subservient to a pleasant moral, without pedantry and affection, while it forms the basis of four amusing and well-contrasted scenes. In the first scene, Hassan entertains some friends at his house in Bagdad with a story in which the happiness of constant love is apostrophised. Evening prayer being announced, the party disperse, when the approach of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid is announced by a grand procession. Dismissing his followers, the Caliph disguises himself as a merchant, and, intent upon studying the manners of his subjects, applies for hospitality at the house of Abon Hassan, from whom, and his wife, Zuleika, he receives a hearty welcome. The forbidden liquor, wine, is imbibed freely, and the Caliph seizes an opportunity, when alone with Hassan, to infuse a drug into his cup, which sends the latter to sleep, and he is then borne away by slaves to the palace. In the second scene Hassan, awaking in the palace, is persuaded to believe himself the Caliph, and his first thoughts are to bestow all kinds of presents on Zuleika, who, though absent, is still beloved, the beauties of the harem being unable to distract Hassan's attention from the thoughts of his wife. Among other edicts, the imaginary Caliph abolishes the restriction against wine, and, while indulging in the revelry consequent upon this daring step, he is again composed to sleep by the Caliph, who has been watching him all the time, and takes a favourable occasion to drug his wine as before. In the third scene the Caliph, at Hassan's house, makes professions of love to Zuleika. Pleased with the constancy of Hassan, he desires to know whether it is met by a similar feeling on the other side. His attentions are treated with contempt by Zuleika, who has never ceased to lament her missing husband. In the fourth scene Hassan is brought back, still asleep, to his own house, where, on awaking, he is so displeased with the poverty of everything, that he even treats Zuleika unkindly. Soon reconciled, however, an explanation ensues, the supposed merchant is pronounced to be a wicked magician by common consent, and when he again demands hospitality he is received with coldness. The Caliph, however, at once unfolds the mystery, rewards the constant pair with all the presents which Hassan, in his fancied dignity, had destined for Zuleika, and appoints them to high offices at the court. Nothing can be neater and more compact than the arrangement of this little story, and nothing better adapted to musical treatment. It should be remarked, also, that the poetry of the songs and duets is of a superior order, and that the ballads are unusually finished specimens of that form of lyric.

In one essential particular Mr. Macfarren has departed from the free and fragmentary form in which operas in general are composed, and endeavoured to give his serenata the unity and progressive development of a single piece of music. The various *morceaux* may, doubtless, be taken out of the framework, and performed separately, but there is no positive close in any part of the work until the whole is finished. Where a repetition of an idea, or a recurrence to a particular incident or sentiment, takes place in the story, the same musical phrases, or modifications of them, are employed. It is much to say of a composition which occupied no less than two hours and a-half in execution, without "entr'actes" or intervals of repose, that in no one place is there evidence of weakness, and that the interest never ceases. That every part of the work should be equally striking and beautiful was of course out of the question, or that every part should be equally new; but though here and there a want of true inspiration may be felt, and occasionally a resemblance to some-

* Unless it be an English opera, and produced in London.—Ed.*

† Not always.

thing heard before, the musician's art has been used to such advantage, that the ear and the judgment are satisfied, even when the former may be neither surprised nor delighted. But without attempting an analysis of the music, let us mention some of the pieces from which we received the most pleasure, and which appeared to us most worthy of Mr. Macfarren's talent and reputation. The overture, a showy and brilliant orchestral movement in E flat, is full of clever writing, spirited, and characteristic of the subject it precedes. One or two of the vocal melodies are happily employed as themes. Busting, effervescent, and never obtruding sentiment for the sake of contrast, it is precisely what the overture to a comic opera should be. As a piece of instrumentation, it must also be praised for ingenuity, variety of colour, and power of combination. The opening chorus of Hassan's friends, "Applaud him, applaud him," is a lively and well-marked tune, subsequently employed more than once in the serenata, and always to good purpose. The duet for Hassan and Zuleika, "Oh, when the weary heart is blessed," in G, is a flowing allegretto, the chief characteristic of which, however, is extreme simplicity. The prayer, "Mighty Allah rules the East," is striking and dramatic, the announcement in unison being well opposed to the elaborate orchestral treatment of the latter part. The march of the Caliph's procession in C major, commencing softly, and leading, by means of an effective crescendo, to a pompous and animated fortissimo, is also an imposing piece of instrumentation. The trio, or second theme in F, for the cornet, though less original than the first, by skillfully-managed contrast, adds to the general effect. "Beautiful night," a barytone song for the Caliph, is a pretty, sentimental ballad in A flat, with an obligato accompaniment for the clarinet. The trio, "Open, open," for Zuleika, Hassan, and the Caliph, is a long and admirably written piece of concerted music, in which a quartet arietta, "Should joy with smiling face invite," forms an agreeable episode. Some passages in the opening of this trio slightly recall the great duet in *Guillaume Tell*, "Dove vai;" but for the most part, it is quite as original as masterly. A canon for the three voices in E flat, "Good night," is written with that perfect smoothness which only the practised musician can accomplish; as a specimen of vocal part-writing it may be accepted for a model, while the leading theme is exceedingly graceful. Hassan's song, "The Caliph sits in a hall of gold," in C, is one of the newest and most genuine of the vocal solos, a bold and strongly marked melody being set off by a spirited and peculiar orchestral treatment. We are much mistaken if this fails to become a general favourite with our tenor singers. "Gone, he's gone," a cavatina in D flat, is one of the most effective and brilliant bravuras ever written for the contralto, which, since Rossini abandoned composition, is not over rich in pieces for display. The present *morceau* will be a welcome addition to the *répertoire* of those vocalists who are not happy enough to be born with soprano voices. The second scene, although a pretty ballad for Hassan, "A vision most gorgeous," is introduced, must be regarded as a single piece of music, and, indeed, as the grand finale of the opera, or serenata, whichever it may be designated. The action shows Hassan awaking in the palace, supposing himself Caliph, abolishing the restrictions against wine, and indulging in a boisterous revelry. The actors are Hassan, the Caliph, and his attendants, who wait upon Hassan. This scene, in our opinion, is not only the most exciting, but the most ingenious and musicianlike in the whole work. The interest accumulates as the scene pro-

gresses, and the Bacchanalian chorus for Hassan and the attendants, "Fill ye pious Moslems," is worked up with surprising power, and makes a brilliant climax. This scene would be very effective on the stage, since it possesses the dramatic element in the highest perfection. The incidental ballet music, noted in the book, has been judiciously omitted, with the exception of one piece—"ballabile," so called—a kind of galop, which, not being at all original, might also be rejected without damage to the rest of this vigorous and ably-constructed scene. In the third scene there is a barytone song for the Caliph, "Oh listen, sweetest, listen,"—a ballad, well enough in its way; and a duet for the Caliph and Zuleika, in which the most remarkable passage is a beautiful *cantabile* in E flat, 9-8 measure, "Would that my heart." But, whether musically or dramatically regarded, this scene, although essential to the development of the story, is by far the least interesting of the four. In the last scene there is a fine duet in D, for Zuleika and Hassan, the longest and perhaps the best in the serenata. Here, also, is interwoven an episodic ballad for the lady, in A, "The hour when first my glance met thine," which is quite a gem, and cannot fail to become popular. In the finale some repetitions of the earlier parts of the serenata occur. Though short, it is clever and in excellent keeping, while the chorus, "Applaud them, applaud them," makes just as joyous a conclusion as it formed a spirited opening to the serenata. On the whole, *The Sleeper Awakened* must be regarded as a work of very high character and pretensions, and likely to add to Mr. Macfarren's already distinguished reputation.

In speaking of the execution we must allow for the inaccuracies inseparable from our English system of according a couple of rehearsals at the outside to a composition of no matter what length and difficulty. All things considered, however, the serenata went remarkably well. Mr. Balfe worked zealously, and the overture and orchestral accompaniments were executed with admirable precision under his experienced and vigorous guidance. The chorus, though scarcely more than half enough in number to balance the tone of such a large and powerful orchestra, got through their task—by no means an easy one, since Mr. Macfarren has made prodigal use of them throughout the work—most efficiently. The principal singers were Mademoiselle Angri (Zuleika), Mr. Sims Reeves (Hassan), and Mr. Boddà (Haroun Almschid). Mademoiselle Angri sang for the first time in English, and came triumphantly out of the ordeal. Her splendid bravura singing in the cavatina, "Gone, he's gone," was nothing new from her, since every one knew her excellence in this essentially Italian school of vocalizing; but few were prepared for the simple and exquisite taste with which she warbled the ballad, "The hour when first my glance met thine," which is quite out of her usual line. In the arietta, too, "Should joy with smiling face invite," Mademoiselle Angri gave such an arch and genuine reading that she was unanimously called upon to repeat it. Mr. Sims Reeves was of eminent service in the music of *Alon Hassan*, singing with amazing spirit, and introducing wherever it was possible (as, for example, in the scene where Hassan supposes himself Caliph,) as much dramatic action and by-play as circumstances would permit, and always with the best effect. He sang the ballad, "A vision most gorgeous," delightfully; and the encore he obtained was richly merited. Mr. Boddà, with a little more vivacity, would have been excellent as the Caliph, whose music is scarcely less important than that allotted to Hassan. Mr. Boddà is evidently a very good musician; his voice is an agreeable barytone, and his style of singing pleasing and un-

affected. His best performance was the duet with Mdlle. Angri, although he sang the serenade, "Oh, listen, sweetest, listen," with nice feeling.

A more genuine success could not have been desired. The audience, though very closely packed, were always attentive, and never noisy. The music was well appreciated throughout, and we were much gratified to observe that the tiresome and obstinate attempts of interested persons to force encores for what are termed the "selling" songs, which so frequently arrest the progress of a first performance, and put the "paying" audience out of humour, were abandoned on the present occasion, whereby the music, the artists, and the listeners, were equally gainers. By the production of *The Sleeper Awakened* the committee of the Grand National Concerts have shown their intention to fulfil the most important of their pledges to the public, and we heartily wish them success in carrying out an idea for which they deserve the highest credit.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

On Monday night M. Jullien produced his *Great Exhibition Quadrille* with a pomp and parade that put all his previous essays into the shade. "The all-absorbing subject," as M. Jullien styles the *Great Exposition* of 1851, was foreshadowed with an amount of noise, and a variety of effect, unparalleled in the history of promenade concerts. Besides his own band, strengthened by those of Her Majesty's Royal Artillery, 2d Life Guards, and Coldstream Guards (under the respective directions of Messrs. Collins, Grattan, Cooke, and Godfrey), a corps of French *tambours*, in the costume of the National Guard, headed by M. Barbier, the accredited tambour major, with his huge *canne à pomme d'or*, to enforce obedience and insure precision, swelled out the ranks of the executants to such a degree that the orchestra was obliged to be raised nearly on a level with the highest row of boxes to accommodate them. The *coup d'œil* was imposing and picturesque, and when M. Jullien appeared upon the platform in the centre to complete the picture, a shout of applause arose from every part of the house. The first four figures of M. Jullien's *Great Exhibition Quadrille* are composed of melodies from foreign sources, which are made the bases of variations for some of his most popular solo performers. After a mysterious introduction, in which the Russian National Hymn forms a prominent feature, and is made subservient to some striking instrumental combinations, the corps of French *tambours* commence the first figure, with a *pas accéléré*, introducing the "chamade," the "chant d'honneur," and other familiar performances. A *pas redoublé* is then taken up by the three military bands, and the figure concludes with the "Marseillaise," given out with overwhelming loudness by the united body of executants. The success of the quadrille was pretty well assured by this first figure. The *tambours* made a prodigious effect. Their precision, and the skillful manner in which they graduated from the loudest *fortissimo* to an absolute *pianissimo*, preserving all the delicacy and crispness of their best, created quite a novel impression. The applause was unanimous in honour of the French drummers, and was renewed at the end of the "Marseillaise," which was immediately encored. The second figure is composed of a quaint Spanish tune, entitled, "Sapateando," with variations for oboe, flute, and flageolet, admirably played by MM. Lavigne, Pratten, and Collinet, and received with the greatest favour. Nor must the guitar

accompaniments, allotted to the Messrs. Ciebra, which heightened the national colour of the melody, be passed over without a word of acknowledgment. Figure No. 3 is preceded by a graceful Italian serenade, the subject of which, appropriately given by the *corna musa*, was played by M. Souallé, accompanied by Mr. Streather on the harp. The figure itself, composed of a Piedmontese "Monferrina" and a Neapolitan *Tarantella*, in which the castagnettes were cleverly handled by Signor Baldacci, was full of life and vigour. The fourth figure is founded upon the popular French air, "Partant pour la Syrie," which M. Jullien, without furnishing an authority, declares to be borrowed from "an old Eastern melody." The melody, however, is too eminently French in character to admit of any such supposition. Nevertheless, it served very well for three effective variations, on the "Bombardon" (a somewhat incongruous title, says a morning contemporary,* for one of the finest of the instruments invented by M. Sax), the trombone, and the cornet à piston, which were rendered with great taste and facility by MM. Sommers, Cioffi, and Kœnig. In the fifth and last figure M. Jullien has brought all his resources into play, and concentrated the dramatic marrow of his narrative. The theme is "The march of all nations to London." The morning of the "all-absorbing event" is supposed to have arrived, and the chimes of London, "echoed far and wide," announce the glad occurrence. Fragments of the preceding themes are here intermingled in curious disarray, and when the ear has been sufficiently excited by this motley coincidence of national tunes, the subject of the English National Anthem is heard to steal in softly, and after some intervals of interruption, ingeniously contrived (one of which is appropriately filled up by "Rule Britannia"), the combined mass of instrumentalists, military bands, *tambours*, and all, join in the one familiar theme, which forms a climax as irresistible as it is obstreperous.

While according to M. Jullien the merit of having conceived and accomplished such a tumult of orchestral harmony as was perhaps never before submitted to the ears of an appreciating public, we must not withhold from him the

* In answer to this, Herr Sommers has written a letter to *The Times* claiming the "Bombardon" as his own invention:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"Sir,—In your notice of the 'Great Exhibition Quadrille' by M. Jullien, produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on Monday evening last, reference was made, among others, to a solo played by me on the 'bombardon,' accompanied by the following remarks:—'A somewhat incongruous title for one of the finest of the instruments invented by M. Sax.' The title, though copied correctly from the bills of the day, is, nevertheless, incorrect; the instrument I played upon is a 'cuphorn,' in the production of which M. Sax had nothing whatever to do. I had it made (originally) in Germany from my own instructions, when I continued to use it, and at other parts of the Continent, until my arrival in this country, when I was induced to have one made by an English manufacturer; I accordingly directed Messrs. Pask and Kœnig, of the Strand, to carry out my wishes, to whose skill I am now indebted for the possession of an instrument so much improved as to call forth my praise and admiration.

"From the desire, always so prominent in the columns of *The Times*, to award merit where merit is due, I am induced to beg the favour you would confer upon me by the insertion of this letter.

"I remain, Sir, your obedient and obliged servant,

"HERR SOMMER, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

"Nov. 19."

It appears, in these days of Bachin flutes and flutes *Brahma*, that every man who bores a new hole, makes a minute puncture, effuses a bit of silver, and gives a drill name to an ancient instrument, *street*—way takes out a patent and dupe himself an inventor. The bombardon is not the less the original idea of M. Sax, however, in spite of its name, as any one who has heard the *Prophète* in Paris can testify.

praise which, in other respects, becomes less questionably his due. Besides being sparkling and agreeable throughout, owing to the unceasing contrast and variety of effect, the *Great Exhibition Quadrille* allows no time for the critical hearer to make objections. It bears evidence, moreover, of considerable ingenuity in the disposition of the materials of which it is composed, while, in the variations, the capabilities of the separate instruments are successfully consulted. Each of the melodies is arranged for the orchestra in a manner peculiarly suited to its national character. By these means the attention of the hearer is kept alive to the end, and the climax attained without a single interval of monotony. Of course we do not regard the *Great Exhibition Quadrille* with the gravity due to a musical composition of serious aim and import; but for what it pretends to be nothing can well be more lively and entertaining. The audience were pleased from first to last, and the conclusion, accompanied by those uproarious demonstrations which seem now to be considered indispensable during a performance of the National Anthem, was followed by loud and long-continued plaudits. An especial ovation was accorded to the French drummers, who, in return, saluted their English auditory with a repetition of the "chant d'honneur." The finale was encored, "Rule Britannia" demanded and executed, and then, in obedience to the unanimous summons, M. Jullien came forward and was received with a volley of cheers.

The introduction of the French *Corps de Tambours* into this country will not have the effect merely of entertaining the public. A more grave result may be anticipated. It will awaken the spirit of competition in the breasts of our own drummers, and thereby tend to the amelioration of the British army. Another reason in support is, the "name in history" which a clever scribe in a great morning paper prophesies for Jullien.

In the second part of the concert M. Demunck, a Belgian violoncellist of repute, played the variations of Servais on the waltz entitled "Le Desir." M. Demunck is an executant of first-rate abilities, and yields to few in purity of tone and neatness of mechanism. Several of his *tours de force* are perfectly new. He is a valuable acquisition to M. Jullien's instrumental strength. Mademoiselle Jetty Treffz, who, in consequence of indisposition, had been absent from her post on Saturday night, was warmly welcomed on coming forward to sing "The last violet" of Mendelssohn. Although the remains of cold were evident, she sang with her usual sweetness, and was encored in both her songs. The house was crowded in every part.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

Mr. Hullah has led the way this year with one of those grand choral entertainments which rank among the chief attractions of the winter musical season in London. On Wednesday night he gave the first of a series of "eight monthly concerts of ancient and modern music," in the large room of St. Martin's Hall. His chorus, numerous and powerful, was selected as usual from the first upper singing school. Mr. Hopkins presided at the organ, and a band of considerable force was led by Mr. Blagrove. Mr. Hullah himself officiating in his accustomed post as conductor. The selection comprised Beethoven's first mass in C major, and Handel's "Allegro ed il Penseroso," part 1.

Though a very beautiful work, and decidedly the best of the two masses left us by Beethoven, there are not a great many

indications of his most individual manner in the mass in C. The finest passages, and those most essentially belonging to his afterwards matured style, are the opening of the "Credo," the mysterious expression of the words "Genitum non factum," in the same movement, and the whole of the "Agnus Dei," with its rare melody, flowing accompaniment, and, above all, the sublime point at the words "misereere nobis," which, perhaps, no other composer could have illustrated with such extraordinary depth of meaning. The other parts of the work, and more especially the fugue that terminated the "Credo," vigorous though it be, and the short *fugato* uniting the "Sanctus" to the "Benedictus," on the words "Hosanna in excelsis," do not evince that peculiar originality of colouring which in so many of his works separates Beethoven from every composer. The first mass is not the less, however, a noble and masterly production, which, excepting one or two of the very best of Haydn, and not excepting the mass in F of Cherubini, occupies the highest place among the examples of that peculiar form of church music which only the greatest composers have successfully cultivated. The performance last night, under Mr. Hullah's direction, was on the whole complete and satisfactory. The solo parts were rendered by Miss Biehl, Mrs. Noble, Mr. Loecky, and Mr. Bodda, with care and invariable correctness; and the choral singers, in their precision and forcible *ensemble*, gave signs of effective training. All that we missed was a certain delicacy of *nuance*, the absence of which is a too frequent drawback to our instrumental and vocal orchestras, which might otherwise challenge those of any country in Europe. Until this be obtained we shall never have anything like perfection in those departments.

L'Allegro ed il Penseroso, a musical setting of certain passages in Milton's celebrated poem, is not among the happiest inspirations of Handel, although it contains two of his best songs—"Haste ye, nymph," and "Let me wander not unseen." It is almost entirely made up of recitatives and airs, which, for the most part, have succumbed to the influence of time, their freshness flown, their early vigour faded. It is certainly not on this work that Handel has lavished the riches of his invention. An absence of fire is felt throughout, while the airs and vocal divisions, with their prolix *ritournelles* and *obligato* accompaniments, elaborately dull, drag their slow length along, with little charm for modern ears. Of course, whatever Handel wrote is worth preserving, and may be consulted with advantage by the student, since the master is always evident, and symmetry of form preserved in every instance. But what is excellent for the closet is not necessarily good for the concert-room; and, with the utmost admiration for the genius of one of the most wonderful men whom the art has known, we humbly confess our inability to enjoy even one part of such a composition as the "Allegro ed il Penseroso" at a single hearing. Moreover, we are inclined to think that Handel prepared this work with an especial view to produce effect through the medium of particular singers, and music of such a kind rarely outlives its own time. That which is written for the sake of art alone is likely to survive. The weakest thing in Weber's *Oberon* is the grand aria expressly composed for Braham at the request of that eminent singer, and the least admirable of Handel's songs are those written at the instigation of others for the display of certain peculiarities of voice or execution. Most of these are omitted in the modern performances of his oratorios, and many such, we have reason to think, are to be found in the "Allegro ed il Penseroso," which abounds much less in grandeur and variety of choral effect than is ordinarily the

case with Handel's works. The principal vocalists last night, Misses Birch and Kearns, Messrs. Lockey and Bodda, took commendable pains with their airs and recitatives, all of them singing well, Mr. Lockey especially. Mr. Hullah directed the band and chorus with the ease and decision resulting from a thorough acquaintance with the score, and the audience listened with devout attention to the end. But so many slow airs in almost uninterrupted succession, with a somewhat monotonous style of instrumentation (no additional accompaniments being permitted), were naturally found tedious, and, except the encore, never refused to "Haste ye, nymph," with its laughing chorus (by no means unmerited by Mr. Bodda, who sang it with spirit), there were very few evidences of enthusiasm during the performance. Still Mr. Hullah deserves credit for having presented an almost unknown work of a great master to the public; and had he placed it before, instead of after, the rich and sonorous mass of Beethoven, it would, in all likelihood, have passed off less heavily.

Between the parts the orchestra of stringed instruments executed the first concerto of Handel, with *obligato* parts for Messrs. Blagrove, Watkins, and Reid. This, though a curiosity, was too much of a colour with what followed, and did not create a very lively impression. After the mass the National Anthem was performed by the principal singers in harmony. The room was quite full, and, on appearing in the orchestra, Mr. Hullah experienced a flattering reception.

Our Scrap Book.

[We shall be obliged to any kind friends who may be able and willing to contribute to our Scrap Book.—Ed.]

MICHEL ANGELO.—The most serious exception made to the general composition of the painting of the "Last Judgment," was that of violating decorum in representing so many figures without drapery. The first person who made this objection was the Pope's master of the ceremonies. * * * This circumstance caused Michel Angelo to introduce his portrait into the picture with asses ears; and, not overlooking the duties of his temporal office, he represented him as master of the ceremonies in the lower world, ordering and directing the disposal of the damned; and, to heighten the character, he is entwined with a serpent, Dante's attribute of Minos. It is recorded that the monsignore petitioned the Pope to have this portrait taken out of the picture, and that of the painter put in its stead; to which the Pope is said to have replied, "Had you been in purgatory there might have been some remedy, but from hell *nullo est redemptio*." This portrait still remains.—*Duppa's Life of Michel Angelo.*

Write to the mind and heart, and let the ear
Glean after what it can. The voice of great
Or graceful thoughts is sweeter far than all
Word-music! and great thoughts, like great deeds, need
No trumpet. Never be in haste in writing.
Let that thou utterest be of Nature's flow,
Not Art's—a fountain's, not a pump's. But once
Begun, work thou all things into thy work;
And set thyself about it, as the sea
About earth, lashing at it day and night,
And leave the stamp of thy own soul in it
As thorough as the fossil flower in clay.
The theme shall start and struggle in thy breast,
Like to a spirit in its tomb at rising,
Rending the stones, and crying, Resurrection!

Bailey's Festus.

THE SPEECH OF ANGELS.—Angelic speech consists of distinct words, like human speech, and is equally sonorous; for angels have a mouth, a tongue, and ears like men. * *

* * I have been told that the primitive language of mankind on earth was in agreement with angelic language, because they had it from heaven, and that the Hebrew tongue agrees with it in some particulars. * * * The angels know the character of any one merely from his speech. From its sound they discern the quality of his affection, and from the articulations of its sound, or his words, they discern the quality of his mind. * * * The speech of hypocrites, who are able to assume the appearance of angels of light, is like the speech of angels; but as to affections and consequent ideas of thought it is diametrically opposite: wherefore their speech, when its interior quality is perceived by the wise angels, is heard as the gnashing of teeth, and strikes them with horror.—*Swedenborg's Heaven and Hell.*

REASONS FOR LEARNING TO SING.—William Brydle, one of the greatest musicians of the Elizabethan age, in the preface to his collection of "Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs of Sadness and Pietie," published in 1598, gives the following reasons for learning to sing, the amusing quaintness of which is mingled with good sense.

"Reasons briefly set down by th' auctor to persuade every one to learn to sing:—

1. It is a knowledge easilie taught and quicklie learned, when there is a good master and an apt scholar.
2. The exercise of singing is delightfull to nature, and good to preserve the health of man.
3. It doth strengthen all parts of the heart, and doth open the pipes.
4. It is a singular good remedie for a stuttering and stammering in the speech.
5. It is the best means to preserve a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good orator.
6. It is the only way to know where nature hath bestowed the benefit of a good voice; which gift is so rare that there is not one amongst a thousand that hath it; and, in music, that excellent gift is lost, because they want an art to express nature.
7. There is not any musicke of instruments whatsoever comparable to that which is made of the voices of men, where the voyces are good, and the same well sorted and ordered.
8. The better the voyce is, the meerer it is to honour and serve God therewith; and the voyce of man is chiefly to be employed to that end. *Omnes spiritus laudat dominum.*

"Since singing is so good a thing,
I wish all men would learn to sing."

ORIGINALITY.—Great men are more distinguished by range and extent, than by originality. If we require the originality which consists in weaving, like a spider, their web from their own bowels, no great men are original. Nor does valuable originality consist in unlikeness to other men. The hero is in the press of knights, and the thick of events; and, seeing what men want, and sharing their desire, he adds the needful length of sight and of arm, to come at the desired point. The greatest genius is the most indebted man. A poet is no rattle-brain, saying what comes uppermost, and because he says everything, saying, at last, something good; but a heart in unison with his time and country. * * Great genial power, one would almost say, consists in not being original at all; in being altogether receptive; in letting the world do all, and suffering the spirit of the hour to pass unobstructed through the mind.—EMERSON.

Man is a harp whose chords elude the sight;
Each yielding harmony disposed alight.
The screws reversed,
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,—
Loose, he tuns them, all their power and use.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

MACREADY'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES.

Othello was given on Saturday, Mr. Macready playing Iago. This is one of the great actor's most complete and powerful performances, nor do we think he ever played it with more effect than on the night in question. Mr. Macready will repeat Iago on two more occasions, when we would strongly advise all true lovers of Shakspeare and art, in its most subtle and truthful development, to attend the performances.

Mr. Davenport's *Othello* was a creditable assumption. He was most deficient in the tempestuous passages. The whirlwind of the Moor's rage did not sit well on him. We liked him much in the earlier scenes, and some portions of the last set went far to please us.

On Monday Mr. Macready played Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*. The tragedy was got up with more than usual care. Mr. Cooper was engaged expressly to play Cæsar, and the whole strength of the company was made available. If the cast were not all that could have been desired, it was certainly above cavil, and, in some respects, right good. Mr. Davenport's Cassius cannot be pronounced one of his most happy delineations. Mr. Howe, on the other hand, made a decided hit in Marc Antony. The speech over the dead body of Cæsar, in the market-place, was delivered with so much boldness and reality, that the actor was honoured with a separate recall at the end of the scene. Did Mr. Howe possess a little more refinement, and did he display less swagger in his deportment, we might expect some day hence to be inditing great things of his doing. Perhaps this very lack of refinement, and this swagger of person, constitute the power and truthfulness of certain characters.

A Priori, we should say of Brutus that it was a character out of Mr. Macready's line. After seeing him play the part, however, the idea would be materially modified. While taking exception to much of Mr. Macready's Brutus, on the score of its want of sustained dignity throughout, and the manifestation of that under-current of impetuosity which is foreign to the character, and which the actor can never conceal, there was so much that was really admirable, so many exquisite and delicate touches of the natural, and some scenes so strikingly forcible, that we cannot forbear pronouncing it to be a first-rate performance. The scenes with Portia and Lucius were both intensely affecting; and the parting with Cassius, as natural as anything we have seen on the stage. It was Mr. Macready's last appearance in Brutus. To-night he plays Cassius for the last time. Unanimous opinion has proclaimed Cassius one of Mr. Macready's very finest personations; and, from what we remember of the performance some ten years since, we feel inclined to concur in the verdict of unanimous opinion.

On Wednesday Mr. Macready performed *Othello* for the last time; and on Thursday *Macbeth*, for the last time but one.

Shakspeare's *Richard the Second* is in active preparation, and will be produced shortly. Mr. Macready plays the King. It will be his first appearance in the part in London, and will constitute the last novelty of his performances.

ADELPHI.

A very good specimen of the Adelphi school of drama was brought out on Monday night. It is more intrinsically interesting, depends less on external means, and is more carefully written than many pieces of the kind, and rises

above the ordinary melodrama into the "drame," in the French sense of the word. The authors are Mr. Robert Brough, one of the "brothers" hitherto known only in the comic line, and Mr. Bridgeman, a novice in the honourable profession of play-building.

The piece is entitled *Jessie Gray*, and the young lady (Madame Celeste) from whom it takes its name is the supposed niece of an old gentleman, who, though called "Dr. Gray" (Mr. O. Smith), is only an apothecary. The nephew (Mr. Boyce) of a haughty baronet (Mr. Hughes) courts her in the disguise of an artist, and when his uncle, who has higher views for him, exposes his real character, he defies his relative, and declares that he will marry the humble object of his love. The baronet, who is as unscrupulous as he is haughty, now determines to break off the match by destroying *Jessie's* character, and he employs precisely the same means as those adopted by Don John in *Much Ado About Nothing*. The agents he employs are one of Gray's assistants (Mr. Honey), who has poisoned a footman by mistake; a military gamester (Mr. C. J. Smith), whom he can denounce for the use of loaded dice; and Gray's housekeeper (Mrs. Lawes). *Jessie* is sent to sleep by an opiate, her lover is made to behold two figures at her window, who are in fact the housekeeper and the assistant, and the captain assumes to be the Lothario out of doors. The lover is of course driven to distraction, but the baronet perceiving that love is not quite extinct in him, projects a plan for carrying off *Jessie Gray* in a yacht. All of a sudden his views are changed by the discovery that *Jessie* is his own child, and he is but too happy to unite her to his nephew.

Each of the incidents, taken separately, could be traced to some previous work, but the combination evinces a fresh and original spirit, and a determination to leave trodden ways. The comic portion, sustained by the medical assistant, his sweetheart (Miss Fitzwilliam), and his friend, a performer in *poses plastiques* (Mr. Paul Bedford), is well connected with the serious business, and written with no small perception of character. The serious portion evinces care and consideration, but here the dialogue would be improved by lightening.

Most of the actors in this drama are so well known that we may content ourselves with saying they displayed their usual talent. A special word may, however, be given to Mr. Hughes and Mr. Honey. The former of these gentlemen has an important career before him; he may, if he chooses, take up the serious line so long filled by the lamented Mr. Yates, and find no one to contest his laurels. He is a melodramatist of great intelligence; there is not a movement in his countenance which is not the result of careful deliberation. What he should aim at is the power of elevating the parts he undertakes. If we forget that the villain of the piece is a baronet, Mr. Hughes's acting was most admirable; it was the cool, designing, bad man throughout; but, on the other hand, when we remember that he is a man of high family, plotting to secure the honour of that family at any expense, we feel that the aristocratic bearing is wanting. Mr. Honey, who played the assistant, tormented by the conglomerated miseries of a poisoned footman, the destruction of *Jessie's* fame, and a prospective college examination, came out with an exhibition of grotesque humour, and delivered his words with a quaintness that quite took the audience by surprise. Such a success as he achieved is enough to make an epoch in an actor's career, and he may even turn to account his hardness of manner as an original qualification.

Jessie Gray is a decided "hit," and the two authors

obeyed an universal summons when they bowed from their box.

SADLER'S WELLS.

It has ever been the delight of the present managers of Sadler's Wells to seek after dramatic curiosities. Here the less familiar of Shakespeare's plays have been revived; forgotten works of Beaumont and Fletcher have been taken from the shelf; and on Wednesday night a still holder attempt was made by the production of the *Duchess of Malfi*, one of the most celebrated plays of old, strong, and—we must add—barbarous John Webster. It was originally acted some time before 1619, and after the Restoration it was revived with success. The last time of its performance seems to have been in 1707.

Those of our literary critics who have been fascinated by the vigour of Webster's writing, and his peculiar mastery in awakening sensations of terror, regard the *Duchess of Malfi* as his greatest creation. The plot of this work is simple to the last degree, but the author has filled it with horror, mental and physical, to its extreme complement. The Duchess of Amalfi, in Italy (corrupted to "Malfi"), secretly marries her own steward; and her brothers, a prince and a cardinal, by means of a hired miscreant, deliberately murder her, as a punishment for the stain on the family honour. Prior to her death, however, they visit her with a series of moral tortures. She is made to see a wax figure, which she takes for the corpse of her husband; all the inmates of a madhouse are turned loose about her to terrify her with their horrible antics, a funeral dirge is sung over her while she is still living, and at last her windpipe is closed by the fatal cord. The scene in which this banquet of horrors is presented is the most renowned in the piece, and here we may cite the comment of Charles Lamb, one of the most admiring of Webster's critics.

He says, "All the several parts of the dreadful apparatus with which the Duchess's death is ushered in are not more remote from the conceptions of ordinary vengeance than the strange character of suffering which they seem to bring upon their victim is beyond the imagination of ordinary poets. As they are not like inflictions of this life, so her language seems not of this world. She has lived among horrors till she is become 'native and endowed unto that element.' She speaks the dialect of despair, her tongue has a smatch of Tartarus and the souls in bale. What are 'Luke's' iron crown, the brazen bull of Phalaris, Procrustes' bed, to the waxen images which counterfeit death, to the wild masque of mailmen, the tombmaker, the bellman, the living person's dirge, the mortification by degrees? To move a horror skillfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wear and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit,—this only a Webster can do. Writers of an inferior genius may 'upon horrors' heap horrors accumulate, but they cannot do this. They mistake quantity for quality, they 'terrify babes with painted devils,' but they know not how a soul is capable of being moved; their terrors want dignity, their affrontments are without decorum."

There is certainly a grandeur about Webster; lines might be taken from this piece of surpassing strength, and now and then the depths of human nature are sounded with a strange sort of instinct. The distich which points the moral of the whole tale—

Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust,
Like diamonds we are cut by our own dust,

is of itself a brilliant scintillation of a kind of ghastly wit. But still we would warn enthusiasts against regarding such a work as the *Duchess of Malfi* as anything beyond a curiosity. It is, we are ready to admit, a fine specimen of pristine strength, but let us not be too ready to take a monument for a model.

Mr. Horne, a gentleman of high poetical feeling, and endowed with a peculiar elegance of mind, has accomplished very skillfully the task of rendering the sanguinary work of John Webster tolerable on a modern stage, cutting away, by the bye, some of the very horrors which excited Lamb's admiration. Those who are familiar with the original, and are acquainted with the rude coarseness of the dialogue and the atrocities ordered by the stage directions, will see that he has had no easy problem to solve. But the revolting nature of the story, and the anti-climax of the fifth act, in which the several villains kill one another, are beyond the reach of the reformer's skill.

For the style in which the piece is produced, the managers and actors of Sadler's Wells are entitled to all praise. Miss Glyn's performance of the Duchess is one of the most striking achievements of that rising actress. The scenes, intrinsically coarse, in which she makes love to her steward, were admirably softened by the playful spirit of coquetry which she infused into them. The soft passages of sorrow stole with mournful effect upon the naturally misanthropic temperament, and when her wrongs aroused her alike to a sense of pain and dignity, her denunciations were terrific. Ferdinand is a less refined character than the Duchess, but the transition from malice to remorse was finely represented by Mr. Phelps, and Mr. G. Bennett is a thorough intentional villain in the part of Bosola.

At the end the applause of the audience was loud, continuous, and unanxious, and Mr. Horne and all the chief actors were called.

MARYLEBONE.

On Thursday evening this neat and elegant little theatre was opened, under the management of Mr. Joseph Stammers. First nights are not very safe criterions of the success that is to follow; but, as far as such uncertain data will allow us to judge, the crowded state of the house gave excellent promise of the future. The play chosen was *The Hunchback*, and the two stars of the evening were Mrs. Nisbett and her sister, Miss Mordaunt. Of the former lady we need say no more than that she was as graceful, arch, and piquant as ever, making her merry laugh ring through the house with all its wonted gusto. Miss Mordaunt, the Julia, took us, and, we believe, the audience, by surprise. The early scenes were rather tame, but no sooner did the part give her scope than she showed powers that promise a speedy and bright maturity. Her delineation exhibited a vigour and impulsiveness that elicited the most unequivocal admiration. There was a little inflation of manner in the more declamatory passages, and an occasional stiffness in her action, which a little time will, perchance, remove. Miss Mordaunt possesses that desideratum so rarely to be met with at minor theatres—the carriage and demeanour of a perfect lady. In short, we believe we may congratulate not only Mr. Stammers, but the metropolitan stage, on having obtained a valuable acquisition in this lady. In the course of the evening several old favourites, and some new ones, appeared, whom we shall take an early opportunity of duly noticing. A word, meantime, for Mr. James Johnstone, who made an excellent Master Walter.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S THIRD CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERT.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Quintet—Pianoforte, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, and Bassoon

(in E flat) Mozart.

Song—Mrs. St. Alban, "Spring Song" Mendelssohn.

Grand Sonata—Pianoforte, (in C, Op. 53) Beethoven.

PART II.

Grand Quintet—Pianoforte, Violin, Horn, Violoncello,

and Contra Bass, (in E flat Minor, Op. 87) Hummel.

Song—Mrs. St. Alban "Where the bee sucks" Dr. Arne.

Miscellaneous Selection—Pianoforte Schubert.

We had again a rich treat at the Assembly Room here on Thursday, the 14th inst. Hallé's third concert was the best, perhaps, he has ever given (we don't know—every concert he gives seems better than its predecessor—yet that can hardly be possible); at all events, it was a very charming concert. The room was as full as ever, and the audience as attentive. The programme, as above, exhibits more novelty. At the last concert we had two trios—one by Mozart, the other for pianoforte and four stringed instruments by Hummel; the former giving us an early opportunity of comparing Mozart's treatment of oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, and pianoforte with Beethoven's, which we had for the same combination at the first concert this season (Oct. 10). All this not only shows Hallé's good taste and judgment, but enables him to employ a goodly number of his brother artists. No less than six of the newly imported, three of the old hands, and Mrs. St. Alban (late Miss Stewart), were engaged, the last, of course, as vocalist. Mr. K. Andrews, accompanist; violin, Mr. Seymour; tenor, Mons. Baetens; violoncello, Herr Lidel; contra-basso, Mr. Waud; oboe, Mr. Jennings; clarinet, Mr. Sarge; horn, Mr. Edwards; and bassoon, Mr. Chisholme. Mozart's quintet (in E flat) is a very fine composition; the harmonies produced by the four wind instruments, sustained as it were by the left hand notes of the pianoforte, have a beautiful effect, and the playing of all the four in the soli, or obligato parts, which each has nicely in turn, were so good as to leave little to be desired. Mr. Chisholme's tones on the bassoon were remarkably fine; Mr. Sarge and Mr. Jennings were equally good on the clarinet and oboe; Mr. Edwards, too, overcame his difficult instrument (the horn) in masterly style, and acquitted himself infinitely better than he did in the Beethoven quintet last month. We shall make no attempt at description, or take up further space than to say that the quintet was a flow of melodious beauty, gave great and general satisfaction, and that Hallé did his part like a master, as he always does at these concerts. His great forte, however, is in the sonatas of Beethoven—one of which he always contrives to give us on these occasions. The one given on this evening was the one in C, Op. 53; it is a most wonderful composition, full of difficulties, fertile in melody and originality, and requires most extraordinary talent in the player. The "allegro con brio" is full of those extreme contrasts in which Beethoven is so apt to indulge—gay and sad, furious and pensive, by turns—here a snatch of lovely melody, to be given as piano as possible—then a torrent of thunder, in octaves requiring the utmost power. The second movement—the adagio—is singularly solemn and beautiful, more like a funeral dirge, with the tolling of the passing bell, at the commencement, than anything we could liken it to; then by degrees this merges into the third movement without pause (the finale—allegro moderato), which is brilliant and startling again, like the opening. Hallé deserves all the applause which is liberally bestowed upon these performances. We only wish we could sketch out Beethoven's design in these master works as readily as your "J. de C." unravels a dramatic or an operatic plot—describe Hallé's playing with all the gusto and playfulness of "D. R."—and analyse Beethoven's compositions with all the musical knowledge of "J. W. D."; we might then hope to deal worthily with our theme.

The quintet with strings, of Hummel's, is a grand one certainly;

one of the finest of his compositions we ever heard; it is really a splendid example of this master, and it was very finely played by the whole five. Seymour, Baetens, and Lidel were all in excellent cue, gave all their brilliant soli passages *con amore*, and Mr. Waud's grand sonorous tone on his unwieldy instrument seemed to bind the whole together most satisfactorily. For variety, melody, and grandeur in harmonization this quintet surpasses all of Hummel's works we have heard: the scherzo is singularly playful, the adagio beautiful, the finale brilliant. We shall remember with pleasure the hearing this quintet in E flat minor (Op. 87); it is a very clever work. Schubert furnished Hallé with three movements to close the instrumental performances, three of his songs—"Rushing Stream," "Thou art at rest," and "The Erl King"—as usual, each in a different style, and all admirably expressed on the pianoforte. Hallé makes the instrument sing any song however wild, plaintive, or beautiful. Mrs. St. Alban was by no means happy in her first song, the Spring Song of Mendelssohn. She was not in good voice, or something, for in the high notes she gave almost a scream, and the song altogether was very ineffective. We were much disappointed, having frequently heard her, as Miss Stewart, do much better things. In the second part, however, she had recovered herself, or was more at home, for she gave Dr. Arne's fine old song "Where the bee sucks" most charmingly. Mr. Andrews is an admirable accompanist on the pianoforte to any singer. In conclusion we must repeat that this was a most excellent chamber concert, and an intellectual treat of the highest order. The next, we see, is fixed for the 28th instant.

We have not been to the Theatre-royal lately. Since Mdlle. Nau left, and the production of *The Syren* of Auber, the operas given have been *The Bohemian Girl*, *Der Freischütz*, *Fia Divola*, *La Sonnambula*; Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Lanza, Messrs. Travers, Horani, Latter, and E. L. Hime, being the principal vocalists. *The Queen of the Roses* has been withdrawn after a long and successful run of thirty-seven nights, and has been succeeded by the ballets of *Esmeralda* and *Atina*, with a farce occasionally. The manager, it is understood, is very busy preparing the Christmas Pantomime, which is to be a high treat this time for the juveniles. Barre Munchausen is spoken of as the hero.

CATHERINE HAYES IN LIMERICK.

(From a Correspondent.)

Nov. 13th.

Miss Catherine Hayes has been always received in the place of her birth with an enthusiasm commensurate with her talent. Limerick may justly feel proud of having given to the dramatic world an artist in every way calculated to win the sympathies of her audiences. Gentle, unassuming, and retiring, in private life, she has everywhere met with that attention which virtue never fails to excite. Displaying her aptitude for song from the earliest age, she has with untiring perseverance cultivated the gifts of nature, and has taken a stand which has rarely been allotted to an Irish-woman. Limerick may be proud of Catherine Hayes and George Osborne; both names will be for ever identified with the prosperity and history of the "city of the violated treaty."

It not being generally known at what time the fair vocalist would arrive, the railway was thronged, both on Tuesday and Wednesday, by numbers of people anxious to greet her arrival. However, their affection and attention was gratified at last, although, owing to some delay, the trains did not arrive for more than an hour after being due.

It is a source of deep regret that her fellow-citizens have been deprived of the pleasure of witnessing her in her rôle of dramatic characters. The occupation of the theatre until the previous Saturday by a troop of equestrians allowed so time for the necessary alterations to fit it for a dramatic corps; it, therefore, became necessary to engage the spacious concert room of the Philosophical Buildings.

Before six o'clock on Wednesday evening the ticket-holders for upper and lower galleries commenced to arrive, and long before eight o'clock, the hour appointed for the commencement of the concert, every place was occupied.

The concert opened with the Terzetto from *Luceria Borgia*, which was well sung by Madame Macfarren, Signor Bordas, and Herr Mengis. It was followed by "Non più Audrai," by Signor

Paltoni. Although the audience displayed an anxiety amounting almost to painfulness for the appearance of Miss Catherine Hayes, yet they afforded to Signor Paltoni just attention.

The appearance of Miss Hayes was the signal for an uproarious greeting, prolonged and reiterated. The fair vocalist, though pale, looked in better health than when she was last in Limerick. The brilliancy of her voice told with great effect in the cavatina "Ahl mon Filz," from the *Prophete*. Applause loud and long followed. Herr Mengis next appeared in an aria of Ricci's, which had nothing particular to recommend it. Signor Bordas created a favourable impression in an aria of Bellini's, which followed, while Madame Macfarren's pleasing voice called down deserved plaudits for her graceful and spirited singing in the Page's song from the *Huguenots*. The aria "Com e bello" elicited an unanimous encore. Miss Hayes substituted for it one of Ricci's—I believe it is called, "Alfin brillare"—in which she displayed passages which would forcibly recall the best efforts of Pisanini. The rapidity, clearness, delicacy, and precision of her utterance could scarcely be surpassed. Altogether it was a great triumph.

Miss Hayes's features are essentially fitted for dramatic effects; in that respect resembling Jenny Lind, whose face constitutes the index to her thoughts.

The first part of the concert concluded with a duetto from *Don Pasquale*, sung by Signor Paltoni and Herr Mengis.

The second part opened with the duet from *Linda*, "Da quel di" by Miss Hayes and Signor Bordas. Signor Bordas was labouring under a severe cold; he, however, acquitted himself of his part well, although it taxed him a little too much. Miss Hayes fully sustained the effect previously created by her in her former song, Macfarren's ballad, "Forget it not," followed, which was sung with a great deal of feeling and exquisite taste by Madame Macfarren. An apology was made for Signor Bordas, on the score of hoarseness, and Herr Mengis was substituted in his place to sing the popular serenade from *Don Pasquale*. Herr Mengis is a clever artist, and appears to be both useful and obliging.

A ballad of Lavoni's, "Those happy days are gone," followed, sung with great feeling by Miss Hayes, in which she was encored, and substituted "Kathleen Mavourneen." It is needless to say the ballad was sung as only she can sing it. Bouquets followed the singing of this song; indeed, after every song she was presented with those pleasing tributes of appreciation, the more grateful to her, as she was aware that all who presented them were among her personal friends, feeling pride in her success, and heartfelt gratification in hearing again the sweet sounds of their townsman's voice, who is endeared in every Irishman's heart, and is especially honoured and appreciated among her own.

Signor Paltoni was encored in the aria buffo, "Dov'è mai si non sineste." He has become a great favourite. The Irish ballad, "When he who adores thee," was very beautifully sung by Miss Hayes; she was encored in this also, but an apology was made for her by Mr. Joy (the manager of the Theatre Royal, Dublin), who stated how fatigued Miss Hayes was by her journey, and that nothing less than that would prevent her from responding to the calls of her townspeople.

Herr Mengis sang a Swiss song, in which he introduced some extraordinary changes from the natural to the falsetto.

The quartetto, "I Foverotti," concluded the evening's entertainments, which appeared to have given unmingled satisfaction to the audience.

Madame Macfarren is deservedly a favourite, and will, I am sure, grow more in favour when Miss Hayes's admirers can settle down in gratified and calmed spirits, so as to be able to attend to the respective merits of each singer.

A concert will be given by Miss Catherine Hayes, on Monday evening, for the different charities in her native city.

November 14th.

Miss Catherine Hayes's second concert took place on Thursday night. The continued indisposition of Signor Bordas prevented the Limerick people from forming any opinion upon his capacities. In his absence several alterations were made in the programme. Curshman's trio, "Ti prego," which was originally cast for Madame Macfarren, Signor Bordas, and Herr Mengis, was sung by Miss Catherine Hayes, Madame Macfarren, and Herr Mengis. The

beauty of the composition was greatly enhanced by its excellent execution by these artists. Madame Macfarren's voice told most favourably in the tenor part which she undertook at a short notice; and here it may not be amiss to pay a tribute to the great talents of this lady, who to a most agreeable personal appearance unites the accomplishments of an admirable artist. In the apartment off the concert room she was constantly engaged, either singing her parts, copying music, &c. In fact, she was never idle.

On the passing of the singers from the concert room after the trio, Miss Hayes was met at the door by the Earl of Clare, with his sister, Lady Isabella Fitzgibbon, were just entering. He immediately stopped her, and, after a most warm and cordial greeting, presented her with a most magnificent bouquet, which she brought out with her on every occasion afterwards.

The trio was followed by an aria buffo by Signor Paltoni, who received enthusiastic applause. The admirable singing of Signor Paltoni has made him a great favourite here. Madame Macfarren again showed the versatility of her talents by accompanying herself in Mozart's cavatina, "Voi che sapete." This was substituted for a romance which Signor Bordas was to have sung. The next aria was the well known one of Bellini, "Qui la voce," which was warbled by the fair "Katherine" in a truly exquisite manner. The perfection of Miss Catherine Hayes's shake cannot be surpassed, and the appropriate ornaments introduced by her, display an inventive facility in that department which speaks well; while she avoids overloading with ornaments, she is most happy in their introduction where that particular school of music requires them.

Herr Mengis acquitted himself excellently in the aria "Ah non avea lagrime," (Maria di Rudenz). Madame Macfarren's singing in the celebrated "Il segreto" elicited most marked applause. A buffo duet from *Don Pasquale* followed, which was sung by Herr Mengis and Signor Paltoni.

The singing of Miss Hayes in the two German ballads of Schubert, "Ave Maria" and "Hark the lark," was exquisite. The absence of all ornaments in both songs was another proof of the good taste and judgment of the gifted singer. Both arias, though German, being well known, were received with demonstrations of the liveliest satisfaction.

The second part commenced with a duet, sung by Miss C. Hayes and Herr Mengis. This was followed by Macfarren's beautiful ballad, "She shines before me like a star," sung to perfection by Madame Macfarren.

A noisy nothing of Linley's followed, which was sung by Herr Mengis, when it was evidently felt that the next was to be the song. Denzetti's charming cavatina, "O lucco di quest'amina," was sung by Miss Hayes with the playfulness and finish which it deserved. This, which I consider as Miss Catherine Hayes's "best," if there can be a best where all are so good, displayed the artist to the greatest advantage. A cadenza, introducing a chromatic passage, was sung with as much precision and truth as if produced by an instrument. A whirlwind of applause succeeded; the long pent up fire of the audience burst forth from all parts of the house. An unanimous encore elicited from the gifted lady the well-known and favourite finale in *La Sonnambula*, which air, however hackneyed, never fails to elicit, through such artists as Lind or "The Hayes," the warmest applause.

Signor Paltoni next sang "Largo al factotum" with great success. The feelings of the audience were wound up to the greatest pitch by the national ballad, "The harp that once through Tara's halls," which was sung as only an Irishwoman, and that woman Catherine Hayes, could sing it. The expressive face and heartfelt emotions of the singer during the utterance of her native music and poetry, lent a charm to which no words can do justice.

The following verses have been sent to me by a friend. In his letter to the lady, with a copy of the lines, he thus concludes,— "Well may Erin, fallen and degraded as her fate may be, feel proud of her favoured child. Lowly and degraded as her people are, I thank God for having bestowed such great gifts on a woman of our race."

Sweet minstrel! let me hang upon thy lips,
And feel the inspiration of thy power,
Till drunk with rapture—as the bee that sips
The honey from the intoxicating flower.

Then, only, might I dare to hymn the praise—
The glory and the majesty of thy name;
And, breathing but the spell-word of "La Hayes,"
Lend to my lyre th'eternity of fame.

Hail to thee, Goddess of the vocal lay!
Thy throne is in the empire of the soul;
Thy voice is as a magic wand to sway
The heart, and every power of sense control.

Oh, beauteous Queen of song! The bird that thrills
The moonlight echoes with its love's soft plaint,
The lark that carols on her native hills,
Filling the soul with melody till it aint,

Hath never poured into the poet's ear
A strain of harmony so rich, so wild,
And fraught with ecstasy—now far, now near—
As thine, fair Katherine, Nature's favoured child!

Thy voice is ringing in my brain; the spell
Hath broken; and the frozen fount of tears
Bursts from its inmost depths, even as a well,
Whose holy waters have been sealed for years.

Oh, my lost soul! ah, whither art thou fled?
In what enchantment hast thou swooned away?
In agony of bliss, my throbbing head
Reels like an over-laden flower of May.

Farewell, thou peerless Queen of song, farewell!
Not Heaven's own music, rapturous, divine,
Wafting the happy spirit above to dwell,
Hath power to make the heart forget the joy of thine.

A thousand blessings on thee! may thy part
Be strewn with flowers, and thy cup of life
O'erflow with sweetest pleasures, as my heart
Swells with thy magic lay—a heaven of strife.

JOHN F. GOULDING.

"Kathleen Mavourneen," as a matter of course, had to be repeated. Herr Mengis was encored in his Swiss song, and Signor Paltoni, in an aria buffa, was also encored.

This concluded the second concert. Mr. Lavenu conducted with his usual ability.

Miss Catherine Hayes left to-day for Galway, where she will sing at a concert, and then returns to Limerick, for the charitable concert on Monday night.

Third Concert for Charity. Monday November 18, 1850.

Miss Catherine Hayes's concert, for the Charitable Institutions of her native city took place last night. The Philosophical Buildings were crowded, although the badness of the weather must have deterred many from venturing out.

The concert commenced with Bellini's quartet, "A te o cara," well sung by the four, excepting the tenor, Signor Bordas, who was suffering from a cold. Herr Mengis was applauded in the Romance from *Dun Paquale*, "E bella si come," and Macfarren's ballad, "The love of Lady Anne," was very sweetly sung by Madame Macfarren. The exquisite singing of Miss Catherine Hayes, in Haydn's "With verdure clad," brought the charming vocalist before her audience in a new character. This song displayed the mellowness and beauty of the fair artist's voice to the greatest advantage, causing a regret that songs of the same description are not more frequently produced in the concert room. The taste of the Limerick audience was displayed in the unanimous desire for an encore evinced by them. I can only regret that the numerous duties of the artist for the rest of the concert, precluded the possibility of a repetition. Donizetti's Romance from *La Favorite* was sung next by Signor Bordas. Herr Mengis sang "Il Postiglione." The duet from *Lucia*, "Sella Tomba," which was sung by Miss Hayes and Signor Bordas, concluded the first part.

The duet from *Norma*, I think it is called, "Vieni in Roma," sung by Madame Macfarren and Herr Mengis, commenced the second part. In this Madame Macfarren transposed her solos to suit a contralto part; whether it be an improvement or not, I won't take upon me to say, but I consider the transposition of her

solos to a soprano, which she has generally done through the opera, often had an excellent effect; and all render praise to the musician-like qualities possessed by the artist.

Miss Hayes next sang Ricci's "Alfin Brillare" so exquisitely as to cause an uproarious call for an encore, when she substituted by desire, "O' face di quest' anima," which displays her vocalization with the greatest effect.

It is not the spirit of nationality which alone causes me to feel certain of the success which must be the consequence of this amiable lady's career—the writer of this has had the happiness of always looking forward to her ultimate triumph. From the earliest time he had the gratification of hearing Miss Catherine Hayes, he had been led to expect that she would arrive at the eminent position she now holds; and since he has become bold enough to judge for himself, he feels that ere long she will assume a position which is accorded to few. Independent of her great talent, she is admired and appreciated by those who have the pleasure of her acquaintance, and although her charitable acts or spotless virtues are not made the stock-in-trade of a puffing manager, they are not the less apparent, and are the more to be commended.

The proceeds of this last concert are to be divided equally between the Protestant and Roman Catholic bishops, and to be by them distributed amongst deserving objects; and while it may be a source of regret to the dispensers of the charity that these proceeds may not even amount to as much as Osian Dodgo the vocalist paid for one ticket to a concert, it is not the less creditable to our own vocalist, who pays all expenses out of her private pocket.

Macfarren's delicious ballad, "She shines before me," was again charmingly sung by Madame Macfarren, and Signor Bordas was better than usual in a romance from *Le due illustri Rivali*. The duet between Signor Bordas and Herr Mengis, "Quando di Sangue tinto," (*Belisario*), was next sung; after which Miss Hayes introduced a new ballad by Miss A. G. Knox, which was very creditable to an amateur. An encore followed, when Miss Hayes, by the unanimous desire of the audience, sang in its stead "Kathleen Mavourneen." It is almost needless to repeat, that the audience most vociferously applauded her. Herr Mengis was again encored in his Swiss song, which vies in popularity with the former success of "The Cavalier." The quartet, "I Porretti," concluded the concert. Signor Bordas did not try to conquer the unfavourable impression of the audience, as he never sang a note in it—probably owing to the effect of his recent illness.

On the whole, the performance gave great satisfaction. A good deal would be excused for Miss Hayes's sake, but with such artists as Madame Macfarren, Herr Mengis, and Signor Paltoni, there was not much room for cavilling.

Miss Hayes had to appear at the conclusion of the concert to receive the congratulations and offerings of her proud and gratified friends and auditors. She left this morning for Kilkenny, where she is to sing to-night. She sang on Saturday in Galway, where she met a most enthusiastic reception. She appears as *Lucia* on the 20th (to-morrow), in Dublin, and again on Saturday, between which days she gives a concert in Belfast.

Previous to her leaving Limerick, having heard that a choral society had been established by Mr. Rogers, she expressed a wish to become an honorary member, and stated that she regretted not having it in her power to remain and afford her services. She, of course, was unanimously elected, and was presented with an address from the members.

November 19, 1850.

I forgot to mention that Signor Paltoni did not sing at this concert, he having gone on, I believe, to await the company in Dublin.

T. D. S.

CORK.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Last week was one of great excitement, in consequence of the performance of a series of Italian operas at the Theatre Royal, under the able direction of Mr. Lavenu, the composer, by the gifted countess woman, Miss Catherine Hayes, and a highly talented company. The distinguished success of Miss Hayes in most of the European capitals is a cause of pride to all us Irishmen,

who feel that we have each a share in the national honour which is aggrandised by the individual greatness of any of our compatriots; and this pride is a pleasure in the present instance, when our Emerald Isle, whose emblem is the harp, puts forth anew her claim to be called "the land of song," on the strength of the justly earned celebrity of our native songstress. This sentiment is unanimous throughout our city, so you may well suppose that every place in the theatre, both sitting and standing, was occupied on Friday evening, to welcome the admirable artist, and to prove that her countrymen were not slower to appreciate her excellence than have been the best musical judges throughout her, thus far, triumphant career.

The opera on Friday was the *Sonnambula* of Bellini, in which the singing and acting of the *prima donna* were of the highest order, displaying the most refined cultivation of a beautiful voice, and distinguished by a natural simplicity and a truthful pathos, such as mark the very highest grade of artistic excellence. Signor Bordini, who sang with Mlle. Parodi at Her Majesty's Theatre the season before last, and stood his ground well in that most critical arena, sustained the character of Elvino with much merit. His style is somewhat exaggerated, but study and experience of the public will improve him, for he has evidently great qualifications. Herr Mengis, who accompanied Miss Catherine Hayes on her Irish tour last year, was already a favourite with us, and his performance of Rodolfo pleased no less than it did before, and it then pleased greatly. Madame Macfarren, to whom was allotted the ungrateful part of Lisa, was a stranger amongst us, and, as I found on subsequent performances, is capable of very far higher things than this opera gave her the opportunity to display;—all that I can remark of this occasion is a most lovely contralto voice, a musicianly manner, a beautiful person, shown to advantage by a characteristic dress, and a graceful and easy deportment. The audience were enthusiastic throughout the opera, every point of interest eliciting the warmest applause.

On Saturday we had Donizetti's *Luceria Borgia*, an opera which has never before been heard in Cork, and which was produced with a completeness that, considering the very large number of persons required for a perfect performance, surprised every body, no less than it delighted them. Miss Hayes appeared to less advantage in the heroine of this opera than in that of the *Sonnambula*; the gentle and the pathetic certainly became her better than the grand and the terrible; but, while I own that in comparison with herself this eminent vocalist suffers in this performance, I may confidently state that, in comparison with any other artist of the present day, she may be rivalled, but cannot be surpassed. Madame Macfarren, as Maffio Orsini, appeared to much greater advantage than on the previous evening; her singing and acting of the whole character were admirable. Her *romanza*, in the first scene, was given in a manner betokening the very highest powers of declamation, and of her *brindisi*, in the last act, it is sufficient to say that, after having been rapturously encored, many of the audience demanded it a third time; her voice told with much better effect than in that of Lisa, and her appearance was perfect. Signor Bordini was decidedly good in Gennaro; his solo in the duet with *Luceria*, "Il pescatore," pleased greatly, and he contributed his share to the excellent effect of the terzetto, in the second act, with Miss Hayes and Herr Mengis. This last-named gentleman, as the Duke, proved himself a thorough artist, and his merits were warmly acknowledged. Signor Paltoni was very efficient in Gubetta. I must not omit to say, that the celebrated chorus of maskers, which derived so much effect from the solo of Madame Macfarren, was enthusiastically encored. After what I have said of the reception of *La Sonnambula*, I can say nothing less than that the performance of *Luceria* was entirely triumphant from beginning to end.

On Monday night the performance was Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, in which our Irish *prima donna* has won some of her brightest laurels, a selection from the *Don Pasquale* of the same master, and a concert. The same artists appeared with the same success as in their previous performances; but my sheet is nearly full, so you must excuse my entering into further particulars than to tell you how our fair countrywoman's delivery of some of our own national airs threw the audience into a perfect ecstacy; and that Madame Macfarren's beautiful singing of the ballad

"She shines before me," from her husband's opera of *King Charles*, made everybody desirous to know more of the work.

The engagement closed last evening (Tuesday), when the performances were for Miss Hayes's benefit. The opera was *Norma*, in which, by her exquisite singing and refined acting, the *beneficence* outdid all her previous efforts; everything that betokens talent, matured by consummate art, was manifest in this performance, and the audience fully appreciated its merits. Signor Bordini did his best with the somewhat thankless character of Pollione, and Signor Paltoni was decidedly good as Orovoso. I must dilate upon the Adalgisa of Madame Macfarren, who was, indeed, a remarkable thing in the art. Madame Macfarren has remodelled the voice part of this character throughout, adapting it for a contralto instead of a soprano; and the general effect of the opera is, to my taste, certainly improved by the change, although I am bound to own that the last movement of the grand duet with Norma loses somewhat in brilliancy; this, however, is the only *moreau* that suffers. Madame Macfarren's personation of this part is by much the best thing she has done in Cork, and was, I think, of a character to place her in the most forward rank of lyrical artists. Her singing was exceedingly charming, and her acting appealed to the sympathies of every one.

The party left this morning for Limerick, where Miss Catherine Hayes is to give a concert for the poor, at which all the artists who accompany her will appear. C. E.

November 13, 1850.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MUSICAL "WE" OF THE "ATHENÆUM."

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

"He doth your merits selfishly decry
Who writes but with a lust to misapply.
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such scribbling blockheads in his stead."

Sir,—I trust the minor poets will excuse my *edition* of Pope, but on reference to his works they will find that I retain the *spirit* of the great author, which is not always the case with them! Mr. Chorley, not being one myself, I am disqualified from passing an opinion on his merits: the majority of the sons of earth are, in this respect, like me; I fear, therefore, his poetic genius will be too little valued—because, what we cannot well understand we have no right either to praise or condemn. But with all this gentleman's poetical superiority, he has more than once laid himself open to the rebuke even of the most prosy pedant. When he reviewed my Essay on Fugue he admitted that he did not understand it, but yet he had the charity, and did his mine, to damn it with faint praise. I wonder if the editor of the *Athenæum* thinks Mr. Chorley as superior a poet as I know him to be a superficial musical theorist and an A B C writer on this subject; or whether the editor cares little about the matter so long as

"The sneaking cry, the master's spy,
Rewarded is for truth and lie."

But, sir, without being poetically gifted myself, I think I can assist the above editor in arriving at an accurate judgment into the real merits of Mr. Chorley's poetical qualifications; for if there be truth in the following couplet, then he can be dubbed only a stringer of poet words, without poetical associations within him:—

"Poets are all who love, who feel great truths,
And tell them: and the truth of truths is love."

Now then to my subject. In alluding to the difficulties in establishing an English opera, the musical "We" of the bitter *Athenæum* launches out as follows:—

"How slight and strange at once these [the difficulties] seem to certain of our professors may be judged from a recent advertisement, put forth by Mr. F. Flowers, in which he roundly declares that there is no good English opera, because there are no good English singers, and that there are no good English singers, because there are no good teachers; and that, to supply this want, [which of the three wants?] he will teach *soprani*, *tenors*, and *sub basses* [what are they?] gratuitously, for some hours every day. It seems difficult to accept such a frank statement and proposal for earnest, even though it has been issued in print."

Firstly, I never was so stupid as to advertise that English singers had a hand in the composition of any English opera. Whether Mr. Chorley takes a poetic license, or desires to *disfigure* me, I cannot decide; but all I know is, that his language is destitute of common sense. I have circulated that, at present, no company of English singers can long sustain a national opera, and Mr. Chorley cannot prove this idea to be an absurd one. I resolutely will be coold.

Secondly, I will answer "we," upon the *sub-bass* question. There are many, like Mr. Chorley, (not accepting his pet foreign singing masters), who are ignorant of the difference between a bass and a baritone; and, as I addressed myself only to people possessing fine natural voices, and not to those who have been ruined by teachers, I conceived that the prefix *sub* would make them sensible that I wanted very low voices. But, as Mr. Chorley affects not to have discovered my motive for applying that term, the inference is, that he cannot be of a very imaginative turn of mind; at least, such an enjoy common sense must think so. Now, his sinister motive for affecting this simplicity is, to make me look like a simpleton, and I trust that his poetical sensibility will not be touched by this little disclosure. Furthermore, allow me to inform this genius of the *Athenæum*, that the term *sub-bass* is as sensible as *one as basso profundo*!

Thirdly, I came to show up Mr. Chorley's mercy and charity, which never fail him, and makes him the prince of poets! It may, indeed, seem strange to a man on the press to accept such *frank proposals for earnest* as the one to which Mr. Chorley alludes, but it is positively true that I shall teach twenty-four singers for nothing in the *British School of Vocalization*. If Mr. Chorley had been of a generous turn of mind, he would not have allowed the readers of the *Athenæum* to doubt the honesty of my proposal, but would have waited to learn the truthfulness of it; this is something like robbing a man of his good name, but this seems of no consequence to Mr. Chorley, who argues little good in him. Had he, for example, written in the spirit of an honest Briton, not like a foreign spy, he would have said something to this effect:—If Mr. Flowers should succeed in carrying out his intentions, British vocalists will have to rejoice at it; should he not be so fortunate, his attempt will be no less creditable to him as a man and an Englishman. But, sir, this sort of spirit nowhere prevails in the writing of Mr. Chorley on my proposal; on the contrary, he first misinterprets me; secondly, doubts my honesty, and then accuses me of vanity, by telling his readers that Mr. Flowers is, "in his own opinion, the best of singing masters." I do not wish to impress any one into such a belief; all I do say is, that I will perform my heavy task to the letter, and I am not so dense as not to discern that those who have not brought out twenty-four first-rate vocalists in two years, will be ranked above me, however long their standing may be. At present, I have no right to be considered a good singing master—"the proof of the pudding is in the eating," Mr. Chorley; but I shall succeed, and woe be to all such uncharitable, poetical, foreign puffers as Mr. Chorley when I do so. Yet, sir, I will then rest justly even to him and his like, although I shall not want their assistance.

I hope, in future, Mr. Chorley will learn to undervalue no one till he has acquired a perfect knowledge of himself, and in order to arrive at this important inquiry, allow me to remind him that the making of books from books, poetry from poetry, scribbling from scribbling, &c., indicates no serious amount of human intelligence; for, if an ape could talk that animal would display equal imitative faculties. Mr. Chorley can talk, and yet he cannot imitate the voice of man (showing his knowledge of vocalization and the right he has to scribble upon the subject!) but with feminine speech, he contrives to screech out very un-English-like imitations of sincerity.

Lastly, I advise this gentleman to take lessons under some foreign singing master, who, no doubt, can strengthen his "still small voice." If his dear teacher cannot, or will not do so, I can (I mean what I say) and would, if he would condescend to pay me for the cure—then he could talk like a man, which would greatly assist him in thinking, acting, and looking less like a fox, and behaving more like an Englishman to British vocalists, whom he runs down; and less like a puffer of foreign teachers, whom he runs up. Alas, how just, how sapient!—I am, sir, yours obliged,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

MUNICH, Nov. 5.—(From a correspondent.)—I have had the pleasure of hearing here lately the two talented children, Sophie and Isabelle Duleken (nieces to the late Madame Duleken), twice at the Theatre of the Royal Court. Mlle. Sophie performed some of the choicest compositions of Chopin, Thalberg, Liszt, and Rullak, with a boldness and neatness as unexpected as they were surprising. Mlle. Isabelle approaches, as nearly as possible, her excellent preceptor Regondi. We have not heard the concertina since played with so much real cleverness. The young ladies are frequently compared by their friends to the Milanollo's. During the performances at the theatre they were called for five times to receive the congratulations of the audience. Mr. Henry Duleken intends to proceed with his daughters to Augsburg, Ratisbonne, Linz, and Vienna, and afterwards return to England for the commencement of the London season.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mlle. FRANCESKA RUMMEL, who has been singing in various German towns with great success, returns to London next week.

CONCERT AT THE GUILDHALL.—Simultaneously with the ball given for the funds of the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland, there was also an excellent concert on Thursday evening, at which (with their characteristic liberality) some of the most eminent artists of the day assisted. The concert was given in the Council Chamber, which was elegantly fitted up for the occasion, and elicited universal surprise and gratification. Mr. Lindley Sloper conducted the concert with great ability, and also performed with Mlle. Cosdon Osborne's brilliant duet from *Les Huguenots*. Want of space deprives us of the means of particularising the many and excellent performances of the evening. The principal novelty of the concert consisted in some very graceful words from the pen of the Countess of Beauchamp, and sung with exquisite taste by Miss Dolby. The words (so the programme informs us) were adapted to some music by Mr. Brenley Richards, who also accompanied Miss Dolby, with his usual efficiency. The title of the song is the "Exile of Poland," and we hear that it is in course of publication for the ensuing bazaar to be held in Paris for the benefit of the Poles, in the month of January. Want of space at the present moment prevents the insertion of the poetry here; on another occasion we will gladly do so. When we add that the programme contained, in addition to the artists already mentioned, the names of Mlle. Angri, Miss Mosconi, Miss Hassano, Miss Ramsford, Mr. Allen, M. Jules Lefort, Mr. Bodda, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Whitworth, we think it scarcely necessary to add that the entertainment was one in every way well worthy the occasion, and also of the applause of the crowded auditors who visited the Polish fête on Thursday evening. Amongst the visitors at the concert we noticed the Lord and Lady Mayores, Lord Dudley Stuart, the Earl of Devon, Lord Marcus Hill, the Hon. Mrs. Stanley, Sir Henry Webb, Major Herbert Edwards, Mr. Chisholm Anstey, &c. It is said that more than one thousand pounds would be added to the funds of the institution by the evening's proceeds.

HONISTON.—On Tuesday a concert, under the immediate patronage of the Right Hon. Viscountess Sidmouth, was given by Mr. Flood. The Dolphin Assembly Room was fully and fashionably attended, and no doubt productive to Mr. Flood, who had catered so well for public gratification. The concert opened with the overture to *L'italiana in Algeri*, executed with precision, and favourably received. The glee, "Queen of the Valley," and "Sweet Gratitude," followed, which gave way to a solo by Mr. Flood, whose voice perhaps for a moment faltered, doubtless, owing to the welcome appearance of so crowded an auditory. The various pieces offered in the programme do not require particular criticism; but we cannot pass by Miss Cole, a pupil of the Royal Academy, especially engaged for the occasion, and who made her appearance in the song "Come all ye glad and free." Grace and feeling formed its chief distinctions. Her singing of the "Merry Zingara" was also much admired, and in "Home, sweet Home" we were presented with a

specimen of what may be justly termed expressive singing, with that subdued pathos which captivates the judgment. The audience did not fail to demonstrate the admiration which the youthful talent of Miss Cole so well deserved, by considerable applause. Mr. Ingham gave "The last Man" with much effect. Of the instrumental performers, Mr. Wm. Haydon Flood played a solo on the piano-forte, with considerable skill, in which an accompaniment on the cornet-piston was introduced. In mentioning the name of Master Rendle, on the violin, we introduce a very young aspirant to the honours of his profession. Master Rendle had been heard previously in Houniton but by a few; these hailed his re-appearance with pleasure, and warmly greeted his performance. The feeling with which he played a solo of Blagrove deserved the encore it met with, and Master Rendle repaid the compliment with renewed exertion. The concert gave great satisfaction to the auditory, and we trust may be an annual offering to the lovers of music in Houniton and its neighbourhood. The name of Mr. Flood is well known and appreciated, and the profession has to lament the early death of a son, some short time since, whose publications gave evidence of a promising talent. We allude to Mr. Edwin Flood, composer of "The Sabbath Bells."

PAGANINI.—Of this wonderful magician of the violin the following interesting anecdote is related:—Travelling in Germany, the great artist arrived without the gates of Frankfurt, where he alighted, and, instead of entering the city, proceeded to a quiet and retired *auberge* in the suburbs. After having partaken of his usually slender supper, Paganini, absorbed in reverie, mounted the narrow stairs to the place assigned for his repose, a narrow and mountain-looking garret. By that time the night, which was, however, remarkably beautiful, had considerably advanced, yet Paganini seated himself at the open window, and gazing into the night, saw the brilliant eyes of heaven only through the medium of his own, while the spirit of his dreamy and imaginative fancy peopled the surrounding space with strange forms and shadows that, to the rapid musician, were not phantasms, but partook of substantiality and real existence. Suddenly the clock of some neighbouring *kirche* struck one, and, in the space of a moment,

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream."

for instantly the remembrance of an occurrence of which he had been an eyewitness occurred to his mind. The wizard violinist abruptly caught up his instrument, and endeavoured to portray sounds that still echoed through his ears. The moans and cries of a newly-born infant, the agonized sobs and shudders of the mother, were imitated with the most consummate fidelity by his wonderful bow. The unaccustomed sounds soon awakened the host, who precipitately arose, marveling through what means such visitors could have entered his house unknown to himself. Arousing his son also, they hastened together to the apartment from whence the sounds proceeded. Their astonishment may be guessed when they perceived the tall, gaunt, almost unearthly figure of a man, or of a disembodied spirit,—for it seemed as much like the one as the other,—strangely gesticulating. But they were soon calm enough to behold that it was a man, apparently lost in intense thought, who, not even noticing their entrance, caused his violin to utter, so it appeared, distinct human sounds, while the pale moonlight lit up his cadaverous face with an expression not of the earth. They retired immediately, without daring to disturb the "midnight recollections" of the performer, and it was not till some time afterwards that they discovered their guest was the renowned Paganini.—*Memoranda of a Musician.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MIS DOLBY begs to announce that the SECOND of her Annual SERIES of Three SOIREE MUSICALES, will take place at her residence, 2, HINDE STREET, MANCHESTER SQUARE, on TUESDAY, the 26th instant, to commence at EIGHT O'CLOCK precisely. The instrumental Music will comprise Haydn's Quartet in D, and a Trio, by M. Siles (first time of performance in London). Vocal Performers, Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. Benson, and Miss Jose Stockhausen. Instrumentalists, Messrs. Lindsay, Sloper, Blagrove, Dando, Schimon, and Lucas.—Single Tickets, HALF-A-GUINEA each, to be had of MIS DOLBY only. The third and last Soirée will take place on December the 10th.

Musical Library of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and very valuable Musical Instruments.

PUTTICK & SIMPSON, Auctioneers of Literary Property, will sell by Auction at their Great Room, 101, Piccadilly, on Thursday, November 26th, and following Day, the MUSICAL LIBRARY of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, consisting of capital Works in all classes, particularly a large and valuable collection of Instrumental Music, Trios, Quartets, &c.; a fine copy of Dr. Arnold's Handel, on large paper; two Violins, and a Violoncello, by Stradivarius; and other Instruments of high quality. To which is added a Miscellaneous Musical Library, and some very valuable Musical Instruments; very recent Harps, by Erard; Schwela, and Stumpff; Pianofortes, by Broadwood and others; a splendid Violoncello, by Amati; Violins of high character, concertinas, and other Instruments, Wind and Stringed. Catalogues will be sent on application.

Small parcels of Music, Instruments, Books, and other Literary Property will be received for introduction into occasional Sales, with Property of a kindred description, thus affording the same advantages to the possessor of a few lots as to the owner of a large collection.

NEW VIOLIN MUSIC.—WESSEL and CO. have just Published ERNST'S "AIRS HONGROIS," for Violin, with Piano accompaniment, which may be procured, as well as ERNST'S "BONDO PAPA-GANO," of all Music Sellers, and at WESSEL and CO.'S, 229, REGENT STREET, corner of HANOVER STREET.

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THIS magnificent Musical Instrument, constructed by A. Messrs. FLIGHT and ROBSON, the varied powers and beauties of which, illustrated by Adams, Parkin, and others, are yet visible in the recollection of the Public, having been erected at the Royal Music Hall, Adelaide-street, Strand, will be presented on (and after) the Anniversary of the Birth of the Princess Royal, Thursday, the 21st inst., for daily performances. Doors open at half past One, and commence at Two precisely. Its mechanical power, grandeur, and melody, is yet unrivalled; the cylindrical apertures being admitted as the largest and most perfect work of Musical Mechanism in the world. The Great Organ is from G to G, five complete octaves. Pedal Organ double Bass, and Trombones from G G to C, two octaves and a half; there are 37 stops of great interest and variety, and about 2,000 pipes of most matured tone and quality; the Reed stops alone exceed 400; the Trumpet and Cremona stops are perfection; there are six distinct sets of keys, and when in full operation a like number of performers play at the same time. The performance by three cylinders, each eight feet long, two feet diameter, give tone to 360 pipes at the same time; they are arranged for Weber's overture to "Der Freischütz," Mozart's overture to "Figaro," and other esteemed works of Mozart, Cherubini, Haydn, Handel, &c.

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Selections from the most favourite Operas, &c., arranged expressly for this most extraordinary instrument, will be performed at intervals throughout each morning.

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THE FRENCH DRUMMERS, AND JETTY TREFFZ, EVERY EVENING.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that the **FRENCH DRUMMERS**, from the 2nd Legion de la Garde Nationale de Paris, having met with the most cordial reception from the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, patronising his Concerts, the

"GREAT EXHIBITION QUADRILLE,"

Founded on the all-absorbing subject of the day, will be performed

TO-MORROW, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25th, 1850,

And every Evening during the Week.

THE QUADRILLE WILL BE AIDED BY

THE BAND OF HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL ARTILLERY, under the Direction of Mr. Collins;
 THE BAND OF HER MAJESTY'S 2nd LIFE GUARDS, under the Direction of Mr. Greston Cooke;
 THE BAND OF HER MAJESTY'S COLDESTREAM GUARDS, under the Direction of Mr. Godfrey: (by the Permission of the Commanding Officers.)
 Also by the **FRENCH DRUMMERS**, under the direction of M. BARBIER, the Tambour-Major.

DESCRIPTION OF THE QUADRILLE.

INTRODUCTION—Music of Northern Nations.

No. 1.—The French Pas Accéléré, performed by the **FRENCH DRUMMERS**, including La Chamade, Le Chant d'Honneur, and Le Banc. The Grand Pas Redouble by the **THREE MILITARY BANDS**, and Roulement Serré, concluding with the Grand Chant Militaire.

No. 2.—The Spanish Sapatoco, with Variations for Oboe by M. LAVIGNE; Flute, Mr. PRATTEN; Flageolet, M. COLLINET; Guitar Accompaniment, by the Messrs. CIEBRA.

INTRODUCTION to No. 3.—The Aurora Serenade—a Sicilian lover to his mistress. Corno-Musa Solo, M. SOUAILLE; Harp Obligato, Mr. STREATHORN.

No. 3.—The Piedmontese Monferrina, concluding with the Neapolitan Tarentella. Castagnettes, by M. ISTA.

No. 4.—Parlant pour La Syrie—French air taken from an old Eastern melody, with Variations for Bombardon, by Herr SOMMER; Solo, Cornet-a-Pistons, by Herr KERVIG; with variations on the Flute, by Mr. PRATTEN.

No. 5.—March of all Nations to London. The morning of the inauguration of the Grand Exhibition is supposed to have arrived. The great city, which for the first time shelters such wonderful masses from all parts of the known world, is as yet still, when at day-break the festival is ushered in by the sounding of the chimes of London, echoed far and near from each surrounding belfry. Soon the city is in movement, and the multitudes hasten towards the same goal, all eager to behold the most stupendous realization of human industry recorded in the history of the globe. A tremendous shout bursts forth, and the welcomed Nations one and all join in the glorious cry—

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

In addition to the New Quadrille, the Programmes, during the Week, will include SYMPHONIES by Beethoven and Mendelssohn; Meyerbeer's celebrated Music from "LES HUGUENOTS;" Madlle. JETTY TREFFZ will sing two New Songs for the first time—"The Mountain Daisy," by Lindley, and Beethoven's celebrated adaptation from Goethe's Poem of "MIGNON," entitled, "Know'st Thou the Land." Solos by Mr. PRATTEN, M. DEMUSCK, &c.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:		
Promenade, Boxes, and Galleries	One SHILLING.	
Dress Circle	2s. 6d.	

M. JULLIEN has the honor to announce that, in compliance with the very general wish, the Season will terminate with

GRAND BAL MASQUE,

Which will take place on THURSDAY, December 12th, 1850.

Places and Private Boxes, may be secured of Mr. O'REILLY, at the Box-Office of the Theatre, which is open from 10 till 5. Private Boxes also at Mr. MITCHELL'S; Mr. SAM'S; Messrs. LEADER and COOKS; Mr. CHAFFELL; Messrs. CRAMER, BEALE, & Co.; Messrs. CAMPBELL & Co.; and at JULLIEN & Co.'s Establishment, 214, Regent Street.

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c

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No. 48.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1850.

PRICE THREEPENCE
STAMPED FOURPENCE

MR. FRENCH FLOWERS.

We feel pleasure in calling attention to a letter inserted this week in our columns under the respectable name of Mr. Brinley Richards. We entirely agree with the purport of that letter, and feel it incumbent upon us to disown all participation whatever in the sentiments, and all sympathy with the tone and style of Mr. Flowers' letter, headed "The Wg of the *Athenæum*," which appeared in our last. Having been for many years in the habit of receiving letters from Mr. Flowers, his contributions have usually been consigned to the printer without examination. This must be our excuse for the letter having appeared at all. Had we seen it, we should have assuredly returned it to the author. We are no enemies to controversy, but for personal attacks in literary discussion we have the utmost aversion.

D. R.

THE GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

A "descriptive symphony," entitled *The Seasons*, the composition of Dr. Spohr, was produced on Monday night for the first time in this country. This work, the most recent contribution to the orchestra of its author, should have been introduced last season at the Philharmonic concerts, but the directors, not for the first time, let a good opportunity slip, and, with their accustomed indifference to novelty, allowed the National Concerts to forestall them in making the English public acquainted with a new effort of so justly celebrated a writer as Dr. Spohr. At the same time, we are not prepared to assert, after a single hearing, through the medium of a rough and unfinished performance, that the Philharmonic Society have been serious losers in the present instance. *The Seasons* appears to exhibit all the peculiar mannerisms of style that make the music of Spohr so easily recognizable, but little of the fancy, melodic flow, and dramatic expression to which it owes its reputation. The title led us to expect a work of equal magnitude and interest to the *Wiehe der Töne*, the fourth symphony of the composer, which, had he given birth to nothing else, would have sufficed to place him among the greatest musicians of his time. We were disappointed. The new "descriptive symphony" describes little that is palpable on a first hearing. We have no faith, however, in what is called "descriptive" music, since few things in nature admit of direct imitation by musical sounds, and these appeal in general to the vulgar kind of art. But when an intellectual musician like Spohr, a man of genius, if ever the art possessed one, employs the term "descriptive," we are naturally led to adopt a nobler signification. It is clear that spring, summer, autumn, and winter, cannot be literally "imitated" by means of music, and we must conclude that Spohr, in *The Seasons*, as Beethoven in the *Pastoral Symphony*, aimed simply at giving expression to the influence

produced on his own mind by the natural phenomena which mark the different periods of the year; and that the symphony, being the most complete and elevated form in which music can be presented, was selected as the fittest to carry out his object. In this light, then, we must regard *The Seasons* as a piece of didactic music, in which feelings are to be communicated rather than material things described; and, in this light, we cannot but view it as a failure in comparison with the great example we have adduced; and, indeed, with Spohr's own symphony, *Der Wiehe der Töne*. The design of *The Seasons* is plain enough, musically considered, since it consists of the usual number of movements, with a regularly developed allegro in place of the ordinary scherzo, or minuet—which, by the way, is not an innovation, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Spohr himself having already done the same. The philosophical or poetical plan of the work, however, is not so easily followed. The symphony is divided into two parts, and each part into two movements. Part the first is described in the programme as "Winter; Introduction to Spring; Spring;" part the second, as "Summer; Transition to Autumn; Winter;" from which synopsis, joined to what can be gathered from the music itself, we must suppose the symphony to begin at that frequently turbulent and stormy period which divides the winter from the spring. Mendelssohn has already attempted this in the introductory movement of his *Walpurgis Nacht*, where the orchestra is intended to suggest a tempestuous winter in the mountains, clearing away at the approach of spring. How much more successful was Mendelssohn in conveying his impressions to others will readily be concluded after a comparison of his first movement with that of Spohr. The restless, ever-changing character of the opening to the *Walpurgis Nacht*, is at once accepted as a striking illustration of the subject, but we can perceive nothing in the movement of Spohr which might not, with equal propriety, be said to represent many other themes besides the one in question, and this without comparing the strictly musical pretensions of the two. That of Spohr is a *moderato* in B minor, in common time (we speak from our impressions of the music, never having seen the score), gloomy, passionate, and fantastic at intervals, the principal characteristics being an abundance of modulation, and a peculiarity of harmony and cadence, which belong essentially to Spohr, and, by constant employment, very often degenerate into monotony. The next movement, in G major, 3-4 (minuet) time, is far happier and more suggestive. The presence of spring may readily be imagined in the freshness and simplicity of the principal themes, the unaffected grace of all the details, and the natural employment of the instruments of the orchestra, that, with prodigious art, are made to suggest the numberless sweet voices with which nature speaks on arising from her wintry rest. In this most charming movement, with which part first concludes, every animated thing seems to wake up and be joyful; and, we

may add, without irreverence, that the listener emulates the birds and insects of the musician's fancy. It is one of the happiest efforts of Spohr, who, thus inspired, is inferior to no composer whom the art has known. But such moments are rarer with him than with other great musicians, in whom an inexhaustible fund of melody seems to have been treasured up for gradual distribution, and still rarer in his later works than in those of his early time. They merit, therefore, the warmer welcome when they come. The slow movement which commences the second part, and stands for "Summer," is remarkable for the violins being muted throughout, by which an unbroken *sostenuto* throughout, and a cloying richness of harmony, a certain drowsy monotony is conveyed, anything, we should hope, but the universal effect of bright sunshine and ripened vegetation on the human heart. A short fragment, in which the horn *obligato* may be regarded as an indication that the hunting season is at hand, must, we suppose, be understood as the transition from summer to autumn; but whether the last movement be intended to represent autumn and winter in succession, or winter alone, we are unable to guess from the scanty information of the printed programme. The pastoral character of one of the principal themes (a popular German *volkslied*, according to the *Morning Post*) inclines us to suppose the former. The movement itself, in B major, is spirited and wonderfully clever, but very difficult for all the instruments, especially the "strings," which have a formidable array of "accidentals" to deal with. There is nothing very "wintery" suggested in any part of it, and, in fact, a want of distinctive character is apparent, with few exceptions, from first to last.

While we have endeavoured, in this hasty sketch, to show that in the symphony of the *Seasons*, Spohr has not altogether maintained his usual height, that the passages of inspiration are rare, and that only one movement of the four ("Spring") is entirely beautiful, we must not omit to qualify our objections with the acknowledgement that, in all probability, no other living composer could have produced an orchestral work of such large outline, ingenious detail, and rich instrumental colouring. But Spohr has taught us, by previous essays, to expect so much, that the announcement of a new symphony from his pen is almost tantamount to the promise of a new *chef d'œuvre* for the art. That we have been disappointed on the present occasion cannot be denied; but if "Homer nods" at intervals, why not Dr. Spohr? We shall take an early occasion of hearing the symphony again, when a few performances have made the band familiar with its complexities, and insured a more finished if not energetic execution—a consummation which, under a director of such vigour and intelligence as Mr. Balfe, may, we think, be relied upon—and trust to derive a more decidedly favorable opinion. Should we find ourselves undecieved in any essential point, we shall be too glad, if only in deference to the illustrious name of Spohr, to state our new impression. A more attentive audience than that of Monday night could not have "stood" (the greater number of them were in the promenade during the execution of the symphony) in judgment on a new work. The applause at the end of the several movements was no less discriminately than heartily bestowed.

The departure of the Berlin Chorus having been postponed, they have been singing every night since our last with sustained success. To-night is stated as positively their last appearance. They are announced to sing a battle-song, which, if it be to the tune of a quick march, we shall not be sorry for, since, up to the present moment, we never heard them sing anything but slow pieces. Among the most in-

teresting of their recent performances was a "Kyrle Eleison," from a mass of Henry Wylde, which is remarkably clever and well-written; so much so, indeed, that we are curious to hear the entire work from which it is extracted.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

M. JULLIEN repeated his "Mendelssohn Festival" on Tuesday, when the same programme, with one exception, was performed. The exception was the overture to *Melusine*, substituted for the march from *Ataliah*. The house was crammed to suffocation. The performance went off with great éclat, Jetty Tieffz, and the "Wedding March," from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, carrying off the encores. M. Jullien has begun to adopt a method of engaging the interest of his audience in favour of the classical works introduced at his "festivals," which, if carried out, we think is likely to prove beneficial. The following description of Mendelssohn's third symphony will explain what we allude to.

In this great orchestral masterpiece Mendelssohn has essayed to convey, by the aid of musical sounds, his impressions during a tour amidst the romantic scenery of the Highlands. Nature and history, the external face of the earth, and the legendary associations of the locality, one of the most picturesque and beautiful in the world, have, each in turn, assisted to direct his thoughts and colour his imagination. The symphony may be divided into a programme of four parts:—

PART I.—The introduction in A minor—*andante con moto*—must be accepted as an indication of the peculiar state of mind of the great poet musician during his contemplation of the scenes around him. The low tones of the oboe announce a mystic feeling, which the grave solemnity of the movement deepens and develops.

Continuation of Part I.—In the same key—*Allegro un poco agitato*—carries on the train of thought in a more excited and varied strain. The theme, Scottish in character, at once shows that the peculiar rhythm of the Highland melody had taken a strong hold of Mendelssohn, and that while gazing on the mountains and cataracts the ideas suggested to his mind by their beauty and sublimity were tinged with the song of the shepherd and the war-hymn of the chieftain. The peculiar charm of this fine movement is derived from its continual changes of character, its agitated restlessness, its rapid and frequent passage from gloom and darkness to sunshine and exultation. The storm that twice begins and twice subsides, is a phase of the same shifting monotony. Its effect in musical sounds, as produced by the infinite art of the composer, is graphic and terrible. Its first announcement, by a series of strange and unexpected progressions of harmony, is so striking that none can fail to perceive that a war of the elements is intended, while its progress towards the end of the movement, through the entire power of the orchestra, is managed with consummate power. It will be observed that by a master-stroke of genius the storm dies away, and falls gradually back into the slow introductory movement, a fragment of which is repeated, with soft instrumentation at which point the movement concludes. The first part of the symphony is didactic and reflective—purely poetical.

PART II.—A scherzo in F major, *Vivace non troppo*. The opening theme at once suggests a Highland revel. The clarinet, in imitation of the bagpipe, sets forth with a lively tune, so completely Scottish in character that none can mistake it. This is taken up at intervals by the other instruments, and worked in conjunction with another theme, most happily contrasted in rhythm, with, throughout the movement, astonishing fertility of invention. From its joyful, exuberant, and fantastic character, this scherzo is generally the favourite movement with all descriptions of audiences, since it is easier to enter into the supposed development of a dramatic scene than into the subtleties of philosophical contemplation.

PART III.—In A major, *Adagio*. This beautiful movement may be considered complete in itself—an episode of a Highland love story, in which the lovers are happy and united, until death snatches one away unexpectedly, and turns joy into despair. The snatches

ceremony, with "the steps of the mourners, heavy and slow," may be recognised easily at the place where a lugubrious kind of dirge (for clarionets and bassoons) interrupts that streaming melody for the violins which opens the movement, and gives an intense idea to a reflective mind of the feeling of devotion with which the survivor recalls the memory of his beloved. The dirge in its turn is interrupted by this divine melody, but again returns in a different key, until it ultimately gives way to a strain of soothing loveliness. The first strain, with new devices of harmony and instrumentation, brings the movement to a close.

Part IV. and last.—*Allegro guerriero*. In "A minor.—The tone of this fierce and impetuous *allegro* at once announces that strife is the main subject intended to be suggested. From the outset to the end it is one continued tumult; the chief sets out for battle, followed by his armed retainers, and the contest is long and terrible, until at length, when the climax is reached, a sudden change to soft music, in which the wind instruments are engaged on passages of a wailing and plaintive character, indicates that the battle is over, and that grief and lamentation for the dead are the predominant ideas of the musician. This episode, so full of deep meaning, having died away to the faintest echo, is unexpectedly followed by a new theme, a kind of thanksgiving ode, which, commencing reposefully, gradually works up into the loudest and most brilliant jubilee. With this striking and impressive psalm terminates one of the noblest compositions of its author, and of the art of which he was so great an ornament.

At a future "Festival" it would be advisable if M. Jullien were to illustrate the whole of his programme in the same manner. Nothing can possibly be better calculated to help the intelligence and sustain the attention of his audience.

SPOHR, BALFE, G. MACFARREN, EDWARD LODER, HOWARD GLOVER, HECTOR BERLIOZ, & FELICIAN DAVID.

THE above gentlemen being announced every night as "co-promoters to the Grand National Concerts," we think it our duty, as friends of the two last mentioned, to say that they are quite unaware of the distinguished honour conferred upon them by the "executive committee, managers, and directors." They will most probably be apprised of it for the first time through the medium of this announcement. How they may receive the news remains to be seen.

SIVORI.

WE are in some apprehension about this celebrated violinist. According to the prospectus of the Grand National Concerts, he was, upwards of two months ago, "on his way to England," to fulfill a "pending" engagement with the "executive committee, managers, and directors." He has not yet been heard of, however, although the journey from the Havannah to England, supposing Sig. Sivori to have been "on his way" when the prospectus was first issued, would have been over long ago, bad weather admitted. Let us hope that no accident has occurred to the celebrated violinist.

JENNY LIND VISITING THE BLIND.

(From the Boston Courier, Nov. 15.)

ON Wednesday, the 13th, Jenny Lind visited the New York Asylum for the Blind, on 34th street. She was accompanied by the Hon. John Jay, and all notice of her intended presence at the institution was kept from the inmates. The superintendent, Mr. Chamberlain, even was not informed of her purpose until she was presented to him by Mr. Jay. The *Evening Post* gives the following detailed account of the interview:—

"The party arrived at the asylum about half-past twelve,

and upon her expressing a willingness to sing to the pupils a few of her songs, Mr. Chamberlain directed the bell to be rung. In about five minutes the party was asked into the chapel, where we found the school assembled, all ignorant as yet of the purpose of this unusual summons. There were about one hundred and thirty of these unfortunates, whose eyes

'Bereft of light, their seeing had forgot,'

and who strove in vain to gratify the intense curiosity under which their restlessness and intent expressions showed they were labouring.

"When Mr. Chamberlain announced to them the generous compliment which Miss Lind was about paying them, there was a general expression of surprise and delight. Her fame had obviously preceded her into this abode of darkness, and every one of its stricken inmates seemed to appreciate the privilege that was in store for them, and the wide distinction of her to whom they owed it.

"After laying aside her hat and gloves, Miss Lind then proceeded to the piano, and commenced one of her most choice melodies, the name of which does not occur to us. At first, all other emotions among the pupils seemed to be swallowed up in surprise, from which they did not recover fully even in the second piece. They seemed to be painfully intent upon every note that fell from her lips, betraying in the play of their features and change of colour, their susceptibility to the variable effects of the music.

"The third piece she sang was the Song of the Birdling. By this time, the pupils began to realise what had happened, and to understand that the famous Jenny Lind had come, and was actually singing to them. They now gave themselves up wholly to the pleasure of the music, and when they listened to the vocal feats which have made the Bird Song so popular, they seemed worried that they had no way of adequately expressing their delight. They could not exchange with each other looks of admiration, and they had never learned how other audiences are accustomed to "wreak their feelings upon expression" in the concert-room. It was curious to watch the smile of pleasure creep over their faces, and give place betimes to a stern or sad expression, according to their relative susceptibilities, all strongly contrasted with the comparatively passive features of those who have all their senses perfect to share the labor of observation and the pleasure of enjoyment. When Miss Lind arose from the piano, the pupils no longer attempted to restrain their expressions of delight, but spoke to each other about her singing with as much enthusiasm as if they had just awakened to the pleasures of a new sense.

"We then were invited to walk through the institution, and it was gratifying to perceive that, though our visit had not been anticipated, the most perfect neatness and order seemed to pervade the establishment. The pupils thronged about Miss Lind wherever she moved, and were perfectly happy when she took them, as she did a great many, by the hand and addressed them. All who were presented to her testified, in their quaint and artless ways, the deepest sensibility and gratitude for her attention. One little girl, of about sixteen, to whom our eyes had been attracted during the singing, by her absorbed and delighted expression of countenance, and by a particularly small pair of hands, which she held quietly in her lap, urged her way modestly through the crowd of her companions, and said, jokingly, that she wanted to see Jenny Lind. Miss Lind took hold of her delicate little hand, and said, "Poor thing, I wish you could see the sky." "Oh!" said the girl, promptly, "I shall see that in heaven, and I shall

see you there, too." "But," said Miss Lind, "you may have a much higher place there than I." The ready response, though confused and rather inarticulate, of the little girl, imported that none but angels would occupy higher seats in heaven than Miss Lind. To another pupil who approached, she said, placing her hands upon her shoulders, "Are you entirely blind?" "Yes," was the reply. "Cannot you see at all? cannot you see me?" "No," said the girl, "but hearing is the greater blessing now."

"In reply to some inquiries about musical culture in the institution, Mr. Chamberlain informed us that vocal and instrumental music were taught quite extensively. The piano and the organ, and a variety of wind instruments, were used by the pupils of one or both sexes, a fine band had been organized, and a number of the graduates were employed as organist in churches. He then invited two of the young ladies to perform on the piano and to sing. No young *débütante* was ever more delighted at receiving an invitation to sing in the presence of royalty, than were these poor things at the opportunity of performing before Jenny Lind, and it is but just to them to say that their execution was very creditable.

The pleasure which her visit had conferred upon the school was so great, that Miss Lind intimated a disposition to visit them again, if she could possibly find the time. She left about two o'clock, having given, in the course of a single hour, to these stricken sufferers, as Mr. Chamberlain very gracefully remarked to them at the close of the singing, "a gratification, the like of which they had never enjoyed before, and in all probability, would never enjoy again."

We have seen Miss Lind on many occasions, when she was receiving the rapturous applause of thousands, but we never saw her appear to such advantage as when she stood the syncope of this throng of blind children, upon whom she was dispensing, with infinite grace, her tenderness and sympathy."

[We have cited this article entire and without comment, since it is much better written, and much less affected and extravagant than many of the articles under the weight of which poor Jenny Lind is nearly smothered.]

MADAME ANNA THILLON AT WILLIS'S ROOMS.

On Tuesday evening a fashionable assembly congregated at Willis's Rooms, to assist at, as the French say, a new musical entertainment, something after the fashion of John Parry and Albert Smith's popular and ubiquitous productions. There was one essential difference:—that, whereas Parry's and Smith's declinations are simply monological, or one-personed; the new feast of harmony is unimply dialogical, or two-personed:—in fact, it is a dual of an entertainment. Madame Anna Thillon, the gracions, the versatile, the *naïve*, the *piquante*, the honey-voiced, and the sweet of smiles, and Mr. Hudson, the pet of the Haymarket and haymakers (Irish), were the two persons. They sang and acted, and acted and sang, varied their costumes and rectified their faces till identification became problematical, and vented such pleasing diversity of song and joke, now indulging in Sir Conundrum, and anon dispossessing themselves of Madame Ballad or dear Mammoth Cavatina, that the hearers, taken unawares, would fain have prayed for such eternity of delight. We ourselves were of the listless listening, and partook our share of the pleasures going; but we were also of the critical criticising, and felt compelled not to close the vision upon certain blurs and blots which defaced the surface of the fair entertainment. The gentleman who indited the first part

no doubt intended to produce something exceeding funny and lightsome, but, unfortunately, his endeavour deviated into something exceeding lachrymose and weighty. We were supposed to be entertained with a *Bal Costumé*, introducing hints on etiquette and the formulas of good society; but etiquette proved indifferent slow, and good society was voted, by the judicious few, a decided bore. Great were the exertions of Madame Thillon, and multitudinous the talents she displayed; loud was Mr. Hudson's voice in the cause, and perpetual his motions; but not great exertion, nor copious talents, nor stentorian lungs, nor perpetuity of motion, could drive away the leaden atmosphere that covered the audience as with a cloak.

In the second part the sun of geniality broke out suddenly as from an eclipse. Mr. Albert Smith was the Sun—and as from Cymerean darkness when over Hymettus plain refulgent from sad Tithona's bed—but we shall not be metaphorical. Enough to say, Albert Smith wrote the second part. And now shone the planet, Thillon, in all her glory. But how she shone in her glory, how, planet-like, she veiled herself in many a luent phase, how she warbled, and with what effect, and all the etceteras which constitute a success signal and *unique*, shall be unfolded in good set terms on Saturday next. Enough to avouch, Albert Smith wrote the second part, and Edward Loder composed, arranged, and accompanied. For further particulars *vide* advertisement, which has not been sent us.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

(From the New York Herald, Nov. 2.)

JENNY LIND'S TWENTY-NINTH CONCERT.

NEW YORK.—Last evening, at Tripler Hall, Mademoiselle Lind gave her twenty-ninth concert in America. The house was not so crowded as on the previous evening, but it was very nearly full. The great vocalist was never in better voice, and never more triumphant. She sang with more than her wonted fire. She sang the "Casta Diva," from *Norma*, with a brilliancy and execution surpassing her former efforts in the same song—there was nothing the sweet warbler sung during the night was so enthusiastically applauded, except the "Bird Song." In the recitative and cavatina, from *Nozze di Figaro*, she was completely successful. Her *sotto voce* was exquisitely beautiful, followed by a glorious *crescendo*; and she sang the eudence upon the concluding words, "in e-ronar di rose," with bewitching effect. In the duet from Donizetti's *Elvir d'Amore*, she was charming; but the gem which evidently delighted the audience most was the delicious "Bird Song," in which music, like nectar, overflowed from the breast of the Nightingale. She was rapturously encored. The most astonishing performance of all, was "The Mountaineer's Song," in her own native language. Her sustained notes exceed, beyond all comparison, anything we ever heard her do in any other song. The imitation of the horn, dying away, is perfect. We hope this song will be repeated. She was applauded throughout with the greatest enthusiasm.

Bellelli succeeded in all that he attempted, and the instrumental performances were excellent. The "Wedding March" was encored, though it did not deserve it more than Beethoven's magnificent overture to *Leonora*.

On Monday afternoon, at half-past one o'clock, Miss Lind gives a morning concert, the proceeds of which will be devoted to charity.

JENNY LIND AND CAPTAIN WEST—TWO HANDSOME PRESENTS, AND A DINNER IN PROSPECT.

A heavy silver tankard and stand, lined and ornamented

with gold, and having exquisitely engraved and appropriate designs, has been presented to Captain James West, of the *Atlantic* steamship, by Jenny Lind, J. Benedict, and G. Benedict. It may be seen at Tiffany, Young, and Ellis's, Broadway. Besides this, Captain West will receive another present from Jenny Lind and suite, and their fellow passengers in the *Atlantic*, consisting of a massive silver, a pitcher, and four goblets. The silver is beautifully chased, and has inscribed on it the names of Jenny Lind, Josephine Ahmanson, Jules Benedict, Giovanni Belletti, and Max Hjortsberg. Beneath, in the centre, is the following inscription:—

"TO
JAMES WEST, Esq.,
COMMANDER OF THE MAIL SHIP
ATLANTIC.

From those whose names are hereon inscribed, passengers on her third voyage from Liverpool to New York, August, 1850, as a testimonial of his professional skill, kindly nature, and manly character."

At the foot are the names of the committee, "J. G. Clarkson, James Taylor, A. Bood, Charles Joly, J. A. Appleton, A. M. Eastman, and James M. Kemp." On each side are arranged the names of the remainder of the contributors to the present, forty-one in number. These articles may be seen at the Irving House. The subscriptions to purchase them were paid by the passengers on board, and they come together on the Monday of the week after next, to present them to Capt. West, at the Irving House, when a dinner will be given to him, and Miss Lind and suite will be present. The passengers will come here from their various homes, many of them at a distance.

PRESENT TO MR. BENEDICT.

The members of the orchestra, appreciating Mr. Benedict as a conductor and a gentleman, are about to present him with a silver-headed baton, as a token of their esteem. He is well worthy of it.

THE DEBUT OF PARODI IN THE NEW WORLD.

(From the *New York Herald*.)

[November 5.

"La Norma" is here. She appeared last night, at the Aster Place Opera House, in the perfect personation of Parodi. By seven o'clock a splendid cortege of beauty and fashion, garmented in toilets of bewitching brilliancy, poured in a splendid flood upon the scene. The entire musical temple was thronged in every part, each one breathless to hear and watchful to behold. Maretzek was warmly received on his entrance into the orchestra. The overture was brilliantly executed. The opening chorus was equal to the occasion, the silver-voiced Lorini admirable, and then the star of Italy—the peerless Parodi—entered. The plaudits were those of welcome and encouragement—warm-hearted, sincere, and protracted. The inimitable recitative of the cavatina at once seized on the audience. The sustained note, the clearness of enunciation, the dramatic expression, all told at once upon those present. In spite of the nervousness that pervaded the assembly, the orchestra, the vocalists, and the magnificent *prima donna* herself, the opening was triumphant. It even took those who had heard Parodi at rehearsal, by surprise. "Casta Diva" was sung according to the original score. There was no transposition. Bellini's ideal was given without absurd ornament, without meretricious display, in its own simple elegance of earnestness, and with an incomparable expression such as no one except a consummate artist could accomplish. From that triumph Parodi's success was certain,

and nobly did she proceed from that point to the close, almost paralysing the orchestra at times, and producing among them many an unheeded tremor.

In the second act her dramatic capabilities and her vocalization strove for her supremacy; but they kept pace with each other, till the audience became thoroughly entranced by the originality, evenness, and force of her voice, method, and execution. Her acting added to the effect, and commanded almost the silence of those present. Thus she proceeded, giving a variety of expression to her features, and a purity and freshness to the tones of her unsurpassed voice, such as never before have been known in this country. We shall not dwell upon causes. We must content ourselves, at present, with results. What, then, were these? Why, the most perfect conviction on the part of every judge of high art, that Parodi is the greatest tragic vocalist of the day—and that her equal has never been known in this country. When she rose to the top of her compass, she executed her thrills without any ambitious attempts at ornament, and appealed to the most refined taste only in the vocal art. She resorted to no tricks. The consequence was, that she evoked the sublime, and impressed upon every one the unity of the composer's design, as well as the superiority of her own skill. Her triumphs were shared in by Amalia Patti, Novelli, and Lorini, each of whom merited the applause bestowed, and more commendation than we have time to administer.

There can be no doubt that Parodi is a great *artiste*. She was perfectly conversant with the entire score, and was imbued with the whole spirit of the libretto—a rare merit. Her sole purpose was with the creation of the composer. This she understood—this she revealed; and when, in the last scene, she sang "In mia mano," and "Qual cor tradisti," the whole assemblage bowed in willing admiration to her wonderful talents. At another time we shall take occasion to say what her voice is—what her style consists in—how far her physical constitution and temperament operate on her vocalization and her facial muscles, causing those extraordinary effects which only a few persons ever produced. These are very interesting subjects to those who are studious in musical matters, and are little understood even by musicians; but we are well aware of the influence of excitement upon such a temperament as Parodi's, and how extraordinary must be her triumphs under certain circumstances. The probability is, that when she is familiar with her orchestra and associates, she will create a still more wonderful sensation, though it scarcely seems possible.

The reception and applause, last evening, were of the most enthusiastic kind. At the termination of the cavatina, she was called out, and, at the same moment, two snow-white doves were loosed from the amphitheatre, amid a shower of verses. The following are copies. The Italian composition, of which the English is a very liberal translation, is said to be from the pen of Signor Maggi:—

ALL' EGREGIA ARTISTA LA SIGA. TERESA PARODI.

Ligure fior, donna gentile e bella,
Sì dolce è il canto, che ne accenda il core,
Ch'esser ci pare trasportati in quella
Sede, o sì loda il divin Fattore.
Nuova quai brillar fulgida stella,
E tu o di cor sarai il primo ornato,
Che s'anco in voce 'vha chi c'è sordia
In ogni studio ben le sei maggiore.
Per te di vita abbonderà l'ortello
A scenich' arti e a melodie sacrate
Cui già tue note fanno ancor più bello.

E alfin squarcia cadià pol quel velo
Che molti accieca, e diran tutti meco
Teresa sì che ne rapisce in Cielo.

Another star with welcome radiance fills
This temple sacred to melodious art;
Sweet daughter of the fair Ligurian hills,
Thy voice descends upon our grateful hearts,
Until, transported to celestial air,
We feel what honours unto thee belong;
Her northern garland let thy sister wear,
Thine is the wreath of true Italian song;
For now once more we feel its glowing strain,
And own, in thee, the lyric muse again!

We trust that the public are now satisfied with such a remarkable tragic vocalist—that they will learn to appreciate such wonderful excellence. We have no doubt they will. Such a singer does not need factitious fame to make her way to the sensibilities of a warm-hearted people. What she has done elsewhere she will do here; and that all may know the history of her former triumphs, we will sketch, as briefly as possible, her history. Yet, we should not forget, in the first place, to state, that at the end of the performance, she was called before the curtain three times to receive the plaudits, bouquets, and acclamations of the audience—a *furor* having been excited by her transcendent abilities such as never before was known in this metropolis.

We have received late accounts, no less enthusiastic than the above, confirming Parodi's first success. Her performance of Lucrezia Borgia was universally pronounced equal to her Norma.

CATHERINE HAYES.

(Abridged from the Dublin University Magazine.)

It is a singular fact that Ireland, so essentially the land of song, whose bardic remains have obtained a world-wide reputation—whose national melodies alternate from the touchingly simple to the thrillingly superb, being alike “beautiful exceedingly,” whether they breathe the soul of pathos or glow with the fervour of martial enthusiasm—whose “keens” express the very passion and abandonment of grief—whose war-songs stir up the heart like the sound of a trumpet—it is a remarkable fact, we repeat, that our musical island has given to the lyric stage but a single female vocalist within our memory capable of interpreting with success the highest order of dramatic music. Although in every other branch of art our country has given proof of that genius and talent which are the inalienable birthright of her children, as a vocalist, Irish by birth and Irish in heart, who has already achieved triumphs which place in the shade many of the proudest lyric victories of the Italian and German prima donnas, Catherine Hayes stands alone.

A few years have only passed since Miss Hayes may be remembered in this city, a fair and gentle girl, receiving musical instruction from Signor Sapia, singing with him at the Anacoretic and other societies, and exhibiting on every re-appearance increased purity of style, refinement of taste, correctness of ear, and volume of voice. The committee of this society expressed their approbation of this remarkable improvement by a proportionably rapid increase in the amount of her salary—the inexperienced vocalist hereof, then unconscious of her powers, receiving with blended bewilderment and delight this proof of her onward progress in the art she loved. Yet then, though rising so rapidly and so steadily in the estimation of these, the best judges among our amateurs, though greeted with public applause and private eulogium, increasing

every day in flattering warmth—though not a little bewildered at the unexpected enthusiasm of the “bravos” and “encores” with which her early public performances were greeted—not one of her admirers could have foreseen the brilliant destiny that awaited her—not one of them could have anticipated her return to her native country in 1849, after having won in the land of song, both from fame and fortune, golden and glorious triumphs.

Catherine Hayes is a native of Limerick, having been born at No. 4, Patrick-street, in that city, where she resided with her mother and sister up to the period of her departure for Dublin, to be placed under the tuition of Signor Antonio Sapia. The development of her musical talent was early—almost without precedent. From her childhood she exhibited a precocity of vocal power that excited astonishment and admiration, and won for her the generous patronage of the late Bishop of Limerick, to whose warm and liberal encouragement she owes the eminence she has gained, and whose congratulations, when she had triumphed over every difficulty attending her arduous upward struggle, and returned from Italy matured in genius and beauty, she ever acknowledges with tearful eyes to have been her best reward.

An incident, somewhat romantic in its character, formed the first introduction of Catherine Hayes to the late Hon. and Right Reverend E. Knox. Near to the See House, then situated in Henry-street, is the town mansion of the Earl of Limerick, in whose family an aged female relative of Miss Hayes resided. The gardens attached to these houses stretched in parallel lines to the banks of the Shannon, and were remarkable for their picturesque beauty. A woodbine-covered arbour near the river's brink was a favourite resort of Catherine Hayes, then a young and delicate child—timid, gentle, and reserved, shrinking from the sportive companionship of her playmates; her chief apparent source of pleasure being to sit alone, half-hidden among the leaves, and warble Irish ballad after ballad, the airs and words of which she appeared to have caught up and retained with a species of intuitive facility. One evening, while thus delightfully occupied, “herself forgetting,” and never dreaming but that she was “by the world forgot,” some pleasure parties on the river were attracted by the clear silvery tones of her voice, and the correct taste she even then displayed. Boat after boat silently dropped down the stream, pausing in the shadows of the trees, whence as from the cage of a singing bird, came the warblings that attracted them. Not a whisper announced to the unconscious child the audience she was delighting, till, at the conclusion of the last air, “The Lass of Gowrie,” the unseen vocalist finished the ballad, dwelling on the passage “And now she's Lady Gowrie” with that prolonged and thrilling shake which owes nothing to all the after cultivation her voice received, and which, in years to come, was to cause the critical and fastidious pit occupants of the grand opera to “rise at her,” and to forget, in the passionate fervour of their enthusiasm, the cold formalities of etiquette. Then from her unseen auditory rose a rapturous shout of applause, the first intimation the blushing and half-frightened vocalist received that her “native wood-notes wild” had attracted a numerous and admiring audience. The Right Rev. E. Knox was one of those unseen listeners, and his correct taste and refined discrimination at once discerned the germ of that talent the natural growth of which has so happily proved the soundness of his judgment. That evening the open air practice terminated, and the timid girl, who knew not the glorious natural gift she possessed, found herself suddenly a musical wonder, and heard, with a kind of incredulous delight, con-

dent anticipations of her future celebrity pronounced. She was immediately invited to the See House, where the kindest encouragement overcame her timidity, and she soon became the star of a series of musical reunions, chiefly given for her instruction by her kind patron. These concerts were under the direction of Messrs Rogers, musicians of great promise, one of whom is now organist to the cathedral of Limerick. Singing to their accompaniment, amid a circle predisposed to receive her with favour, Catherine Hayes "came out," her rapid progress being soon manifest to all.

Mention has been made of the beautiful shake, clear, thrilling, and brilliant, with which Miss Hayes is gifted, as having produced the irrepressible burst of applause that indicated the presence of her first audience—applause, the memory of which, we dare aver, like that of a first victory, has been more dearly cherished than any, the proudest of her after triumphs. A brief history of the first discovery of this rare natural gift, which arduous and persevering study and constant practice may succeed in imitating, if not partially acquiring, but which, to be perfect must be natural, may not be uninteresting. Shortly before the period of Miss Hayes's introduction to Bishop Knox, and when quite a child, a lady in Limerick—a highly accomplished amateur—took great interest in the gentle and thoughtful girl, and invited Catherine Hayes frequently to visit her. With this lady as her first instructor, she essayed to improve her style of singing some simple ballads, and displaying in them considerable flexibility of voice and facility of execution, her patroness proposed that she should essay a shake. Surprised, yet flattered, and never dreaming that she really possessed such a gift, she refused with blushes and smiles; but on her return to the solitude of her garden-practice by the river's brink, she at once endeavoured to imitate the shake her patroness had played for her instruction. She then ascertained, to her extreme delight, the existence of that beautiful and perfect ornament, which is one of the greatest charms of her singing. Timid by nature, retiring by habit, and scarcely believing in the possession of the precious gift, so newly discovered, she kept the secret to herself. At length one day, having taken her wonted position at the pianoforte, and being lost, as it were, in the pleasure of singing, she for a moment forgot alike her timidity and caution, and at the termination of the concluding verse of the ballad, finished with a shake so brilliant, so thrilling, so perfect, that it extracted a literal scream of delight from her astonished and grateful patroness, who, though pleased with, and proud of her young pupil, knew not till then the musical treasure she had discovered.

It was from this lady Miss Hayes acquired all the first elementary knowledge of music, which gave her, while still a child, those facilities of brilliant execution, fully developed by after instruction; and amid all the triumphs of her splendid professional career she has never ceased to cherish the remembrance of the surprise, "affectionate and glad," with which her shake on this occasion was greeted.

Bishop Knox, gratified beyond measure by the astonishing progress of his *protégée*, consulted a number of his and her friends in Limerick as to the best means of fully developing the qualities of her voice, and of making the great natural gifts she possessed subsidiary to her future maintenance. It was then determined that she should be placed under the care of some musical professor of eminence; and after much consultation, and a careful consideration of the merits of the various professors then in this metropolis, Signor Saphio was unanimously selected—a just compliment to the well-known

abilities of this professor, and the painstaking care he devoted to his pupils.

Catherine Hayes arrived in Dublin on the 1st of April, 1839, and took up her residence with Signor Saphio in Percy-place, it being a great additional recommendation to her mother, and her anxious relatives and friends, that the home thus provided for her was eligible in every respect, combining the greatest comfort with the utmost respectability. Her voice then possessed the beautiful clearness and silvery mellowness which are its characteristics; her natural taste was pure and refined; but in what may be called the mechanical portion of her art, in which it requires carefully and judiciously-directed study to acquire a mastery, she was still extremely deficient. In a few weeks, however, her improvement was astonishing, and her eagerness to learn, the assiduity of her study, and the persevering, painstaking constancy of her practice, amply fulfilled the bishop's anticipation, that when once placed in a position where her abilities might have room for development and display, she would "give her very soul to her art."

Her first appearance in public took place on the 3rd of May, 1839, just one month after her arrival in the metropolis. The scene of this then great event in her life was the annual concert of Signor Saphio, in the great room of the Rondo, an entertainment uniformly commanding a large, fashionable, and discriminating auditory. Although it may be supposed her timidity was very great—as great, indeed, that the cordial welcome she received scarcely sufficed to restore her self-possession, her first public performance gave her friends assurance that their confidence in her natural powers was not misplaced. Even then, after only a few weeks' tuition, her improvement was so marked as to astonish the professional friends of her able master, who had only heard her sing previously, immediately after her arrival from Limerick, when the cultivation her voice had received amounted merely to the amateur instruction of her early friends in Limerick.

The following month Miss Hayes, accompanied by her painstaking instructor, paid a visit to her birth-place, and greatly pleased her early patrons, whose astonishment at her rapid progress knew no bounds. The Bishop of Limerick gave a private concert expressly in her honour, and her performance gratified him exceedingly, and greatly delighted his guests. Ere leaving Limerick on this occasion she also sang in public at a musical entertainment, arranged for her joint benefit and that of Signor Saphio; and the audience was both surprised and gratified to find her improvement so decided.

Having returned to Dublin, still under the care of Saphio, with whose family, as before, she resided, Miss Hayes pursued her musical studies with unremitting diligence, and an ardour, indeed, that required to be checked by the kind hand of her instructor, lest health might be sacrificed to over-practice and too close application. Still she occasionally sang in public, as, on the 12th of January, 1841, her appearance formed one of the attractions of a concert given by Mr. J. P. Knight. At this entertainment Miss Hayes was introduced to Liszt, the celebrated pianist, who was greatly pleased with her voice and style.

During the remainder of the year of 1841, Miss Hayes continued to be one of the leading vocalists at the Anacrostic, Philharmonic, and other Metropolitan concerts, her terms gradually increasing from five, till they reached ten guineas each performance. This may be an extremely commercial method of indicating steady improvement, but it is

more expressive than pages of eulogium. She visited Belfast, (singing at the opening of the Anaercentic Hall there,) Limerick again, Parsonstown, and other places, during the summer and autumn of 1841; and on the 12th of September, a great event in her life, as she then considered it, took place—an introduction to no less a personage than the great Lablache. Benedict was also present at this interview, during which, with much difficulty, as she often even now declares, that she vividly remembers being really frightened, she was prevailed on to sing "Qui la Voce," in order that the veteran might pass his awful and dreaded judgment on her pretensions to take some rank as a solo concert singer, the position at that time her proudest desires only sought to achieve. Lablache heard her with attention till the air was finished, when, instead of pronouncing the opinion which she tremblingly awaited, he asked her to try another and more difficult solo, and then a duet, in which he joined, and then another duet, so that, in fact, the trial terminated in a day's practice not soon to be forgotten by the gratified *debutante*. Lablache's opinion of her pretensions was at once flatteringly pronounced, and that opinion was afterwards communicated to Sapia in a letter.

It has been stated that the highest desire of Catherine Hayes at this period was to succeed in obtaining a position of some emicence as a concert singer; and it was only after her interview with Lablache, during which he invited her to go to the theatre the following evening and see Grisi and Mario perform together in the grand opera of *Norma*, that she felt the current of her destiny was changed. She had never witnessed great acting united with great singing before; and as she sat, with lips apart, eye dilated, and heart tumultuously beating, while the most splendid personation of the Druid priestess that the stage can boast passed like an exciting dream before her; as she heard the peals of applause reverberating through the house; as she beheld the literal shower of floral wreaths and bouquets with which, finally, the Queen of Italian Song was crowned, the first seeds were sown of ambition to excel in the lyric drama. How tame, how cold, how incomplete then appeared the greatest triumph or most flattering reception of the concert room—how treasured was the after presentation to the *Norma*—how little was the illusion affected by that dingy locality "behind the scenes"—how fixed, settled, and all-absorbing became the idea that no glory could surpass that of being called again and again before the curtain, and, half blinded by the glare, half suffocated by the heat of vainly endeavouring to hold the armful of bouquets presented, after his most fascinating fashion, by Signor Mario.

"Miss Hayes remained under the tuition of Sapia until August, 1842, when she returned to Limerick, one of her last performances in Dublin, being at a private concert given by the Countess De Grey. Once amongst her friends, she painted, with all the enthusiasm of her nature, and in the brilliant hues that youth extracts from hope, the prosperity that the stage held out, and implored their sanction in undertaking the study necessary to insure even a moderate amount of success. Her then most earnest desire was to proceed forthwith to Paris, in order to be placed under Signor Emmanuel Garcia, the master who educated Malibran for the operatic stage, and from whom Jenny Lind received some of her earliest lessons. This proposal would not at first be at all entertained by her relatives and friends; but there was no combating the anxious and incessant pleadings of the enthusiastic girl, and it was ultimately arranged that she should be at once placed under Garcia. A question then

arose as to how the journey could be performed by one so very young and inexperienced, and it was proposed that she should remain in her native city until a family, about to leave for Paris in two months, would be ready to depart, when she could accompany them. This the ardent girl declared not to be thought of, as two months' delay would be two months lost; and so feverishly anxious did she at last become, that her friends finally consented to let her start alone! The requisite preparations were then promptly made, and on the 12th of October, 1842, Catherine Hayes arrived in Paris, bearing a letter of introduction to George Osborne, the celebrated pianist, to the care of whose accomplished wife she was warmly recommended. Her reception was friendly and encouraging; and she ever speaks with affectionate warmth of their undeviating kindness, which rendered her stay in the French capital so full of happiness. Miss Hayes diligently pursued her studies under Garcia, who proved, to use her own enthusiastic words, 'the dearest, the kindest, and the most generous of masters,' during a year and six months, when her tutor declared he could not add a single grace or charm to the then fully developed and beautiful organ she possessed, so richly pure in tone, so extensive in compass, and so perfect, both in the upper and lower register. He advised her at once to proceed to Italy, as the best theatre for obtaining dramatic requirements indispassable for success on the lyric stage. Miss Hayes accordingly proceeded to Milan, where she placed herself under the instruction of Signor Felice Ronconi, brother to the celebrated baritone, and then professor of singing to the *Conservatoire Royal*. While studying under his tuition, and laying the foundation of that fame which was shortly to bewilder the astonished girl herself, her clear, fresh voice, and cultivated style added not a little to the attraction of several musical parties to which she was invited. At one of these re-unions she was introduced to the once celebrated Grassani, and to Grisi, who warmly congratulated her on the possession of an organ so beautiful, and on the good fortune that attended its first education and after cultivation. Indeed, the impression made upon Madame Grassani by Miss Hayes's singing was so great, that she wrote to Signor Provi, then manager of the Italian Opera at Marseilles, telling him of the star that was about to dazzle the theatrical world, and advising him to lose no time in offering her an engagement. He immediately came to Milan, obtained an introduction to Miss Hayes, and after having heard her sing, offered her terms that seemed to her an absolute fortune, as an inducement to sign an engagement with him for three months. Her *debut*, terrible ordeal for one so young and inexperienced, accordingly took place at Marseilles, on the 10th of May, 1843, the opera chosen being Bellini's *I Puritani*; and a house crowded to overflowing, tending not to reassure, but unnerve her, as she well knew how severely critical was her audience. The kindness of her reception also added to her embarrassment, the

'Quiet and attention still as night,
Or summer noontide air,'

with which the first tremulous notes of her voice was listened to, rendering the ordeal still more trying. At first she felt a tension of faintness and prostration; she thought her failure almost a certainty, and has often declared that the agony of that thought was nearly insupportable. The faintest cheer, the smallest demonstration of approval, would have been somewhat reassuring. But no—the long trying scene between Elvira and Sir George passed off in solemn silence. Not a 'hand' did the *dubitante* obtain after her first welcome, until at last the eighth scene opened, and, in her rich nuptial attire,

the agitated Elvira entered, her lips as white with fear as the pale rose garland encircling her brow. Faint and frightened as she felt, the beautiful opening polacca 'Son Vergin' awakened in her musical soul the enthusiasm she so largely inherits, and never, perhaps, did she interpret this delightful air with more sweetness, more tenderness, more expression.

The ice was at once thawed. A generous burst of approbation startled her from almost despair into perfect rapture. A flattering *encore* then further bewildered her with a new and exquisite joy, and at its termination, as the shouts of approval followed her from the stage, she wept with pleasure to know that the dream of her life's ambition had begun to be realised—*she felt* she had succeeded. The curtain fell amid the most enthusiastic plaudits, renewed again and again, till the agitated but delighted girl reappeared, when numbers of the passionately music-loving audience, who had rushed *en masse* from the theatre, and returned loaded with artificial flowers, literally filled the stage with their graceful offerings, making a perfect garden around the embarrassed *débütante*. The second appearance of Miss Hayes in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and her third opera, *Mosè in Egitto*, confirmed the favourable impression her *début* created; and during the three months of her stay at Marseilles, her popularity increased so rapidly and vastly, that Signor Provini used every argument, *golden* ones included, to induce her to accept an engagement for the Opera in Paris. However, as she felt that she had much to learn, she declined all these offers, and returned to Milan, where she gave her undivided attention to study, under the direction of Signor Ronconi.

It was while still diligently pursuing her studies, and practising under her able master with a painstaking assiduity that surprised him, that Signor Regondi requested her assistance at one of his annual musical *réunions*. At this concert she met Signor Morelli, manager of the La Scala Theatre at Milan, who immediately offered her an engagement, an offer she proudly and gratefully accepted; the post of *prima donna* at the first theatre in Europe being then, perhaps, for the first time occupied by so youthful an artist, and only three months after the *début*! The *Linda di Chamouni* of Donizetti was the opera chosen for her first appearance, and it may convey some idea of the unprecedented enthusiasm of her reception to state, that, on the falling of the curtain, she was called before it no less than TWELVE times! Her second appearance was in *Otello*, and it was also a perfect triumph! the character of the gentle Desdemona being one which her delicate and graceful beauty of face and form peculiarly adapted her to represent. Her touching portrayal of Desdemona won for her the flattering designation, "The Pearl of the Theatre" (*La Perla del Teatro*), a happily descriptive title, by which she was known during the remainder of her stay at Milan, where she continued to win "golden opinions" through the autumn of 1845, and the carnival of 1846. She proceeded thence to Vienna, where her reception was also extremely flattering—so flattering, indeed, that, in her letter home, she declared she was quite "spoiled" and expressed some apprehension that her "head" might "turn" with the happy intoxication of such unexpected success.

On the first night of the carnival of 1847, Miss Hayes made her appearance at Venice in a new opera, composed expressly for her by a young Italian nobleman, entitled *Albergo de Romano*. The overture with which it was introduced was spiritless and unpleasant, and the music of the opening scenes contained little promise, and was entrusted to inferior artists. It fell with ominous coldness on the ears of the audience, and that heavy silence which sometimes precedes a theatrical as

well as an atmospheric storm, gradually settled down, as it were, over the house. When Miss Hayes entered in the middle of the first act, she had, in fact, not only to contend against the ill humour of a disappointed and displeased auditory, but to sustain the chief part in an opera that already had all but failed. Her fame, however, fortunately for the author, had preceded her, and when she entered, so young, so animated, so graceful—when the first tones of her sweet soprano, so silvery in their freshness and purity, were heard—the displeasure of the audience gradually subsided, and ere the curtain fell she not only saved the opera from summary condemnation, but rendered its first performance a triumphant success. Her next appearance was in *Lucia*, in noticing which the *Bazar di Novità*, the *Figaro*, and the other Venetian journals, exhausted the vocabulary of praise.

In the *Linda* too, our fair countrywoman delighted the Venetians, an unprecedented theatrical *émulate*, attesting the effect of her performance. At Venice the law regulating theatricals prohibits any artist at any theatre from appearing before the curtain more than thrice, in compliance with a call of the audience. At the termination of Donizetti's charming opera, however, the excited crowd would insist on Miss Hayes coming forward a fourth time, and as she did not dare to disobey the police regulations the excitement became alarming, her admirers declaring that if not permitted to pay her this compliment as many times as they pleased, they would tear down the theatre. Permission was finally granted; and when Miss Hayes at last came forth, she was literally covered with floral offerings. After a short stay at Vienna, to which capital she was commanded to return by order of the Emperor, she again proceeded to Italy, her first stop being at Bergamo, where she received unusual favours. Here she had the gratification of meeting, for the first time, the celebrated tenor Rubini, who was one of the guests at a splendid banquet given by the Podesta in her honour. She had always ardently desired to hear this great master, and having hinted this wish he, with the most flattering promptitude, sang for her his most celebrated air from the *Pirata*, asking her afterwards to accompany him in the duet, "Su la Tomba," from *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Singing with this great master, Miss Hayes put forth all her powers and completely astonished the well-renowned tenor, who could with difficulty believe that a style so perfect could have been acquired after a comparatively short period of practice. He repeatedly assured her that he looked with the most lively anticipations for her success in England. During the remainder of her sojourn in Italy, Miss Hayes received unceasing complimentary marks of attention. At Florence Catalani's villa was always open to receive her; and on one occasion, when she sang there with unusual success, the ex-Queen of Italian Song kissed her affectionately before the assembled guests, and said—"What would I not give to be in London when you make your *début*? Your fortune is certain. And, remember, whenever you come, my doors shall be always open."

At Genoa, on the occasion of her farewell benefit, when the curtain fell, the ladies, who are among the proudest of Italian patriots, all left the boxes, and coming behind the scenes, presented her with enormous bouquets, uttering the warmest wishes for her success in England; for at this time Miss Hayes, after considerable persuasion, had been induced to accept an engagement in London, the managers of the Royal Italian Opera (which then boasted among its company Mesdames Grisi, Persiani, and Brambilla, Signor Mario, Signor Salvi, and the two Lablaches) offering her such flattering terms that she could not prudently decline them.

JULES JANIN AND "LE PROPHÈTE."

(Translated from "France Illustrated.")

When I reached the *Hôtel des Princes*, I was in that state of stupor, which the sudden view of a variety of striking objects will inevitably produce. * * * I called, and the waiter obeyed my summons. After having given him my orders, I went into my bedroom. "Will Monsieur sleep here?" said the worthy man, with a look of slight alarm. "Why do you ask?" I replied; "and what is there so frightful in sleeping here?" The man hesitated a moment, and then said, "If Monsieur does not like his accommodation to-night, he can change his room to-morrow." He left me, and I went to bed in that state of delightful sleepiness, and almost oriental stupor, which is natural to a man who has travelled fifty leagues before reaching Paris. * * * And now I had a vision sweeter than I could possibly have conceived. I slept. How long I had slept I am ignorant; but suddenly, in the midst of my first slumber—a repose I had been anticipating for twenty days, whilst I was still gently rocked by that delightful motion of the post-chaise, which follows the traveller even to his couch—I heard, or thought I heard, the most touching and refined melodies. It was indeed exquisite harmony; and I can speak upon this subject as a connoisseur, for every great idea which has proceeded from the head and heart of talented musicians, I possess in my head and heart. Music has been the great study, or what amounts to the same thing, the great passion of my life. Beethoven and Mozart, Haydn and Gluck, Weber and Nicolo, Paganini and Rossini—I am well acquainted with them all. Nevertheless, I was now listening to marvellous harmony; and, strange to say, it was quite new to me. The hand that played this invisible piano, if it was a piano, had a firm bold touch, with an admirable mixture of judgment and passion. At first it was a timid and mysterious sound, but soon it became clear, grand, and natural. I did not even try to ascertain whether I was awake, or whether I was indulged with a dream; I listened, and admired, and very soon wept. What a vast number of ideas in this extraordinary performance! How full of genius were those sounds! The man went from one passion to another, from grief to joy, from a curse to a prayer, from hate to love—and still continued, without taking breath, without stopping: he played in the true style of genius. What a man! Thoughtful even in his transports, spirited even in his stillness, he carried to the greatest extent the expression of Christian charity, and the frenzy of vengeance.

I knew nothing of this lamentable history, of which the principal details were passing confusedly before me; but I heard enough to understand that it was full of catastrophes. What was his end—his plan—his dream? To what vengeance was he advancing? I could not tell.

He was not bewildered by the expression of so many grand thoughts; nor by the chaos, into which he could with one word throw light. On the contrary, he sported with the disorder; he blended and confounded at pleasure all the elements of this imposing work. Without suspecting it, I was present at the completion of one of those immortal things, which men call master-pieces. I was dumb, confounded, delighted; I held my breath, and said to that sweet sleep I had so much desired—beware! * * * The invisible genius stopped. You would have said to hear him so abruptly quit this nocturnal drama, that the passionate inspiration he had been obeying had suddenly left him. The man was evidently possessed with some great idea, which he had difficulty in thoroughly realising, but he was one of those persons who are

not easily discouraged. I heard him walk his room with measured steps, then he threw himself into a chair, as if he would sleep for an hour. Vain effort! There is no sleep for the work of a thought which is not yet complete. He returned then to his labour, but this time with an energy which had in it something of despair. And what a scene, or rather what a drama did he pourtray that night! What touching sympathy! What terror! and what love were expressed by these sweet notes! Cries of grief came from his soul, but they were so sad, so tender, so terrible, that he himself felt the sob to which he gave utterance. What rapture, what transport, and what depth of passion! Pure and melancholy voices ascended from this abyss. You could hear the sounds of the condemned from this open pit. There were a thousand terrors elating with a thousand hopes. I was bewildered by it, and cried out for mercy and help! But at last all ceased, all became calm, all died away, and sleep again took possession of me; or rather, my dream continued, and I dreamed of you, ye harps, spoken of in scripture, hung upon the willows of the Euphrates!

The next morning, when my host came to my room to ask if Monsieur wanted anything, my first words were—"Who is it then?" I was pale, bewildered, transported. I frightened the man. "Ah! Monsieur," cried he, clasping his hands, "I see how it is—they have given you the next room to Meyerbeer!" And it was really he—it was Meyerbeer! It was the inspired author of *Robert le Diable*, the celebrated poet of the *Huguenots*, Meyerbeer, the king of modern art, the man who has made even Rossini draw back—the triumphant Meyerbeer. And do you know what music it was that I had heard during the night? It was the already burning sketch, the first cries, the sudden griefs, the passions of that new drama called *Le Prophète*, which no one had yet heard except myself, in my sleeping room at the *Hôtel des Princes*.

M. JULES JANIN.

EXETER HALL.

(From a Contributor.)

The ill adaptation of Exeter Hall for the purpose of a music room, or for oratorical meetings, has been long known. It would be superfluous to adduce instances of complaint, they have been so general; and the inquiry, why should London be without a good music hall, has been reiterated for years. Far more forcibly has this cry been repeated since the establishment of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The magnitude of the orchestra assembled under the auspices of this institution has additionally served to illustrate the need for a better arena in which to display its vast resources.

Beyond mere suggestion and complaint, however, nothing has until now been attempted, except a few abortive proposals to erect music halls. The various schemes for these buildings, but too often put forward by interested and speculative parties, as fast as projected, fell to the ground.

The great *claf* produced by the last Birmingham Festival, under the able guidance of Mr. Costa, was the means of arousing the attention of some of the leading members of the Sacred Harmonic Society to a full sense of the necessity for a well-adapted music hall in the metropolis. The opening of St. Martin's Hall, shortly after, gave additional stimulus to this feeling.

After attentive consideration, and the collection of such information as in the event of its having been decided upon to erect a new hall would have greatly facilitated the undertaking, it was ultimately agreed that the most advisable course to pursue would be, in the first place, fairly to place the deficiencies of Exeter Hall before the proprietors of that building; and while impressing upon them the necessity for immediate attention being given to it, also to point out that in so far as the Sacred Harmonic Society was concerned, the members of it were anxious to continue their old

tenancy in preference to building a new hall, provided the defects so constantly complained of could be remedied.

With this view a lengthened statement was prepared by Mr. Bowley (one of the Committee of the Society, and an auditor of Exeter Hall) which, after pointing out the position and prospects of the building, and the probability of a new hall being erected unless material improvements were made in Exeter Hall, ended by urging the adoption of three important alterations. These comprised, *first*,—The removal of the central projecting wall at the east end of the building, and throwing back the organ nearly 18 feet, causing the recesses, with their low ceilings, to appear as part of the main body of the hall.

(The extent to which this has acted hitherto unfavourably on the performances may be inferred, when it is born in mind that this wall, with the organ, divided the bass from the tenor choirs by a projection of nearly 30 feet square; the recesses in which the bulk of the chorus was placed having a ceiling 3 feet lower than the body of the hall, with a projecting beam and cornice in front, 3 feet 6 inches still lower.)

The second important point urged upon the notice of the Directors was the removal, from the front of the west gallery, of the four square pillars, with the heavy cornice and entablature above, and raising the ceiling to the general height of the centre of the hall.

(Some idea of the inconvenience heretofore experienced may be imagined, when it is mentioned that each pair of these pillars occupied a space exceeding 8 feet in width, and that the only place on the last row of the gallery, from which the full extent of the orchestra could be seen at one view, was about 7 feet in the centre. Being also carried up to the ceiling, they, in appearance, supported a cornice and entablature 6 feet 6 inches in depth, which most effectually prevented the full effect of the orchestra from being heard by the occupants of the gallery.)

The third and principal alteration suggested was, either to raise the walls of the building, and gain general increased height, or else to remove the lantern, and curve the ceiling upwards, constructing it of wood, free from all projections and angles.

This statement was transmitted to the Board of Directors, who at first declined carrying out any of the alterations.

Reconsideration of the question, however, ultimately induced the Board to appoint a Committee, charged to consider the possibility of improving the hall for sound.

As it had been offered in the statement submitted by Mr. Bowley, that the opinions of the most eminent musical authorities should be given in, as to the propriety of the proposed alterations, immediate steps were taken to procure them. Sir George Smart, Mr. Costa, Mr. Benedict, Mr. Turler, Mr. Goss, Dr. Elvey, Professor Taylor, Mr. Bartley, the leading vocalists engaged by the Sacred Harmonic Society, with several of the able critics attached to the metropolitan journals, and many other high musical authorities, kindly furnished their views in favour of the alterations proposed. The Directors of the Hall also applied to several architectural and acoustical authorities, and the result was the accumulation of a large mass of evidence.

Two points proposed, *viz.*—The removal of the east wall, and of the west gallery pillars, were quickly conceded by the Board; but the question of the best form of ceiling became a subject of great anxiety, and caused much discussion.

As the Directors, in the outset of the inquiry, expressly stipulated that the external roof should not be removed, it became a matter for consideration whether a slightly elevated flat ceiling, with ornamental plaster work, should be adopted, or whether a boarded ceiling, curved upwards, should be preferred. The advocates of the former had all but succeeded in carrying their point, when Mr. Danks, of Whitehall Place, the architect of the Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum, and of many other large and important buildings, on consideration of the requirements and stipulations annexed to the suggested alterations, proposed to erect without tie-beams, or iron cross-roads, wrought iron supports to the external roof in such a manner that they would allow of the ceiling being curved up; thus gaining upwards of 12 feet central height, with a considerable additional elevation at each end of the hall, forming the surface of the ceiling throughout free from all projection, and boarding it as originally suggested.

This plan, which from its novelty and boldness at first startled some of the Directors, was, after two months careful consideration and examination, and with the approval of the most eminent practical authorities, ultimately adopted, and possession of the hall was taken on the 1st of September by Mr. Mare, the contractor for the iron work (who was also the contractor for the Britannia Bridge), and by Mr. Myers (the contractor for the Colney Hatch Asylum) for the other portions of the work, Mr. Danks superintending the whole.

The following is a technical description of the plan as carried into effect:—

To the principals of the roof, wrought iron girders (of a circular form on the under side) have been attached, composed of plates of the best boiler iron, varying in thickness from one-half to one-quarter of an inch, with angle-iron at the top and bottom, and stiffeners of strong T iron, and strips to cover the various joints.

These girders were raised into the roof in pieces, and supported in their places from the tie-beams, all the way they were riveted together with red hot rivets; a furnace for that purpose having been erected in the roof. There are in the whole work upwards of 25,000 rivets.

Each girder when it had been placed on the walls, and completely put together, was weighted with seven tons of pig-iron distributed over its entire length, and while thus loaded was bolted to the timber principal. The deflection from this pressure was 1½ of an inch only.

The ends of the girders were supported upon sliding plates of smooth and greased iron affixed to the wall-plate, which allowed of the spread corresponding to the deflection of the arched iron without affecting the walls: the extent of the spread was one-half of an inch at each end. By this means the effect of any thrust upon the walls was obviated previous to the iron-work being bolted to the timber.

Besides the ten girders which were thus secured to the timber principals, there are two independent iron girders of a much stronger construction, weighing about nine tons each, and nine smaller ones; all of these were tested with corresponding weights. Nearly eighty tons of iron were introduced into the roof, a weight which, although apparently large, is considerably less than the old massive timber and plaster ceiling.

It was estimated that the girders would have to bear a weight of sixty-four pounds per square foot, and upon this calculation they were constructed, whereas the actual weight they have to support is found to be only forty-five pounds per square foot, the breaking weight being estimated at more than two hundred and twenty pounds.

When the whole of the iron-work had been fixed to the wooden principals, the tie-beams, and other timbers originally supporting the principals, and which had formed an excellent scaffolding for the furnace and riveters, were cut away to the edge of the curved iron girders. The ceiling joints, and boarding, were then attached to the iron flanges.

During this operation, and since the removal of the tie-beams not the slightest visible deflection of the arched girder, or strain of the walls in any way, can be observed; thus demonstrating in the plainest manner the perfect success which has attended Mr. Danks's bold and original conception.

The following comparative clear width of various public buildings additionally attest the merits of the plan now carried out.

	ft.	in.
Exeter Hall	76	9 wide.
Westminster Hall	68	0
Town Hall, Birmingham	65	0
Philharmonic Concert Room, Liverpool	64	0
Whitehall Chapel	55	0
St. Martin's Hall	55	0
Victoria Room, Clifton	51	0
Guildhall, London	48	0
New Houses of Lords and Commons	45	0
King's College Chapel, Cambridge	44	0
Freemasons' Hall	43	0
Hanover Square Concert Room	35	6

It will thus be seen that Exeter Hall is capable of displaying a more extended orchestra than any other building in this, or probably any other, country.

As the completion of the works have necessarily somewhat delayed the usual time of commencing the season, it has been left

until the close of the ensuing summer to carry out the decoration of the hall, the present painting of ceiling, &c. being temporary.

As no opportunity offered for the rehearsal of a new work, and as it was considered advisable the Hall should be opened with the oratorio best fitted to exhibit its improved form, it was decided to commence the season with a performance of the *Messiah*, being for the 36th time in the Large Hall, by the Society, and their 227th concert in the same place.

Advantage has been taken of the re-erection of the organ to effect considerable alterations and improvements in it. The keys have been reversed, some larger pedal-pipes have been added, and the body of the instrument much improved in tone.

Considerable additions have been made to the Band. It now includes 16 double basses, and the same number of violoncellos, with 82 violins and violas. Among the additional professional performers in these departments, may be named Messrs. Campanile, Pratten, H. Chipp, Gnest Dando, Doyle, Zerbini, Cusina, &c., while some increase and modification have taken place in the *reperti* wind.

The concert season, which terminated in June last, was the most successful the Society has yet had, and the already great increase of subscribers over the amount of any former year, justifies the expectation that, with increased zeal on the part of the Members of the orchestra, and those who undertake the direction of the institution, aided by the energy and talent brought to bear on it by the assistance of Mr. Costa, an increase of usefulness and service to the art may be anticipated from the continued prosperity of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

The performance of the *Messiah* will be repeated on Friday next, the 6th of December.

November 29, 1850.

Our Scrap Book.

[We shall be obliged to any kind friends who may be able and willing to contribute to our Scrap Book.—Ed.]

THE POET.—O poet! Thou true land-lord! sea-lord! air-lord! Wherever snow falls, or water flows, or birds fly; wherever day and night meet in twilight; wherever the blue heaven is hung by clouds, or sown with stars; wherever are forms with transparent boundaries; wherever are outlets into celestial space; wherever is danger, and awe, and love, there is beauty, plenteous as rain shed for thee, and though thou should'st walk the world over, thou shalt not be able to find a condition inopportune or ignoble.—EMERSON.

EXPRESSION IN MUSIC.—Expressing in music has reference to the intensity of sounds in their different degrees of softness or of strength. The softness of sounds generally produces impressions of calmness, repose, tranquil pleasure, and of gradation of these different states of the mind. Loud, boisterous, and piercing sounds, on the contrary, excite strong emotions, and are proper for the expression of courage, anger, jealousy, and other violent passions; but if sounds were constantly soft they would soon become wearisome by their uniformity, and if they were always loud they would fatigue both the mind and the ear; besides, music is not designed merely to describe the states of the soul; its object is frequently vague and indeterminate, and its result rather to please the senses than to address the mind. This is particularly to be remarked in instrumental music. But whether we consider the excitability of the faculties of the soul, and the numerous changes of which they are susceptible, or have regard to impressions upon the senses only, it will be readily admitted that the intermixtures of soft and loud sounds, and their various successive degrees, are powerful means of expressing the one, and of giving birth to the other. We generally give the name of *expression* to this mixture of softness and strength, to this

increase or diminution of force, and, indeed, to all the accidental characteristics of sounds; not because their object is always to *express* either ideas or sentiments, for they are frequently the result of nothing more than mere fancy, or of a vague, indefinable impression; but it cannot be denied that their well-ordered intermixture has the effect to excite us so much the more vividly as the object is less definite. If we should ask skillful singers, or great instrumental performers, what induces them to give strength to particular sounds, to make others scarcely audible, and gradually to increase or diminish their force, to produce certain sounds in an animated and very distinct manner, or to connect them together with a graceful negligence and softness, we should wait long for the answer; or, rather, they would simply reply: "We do not know, but that is the way we feel;" and certainly they will be right, if they transfer their sensations to the souls of their auditors. Further, if they are themselves capable of observing, they will acknowledge that the same passages have not always affected them in the same manner, but that it has happened to them to express them with very different feelings, though the result might be equally satisfactory. This faculty of expressing the same musical thoughts, in several ways, might be very inconvenient, if each one of several performers should follow the impression of the moment, for it might happen that one would be executing his part with force, while another would be performing his with softness, and a third would distinctly articulate the sounds of a passage, which his neighbour would think proper to connect together. Hence arises the necessity that the *composer* should point out his own ideas, in regard to expression, as he does in regard to the time, by unequivocal signs, which, in fact, is always done. The signs of expression are of several kinds. Some relate to the strength or to the softness of sounds, others are intended to show whether they are to be separated or connected; and others to show slight variations of the movement, which contribute to increase the effect of the music. Fancy may multiply these marks, and imagine new ones. As to the *expression* which a *great artist* gives to his playing or singing, it is the *voice of the soul*, which is scarcely ever heard in the same tone, even under similar circumstances, and which cannot be expressed to the eye by volumes of signs. Such a multitude of delicate shades of expression, prepared before hand, would be both ambitious and cold, and would injure, instead of increasing, the effect of the music.—Extracted from —, by *Aurelian*.

What is life worth without a heart to feel
The great and lovely, and the poetry
And sacredness of things? for all things are
Sacred,—the eye of God is on them all,
And hallows all unto it. It is fine
To stand upon some lofty mountain-top,
And feel the spirit stretch into a view;
To joy in what might be of will and power
For good would work together but one hour.
Yet millions never think a noble thought;
But with brute taste of brightness, buy a mind
Which drives the darkness out of them, like hounds.
Throw but a false glare round them, and in shoals
They rush upon perdition: —

Bailey's Festus.

For ill can Poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime;
And Sculpture, mute and motionless,
Sifts but one glance from time.
But, by the mighty artist's power,
Their wedded triumphs come;
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture, to be dumb.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

MACREADY'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES.

SINCE we wrote last week, Mr. Macready has appeared in Cassius, Werner, Hamlet, and Richelieu, in all for the last time. Cassius is, perhaps, one of the great actor's most wonderful performances, if not one of his most varied and important. The character might almost seem to have been written with an eye to his peculiar powers and genius. That impetuosity and irritability of temperament, which Shakspeare has loved to delineate in so many of his creations (witness Coriolanus, Hotspur, and others, as well as Cassius), are native, and to the manner born in Macready, and singularly befit him in the representation. Indeed, so congenial are such characters to the actor, that it might be said in their performance there is no assumption; in playing them he but plays himself; art is almost superseded by nature. Werner is another fiery, impetuous, irascible character, that suits the style of Macready to perfection. Hamlet, on the other hand, from the different phases under which it is represented, demands an unusual amount of skill from the artist; and herein Mr. Macready more strongly demonstrates the greatness and originality of his powers than in a part more suited to him. His Hamlet is, in our opinion, one of his very finest and most finished performances. After Lear we should select it as his best. On Wednesday night he seemed to outdo all his former efforts, and was applauded enthusiastically in every scene. In the third act he created a perfect *furor*. The performance attracted one of the most crowded audiences of the season. It was the great actor's last appearance in one of his favourite parts, a circumstance which lent to the performance a deep amount of interest.

On Monday *Richard II.* will be produced, and on Wednesday *Henry VIII.* Mr. Macready playing Cardinal Wolsey for the last time but one.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. F. FLOWERS AND MR. CHORLEY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Whatever may be the merits of Mr. French Flowers' criticisms on the literary capabilities of Mr. Chorley, I cannot but regret that he should have descended to such an unworthy device as to excelsain against a gentleman for what he may please to regard as certain peculiarities.

Mr. F. Flowers is entitled to consideration, as he has contributed much time and industry in his communications to the pages of the *Musical World*; but those contributions must naturally lose much of their interest, when they exhibit thoughts so unbecoming a gentleman and an artist.

I have heard the *Musical World* soundly abused for admitting such language; but any one conversant with the difficulties which beset the editors of a work like the *Musical World*, will easily imagine, that, to exclude the correspondence of artists, would only tend to draw down upon them suspicions of every shade. I cannot help thinking that, when Mr. Flowers calmly reproaches his last letter, he will regret that, in a moment of irritation, he should have used expressions which so sadly disfigure his intended criticisms upon Mr. Chorley's literary merits in the last number of your periodical.

I remain, truly yours,

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

London, Wednesday.

[Our sentiments on the matter are expressed in the first page of this number.—Ed.]

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. SEYMOUR'S QUARTET CONCERTS.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Quartet, Two Violins, Messrs. SEYMOUR & E. W. THOMAS,
Tenor and Violoncello, in A Major *Mozart.*
Solo, Violoncello, HERR LIDEL, (German Air) *Beethoven.*

PART II.

Quartet, Two Violins, Messrs. E. W. THOMAS & SEYMOUR,
Tenor and Violoncello, in D *Mendelssohn*
Quintet, Two Violins, Two Tenors, and Violoncello, in C
Major *Beethoven.*

The first quartet concert for the season took place as above, at the Chorlton-upon-Modlock Town Hall, on Thursday, the 21st inst. Influenza and catarrh, and a drizzly November night, would have effectually kept your correspondent at home had he been provided with a ticket as usual—to say nothing of the six miles to be traversed, three each way, from his domicile to the Chorlton Town Hall and back. Although not present, however, we consider such a concert ought not to go unnoticed or entirely unrecorded in the pages of the *Musical World*. In the first place, the selection was of the highest order—Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven; and the executants, who would rank high even in the metropolis, in the provinces are unsurpassed. Messrs. C. A. Seymour, E. W. Thomas, Bsetens, and Lidel, form a quartet whose excellence is at once acknowledged, without disparagement to Mr. Seymour's former able coadjutors. Mr. E. W. Thomas has recently settled in Liverpool, and is leader of the Philharmonic Concerts there. As Mr. Seymour is leader at the Concert Hall here, it must have been highly gratifying to those present to see two such talented men alternately playing (without a shadow of jealousy) first and second fiddle to each other. No vocalist is mentioned, nor is any advertised for Hallé's next concert (are they going to venture instrumental concerts solely?) We regret much not being present at this first quartet party (but it could not be helped!); it must have been a most equal and perfect performance, the artists being all competent to their task, and none of inferior talent to each other. We understand the concert went off with a completeness of character that left nothing to be desired, and the performance of each great master's work "was listened to with a lively attention, and received with rapturous applause," at least so says the *Manchester Guardian*. A friend of ours, an amateur at Burton-on-Trent, who has been blind from infancy, has just published a set of twelve double chants; a copy of which having been sent to you, we should be glad to see your opinion thereupon. We like them much, especially 8, 4, 5, 7, 8, and 9. Flotow's opera of *Leoline* was produced at our Theatre Royal on Saturday night last, and has been repeated every evening this week. It is described in the *Guardian* as of the picturesque, French school; the music, light, pleasing, and pretty, but nothing great or good, grand or striking about it. Mr. Travers gets a nightly encore in one of the prettiest airs, "My boyhood's love," a drinking song, "Kingly wine," for Mr. Barran, is favourably mentioned; and a trio, with organ and chorus in the distance. The scenery is very good; one scene, with the peasants hurrying to and fro with their torches, seeking the lost Leoline, is very striking and effective. Mr. A. Harris gets a word of praise for his management of the grouping and costumes, as also does Mr. Seymour, for his able conduct of the efficient orchestra. Auber's *Massaniello* is to be the next opera produced; it is a revival, after a long interval, of a very popular and favourite opera at the time, and its reproduction is looked forward to with some interest.

LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Being otherwise engaged last week I could not send you a letter; but, to make amends, I commence with a notice of Miss Whitnall's concert, which was remarkable for the *début* of Miss Christina Dawson, whose romantic history appeared in your columns some few weeks ago.

Miss Whitnall gave her annual concert at the Theatre Royal, on Monday evening week, and though the weather was exceedingly unpropitious, we were glad to see that the attendance was both large and fashionable.

The great attraction was Miss Christina Dawson. This young lady has, we think, been brought before the public too soon. The talents which might attract notice in the public street will scarcely satisfy the *habitués* of concert-rooms; and it is for Miss Dawson's sake much to be regretted that her friends have induced her to appear as a public singer before the undoubted talent she possesses has been brought to maturity. There are many singers enjoying considerable popularity who do not possess so good a voice as Miss Dawson, but with them the defects of nature have been supplied by the resources of art and diligent study. Miss Dawson's voice is fresh and of considerable compass, but unminged with little skill. The high notes are sharp and abruptly produced, while her whole style of singing is defective in expression and refinement. We should not perhaps have said so much on this subject, but we think that Miss Dawson's chances of future fame have been injured by the injudicious advice of partial friends, who have attempted to raise her to a height in public estimation which the greatest artists only attain after years of severe toil. With care and unremitting assiduity in the study of her profession, Miss Dawson may yet become a great singer, and more than verify the prophecies of her friends and patrons.

Another name which figured attractively in Miss Whitnall's programme was that of Heinrich Werner, a boy pianist, only nine years of age, who has played before continental kings, princes, and diletanti, and in this country has been patronised by her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, and by the public at the National Concerts at the Opera House.

Making due allowances for his peculiar and necessary physical deficiencies, we confess that the performances of the "Little Retiheron" are worthy of mention. His style is tasteful, and his memory strong. He played Doehler's difficult fantasia on themes, from *Anna Bolena*, and a composition of his own, without any music before him, in a pleasing manner, which elicited frequent applause of the audience.

His love for music is undoubtedly great, and his performances prove that, though so young, he is fully capable of appreciating the beauties and mastering the difficulties of the principal composers who have written for the pianoforte.

Herr Molique's performances demonstrated, to the satisfaction of all present, that fame, in stelling him one of the greatest violinists of the day, had not erred. His style is different from that of Siorvi and Viennetemps, and is remarkable for a chaste elegance, which charms both the critical musician and the unlearned amateur. By Molique all difficulties are overcome with so much ease, that it is hard to believe that playing the violin is as he does; is one of the greatest and most arduous of musical efforts. His "Fantasia on English Airs," and a "Souvenir du Simphon," were played to perfection, and more loudly applauded than instrumental solos generally are by a large audience, who, on this occasion, listened to each with rapt attention.

Miss Whitnall surpassed all her previous efforts in public, and was frequently encored. Her two best performances were a song composed by Herr Molique, "Bird, fly from hence," and Rodwell's ballad, "Charming May," one of the prettiest and most piquant of modern native compositions.

The other artists were Messrs. Miranda, Wallworth, and Percival, each of whom sang and played in his usual style. The former gentleman improves at every hearing, but the two latter do not progress so well as could be wished. The programme contained little that was novel or of the "classical" school in music; but we are bound to confess that the audience appeared exceedingly well pleased with all they heard.

Messrs. E. W. Thomas and Haddock's Second Classical Chamber Concert took place on Wednesday evening last, in the saloon of the Philharmonic Hall, and was much better attended than the first, proving that classical music, well played, is sure to meet with encouragement in the end. The concert commenced with Mozart's quartet, No. 4, in E flat, in which the illustrious composer's grandeur, suavity, and playfulness, were well depicted; it was most rapturously applauded. We hailed Mr. Horsley's new

oratorio, *David*, as an advent of musical enterprise that gave a stimulus to our native musicians; and now congratulate amateurs on the acquisition to their libraries of a trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, by M. Silas, scarcely individual in character; but, in the absence of direct plagiarism, full of promise, and by no means deficient in vigour. The first movement, in C minor, is brilliant; the scherzo happily imagined and expressed, the first part being well contrasted with the playfulness of the episode; the andante, though flowing in its opening, betrays a want of idea; and shows that this young musician has yet much to achieve; the finale is animated, and kept up with spirit to the end. Each movement was applauded with an earnestness that showed the audience appreciated the music and its rendering.

Miss Beale, the pianist, had full scope for that brilliancy of finger-spirit for which she is remarkable, and was admirably supported on the violin and violoncello by Messrs. Thomas and Haddock. The duet for two violins, by Spohr, was applauded to the echo, and introduced to our notice Mr. Baetens, as a violinist of the first class. A generous spirit of emulation seemed to actuate the performers, who were evidently above all petty jealousies, and only bent on doing their best for the author, who has displayed the capabilities of the violin in a most masterly and elegant manner, and shown his science by distributing the harmonies in the slow movement so as to attain the effect of a perfect quartet. Messrs. Thomas and Baetens did themselves infinite credit by this performance.

The second part commenced with an arrangement of a quartet for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello, the "strings" being originally "wind" instruments. This was a great treat, but as it is so well known* description would be a matter of supererogation; suffice it to say, it was well played, and, as a matter of course, well received. And now for the gem of the evening—Mendelssohn's quartet† in D—which worked up the audience to a perfect fury of enthusiasm, and sent them all away gratified to their hearts' content. Mr. Thomas never played so more than now, and we cannot conclude without expressing our belief that these concerts will do more to raise the musical taste of Liverpool than many of higher pretensions; and we look forward to each succeeding one with anxious pleasure.

On Wednesday week Mr. William Sudlow delivered his second lecture on the musical services of the Church of England, at the Philharmonic Hall, to a numerous audience. The portion of the services commented on consisted of the lessons, "Te Deum," "Benedictus," "Jubilae," "Magnificat," "Nunc Dimittis," creeds, the prayers and versicles, down to the commencement of the litany. Mr. Sudlow, after reviewing his first lecture, noticed objections that had been made to the views he propounded, as tending to the revival of obsolete forms and distinctions, which, at the present moment, might be misinterpreted. He justified his statement as having been made by the clergy themselves, and quoted Dr. Webb and others as authorities for his observations on the proper mode of conducting the services. He had strictly adhered to the rubric; he pointed out the reasons for different modes of performing the service, so as to distinguish prayer from praise, information (as the lessons) from absolution, the work of man from the work of God. He concluded by a strong appeal for a daily service, as prescribed by the rubric, referred to in the "Te Deum," "Day by day we magnify thee," and other portions of the service, and said, if congregations would not attend (which he did not believe), there was the greater necessity for the clergy to pray for them. He also referred to the danger of altering what appeared to be trifles in the mode of performing services, but that inevitably led to the alteration of more important matters. At the present time, when, from the appearance at the public meetings throughout the country, there is as great danger of the ultra Protestants as from the Romish interlopers, Mr. Sudlow's lectures may be of great benefit, by making the public aware of the intention of what some may deem unnecessary forms; but we regret, that while supporting the forms, he did not glance at the objects of an established church and daily

* It would have been well had our correspondent specified it by name. "Well known" as it is, we are at a loss to guess which it is.—Ed. M. W.

† Again we should like to have known which quartet of Mendelssohn.—Ed.

services. He might have commenced with the idea of a church which existed at Bangor before the intrusion of Augustine, in which the services were *celebrated*, during day or night. The wayfarer, the penitent, those who desired protection from evil, or those who desired to return thanks for good, could at any moment repair to the church, and find service going on; he might have pointed out that an established church is for the unlearned, who cannot read, for their instruction, and for the poor, unable to pay for it; he might have taken out of the mouth of the sectarian the cry, "Let every one pay his own parson," and shown that as the church is the visible sign of Christ upon earth, it is bound to hold out the invitation, "Come unto me all ye who are heavy laden," to the poor; and that for the purpose of carrying out these duties as an established church, it is necessary to have foras from which no departure can be admitted.

The illustrations given by Mr. Sudlow's choir were the "Te Deum," to the Ambrosian chant; the same from a service by Dr. S. J. Wesley; the sentence, "The holy church doth acknowledge thee," was added to the previous period, and a division made between the "Father of an infinite majesty," and "Thine honourable, true, and only Son;" and similar breaks in the latter part, wholly irrespective of full stops or commas, which we have not room to particularise. Does not Mr. Sudlow know Jackson's (of Exeter) arrangements of this and other portions of the service given at this lecture, that he never alluded to them?

Mr. Best's "Magnificat," and "Nunc Dimittis," particularly the latter, were the nearest approach to them; but he has sadly lost himself in his "Gloria Patri" to each. There should also have been a change in "He hath put down the mighty from his seat," instead of the whole phrase being put to one note. A Jubilate of Samuel Wesley was also given. The "Athanasian Creed" was chanted from Tallis, and the remainder of the service from both Tallis and Hill. Mr. Sudlow said, in his remarks upon the composers of church music, that the reason so little good was composed was, that the public would not pay for it. The most trumphy ballad would be much more lucrative than the finest psalm. Alfred Tennyson's poetry would beat Archbishop Tennyson's sermons out of the field.

[There is truth in the doctrine inculcated by Mr. Sudlow in the last paragraph, but his illustration is sadly out of order. Any two verses of Alfred Tennyson are worth any dozen sermons of his near namesake.—Ed. M. W.]

The Baltic has just arrived; I send you extracts from the *New York Herald* of the 10th inst. J. H. N.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VAN MAANEN.—We have received several pieces of music composed by Mr. J. C. Van Maanen, the talented band-master of the 62nd Regiment, at present stationed in this town. All who have heard the performances of the band of the 52nd have been delighted with the manner in which, under the direction of Mr. Van Maanen, they execute the most difficult morceaux, and will, therefore, expect that his talents as a composer are of more than average merit. His "Atherstone Schottische" is one of the most pleasing pieces of dance-music we have heard, and fully deserves the great popularity it has acquired. It is played everywhere in Liverpool, and is universally liked for the beauty and originality of its melody, and the distinct manner in which the time is marked. The "Marianne" is a lively and piquant polka of considerable merit, and is far superior to the average run of polkas. The "Amelia" and "Naiden" waltzes we do not like quite so well. Mr. Van Maanen composes music of a strongly marked character better than that in which a flowing style is required. "Oh! sigh not now" is a sentimental song, to which Mr. Van Maanen has wedded expressive and appropriate music. It is likely to become a great favourite in the drawing-room.—*Liverpool Mail*.

SONTAG AND MALIBRAN.—Mdlle. Sontag returned to Paris in December, 1847. The Italian Opera was then fallen under the rule of M. Laurent. There she found Malibran in the plenitude of her fame and glory. The theatrical gossips and the Parisian *gobemouches* either hoped or expected—all of them predicted—that a war was about to arise betwixt the two stars now forced to

move in the same orbit—a war which would eclipse the encounters of Juno and Venus in the days of Paris and of the siege of Troy. For once, the Greeks of Paris and the Trojans of the Salle Favart were disappointed. It is little to be doubted that the gentle and affectionate nature of Mdlle. Sontag, and the generosity which characterised at all times the impetuous Malibran, would, under any circumstances, have united the two great vocalists—and of this supposition the more than probability is established by the fact that all other *cantatrici*, of equal pretensions, have never failed to be severed by jealousy the moment they have met on the same stage. But long before Mdlle. Sontag's arrival in Paris the second time, she had become acquainted with Malibran. Those amongst our readers who have lived in Paris when it was a centre of society, instead of a centre of revolution, cannot fail to have heard, at least, of the Comtesse de Merlin. This Havana lady, a gifted practical *dilettante*, with Countess de Sparro (Mademoiselle Naldi), and her countessman, Onila (an less distinguished as a vocalist than as Doan of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, and the greatest of toxicologists), were wont to give concerts which were thronged by all the *Melomanes* of the French capital. Madame Merlin thus naturally became the "arbitre *elegantissimum*" of Paris, as far as regarded musical taste, and her house the rendezvous of all who aspired to fame on the lyrical stage. Here Mdlle. Sontag was frequently invited on her first arrival in Paris. On one occasion the countess introduced her to a fair Spaniard, a *protégé* of hers, just arrived from New York. This artist, who had spent some years performing in the ignominious theatres in the New World, was afterwards to celebrate Malibran. Madame Merlin begged Mdlle. Sontag to encourage her friend, who she assured her, had the greatest gifts of voice, by singing with her the duet in *Tancrède*. Mdlle. Sontag cheerfully consented. She anticipated, delighted, and overcame were the two fair vocalists at their respective talents, that at the close of the duet they threw themselves into one another's arms, and from that day began their friendship. Such was the sisterly love and confidence which existed betwixt the two marvellous vocalists, then engaged at the *Talians*, and which is so powerfully recorded in the letters of the lamented Malibran, that the latter was, for a time, in 1828, the only depository of Sontag's secret, that amongst the crowd of sighing and adoring swains who followed her respectfully at a distance, tendering their offers of marriage, there was one on whom she had bestowed her heart, and was about to bestow her hand. The fortunate object of Mdlle. Sontag's choice—and time has proved how well founded was her judgment—was a member of the diplomatic body then accredited at the court of the Tuilleries. Count di Rossi, although then a very young man, was already at that critical period of political affairs *conseiller d'ambassade* of the Sardinian mission—a sufficient proof of his mental powers. He had the good looks, the elegant manners, the tastes, and the gifts of conversation which distinguish the travelled man and the real *homme de qualité*—qualities which no adversity can diminish. Fearing the prejudices of his noble relatives and of his royal master, until they could be assuaged, it was determined to conceal the wedding for the time being. It consequently was solemnised with all due form, but in secret, with only two or three intimate friends as witnesses.—*Memoir of the Countess de Rossi*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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IS a very complete and perfect instrument for measuring "time" in music. It is the size and form of a small watch, and may be carried in the waistcoat pocket, being similar to a spring measuring tape, having marked on one side the numbers of vibrations in one minute (as in Maillard's Metronome), and on the other side the Italian musical terms in general use. From its moderate price, small dimensions, and practical usefulness, it is adapted for all classes of musicians and singers.

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Price, including morocco case and suspender, from 5s. to 10s. each.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

M. JULLIEN'S GRAND

(Second and Last)

BAL MASQUE,

Will take place

On THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12th, 1850.

DURING the many years which M. JULLIEN has had the honour of producing BALS MASQUES in this country, those entertainments have been limited to one in each season, but their immense and increasing popularity, again most evident on the last occasion, added to the very numerous solicitations from his Patrons and Friends, has induced M. JULLIEN for once to deviate from the above custom, and to announce, for the first time, a SECOND BALL in the same season.

The present series of Concerts will, therefore, terminate with a grand BAL MASQUE (most positively the last this season), to take place on THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1850, and M. JULLIEN begs to assure the Nobility and Gentry that they may rely on its surpassing in brilliancy and effect all those hitherto given, the last not even excepted. A SPLENDID DECORATION, together with the CROYAL CURTAINS, will be exhibited.

The ORCHESTRA will, as heretofore, be complete, and consist of ONE HUNDRED and THIRTY-TWO MUSICIANS, including the celebrated CORPS DE TAMBOURS, from the 2nd Legion of National Guards, which have met with such unbounded success during the Concert Season, and who will most positively make their Last Appearance in London.

Principal Cornet-a-Pistons, HENR KONIG.

CONDUCTOR M. JULLIEN.

The New and Fashionable Music of the present Season will be played, with all the favourite Polkas, Waltzes, Mazurkas, and Quadrilles, composed expressly for the Nobility's Balls, Almanacs, &c.; also, an entirely New Polka, entitled

THE NATIONAL GUARD POLKA.

Composed expressly by M. Jullien, and to be performed for the first time on the above occasion, introducing the French Drummers.

N.B. M. Jullien has also arranged his GREAT EXHIBITION QUADRILLE for Dancing, and it will be played for the first time in that form on the 12th instant, terminating with the

MARCH OF ALL NATIONS TO LONDON.

Tickets for the Ball 10s. 6d.

The [Prices of Admission for SPECTATORS (for whom the Audience portion of the Theatre will, as before, be set apart, will be as on former occasions, viz. —

Dress Circle	5s.
Boxes	3s.
Lower Gallery	2s.
Upper Gallery	1s.
Private Boxes, from £3 3s. upwards.	

Persons taking Private Boxes will have the privilege of passing to and from the Ball Room, without extra charge.

Tickets for the Ball, Places, and Private Boxes, may be secured on application to Mr. O'REILLY, at the Box-Office of the Theatre, which is open from 10 till 5. Private Boxes, also, at Mr. MITCHELL'S, Old Bond Street; Mr. SAWYER, St. James's Street; Mr. OLLIVIER, Mr. ALLCOCK, Messrs. LEAVER and COOK, Mr. CHAPPELL, and Messrs. CAMPBELL and Co., New Bond Street; Messrs. CRAMER, BEALE, & Co.; and at JULLIEN and Co.'s Establishment, 214, Regent Street.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Nine; and the Dancing commence at Ten.

Sherbet, Carrara Water, Coffee, Tea, and Ices, (under the superintendence of Mr. G. PAYNE,) will be supplied during the Evening, and at One o'clock the Supper will be served.

Mr. I. NATHAN, Jun., of 118, Castle Street, Leicester Square, is appointed Costumier to the Ball.

Persons in the Costume of Clowns, Harlequins, or Pantaloon, will not be admitted.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THE LAST EIGHT NIGHTS OF M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

THE EXHIBITION QUADRILLE—THE FRENCH DRUMMERS—MIDLE. JETTY TREFFZ—EVERY EVENING.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that his Concerts will most positively terminate on TUESDAY, December 10. On WEDNESDAY, December 11, the Theatre will be closed in order to arrange the Decorations for the GRAND BAL MASQUE, which will take place on the next evening, THURSDAY, December 12, and terminate the Season.

During these last Eight nights, the Programmes will be selected from all the music which has proved to be most popular during the season, including the Great Exhibition Quadrille, executed by the Concert Band, the Three Military Bands, and the French Drummers. The favourite songs by Midle, Jetty Treffz; solos by Herr Konig, Mr. Ratten, Mr. Demunck, M. Pilet, Mr. Collins, &c. &c.

PROMENADE AND BOXES	1s.
DRESS CIRCLE	2s. 6d.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR Mr. COSTA.

On FRIDAY next, December 6th, will be repeated HANDEL's Cratorio, "MESSIAH."

Vocalists—Miss Birch, Miss Dolly, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips, with Orchestra (including 16 double basses) of upwards of 700 performers.

Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each, at the Society's sole Office, No. 6, Exeter Hall, or of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing Cross.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

COMPOSED BY W. R. BEXFIELD, D. MUS.

THE publication of a Work, in Numbers, under the above title, will commence at Christmas. The Work will be so managed that each Number will contain at least one complete Song, Duet, Trio, or Quartet; or a Solo for the Pianoforte, Violin, Flute, or Chamber Organ.

No. I.—DUET FOR TWO CONTRALTOS. Price 2s.

Applications, for the present, may be made to Dr. BEXFIELD, 12, Monmouth Road, Daywater.

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Applications and testimonials as to moral character and professional ability to be addressed, on or before the 5th of December next, post paid, to Messrs. W. W. Johnson and J. H. Small, Boston, Lincolnshire.

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

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No. 49.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1850.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE.
{ STAMPED FOURPENCE.

MASSOL.

THE first appearance of this popular barytone, after an absence of so many years from the Parisian stage, has been hailed with enthusiasm by the *abonnés* of the opera. His singing in Auber's new opera, to judge from the accounts we have received, has made the liveliest impression; while as an actor he seems to have exhibited a greater amount of energy and dramatic intelligence than on any preceding occasion. There has been but one opinion about his voice,—that it was never in better order in regard to strength and quality, and that the singer had acquired a command over it which was previously not so remarkable. In short, Massol's *réentrée* has been triumphant, and assisted materially in the *éclatant succès* of *L'Enfant Prodigue*, the new *chef d'œuvre* of the great and gifted chief of the French school of operatic music.

VIVIER.

THIS prodigious artist, "*cor de naissance, et Corse d'origine*," as Alexander Billet used to call him when the two together made night obstreperous at Lyons, is still at Paris, making the day dulcet with the harmonious sounds of his magic instrument, that, on the wings of Eolus, fly from his window at the top of the Hotel de Valois, smiting the statue of Poquelin, which sits upon its pedestal of stone, watching over the destinies of the Theatre Francois hard by, while the fountain beneath fills freshly the bucket of the water-carrier, smiting, we say, the effigy of France's greatest poet with a music like that of old, which, on the thirsty sands of Egypt, impelled by Apollo's scorching breath, smote the mammoth maw of Memnon, making an echo of the pleasing pain, until the quiet air was stirred with melody mellifluous. Vivier was offered an engagement by the judicious Jullien for the last two weeks of his concerts, which, doubtless, more profitable occupation in Paris prevented him from accepting. Nevertheless, Vivier will be here at *Noël*, ready to start on his provincial tour.

JENNY LIND.

THE Swedish Nightingale will be in London in the month of June, not under the auspices of Mr. Barnum, but for the purpose of giving two grand concerts; after which she will make a tour in the provinces, not under the auspices of anybody but herself. Her success in America had surpassed all expectation.

JETTY TREFFZ.

AN old contributor has forwarded us the following translation of an article upon Jetty Treffz, from the pen of one of her warmest Teutonic admirers. The reader must bear in mind that it is a German who is speaking; and remember that German enthusiasm about art and artists—more especially musical, and dramatic—makes that of other nations look pale.

It is gratifying to record the career of an artist who, unlike so many others, has never had to fight against the ravages of poverty, or to struggle in the darkness of obscurity; but upon whom the golden rays of happiness and triumph have invariably shone. At the same time, it must be owned that happiness and triumph, in the present instance, have been nothing more than the well-earned premium of industry and genius combined.

Jetty Treffz—or rather Henriette de Th—, for Treffz is only the name of her mother's family, and the *nom de guerre* assumed in her artistic career, which has now, indeed, become celebrated—was born at Vienna, on the 28th of June, 1826. Her father, a Polish gentleman, was an officer in the Austrian service. Her mother was daughter of that beautiful Laura Schwan de Manheim, who was loved and sung by the greatest poet of Germany, Frederick Schiller, but who, undazzled by the poet's fame, and unflattered by his muse, preferred the less brilliant attractions of the professor Treffz, and espoused him. Jetty's mother was possessed of a considerable fortune, and was determined to have her daughter educated in the most perfect manner. Unfortunately, the greater part of her fortune was embezzled by a nefarious tutor, to whose keeping it was entrusted when Jetty was only thirteen years of age. Nevertheless, it was most probably to this circumstance, so much to be deplored at the time, we are indebted for affording us an opportunity of admiring a talent of too rare an occurrence to suffer it to be buried in the dilettantism of private life.

The Prince Guizeppe Poniatowsky, an enthusiast in the cause of music and a composer of no mean acquirement, who had long been on intimate terms with Jetty's father, was the first who discovered the great talent of the young girl. Jetty had received from nature a mezzo-soprano voice of remarkable beauty and flexibility, powerful, sonorous, and of unusual extent. From her earliest days, passionately fond of music, she joined to a brilliant imagination an *esprit* facile and penetrating, and a memory singularly retentive. Added to these, Jetty possessed a face and figure the most prepossessing and promising those graces and attractions which are now her acknowledged rights.

Such was Jetty Treffz when Prince Poniatowsky first discovered her latent talent and counselled her parents not to allow it to go uncultivated. Signor Gentilhuomo, an Italian professor of singing, was Jetty's first master. After fifteen days of study, Mercelli, the director of the Italian Opera at Vienna, wishing to have in his possession a young girl whose future he could not but foresee, engaged her. Jetty immediately applied herself to her studies with enthusiastic zeal. Among her instructors at this time, we would particularly mention Monsieur Charles Kœnt, a professional musical critic, and a singer of taste and talent. Much to Jetty's chagrin and disappointment, since she burned to distinguish herself on the stage, Mercelli detained her a whole year without giving her

a single part to play. She threw up her engagement in consequence, and departed for Dresden, where, in her fifteenth year, she made her *début* in the character of Juliet, in the *Montecchi e Capuletti*. The celebrated Schröder Devrient was the Romeo. Jetty's success was triumphant. The Queen of Saxony, charmed with the grace and talent of the young *débütante*, commanded her intendant, the Baron de Lüttichau, to present Jetty to her, in her box, the same evening. But Her Majesty of Saxony did not stop here. At her own expense, and under her immediate inspection, Jetty received lessons from the famous singing master Morlachi, and from Schröder Devrient, the best model of which she could have found in all Germany for the mimic art. There were, however, several little intrigues on the part of this great artist, which determined her pupil, who now commenced to become her rival, to quit Dresden, after a twelve month's sojourn, during which she had been constantly distinguished by the Queen, and applauded by the public, on all occasions, with the greatest fervour. From Dresden she went to Leipzig, where she had the good fortune to meet Mendelssohn, who took the liveliest interest in her from the first moment he saw her. He made her study his own songs with him, and subsequently, when she was engaged at those brilliant entertainments given in Leipzig, under the name of the *Gewandhaus* concerts, he composed expressly for the last of these concerts, the beautiful and popular chansonelle, "Es ist bestim in Gottes Rath," which Jetty sang for the first time, with the most deafening demonstrations of favour from thousands of listeners. There is little doubt but that it is Mendelssohn to whom Jetty is mainly indebted for that delicate appreciation, that profound sentiment, that touching expression, and that fascination of style, which so remarkably distinguishes her as a singer. But Jetty in herself had the talent and the will. Mendelssohn could have found no difficulty in cultivating a soil so fertile and so yielding.

On her return from Leipzig to Vienna, Jetty was engaged at the *Harnthnerthor* Theatre. Two years after, when Pokorny organised an operatic company, which was superior to any other in Germany, she sang at the theatre *Ander Wien* with Staudigl and Pischek, and Mesdames Marra and Jenny Lind. A *comp* of some weeks was employed in reaping a golden harvest and adding to her laurels in Dresden, Leipzig, Berlin, Frankfort, and Preshurg. At the latter town she performed a round of characters, in Mozart's operas, with immense success. Her musical knowledge and correct reading, combined with a veneration for the works of the great Mozart, rendered her performances so interesting, that the public were fascinated by the superior talents of the young artist. Some time afterwards, Jetty Treffz achieved new triumphs at Vienna, in Balfe's operas, the *Four Sons of Aymon*, and the *Bohemian Girl*. She sang nearly two hundred times in the first opera, and more than one hundred in the latter.

The revolution of 1848 interrupted Jetty's brilliant and rapid career. Art in general, and the dramatic art in particular, had nearly received their death blow on the continent. Jetty then recalled to mind the brilliant successes she had obtained at Leipzig, as a concert singer, and went to London, where she made her *début* at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society—with what success need not here be told. Immediately afterwards Jetty was invited by Queen Victoria to sing at the concerts at Buckingham Palace. What followed, is well known.

Jetty Treffz is, as we have already said, most prepossessing and striking in appearance. Her manners are extremely

agreeable and fascinating. Her amiability, joined to her talents and *esprit*, make her beloved by all who know her. Her benevolence is well-known to all who enjoy her intimate acquaintance. She expends, in good acts, a considerable portion of her income, and no artist in misfortune has been known to appeal to her generosity in vain.

So much talent and such qualities fully justify the above eulogium, which is nothing more than the homage due to the genius and goodness of JETTY TREFFZ.

THE GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

THE chorus of the Berlin Chapel Royal, who have for some weeks been an important feature of attraction at these entertainments, took leave of the London public on Monday night. The performances included some of the most popular, though none of the best pieces in their *répertoire*. Everything, however, was enthusiastically received; Herr Neidhard's chorus, with bass solo, "Home, sweet home," and Zollner's "March to Battle," a composition of some vigour, but small musical merit, being applauded with equal unanimity and warmth. The first piece, long as it is, was encored, and the "Echo" song substituted, which, in its turn, experienced the same compliment. The "March to Battle," being redemanded, was followed by "Rule Britannia" and "God save the Queen," in English, which were received with acclamations; but these and other tokens of approbation, bestowed on Monday night by the audience with such unequivocal heartiness, were chiefly due to the talent of the Berlin choristers (in its way unrivalled) and altogether independent of the music they thought fit to introduce, which has not been, on all occasions, of such a high character as was to be expected from a body of vocalists indebted for so much of their excellence to the personal superintendence of Mendelssohn, when director of the music of the church to His Majesty the King of Prussia. It was generally expected that the Berlin choristers would give the London public some specimens of their quality in the great choral compositions of their fatherland, but their selections, with few exceptions, have been confined to slow hymn tunes, and bagatelles, in the form of *lieder*, national and patriotic airs, harmonized, &c. That these may have been more entirely acceptable to the mass, we will not deny; but that the reputation of the Berlin choristers in the estimation of those who look upon music as an intellectual art, and expected now and then something of a more solid character, is unquestionable. Nevertheless, we do not wish to take one iota from the merit of these singers, who, if judged merely as executants, whether the power and quality of their voices or the precision and delicacy of their execution be taken into consideration, are assuredly superior to any that have been heard in this country. We understand that they are not going to "battle" after all, but have several engagements to fulfil in the English provinces—an occupation which we trust may be as much more profitable as it can hardly fail to be more agreeable to themselves.

The concert was a good one in other respects. The 7th symphony of Beethoven, one of the grandest and most original of the nine, was played entire at the beginning of the evening, under Mr. Balfe's direction, listened to with exemplary attention, and applauded warmly. What a pity the managers of the Grand National Concerts did not set out from the beginning with thus accomplishing the letter of their prospectus! Miss Poole, too, made her first appearance with Haydn's "Mermaid's song," which was well received; Mr. Sims Reeves gave us some of his best singing in "Adelaide;" Miss God-

dard played one of Thalberg's most brilliant pieces; Mr. Cooper executed a fantasia of Herr Pechatscheck, on the fourth string of the violin; Mr. Baumann another on the bassoon; Auber's sparkling overture to *Cheval de Bronze*, performed with remarkable spirit and decision by the band, put every one in good humour; and Méhul's very ancient "Chasse" brought back the days of the *Battle of Prague*.

The forthcoming novelty is Mr. Loder's operatic romance, *The Island of Calypso*, from which great things are anticipated. In all probability this will be produced next week.

The entire proceeds of the performance were, with great liberality, handed over to the use of the Berlin Choir by the executive committee, managers, and directors of the Grand National Concerts.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

Drury-lane Theatre has been overflowed every night since our last. Jetty Treffz has been unwell, and was absent from her place on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday. On Wednesday, however, she came back convalescent, and was received with the usual enthusiasm. The Great Exhibition Quadrille has proved a stupendous hit—Jullien never achieved a greater success than with this picturesque *pot-pourri*, this obtrusive *alla podrida*, this prophetic pastiche, this loyal lay, this egregious epic, which has done no end of good in conciliating the French national guards and the London "many-headed."

On Thursday there was a Beethoven night. The works introduced were the overture to *Leonora*, the pianoforte concerto in E flat, the vocal canon, "Kennst dir das Land," and the symphony in C minor, a plentiful dish of Beethovens for the lovers of his music. The overture and symphony were carefully executed under Jullien's vigorous direction. Kœnig, who plays the trumpet like an angel, played the trumpet solo (under the stage) in *Leonora* upon the cornet-a-piston like an angel; but why not on the trumpet? Also, in the *finale* of the symphony, why four cornets instead of two trumpets?

M. Alexander Billet is gradually progressing in public favour. His extensive repertoire gives him peculiar facilities. Since our last he has played the *Concertstück* of Weber with brilliant success, and at the Beethoven "Festival" he took the pianoforte part of the magnificent concerto in E flat, which is as difficult and laborious as almost anything Beethoven has written for the piano. In this great style of music, however, M. Billet is quite at home. He understands it, and plays it as though he understood it, without fuss or affectation. His mechanical quickness, his complete mastery of the key-board, bring the *traits de bravoure* easily under his hand, while his musical intelligence provides the colouring most fitted to its suitable expression. Although the performance lasted more than half-an-hour the vast multitude listened to the concerto throughout with decorous attention, and each successive movement was applauded with increasing warmth.

Mdlle. Treffz sang the lovely "Kennst dir das Land," of which Beethoven himself thought so much, to perfection—she was Mignon herself carolling to her lute. She was encored with acclamation.

The rest of the concert embraced the usual materials. Among other things, the quaint, expressive, and really melodious little song of "Angelina," called "My bright Savoy," was played by Kœnig on the cornet-a-pistons, with exquisite taste, and loudly applauded. Jetty Treffz gained another encore in Linley's new ballad, "The Mountain Daisy," but the calls for "Trab, trab, trab" were so vociferous that she was obliged to substitute that all popular ditty in its place.

To-night Kœnig's benefit; Monday Jullien's, and the last night of the season. On Thursday the ball, the second of the season.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From the Times.)

On Saturday night the Sacred Harmonic Society commenced the campaign of 1850-51 with the *Messiah*. It was their 227th concert in the great room of Exeter Hall, and their 56th performance of Handel's masterpiece in the same locality. The attendance betokened the subscription to be in a flourishing state; the building could not easily have been more crowded. We state this with pleasure, as no association in Europe exercises a more powerful influence on the highest interests of the musical art than the Sacred Harmonic Society. It is true that this society may be said to have a public of its own, which the most seductive attractions of a different character cannot tempt away—no contemptible proof, by the way, of the existence, so stoutly denied abroad, of a pure and cultivated taste for music in this metropolis, since very few short of 2,000 persons are requisite to fill the hall completely, while nothing but music of a serious and elevated order is to be heard there. As much cannot be adduced of any other city in the Old World, much less the New.

A new interest was attached to the performance of last night, which, except the very first ever given in the large room of Exeter Hall, is likely to be chronicled as the most memorable and important in the history of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The alterations and improvements in the building, so long opposed by the committee of proprietors, and so obstinately advocated by the directors of the society, with Mr. Bowley, one of the most zealous and active members, at their head, have been accomplished during the recess, and their value was tested last night in a manner which must have satisfied the incredulous as much as it delighted the indefatigable promoters of the change. Exeter Hall was built in 1829, chiefly through the exertions of Mr. Henry Pownall, for the accommodation of religious and scientific assemblies; but the early performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society had so strong an influence that the proprietors soon began to derive a great part of the rent of the building from musical meetings. As first constructed, and up to last year, Exeter Hall was, nevertheless, without exception the very worst building, of any pretensions, for musical effect in England. At present, thanks to the recent proceedings, it is in all probability the best, as it is certainly the largest and most commodious. It is unnecessary for us to enter into a technical account of the manner in which the interior of the great hall has been remodelled. That has been published already, and can be had for the asking. It is enough to specify the chief points in the new construction. First, the central projecting wall at the east end has been removed, and the huge organ thrown back about 18 feet, whereby the ancient recesses now form part of the main body of the hall. The advantages derived are evident. The organ no longer conceals two large divisions of the chorus from each other, but places them within sight and hearing of each other, which is of eminent service in promoting decision and unanimity in the execution, while it saves the conductor a world of trouble and anxiety. Moreover, some two or three hundred members of the chorus are extricated from what was not much preferable to the black-hole at Calcutta. They can now breathe freely, and use their lungs without danger of suffocation. Next, the four unseemly and vexa-

tious pillars that were wont to impede the sight and hearing of two-thirds of the occupants of the seats under the great western gallery have been done away with altogether; so that at present any one may be installed in that department of the hall with comfort and advantage. Here again the suffocating principle has been neutralized. Last, though perhaps first in importance, the ceiling has been raised several feet in every direction, and curved in such a manner as to gain no less than twelve feet of central elevation, while all projections have been removed from the surface. Without stopping to consider the novel aspect which this bold step has conferred upon the hall, or the superior method of ventilation it has facilitated, we may at once say that the acoustical improvements derived are mainly to be traced in that direction. Mendelssohn was more than once heard to say, when conducting rehearsals of his *Elia* at Exeter Hall, "Oh, if I were only Hercules, that I might push up that heavy weight with my shoulder!" alluding to the ceiling, which he always said was the one thing that prevented London from having as good, if not a better music-room than Birmingham. The great composer little thought that in less than four years the alterations he had playfully suggested, without dreaming of their possibility, would be accomplished, and he not living to witness them. In such matters there was no better authority than Mendelssohn, and the justice of his views has been established beyond controversy. The difference in the general effect is really surprising. The band and chorus seem to have double power, while all frustrating echo and superfluous vibration being removed, the smallest details of the vocal and instrumental score are plainly distinguishable, and the principal singers can be easily heard from any part of the area, without the least necessity for unusual exertion. On the other hand, an advantage accrues which, perhaps, will be more acceptable to the critical hearers than to the performers themselves, although in the end advantageous to both, since it renders the utmost care indispensable in getting up the concerts. The sound comes so sharp and clear that wrong notes and right notes are equally evident, and mistakes arising from negligence or clumsy execution cannot now escape detection. Of this, although the performance was excellent on the whole, we had several instances last night. Sharps instead of naturals, flats instead of sharps, and *vice versa*, which from long habit have become almost traditional, gave direct offence to the practised ear, and, so to speak, uttered their own condemnation with irresistible force. As the organ has only just been put up, and is still in an imperfect state, the stops being unavailable (a disadvantage which taxed the skill and readiness of Mr. Brownsmith very severely), and as the arrangements are yet in a state of such comparative disorganization as must have made an efficient rehearsal a matter of inconvenience, we shall waste no words at present on cataloguing defects, but be satisfied to recommend such increased diligence as may put the new conditions of the hall to the best possible use.

The band has been judiciously strengthened. There are now 16 double basses, 16 violoncellos, and 82 violins and altos. Several excellent performers have been added to the ranks, among whom may be mentioned Messrs. Campanille and Pratten (double-bass), H. Chipp and Guest (violin), Dando, Doyle, Zerbin, and Cousins (violin). There is still some room for improvement in the "wind" department; and, on the other hand, if a few of the per-noun-professionals (in band as in the chorus) would "wait a little longer," and perfect their studies before assisting in public performances, a further advantage would be secured.

On the whole, however, the band is a highly efficient force, and not unworthy of such an important society as that to which it belongs. The chorus is still more numerous than last year, and we have little doubt will eventually prove still more efficient. Now, however, that all the several divisions of the vocal score can be heard so much more distinctly, and the tenor voices, instead of being, as it were, "lost in a fog," come out with considerable force and decision, it would be advisable to strengthen the female department of the chorus, especially the trebles, which no longer enjoy the advantages of an exclusively favourable position. There is time enough for this, however. Meanwhile this vast army of more than 700 voices and instruments was conducted with masterly ease and precision by Mr. Costa, whose appearance in the orchestra was the signal for loud and prolonged applause. The qualities which have earned such unanimous praise for this gentleman, wherever he has held the position of musical director, were not less conspicuous last night than on former occasions, and his influence on the performance, in its *ensemble* as in its details, could hardly be over-estimated.

The principal singers were Misses Birch and Dolby, Messrs. Lockey, Whitworth, and Whitehouse. It was Mr. Whitworth's first appearance at the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and he made so favourable an impression in his opening air, "But who may abide"—an impression in no degree weakened by the manner in which he gave, "Why do the nations," that it is not likely to be his last. Mr. Whitworth is a decided acquisition to the ranks of the society. He has a voice at once strong and of pleasing quality, sings with good style and facility, and enunciates his words with unusual distinctness. We recommend him, however, to abandon the shake until he has thoroughly mastered it. Mr. Whitehouse, a member of the Chapel Royal at Windsor, is a *debutante*, and therefore entitled to more indulgent criticism than would be bestowed upon an experienced public singer. With a bass voice of extremely soft and grateful tone, he has acquired a command of legato very unusual in beginners. This, at present, indeed, his chief quality, is one of eminent value; but his voice is deficient in power, and his singing wants style and vigour. He is evidently very young, and nervousness, no doubt, deprived him of the free use of his natural advantages. He was most successful in "The people that walked in darkness," the recitative especially; but we advise him, for the future, to adhere strictly to the text. For a young singer to begin his career with alterations of Handel be-tokens want of reverence and enthusiasm, in the absence of which future success is doubtful. "The trumpet shall sound" is at present too much for Mr. Whitehouse. Mr. T. Harper's trumpet obligato in this song deserves mention as a highly finished piece of execution. Miss Dolby has, perhaps, never sung the contralto parts more perfectly than last night. We have only to complain of her omitting the second part of the fine air, "He was despised," which is a necessary introduction to the magnificent chorus, "Surely he hath borne our griefs," and cannot be rejected without detriment to Handel's plan. If the first movement were taken somewhat quicker, which would enhance the effect, the whole would not be found "too long."—the invalid plea of singers, who make Handel suffer for their own misconception. Miss Birch, too, by the manner in which she drags the air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," makes one of the most tiresome. We are aware that these are mistakes of long standing, but Miss Dolby and Miss Birch have sufficiently the ear and the favour of the public to adopt their own readings. If, however, they have neither the will nor the courage, Mr. Costa, as conductor, should take the

matter in hand. Both airs would gain immensely by acceleration. Mr. Lockey sang "Comfort ye my people" with unexceptionable taste, and gave full expression to the passionate air, "Behold and see." In "He shall break them" he was less efficient. This song is not in his style.

There were no encores, and all attempts at applause were immediately suppressed—an example which we trust may prevail throughout the season. Previous to the oratorio the national anthem was executed, the principal vocalists and the entire chorus assisting. We must say that we never heard so aloofly a performance. Such a beginning did not lead us to anticipate the signal success it has been our task to record.

The *Messiah* will be repeated on Friday. No other work is announced before Christmas.

MISS CHRISTINA DAWSON IN GLASGOW.

(From the Glasgow Mail.)

To Miss Dawson on Thursday night there was undoubtedly an ovation. The most spacious room in Glasgow filled to overflowing on her account, and on her account alone we may rightly assert gave testimony to the deep interest—at all events the extreme curiosity—which pervaded all classes to hear one who had "risen from the ranks." A first appearance to thousands in Glasgow must have been most trying to a girl of Miss Dawson's antecedents. Her engagement by Mr. Muir Wood gave the idea that she was "a safe card;" for we (and we believe the public) have a strong faith in his judgment and his taste. Notwithstanding a predilection in favour of Miss Dawson—notwithstanding the favourable and unfavourable notices this young lady got elsewhere—we attended the concert last night with a doubt that she would not fulfil expectation. It is a serious injury to a student like Miss Dawson to have her abilities, however decided they may be, fostered before the public mind prematurely. Genius is, in hundreds of instances, deadened to its own power; because, before that power is sufficiently cultivated, it is shown before the world—applauded too soon—gets proud of itself—and takes no further pains to improve an opportunity. It requires a strong head to withstand popular applause—and a still stronger to receive kindly and act upon an honest opinion.

A desire to speak fairly and honestly to the public compels us to state our fear, that Miss Dawson has been too suddenly brought forward as a "star," and too enthusiastically heralded in that position. We confess to having been among those who earnestly wished her to get "a clear stage." That has been gotten in Glasgow, and the results are before us. We are quite satisfied that the usual set phrase—"She has much to learn"—will be plentifully bestowed upon her efforts. She is young—her tutoring has been but of a brief space—she had "much to learn," but she has less now. To say that she is a "great" vocalist would be to use a deception. She is not a "great" singer—what she may become is a question of time. We will not, because we cannot, rank Miss Dawson among the Sontags—the Grisis—the Linds of the day. She stands apart from them in many ways. She has good natural power—taking all circumstances into account, she sings remarkably well what she has been taught, as she has been taught it—she has a pleasing person, and the demeanour of a lady; but candour says a longer course of tuition is absolutely essential to render her an accomplished vocalist, capable of contesting with Miss Romer or Miss Dolby. Her rendering of the scena from "Der Freischütz" was marked by the simple and unaffected style

usually—though not universally—attributed to German music. It was well delivered, though rather cold in its ensemble. It brought out an encore, and "Auld Robin Gray" was substituted. Miss Dawson was "at home" in this song, and gave it with true feeling and expression; it was *home*, music, and possibly came from the heart of one to the hearts of hundreds. She sang the aria from "Robert le Diable" with some power, but the requisite energy—the *chiaro oscuro* of intelligence—was wanting. In the lower notes her voice was thin, and without any volume to sustain some really beautiful expressions in the *alto* part of her *chanson*. Indeed we may prudently affirm that Miss Dawson's principal natural deficiency is in the lower portion of her "register." We should fancy her voice to extend from G below the stave to C above. The latter note she can bring out with ease, and possibly she might attain E flat; but from F in the first space downwards her voice lacks fullness and is "reedy." Those notes which run an octave from B flat upwards are clear, distinct, and eloquent. That her training is not yet sufficient for a public verdict in favour of her powers, was palpable from her management of the chromatic scale in "Robert toi que j'aime." The semi tone somehow "got entangled with each other" and were not emitted closely—they were more slurring than distinct.

Towards Miss Dawson herself we consider this notice but due; for a person so young as she is, the world's ways is very likely to be spoiled by unjudging and indiscriminate flattery. That she was heartily, honestly, and enthusiastically cheered there can be no doubt, but we do not doubt that that arose from her rendering of Meyerbeer or Weber.

One year's study in Paris or Naples will make Miss Dawson what she has the faculty to become—a true vocalist of a genuine school; and without that study she cannot reach the *status* which with it she can unquestionably hold.

We have devoted more space to Miss Dawson than we had intended, and consequently must notice the other components of the concert very briefly.

Miss Josephine Bassano is precisely one of those singers whom we would like to see lending her aid to a chorus—nothing more. She wants animation and the intellectual ability to comprehend the composer.

Mr. Dibdin's solos on the harp were played with more than ordinary taste. His harmonies reminded us of Bocca, especially in the mode of fingering. He did, really, some brilliant things; but a promiscuous audience do not always comprehend the difficulties of a comparatively unknown instrument.

The violin solos of Mr. Schumann were sweetly played, and neat in their execution. We cannot, however, remember with exactness that his solo in the first part was the "sixth" concerto of De Beriot. That *maestro's* sixth and seventh airs have been always favourites with the million; but we failed to recognise that one played by Mr. Seligmann.

We may mention that the City Hall was completely filled, about 3,000 persons being present.

JOSEPH LABITZKY was born in 1802, at Petochan, in Bohemia. His studies were pursued in Prague and Vienna. His natural bent for dance composition was early developed. His first valises went great popularity. Early in life Labitzky travelled to Russia, Poland, Switzerland, and every part of Germany. At St. Petersburg he was patronised by the Imperial family. He is now the Kapellmeister of Carlsbad, and has composed no less than one hundred and eighty works. Labitzky has also written for the violin, viola, flute, horn, clarinet, &c., a "Miserere," and other works for the church.

DANTE.

(From the *Literary Gazette*.)

Dante has found many biographers, but hardly one historian; and yet the course of his adventurous life, and the annals of the stirring times in which he lived, would form a noble subject for meditation. At the end of the thirteenth century Italy was agitated by that eternal quarrel between the priesthood and the empire, which brought so many evils in its train—a quarrel still bitter as ever in Piedmont, and even now threatening the tranquillity of Ireland and of England. In the midst of these contests several famous cities threw off their chains. Pisa, Venice, Genoa, Bologna, and Florence, raised a shout of liberty that startled the imperial eagle in his Alpine eyrie, and shook the triple crown on the head of the successor of the fisherman. It would have been a fortunate thing for humanity if these little states could have maintained their independence in the vicinity of the great monarchical powers. But pope and emperor intervened with a policy that has become traditional; and the parties into which these republics were divided, blindly and madly accepted the patronage and protection of each in turn. At Florence, the Guelphs professed themselves supporters of the church, and the Ghibellines of the empire, but without caring much for the one or the other. The true question between them was, whether the people or the wealthy citizens should govern the state; and in the continued danger of foreign invasion, the popular party found its interest in attaching itself to the Pope and to France against Germany, whilst the higher classes were more interested in joining the Emperor. Each in turn rose and fell; each in turn became victors or victims. Such was the condition of these free states when Dante was born at Florence, in 1225. It is hardly necessary to remind our readers that he, like many others who have risen to eminence, gave early indications of his future destiny. Precocious in passion as in genius, we are told that at the age of nine he became violently enamoured of the "incomparable Beatrice," then one year his junior. The two children grew up together, their love strengthening with their growth. Dante, on whom the inspiration of poetry, had already fallen, celebrated the beauties and virtues of his young mistress in such tender strains, that several ladies of Florence, envious of Beatrice, resolved to rob her of her lover. But Dante resisted all their seductions, remaining faithful to the lady of his thoughts; and some years afterwards, when death took her from him, he scarcely ate or slept; he would not speak, neglected his person, and became a savage thing to the eye, "*una cosa selvatica a vedere*." In the composition of the "*Vita Nuova*," which appeared in 1295, and which contains distinct hints of the design of his great poem, he sought and found consolation. But this could not satisfy the ardour of a mind which soon exhausted the whole cycle of medieval learning. Under the direction of the celebrated Brunetto Latini, he studied history, divinity, philosophy, and jurisprudence, and whatever else might fit him for the duties of public life. He mingled in politics, and took part in the government of his country. From his conduct when a magistrate, it is evident that he condemned alike the madness of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, Bianchi, and Neri, for he sent the leaders of both into exile. O that exile he himself not long after became a sharer, for refusing to receive a French prince, sent by Boniface VIII. under the pretext of pacifying their civil dissensions. He now openly embraced the Ghibeline or imperial party, and composed a treatise, *De Monarchia*, to prove that all the woes of Italy sprang from the false doctrine that the pope had a right to interfere in temporal concerns. Towards the close of his life he wandered from city to city, almost from house to house, receiving hospitality, sometimes conferred with a generosity and dignity becoming his genius and character, and at others with that insolence that petty tyrants alone can assume. We are told that one day, while living at Verona, his princely host, Can Granda de Scallia, had the bad taste to ask him how it was that the courtiers were fonder of the company of the court jester than of so wise and learned a man as Dante. "Why," replied he, with a smile, "for because we are all fond of what is most like ourselves." Another anecdote is recorded of his stay in the same city, which tells us how deeply the iron of injustice and persecution had entered into his soul. In his youth he was eminently handsome, but in a grave and melancholy style, characteristic of his mind. Years of exile had added to the natural sternness

of his countenance, and he used to relate that one day, as he passed by a portico where several women were sitting, one of them whispered, with awe-stricken looks, "Do you see that man; that is he who goes down to hell when he pleases, and brings us back tidings of the sinners below." "Very likely," rejoined her companion; "see how his face is scarred with fire and brimstone, and blackened with smoke, and how his hair and beard are curled in the flames." Exile had not, however, entirely estranged him from his beloved Florence. In the "*Convito*," he speaks of it with great tenderness of language, exalting the injustice of the citizens towards him not a crime, but a fault; and praying that his bones may at last repose in the soft bosom of that land which had nursed him:—"E nel quale, con buona pace di quella, desidero con tutto il cuore di riposare l'animo stanco, e terminare il tempo che mi è dato." In close study and in the continuation of his "*Divino Comedy*," the poet sought forgetfulness of the discomforts and humiliations of his exile. The muse was faithful to his invocation, and the most remarkable poem of the middle ages was completed in the Castle of Colimolau. On its dilapidated walls the following inscription was long visible:—

Hic mansit Dantes aliquot poetas, et carmina scripsit.

He died shortly afterwards, on the 14th of September, 1321, at the age of 56. He was buried at the east of Guido da Polenta, the father of that unfortunate Francesca da Rimini, whose story he has so exquisitely told in the fifth canto of the "*Inferno*," perhaps the most beautiful episode in the whole range of ancient and modern poetry. The same Guido attended his remains to the tomb, and recited a funeral oration over them. His successors defended the poet's sepulchre against the power of Charles of Naples, when Pope John XXII. sent Cardinal Bernardo with orders to drag forth his bones from the repose of the grave, that they might be scattered to the winds of heaven.

THE INFANT MARIE.

(From the *Manchester Courier*.)

Precocious genius—the class of humanity coming under the title of "Infant prodigy"—has frequently been the theme of editorial disapproval, and we must confess to a sort of intuitive objection to many exhibitions of this nature; but there are several instances in our memory, from whose performances the most fastidious and carping critic might derive a legitimate gratification. We scarcely need name the renowned Liza, with his musical inspiration, when a youth of 12 years of age; the little Sappho, with her graceful and brilliant execution; or, more recently, the charming sister Milanolo, whose performances on the violin displayed genius as well as talent. There is much in the temperament of a child which makes these exhibitions pleasing or otherwise,—it is either a severe task or a real enjoyment; and we have come away from the entertainment given last night, at the Free-trade Hall, by the Infant Marie, under the impression that she belongs to the latter class of youthful aspirants for fame. She is a vocalist, a pianist, a dancer, and a mimic,—and in each of these characters betrays a grace and cleverness as rare as it is agreeable. Her voice is clear, flexible, and of extraordinary power for a child, particularly in the level and lower notes; she reads her songs well, and with intelligence, both as to execution and expression; she has an appreciation of humour; whilst her dancing possesses elegance, as well as a spirit of enjoyment. We should not omit to observe that in her singing there is a distinctness of utterance—every word being distinctly enunciated,—that gives effect to what she attempts, and is evidence of a sensible tuition. The programme of last night exhibited this little lady in each of the characters we have named, and in all there was an ease of manner, and an evident absence of fatigue; indeed, her address to her auditors, immediately following her Scotch dance, showed no catching of breath or the slightest indication of over-work. This, perhaps, is one of the charms of her performance. Her pianoforte playing is clear to touch, with a strength and freedom in the left hand which we rarely find in professors of much "larger growth." Her singing of "Trab, trab," the "Mermaid's Song" of Haydn, accompanied by herself, a comic song, "Helho for a carriage," and, above all, "Little Red Riding Hood," in character, showed a large share of natural talent, and a versatility rarely to be found in one so young.

Her dancing of "La Cachucha," with the castinet accompaniment, met with a large share of applause, as, indeed, did every effort of the evening. At the close of the performance, there were the usual endearments of tender mothers showered upon her, which she received in a manner that made us hope she has good sense enough not to be spoiled. We should not omit to notice that she sung in Italian as well as English, with a very happy pronunciation, and that we are given to understand she is conversant with two or three foreign languages. Her reception was quite enthusiastic. An elder sister showed considerable musical taste, and a very good quality of voice. She sang Benedict's beautiful song, "By the sad sea wave," in a very nice manner, and was much applauded. Mr. Graham, who presided at the pianoforte, was also well received. We should have been glad if he had let us know better what he was singing about. He lacks distinction of enunciation. The hall was lighted up as on the occasion of the Cosmorama, with Mr. Hammerly's clever landscapes, looking as fresh as ever, and Dawson's diorama of St. Peter's, with its beautiful changing effects, receiving the warm plaudits of a large audience. The whole concluded, evidently to the satisfaction of all present, at about a quarter past ten.

SPORH'S SEASONS.

THOMSON wrote the *Seasons*, and Haydn composed the *Seasons*, and now Spohr has given us his *Seasons*. Thomson was a fine poet, Haydn a finer poet than Thomson, and Spohr so little resembles either that we cannot find logic to compare him with either. So much the better, perhaps; "comparisons are odorous." Leaving Thomson and Haydn, however, let us have a chat about Spohr, of whom (the more shame to us!) we have not talked for a very long time.

What is there in Spohr that one should dare to say "Spohr is not as great a man as any of the great musicians?" What is it, when Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn are mentioned in a breath—what is it that prevents us from at once adding the name of Spohr to the illustrious quintet? The subtle in discriminating musical excellence will own that this is a difficult question to answer. We proclaim ourselves incompetent to suggest a reason. Spohr is so much beyond all others, except the five, or perhaps, more strictly speaking, he is so often equal to the five in their moments of inspiration, that we feel loth not at once to place him on the sixth pedestal. Spohr is a great master; none can deny it; and to say a great master is not to say a small thing. We do not say—that is the few that judge do not say—Rossini is a great master, or Auber is a great master, or even Weber is a great master, who was nearer the mark than either. In these men, with all their genius, we find not that intense and irrepressible love of the art, for the sake of the art alone, which is surely an essential quality in the distinction. We find everything except the power which can only be acquired by its possession. But that Spohr possesses it, his life and works have shown. It is the noblest and the rarest of all the qualities which, summed together, make the supreme musician. Spohr has genius also; does any one doubt it who is able to detect originality of style—does any one doubt it who can estimate the influence of his works on the composers of our time? Genius, and a real and disinterested love of art. Here are the two most enviable qualities. Spohr has the desire and the power to write great music, and he has written great music. By great we do not mean beautiful, or dramatic—for these and more can be said of the celebrated men we have cited—but that which unites these and many other things, that which can alone be compassed by the highest gifts and the most indomitable will, combined. Spohr has compassed this and has thereby cleared

himself entirely from the herd, from whom he stands apart, as the moon at night from the lesser stars, no matter what may be their brightness. If a man had written a finer poem than *Paradise Lost*, amidst many other things inferior to other poems of Milton, that man would be a greater man than Milton. Let us apply this maxim, which we suppose to be irrefutable, to Spohr, in comparing him with Rossini, a man of splendid genius, more celebrated perhaps than Spohr, certainly more celebrated in the eyes of the world. How many will say, and not unreasonably, that Spohr has neither the fluent melody nor the dramatic colouring of Rossini. It is proved in his operas, which, compared with the best of the Italian master, are deficient in brilliancy, overcharged with unnecessary elaborations, and inferior in dramatic effect. The most zealous of Spohr's advocates would hardly refuse to own a truth so easily demonstrated by comparison. We, who, without being able to give a tangible reason at a breath, have a greater respect for Spohr than Rossini, and prefer him as a composer, shall not attempt to confute it. And yet we must assert, in support of our argument, that in the operas of Spohr (all their "heaviness" allowed), there are certain things beyond the highest flight of Rossini—things which Rossini could never have reached, because it was not in him, or of him, to reach them. What are they?—we shall be asked. First, the unity of purpose which makes an opera one particular work, not to be confounded with any other, and the component parts of which cannot be separated without detriment to the whole—no more than you can abstract a certain layer of bricks from a building without the whole tumbling down. Second, the earnestness which keeps the artist for ever at his proper dignity, and rarely leaves a point unfinished for want of care or enthusiasm. Third, the many points of fine development in which the sentiment of the drama may be seen, by those who take the pains to study the score, as it were to march in the music. Fourth, the continued evidence of purpose which demonstrates that the composer is anxious to do justice to himself, by illustrating his text to the uttermost shade of veritable expression. Fifth, the general construction of the concerted pieces and *finales*. Sixth, the elaborate finish of the orchestration. Seventh, the care with which the overture is written, showing the master of the symphonic form, the grandest and most universal, upon which all art is based, and in the absence of which no manifestation of art has the least chance of approaching perfect symmetry. These are the qualities in Spohr which we do not find in his great Italian cotemporary. These we reverence and admire, and these prove to us that Spohr is a greater man and a greater master than Rossini. Yet we are ready to confess that the *Barber of Seville* and *William Tell* afford us more absolute pleasure than *Jessenda* and *Faust*. That this pleasure may be sensual we will not deny; in respect to the *Barber of Seville*, we are sure it is; and that the purely mental delight attached to the more elevated beauties of Spohr's operatic music, demanding greater pains and attention to be enjoyed, is often neglected by ourselves, like the rest of the world, for the other. We look upon it that few straightforward picture-seekers, if they gave an honest confession of their feelings, but would own to a far greater pleasure in the pictures of Landseer than in those of finer masters, whose subjects are less "ad captandum,"—to employ a current expression. Fewer straightforward music-lovers but feel and own, if they be honest, a similar preference for the music of Rossini over that of Spohr. We are quite aware that the Italian has more charms for the multitude than the German, but, at the same

time, we insist that little importance should be attached to such distinctions where grave questions of art are concerned. There were many who preferred Salieri to Mozart, and there are many who prefer Donizetti to the same immortal genius. Not that we compare either Salieri or Donizetti to Rossini. Truth forbid we should.

Thus much avowed, thus much compared, we may return to our original proposition. If a man had written a finer poem than *Paradise Lost*, amidst many things inferior to other poems of Milton, that man would be a greater man than Milton. Applying the maxim to Spohr and Rossini, we begin with the assertion that Spohr has composed divers works which it is plainly impossible Rossini could ever have composed, because he has not the *art*. But, on the other hand, we cannot assert that Rossini has composed divers works which Spohr could never have composed, because he has not the *invention*. Spohr has not composed them, it is true, but why, we cannot undertake to decide. That Rossini has not the art of Spohr may be established by a comparison of the overtures to the operas of the two men; but that Spohr has not the invention of Rossini cannot be established by any just comparison. Whatever genius may have been exerted in the creation of *Guillaume Tell*, that which gave birth to *Die Weihe der Töne* is still of a higher and more brilliant order; and who for one instant would hesitate to admit that the symphony, so called, is something which Rossini, with all his genius, could never have composed; and who would not hesitate to admit that the *Guillaume Tell*, or anything else by Rossini, could never have been composed by Spohr, with all his art!

(To be continued.)

GASPAR BUCCHER.

By his evening fire the artist
Pondored o'er his secret shame;
Baffled, weary, and disheartened,
Still he mused, and dreamed of fame.

'Twas an image of the Virgin
That had tasked his utmost skill;
But, alas! his fair ideal
Vanished and escaped him still.

From a distant Eastern isle
Had the precious wood been brought;
Day and night the anxious master
At his toil untiring wrought:

Till discouraged and depending,
Sat he now in shadows deep,
And the day's humiliation
Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a voice cried "Rise, O master!
From the burning brood of oak,
"Shape the thought that stirs within thee!"
And the startled artist woke.

Woke, and from the smoking embers
Seized and quenched the glowing wood;
And therefrom he carved an image,
And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet!
Take this lesson to thy heart;
That is best which lieth nearest—
Shape from that thy work of art.

LONGFELLOW.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

St. PETERSBURGH.—Madame Persiani has created a *furor* in St. Petersburg. The Emperor was so delighted with the singing of this fair artist, that, at the close of her first performance, he made her a magnificent present. Carlotta Grisi, in the ballet line, has not been less successful, having made the faithless Petersburgians forget their ancient idol, Fanny Ellsler. Perrot is the ballet-master, more than which need not be said to convey an impression of the excellence of the arrangements.

PARIS.—Mr. Lumley has had one of those *coups de bonheur* which has so often carried him on the wings of good generalship to the Mount Ararat of prosperity. The *Figlia del Reggimento* has been produced for the first time on the Italian stage at Paris with Madame Sontag as the heroine. The music, which failed at the *Opera Comique*, when it was originally produced at Paris, has created a positive *furor*, and the Donizetties declare it to be the *chef d'œuvre* of their favourite master. Madame Sontag's Maria is extolled to the skies. The papers insist that she has been heard for the first time. From the impression she produced last year in this part, we can easily accredit the enthusiasm of our vivacious neighbours *d'outre mer*, or, as Clement White would say, "at the other side of the chops." It would be as well if their enthusiasm were at all times grounded on so good a basis. We expect a full account from our own correspondent.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S FOURTH CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERT,
NOVEMBER 28TH, 1850.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Grand Trio, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello.	Allegro. (Andante con moto. (By desire.) In E flat, Op. 100. Schubert. Scherzo—Allegro moderato. Finale—Allegro moderato.	
Fantasia and Sonata, Pianoforte.	Adagio. Allegro. Andante. Allegro. Adagio. Allegro molto. Adagio. Finale—Allegro assai.	In C minor. Mozart.

PART II.

Grand Trio, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello.	Allegro moderato. Scherzo—Allegro. Andante cantabile. Allegro moderato. Presto.	In B flat, Op. 97. Beethoven.
Miscellaneous Selection, Pianoforte.	Serenade. In C sharp minor, Op. 56. S. Heller. Grand Polonaise. In A flat, Op. 53. Chopin.	

As will be seen, the above concert consisted entirely of instrumental music, without the usual relief of a vocal solo in each part. The omission was little, if at all, felt, for the audiences at these concerts go purposely for the sake of hearing instrumental music of the highest class, and not for the sake of the songs. There was a five minutes' pause, or breathing time, for Hallé and the audience, which was agreeably enough filled up by remarks of delight on the trio, which opened each part. The first trio was the remarkable one of Franz Schubert, given in Manchester, for the first time, at Hallé's second concert, on the 31st October. It was repeated, by desire. We were pleased at this, as it is only doing justice to Schubert's memory to have so long a composition heard again, that its merits might be more fully discerned and appreciated; and, at the same

time, it is only fair to Messrs. Hallé, Baetens, and Lidel, after bestowing so much labour and pains in getting up such a work, that they should be heard in it a second time. We need hardly say that, in their hands even, the second performance went much smoother than the first. Mr. Baetens had got rid of his refractory first string, and all three artists played the trio con amore, as if the more they knew the work the better they liked it; and their evident enjoyment of its performance added spirit and perfection, and gave a peculiar charm to their playing.

Of the trio itself, our first favourable impression is fully confirmed on hearing it a second time. It is admirably written throughout, for the three instruments, violin, violoncello, and pianoforte. It is full of interest, variety, and melody, and although as long as a symphony (occupying three quarters of an hour in performance), was again listened to with the deepest attention, and each movement was loudly applauded. After a short pause Hallé returned, and gave Mozart's fantasia and sonata in C minor, in such a style as can be surpassed by no living player on the pianoforte; hitherto we have almost always had one of Beethoven's sonatas, but we were nothing told to hear this great work of Mozart's; and although it took half an hour in performance, as usual Hallé gave it entirely from memory; in fact, he plays all these great classic works just as though they were impressed by himself as he goes on, so completely is he master of every variety of touch and expression; it might be the emanation of his own mind at the moment, so completely does he identify himself with them; and yet how quietly and modestly he does it all. He sits down to the instrument with his fair hair and pale thoughtful countenance, as if not an auditor was near him, his mind evidently bent on the work he is about to develop with his hands; but, as we have said before, there is no describing him or the work he plays. You must see and hear the one, and feel the other. Nothing less than talent as great in writing could do justice to this subject. The grand trio, in B flat (Op. 97), was another glorious treat (the only piece of Beethoven's given on this occasion). The three talented artists again seemed all at home with their subject, and at ease in playing with and to each other. Mr. Baetens is a capital chamber performer, so unobtrusive and anxious for the success of the whole—not for his own display; and Lidel never delighted us more with his fine tones and masterly execution on his charming instrument (the violoncello); this trio was done twice last year (in March, we believe, and in December we are certain with Patti), so was enjoyed as an old friend. We cannot and will not attempt to describe each movement—it is a most wonderful example of the master-mind—full of fancy and waywardness—yet replete with grace and beauty. In the opening allegro there are two lovely subjects given out by the pianoforte, taken up in turn by the violoncello and violin. The scherzo opens with a dreamy rumbling solo for the violoncello, followed by the fourth string of the violin—a sort of chaos in miniature—gradually swelling into a crescendo for the three instruments, until resolved by a grand chord, when away they all dart off with a brilliant allegro. Lidel seemed to enjoy this movement amazingly. The andante cantabile is remarkable for its solemn hymnal strains, gradually flowing into a second allegro, and terminating in a brilliant yet grand presto finale. It is as fine a trio as ever Beethoven wrote—the pianoforte passages are exceedingly rich and florid throughout. The applause was most hearty and unanimous, as it deserved to be. After such a talented performance, we could not wish to hear anything more perfect.

The selections on this occasion were a serenade, by St. Heller, (in C sharp, minor), and a noisy polonaise by Chopin, in strong contrast, and both well chosen to display Hallé's execution, and these writers somewhat eccentric schools of composition.

The concert (without a vocalist) was not over until nearly half-past ten o'clock, yet we saw no symptoms of fatigue in the audience. Hallé alone seemed somewhat exhausted with his arduous and continuous exertions, yet he must have felt some compensation by perceiving how fully his great efforts were appreciated by the deeply-attentive audience, who all remained to the close. No one can leave such a concert without feeling elevated and having a loftier impression of the uses and aims of music of so high a character! How deeply we shall miss these intellectual forces when the present series is over! The next concert—the last, but one—we see is fixed for the 12th instant.

LEICESTER.

(From a Contemporary.)

On Monday evening the oratorio *The Creation* was performed in the New Hall by a band and chorus of more than a hundred performers, the projectors of the Leicester Subscription Concerts (of which this was the second of the present season) having secured the co-operation of the Choral Society for this approaching performance of *The Messiah*. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Alexander Newton, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips; and all three amply fulfilled the expectations of the crowded and fashionable audience brought together by the occasion. Mrs. Newton was in excellent voice, and her execution of her portion of the solo and concerted music gained for her repeated marks of applause. So, too, with Mr. Phillips, who still ranks first among cursive vocalists; and so also with Mr. Lockey, who rendered "In native worth" with such effect as to call forth an irresistible, and the only encore of the evening. The choruses were given with great precision and effect, and so were the accompaniments throughout. Among the principal instrumentalists were Mr. H. Gill (leader), Mr. Weston (principal second violin), Mr. A. Nicholson (oboe), Mr. H. Nicholson, jun. (bute), Mr. Waldron (bassoon), Mr. Graham (viola), Mr. Brown (violoncello), Mr. Smith (clarinet), Mr. J. Smith (trumpet), Mr. Nicholson, sen. (pneidite). Mr. H. Farmer, of Nottingham, was the conductor; and both to him and to Mr. Gill great praise is due for the admirable manner in which this beautiful work was given from beginning to end. To Miss Deacon, also, a few words of praise are due for her careful drilling of the treble chorists, and for her energetic leading of that most important department of the orchestra. The performance of *The Messiah* is fixed for the 7th of January next. Music is becoming quite in the ascendant in this ancient borough. Mr. J. N. Spörle, the balladist, is about to give two evenings here "On Rhyme and Reason," in which he will administer a metrical assault to the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman. Close upon his heels follows "A Christmas Choral Concert," to be given by the Mechanics' Institute, at which the principal vocalists will be—Miss Cobb, of Grantham; and Messrs. Boyce, Oldershaw, and Branton. White, on the 16th, John Parry is again going to see if his "Notes" are not changeable into current coin of the realm in the town of Leicester as well as elsewhere.

CAMBRIDGE.

(From the Cambridge Independent Press.)

MR. WOOD'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE cultivation of music has become so great among us for the last few years, that it is now an object of acknowledged utility, as well as a source of pure and elevated pleasure, that the people of the provinces should be every now and then favoured with the performance of the highest works of musical art, executed in the best possible manner. Though railroads have made it easy in respect to the expenditure of both time and money to run up to London, where such performances are now, happily, matter of almost daily occurrence, most of us still prefer to have our enjoyments brought to our own doors, rather than to travel more than a hundred miles in search of them; and all of us who own to the stay-at-home disposition, are deeply indebted to Mr. Wood for the exquisite musical treat with which he provided us on Tuesday last. The names of the artists engaged preclude us from the necessity of any detailed criticism on their performance. When Sterndale Bennett, Molique, and Patti combine to interpret the works of Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, we need not say that the whole public is delighted, and that musical amateurs are enraptured and instructed. Were we obliged to select from that which was all good, what gave us the most gratification, we should be inclined to dwell upon Men delsohn's splendid "Duo for the pianoforte and violoncello," and the "Trio of Beethoven," with which the concert was worthily brought to a conclusion. Nor can we omit to mention Bach's "Duo for the pianoforte and violin," which is not only so noble a work of itself, but was doubly interesting from its contrast with the great modern work with which it was brought into comparison.

Besides these famous pieces, in which the great artists engaged nobly sustained their reputation, "a duo of Beethoven's for the pianoforte and violin" was admirably played by Mr. Wood, jun.,

and Herr Molique. Mr. Wood appeared before a Cambridge audience two years ago, and won for himself golden opinions. He was then just commencing his professional career, after studying his instrument some time under Sterndale Bennett; and greatly as we were then pleased with his performance, we are bound to say that he has made good use of the time that has intervened, and showed himself on Tuesday evening a worthy pupil of his master. We believe that we can give him no higher praise, for to us Mr. Bennett's pianoforte playing is perfection. He does not attempt to turn his instrument into an orchestral band, nor into a juggler's ladder; and so long as we are permitted to listen to his clear tones, so equable in quality, so graduated in expression, to his perfect rendering of his author's meaning, elaborated by his own taste and sensibility, without the least exaggeration of which, we are content to do without the crash of sounds that startle weak nerves, or the marvellous mechanical dexterity of finger which has turned pianoforte playing into an exhibition of legerdemain.

With respect to the two pieces of Mr. Bennett's, with which the composer himself opened the second part of the concert, our only complaint is that they were too short, and that the tacitly acknowledged rule of the evening rendered necessary by the arduous task of the performer, prevented that encore which otherwise they would evidently have received. Mr. Bennett's music is not often played perfectly, except by Mr. Bennett. The printed notes seem dead letter in any hands but those of the author. The only thing we know to compare to it is Shelley's lyric poetry. Both have the same marvellous melody, arising not so much from the outward and visible form, as from the sentiment, almost etherialised into thought, which they express, and which most moderate the voice and animate the finger of him who would translate the dead letter into the living spirit. This is not the case with Mr. Bennett's songs. Whether from their simplicity of construction, or from whatever cause it arise, we have frequently heard them sung in great perfection; and on Tuesday night Miss Owen, a young lady whose simplicity of dress and manner was in admirable keeping with the thoroughly artistic character of the concert, delighted the audience, and compelled them to break through the rule of not demanding an encore, with that old favourite, "Chloe in sickness." This was the first appearance of Miss Owen in Cambridge, but we hope we may have the pleasure of hearing her again on some future occasion, for we consider her a singer of great promise. In conclusion, we heartily thank Mr. Wood; and we do so the more heartily because it is certain that concerts got up at such an expense of time, trouble, and money, as this and its predecessor, can owe their origin to nothing but a pure love of music, and an unselfish desire to promote among his fellow-townsmen a knowledge and an appreciation of the highest works of musical art. We can only hope that he is so far satisfied with the result of these two evenings, that we may look forward to others of the same character; and we trust that Mr. Wood's classical concert is now established as one of the institutions of the town of Cambridge.

CHELTENHAM. (From a Correspondent.)

This place is filling rapidly; and, in consequence, the balls and winter concerts have commenced. Mr. Joseph Haigh, *Primo Basso Profondo* at the principal theatres in Italy, gave a *soirée musicale*, on the 21st ult., at the Montpelier Rotundo, which was patronised by Sir Archibald and Lady Maclean, and fashionably attended. He was supported by Miss Binckes (from the Noddlitz Concerts, London), Miss Watham, Mr. Matthias Von Holz, and Mr. Ciancibettini, conductor at the pianoforte. This was Miss Binckes's first appearance in Cheltenham, as well as Mr. Joseph Haigh's, and both were successful. Miss Binckes was, also, very well received in her pianoforte fantasia, by Schulhoff on Bohemian airs, being honoured with immense applause, which seldom falls to the lot of an English artist in Cheltenham. Mr. Joseph Haigh has a good voice; and when he has acquired more confidence, indispensable to a vocalist or to an orator, he may obtain a good rank in his profession. The Italian theatres, we understand, are the goal of Mr. J. H.'s ambition, in the successful pursuit of which he has our best wishes. Miss Watham is a young vocalist, who likes "classical" songs, and, therefore, deserves to be encouraged.

Mr. M. Von Holst, son and pupil of the once popular Gustavus Von Holst, was very favourably received in his *P F Fantasia* (one of his own composition, we believe). He can also "show off," when required to do so, with "the classics," Beethoven, Wagner, Mendelssohn, &c.; in short, he has been properly educated. The *soirée* gave general satisfaction: and we hope for another visit from Mr. J. Haigh before the winter season has closed.

DERBY. (From a Correspondent.)

On Tuesday evening a grand performance of Mendelssohn's *Eljah*, took place in the Lecture Hall, for the first time in Derby. In order to give due effect to this magnificent work, Mrs. Alex. Newton, Miss Lizzy Stuart, and Mr. Henry Phillips were engaged as solo vocalists, the tenor being sustained by Mr. Brezazzi. Mr. Winsor, from the London Sacred Harmonic Society, was the principal double bass, and Mr. Alfred Nicholson, of the Philharmonic and Royal Italian Opera Bands, was the principal oboe. All the available talent in Derby, with assistance from Birmingham, Nottingham, Leicester, Rugby, &c., gave weight to the orchestra chorus, and the result was highly creditable to all parties engaged in the performance. The hall was crowded, all the leading gentry of town and country being present. Mrs. A. Newton made a very favourable impression by her singing the principal soprano music, and Miss Lizzy Stuart, a young *débütante*, gave great satisfaction in the music allotted to her, especially exemplified in the beautiful song, "O rest in the Lord," which was all but encored. Mr. H. Phillips's *Eljah* is too well known to require comment; his songs with obligato for violoncello and oboe, "It is enough," and "For the mountains," were most charmingly accompanied by Mr. H. Farmer and Mr. Alfred Nicholson. Mr. Brezazzi, our local tenor, gave the songs he had to sing with much vigour. Mr. Norton led and Mr. W. E. Gouder conducted the performance. Every praise is due to the last-named gentleman for the spirit and liberality which he displayed in his engagements, and for the production of this great work on so large a scale. We hope ere long to have a repetition of this oratorio, and also to hear on a similar scale the sublime *Messiah* and *The Creation*.

BEDWORTH. (From a Correspondent.)

The members of the Bedworth Choral Society gave their first miscellaneous concert in the National School Rooms on Tuesday evening, and evinced by the judicious selection of music as well as the manner of performance, great advancement in vocal art. Dauby's "Fair flower decks the flowery vale," Stephen's "From Oberon in fairy land," as also, "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," Horsley's "Fairy Queen," "Winds, whisper gently," by Celia. Abor, all gave evidence of marked improvement, and the greatest satisfaction to a very numerous and most respectable audience, amongst whom may be enumerated Lady Lifford, C. N. Newdigate, Esq., M.P., and Miss Newdigate, Rev. H. Bellain's family, Rev. C. Bellain, vice-president, under whose fostering care the society has risen rapidly. We must, however, enter a protest against the substitution of male voices for the soprano parts. Such a vulgar, if not barbarous custom, may have obtained in village choirs formerly, but is now universally exploded. The weighty, unsteady nature of men's voices can never with propriety be substituted for the light and ariel characteristics of female voices. Doubling the parts in short of the glee was also decidedly objectionable. The light and elegant structure of glee-writing was never intended for such a metamorphosis. We hope these hints will be taken in good part, as so many fine voices are worthy of the best culture, and they would do well to adhere to the best models. Mr. J. Mc. Ewer presided at the pianoforte with ability.

SHEFFIELD. (From a Correspondent.)

On Monday evening last, the 25th of November, Mr. Sanders concluded his series of instrumental concerts previous to the Christmas holidays. The concerts have done credit to the conductor, who presented a band, music, and solo artists, of unequalled

tionable character. With the exception of one night, however, that on which the Messrs. Distin performed, the attendance has not been good. The principal instrumental music performed during the series has been overtures—*Zampa*, *Massaniello*, *Men of Prometheus*, Romberg's in D, and a MS. production of Mr. Saunders, the conductor; selections from *Der Freischütz*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*; symphony in C, Beethoven, &c.; Waltzes, Polkas, Quadrilles, &c. Mr. Saunders deserves much praise, and the general excellence of the concerts has been admitted.

Mr. Saunders has engaged M. Julien, with his band, Jetty Treffz, and Vivier, for January 13th, 1851.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

MACREADY'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES.

THE "farewell performances" of the present week have been *King Lear*, on Saturday; *Richard the Second*, on Monday; *Henry the Eighth*, on Wednesday; and *Richard the Second*, repeated, on Thursday.

Richard the Second is one of the plays of Shakspeare which has not obtained great success in representation. It abounds in passages of the highest beauty, and is replete with sentiments that exhibit the writer profoundly versed in humanity; it possesses some scenes of surpassing force and skill, and the characters in the main all are drawn and contrasted with inimitable vigour; nevertheless, the play has never been a favourite on the stage, and the reason is simply, that there is little or no plot, and that the characters fail to excite any interest. The hero himself, until towards the close of the drama, has no claim to our sympathies. We see him at first mean and ambitious; stern and pitiless; timid and arrogant, without a single redeeming quality. It is only when touched by adversity that the wretched monarch gives evidence of a heart not altogether closed against virtue and goodness, and that the sparks of dignity long smouldering in his soul light up for a moment, and throw a halo around him. In undertaking a character somewhat repulsive, it will readily be granted that the actor has no very easy task. Indeed we know no part in the whole range of the drama which so strongly taxes the powers of an artist to render it interesting. After witnessing the *Richard the Second* of Mr. Macready a second time, we are led, without hesitation, to pronounce it one of his masterpieces.

And first let us pay all homage to the great actor for giving us for the first time on the stage Shakspeare's *Richard the Second*. The difference between the original play and the one usually performed, may be seen by comparing the "acted copy" of *Richard the Second* in Cumberland's edition, with the tragedy in any of the allowed editions. The reader will wonder, indeed, for what purposes the so-called "emendations" were made, and why they were sanctioned and retained by Edmund Kean, Elliston, and Charles Kemble.

Richard the Second was last produced, unless our memory deceive us, in 1829, at Drury Lane. Edmund Kean then played the King, and Elliston, Bolinbroke. The tragedy was got up with great splendour and care, yet it was not successful, despite the powerful acting of Kean. It was soon consigned to the tomb of the Capulets. The disfavour shown by the London public to *Richard the Second* had previously hindered Mr. Macready from producing the play on a metropolitan stage, even after he had brought it out in the provinces, and performed *Richard* with distinguished success. Among his farewell performances, however, he did not think it advisable to leave it out, and we thank his farewell performances for exhibiting to us for the first time so truthful and finished a delineation.

The view Mr. Macready takes of the character of King Richard may at first startle the reader of Shakspeare. During the two first acts he plays the hypocrite throughout, until in the scene with the dying Gaunt he is stung into momentary anger by his reproaches; but he soon relapses into indifference, evidently assumed, and bears the long tirade of York without an emotion. A more cold-blooded piece of acting we never witnessed; nor one which, after consideration, we think more conformable to the spirit of the poet. But the very reality of the performance is disagreeable. While applauding the artist we are by no means reconciled to the character. Curiosity, rather than interest, bids us mark the hero's progress to the end.

In the third act, Richard has returned from the Irish wars, having conquered that unconquerable kingdom the eleventh time of its vanquishment. Here the character of the king undergoes a material change; superinduced, doubtless, by the mild climate and the fierce inhabitants of the ever green island. Amidst much levity and vaingloriousness there is evidenced an amount of tenderness and dignity which we were not led to anticipate from the earlier scenes of the drama. There was infinite tenderness in Macready's delivery of the fine speech to the earth; and the answer to Aumerle, wherein the King rebukes him for his fears, was rendered with that high bearing consonant to the occasion. The lines,

"Not all the waters in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed King."

were given with great point. The suddenness and profundity of the King's dejection when he hears of the revolt and falling off of his friend, was admirably sustained; and the great speech, commencing—

"Of comfort no man speak;

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,"

was a powerful display of pathetic elocution. The whole of this scene was inimitably played, and drew down loud bursts of applause.

If we had space we could point to the scene with Bolinbroke, and the abdication scene as full of numerous beauties. In the former Mr. Macready made a splendid point, when he tells Bolinbroke, who had been kneeling, to rise :—

"Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low."
(Touching his forehead.)

These lines were spoken with electrical effect.

The death scene was well managed, but the speech in the prison was, we fancy, cut too short.

If we could find it in our hearts to make an exception to this noble performance, we should point to an occasional over-fretfulness,—a sometime womanish display of tears and sorrow, which, however true to the character, ought not, we think, to be manifested and insisted on in the performance to too great an extent. At all events a little concealment would make us respect the character of Richard a little more.

That Mr. Macready, by his personation of King Richard, has added a new leaf to his crown of laurels, must be conceded by every one who saw the performance on Monday, or Thursday. We doubt nevertheless, that *Richard the Second* would draw, even with Mr. Macready's representation of the hero, but for the circumstances and time under which it has been produced.

Cardinal Wolsey, in *Henry the Eighth*, is one of the Shakspearian characters with which the name of Macready is strongly identified. The performance of the wily and arrogant Churchman is exceedingly powerful and striking, and among

the great actor's unacknowledged delineations we in vain look for one more profoundly conceived or artistically wrought.

To-night *Macbeth* is played for the last time previous to the final performance of each part. On Monday *King John* will be given; and on Wednesday an act of *Henry the Fourth*, and *The Jealous Wife*, Mr. Macready appearing for this night only in comedy.

PRINCESS'S.

Mr. Tom Taylor's farce *To Parents and Guardians*, representing the freaks and follies of a large boys' school, was one of the most successful pieces produced at the Lyceum during Mrs. Keeley's management. It was on Monday night revived at the Princess's, with all the original representatives of the principal characters, Mrs. Keeley being the smart boy, Mr. Keeley the dull "fag," and Mr. Alfred Wigan the French usher.

LYCEUM.

The managers of this house have made a bold move from their usual routine of vaudeville and light comedy. They have ventured into the regions of the "drame," and pretty far too, as our readers will believe when we state that the new drama produced on Wednesday night, under the title of a *Day of Reckoning*, ends with the death of Mr. C. Mathews. Let us hasten to state that the step is not only bold but good, and that the attempt to try new resources has proved completely successful.

A lady of charitable propensities (Madame Vestris) has been forced to marry the worthless Count de Arenal (Mr. C. Mathews), although she loves a certain interesting M. de Barville (Mr. Butler). She does good to poor families, while her husband leads a dissipated life, and she, moreover, attempts to pay all the debts he has contracted. Among other objects of her charity has been the family of an upholsterer, who has been ruined through the non-payment of a debt due to him by the Count. Claude Moreau (Mr. G. J. Vining), the son of the upholsterer, finding, after a long absence, that his mother is dead, and that his father is in prison, calls upon the Count with the hope of receiving part of the debt, but is insolently answered by a reference to a clause in the French code which corresponds with our "Statute of Limitations." Stung by despair, he listens to the proposition of a low ruffian to rob the Count's house; and he has already entered it, when he discovers, by a gold ornament, that the Countess is his mother's benefactress. Relinquishing his purpose, he now defends the house against his accomplice; and receiving a wound in the struggle, is, as a reward, taken by the Countess into her service. The Countess retires to her own estate on the sea-coast, accompanied by Claude, who now attends her as gamekeeper. In the meanwhile, her infamous husband, hoping to obtain a divorce on the most advantageous terms possible, is closely watching for some evidence of her infidelity. Arriving suddenly, he finds M. de Barville on the premises, and challenges him to a duel. Claude, on hearing the challenge, and knowing that the Countess must be unhappy whichever way the contest terminates, misleads De Barville as to the place of appointment; and, meeting the Count himself, forces him to a combat, in which both are killed. The audience are left to suppose a happy marriage of the widow and De Barville.

This piece, which is adapted from the French by Mr. Planché, is here and there a little spun out, and the last scene is, perhaps, less strong than those which have led up to it. There is, however, this great advantage, that the interest is well sustained throughout, and that several of the situations are strikingly marked. The sentiment connected with the

young plebeian, whose inspiring motive is respect for his mother's memory, gives a pleasing tone to the story, and the character is played with much manly spirit by Mr. Vining. The Count is a rasal of the deepest die, but he is exquisitely polished, and the cool deliberation of Mr. C. Mathews, in representing a man smooth of tongue but firm of purpose, could scarcely be surpassed. Especially excellent is the manner in which he calmly bullies a profligate gull, who makes loves to his wife, and is played with becoming *gaucherie* by Mr. Roxby. Madame Vestris has a character not in her usual line, as the benevolent Countess, but she acts it with a nice perception of the sentiment, and the few touches of fire, when wrongs awaken the wrath of this meek being, tell with much effect. The part of a low robber, not very significant in itself, is well brought out by the unctuous acting of Mr. F. Mathews.

The applause at the fall of the curtain was loud, continuous, and enthusiastic.

MARYLEBONE.

Dion Bourcicault's comedy, *London Assurance*, has been produced here. Aided by the "fair sisters twain," Mrs. Nisbett and Miss Mordaunt, and all the scenic resources of this theatre, it went off with a spirit and *clat* that has certainly not been excelled since its first production. It was followed, on Monday, by Sheridan Knowles's play of *Love*. This piece, with all its popularity, is not, in our opinion, one of the author's happiest productions. The theme is one on which his powers are unrivalled; but several of the scenes are drawn out to such a length as very materially to mar the general effect. Mr. Joseph Stammers, the lessee, took the part of Huon, being his first appearance on the stage. We will not venture to say more at present of his performance than that it was rather that of an intelligent student than of an accomplished actor. His best scene was the trying one, in which the Countess desires him to sign the contract of marriage with Catherine. Mr. Stammers has an excellent voice, but we would caution him against overstraining it. We shall be able to report more confidently of this gentleman when a little time and experience have rid him of the restraint and nervousness inseparable from a first attempt in the higher walks of the drama. The part of Catherine is not very well suited to Mrs. Nisbett. In the scene, however, in which, in the disguise of a cavalier, she taunts her lover, she was admirable. Miss Mordaunt confirmed the favorable impression she made on her first appearance. Nightly full houses testify to the success of the new management as far as it has gone.

KNEBWORTH THEATRICALS.

EXERCISING the profession, while independent of its pecuniary advantages, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has ever shown himself prompt to acknowledge the dignity of letters; and anxious to alleviate the hard condition of his less prosperous brethren. Literary men have not always shown themselves mindful of this; but if literature receive not its recognition by the state and society, it is to themselves that they owe indifference and neglect. Animated by a sense of dignity, they might command a position as the lay priesthood of the world; but, possessed by the superstition of the Indian, they think if they can destroy a man of genius, they must, of necessity, inherit the genius of their victim. No man has been more obnoxious to this species of injustice than Bulwer; and no man has passed through the ordeal of malignity with a brighter reputation. It is to the energy of Bulwer the English dramatist owes the reward of his labour; to the championship of the

late member for Lincoln, Knowles, in his declining life, is not left to poverty; while the "star" has 50*l.* per night, the bard is in "unregarded corners thrown."

The desire to bring together, in his beautiful ancestral Hall of Knebworth, the authors and artists whose efforts in the cause of veteran writers had been so heartily acknowledged, was what might have been expected from Sir Lytton. Four years since, it was a venture for writers and artists to step from their privacy to the public stage; but the cause justified the means; whilst the histrionic aspirations of the troop—the Dickens's troop—crowned the act of brotherhood. The same men, with two or three additions—*vide bill*—met on the 18th inst., at Knebworth. The great hall was fitted up as a theatre; and few in pit and gallery could have supposed that a day or two before the theatre had been the banquetting-hall.

The pieces were—*Every Man in his Humour*, with *Animal Magnetism*, the first night; the farce changed the last two nights for *Turning the Tables*. On the first night the audience was composed of many of Sir Edward's tenantry, farmers, with their wives and daughters, and the tradespeople from the surrounding towns and villages of Hertfordshire. On the second, Duchesses, Earls, Countesses, and Hertfordshire gentry abounded. On the third, a sprinkling of clergy, law, and medicine. We subjoin the cast of the comedy, from the bill:—

Knowell (an Old Gentleman)	Mr. Delmé Radcliffe.
Edward Knowell (his Son)	Mr. Henry Hawkins.
Brainworm (the Father's Man)	Mr. Mark Lemon.
George Downright (a Plain Squire) ..	Mr. Frank Stone.
Wellbred (his Half-Brother)	Mr. Henry Hale.
Kitley (a Merchant)	Mr. John Foster.
Captain Bohadil (a Paul's Man)	Mr. Charles Dickens.
Thomas Cash (Kitley's Cashier)	Mr. Frederick Dickens.
Master Stephen (a Country Gull)	Mr. Douglas Jerrold.
Master Matthew (the Town Gull)	Mr. John Leach.
Oliver Cobb (a Water-bearer)	Mr. Augustus Egg.
Justice Clement (an odd merry Magistrate)	The Hon. Elliott York, M.P.
Roger Formal (his Clerk)	Mr. Phantom.
Dame Kitley (Kitley's Wife)	Miss Ann Romer.
Miss Bridget (his Sister)	Miss Hogarth.
Tib (Cob's Wife)	Mrs. Mark Lemon.

(who most kindly consented to act in lieu of Mrs. Charles Dickens, disabbed by accident.)

The farce on Monday was *Animal Magnetism*: the actors were Charles Dickens, Mark Lemon, John Leach, Augustus Egg, Miss Hogarth, and Miss Ann Romer. On Tuesday and Wednesday, *Turning the Tables*:—

Mr. Knibbs	Mr. Frank Stone.
Jeremiah Bumps	Mr. Charles Dickens.
Edgar de Courcy	Mr. Delmé Radcliffe.
Thornton	Mr. Frederick Dickens.
Jack Humphries	Mr. Mark Lemon.
Miss Knibbs	Miss Hogarth.
Mrs. Humphries	Mrs. Mark Lemon.
Patty Larkins	Miss Ann Romer.

The audiences literally, as the French have it, "assisted at the play." On the last night—introduced by a loyal compliment to the Queen, the early act of whose reign was the recognition of the claims of men of letters, written and delivered by Charles Dickens—all the company sang "God save the Queen;" the audience joining with heartiness in the chorus.

At the conclusion of the comedy, the following epilogue—written by F. P. Delmé Radcliffe, Esq.—was spoken by the author and Mr. Henry Hale:—

Enter OLD KNOWELL and WELLBRED.
 Knowell. At last the play is over.
 Wellbred. Yes, and all.
 Thank Heaven! has ended with the curtain's fall.
 Knowell. Be thankful 'tis well over; think how kind
 All those in front have been to those behind.
 Wellbred. Kind, truly, in applause.
 What will they say,
 When they get home? that is the question.
 Knowell. Nay,
 That is a question we can not decide.
 All I can say is—I believe all tried
 To do their best.
 Wellbred. Well! even Don Ferdinand,
 You know, can do no more than a man can do!
 Knowell. We were, of course, prepared for admiration
 Of those bright London stars, that constellation,
 The light of any sphere!
 Wellbred. 'Twere thought, I ween,
 A dainty dish to set before the Queen!
 I am not surprised that they have raised a fuss,
 But that they condescend to play with us—
 With rustics like myself, and one or two more.
 Knowell. Why, because Every Man is in his Humour.
 In truth, they all have proved themselves right hearty
 In their alliance with the "Country Party."
 Kitley was great,—as he had been before.
 Wellbred. You must admit old Knowell was a bore.
 Knowell. An' if he were, Wellbred might let that pass,
 Wellbred. Softly—he! Shakspeare!—"Write me down an ass!"
 Knowell. As touching Shakspeare—you know, I suppose.
 That Knowell's was the part great Shakspeare chose
 To act himself. Would that his soul divine
 Could shed a fostering influence on mine!
 Wellbred. A Forstening influence I think you said?
 That brings me back to Kitley. On that head,
 Kitley was great, beyond my power of speech.
 Knowell. And Matthew stuck to Bohadil like a Leech.
 Wellbred. By Pharaoh's foot! that oath with the humour chimes—
 Perhaps they will be buttered in the Times!
 Knowell. Talk not to me about the Times or Herald,
 Give me three pennynorth of Douglas Jerrold.
 Amongst that party there are pretty pickins!
 But say—can newspaper describe CHARLES DICKENS?
 Author and actor; manager; the soul
 Of all who read or hear him! on the whole,
 A very Household Word.
 Wellbred. That's true. But still,
 With stores of sweets, and worlds of wit at will,
 They can't do without LAMON.
 Knowell. Devil doubt it!
 How do ye think they'd make their Pussch without it?
 All set together; none for self alone.
 Did you mark Downright?
 Wellbred. Plainly, cut in STONE.
 Knowell. A precious stone! But last, not least I beg,
 Regard the touches of AUGUSTUS EGG.
 Wellbred. Now, how about the Ladies?
 Knowell. For my part,
 I have got their perfections all by heart.
 Wellbred. Hush! What will DICKENS say to such sweet words?
 Knowell. Why, that his lady emulates her lord.
 A word on her sad accident; but quite
 Impromptu, not intended for to-night.
 Oh, may she soon recover from her swoon!
 To tread with her, friends, these boards again!
 Wellbred. That fall sank all our spirits; but in need
 'Tis said a friend is found a friend indeed.
 Successful friendship has our cares allay'd—
 Knowell. Ay, and the case relieved by LAMON-AID.
 For Bridget—say, could HOGARTH's self compare
 In portraiture with this our Thespian fair?
 Wellbred. Go back from Hogarth, if you please, to Homer,
 You'll find Thalia has become a Roman.
 Knowell. Indeed! Since she thought proper here to roam,
 It seems to me she finds herself at home.
 The three together carry all before 'em!
 Their sex appahd them, and the men adore 'em!
 Wellbred. Bravo! I go with you, and with your whim;
 We have all done bravely!
 Knowell. "How we apples swim!"
 But let us now no longer jest or jeer;
 I have a word in earnest for you, ear.
 Say, that to-night we have not played in vain—
 Wouldst at thou, another evening, thy again?
 Wellbred. Why, that depends on circumstances: in fact,
 Upon the Party they might propose to act.
 Would that I had to choose!

Knave. What hast thou hit on?
Wellred. Why, on your choice.

We swear by BOLWELL LYTTON!
On this occasion he has cast aside Productions worthy of parental pride;
Discarded all the offspring of his pen,
And shewed himself to make way for OLD BEN—

Knave. Come, don't get prosy when you should be funny.

The play at Knebworth will long remain a pleasant legend in Hert's. Sir Edward played the host munificently to his five hundred guests. On the morning of the last performance he presented Miss Ann Romer with a beautiful bracelet—a memorial from a man of genius to a young actress of promise.

Of course, we all should like to get up "Money."

But, let us think no more of that we have not;

We may be satisfied with what we have got.
Congratulate our Host on his success;

Try what he will, he can have nothing less.

He has gained the object of his aim and ends—

Well pleased his Guests, and entertained his Friends.

REVIEWS.

"Sybil," *Romance for the Pianoforte*. Dedicated to B. Dittori, Esq.—"*Piccola*," *ou, Le chens du Capit*," Dedicated to Mrs. Anderson.—"*Premiere Nocturne*," for the Pianoforte.—"*The Fairy's Dream*," *Romance for the Pianoforte*. By Brinley Richards.—CHAPPELL, New Bond Street.

AMONG the recent examples of the style of pianoforte music at present in vogue, few more successfully appeal to the exigencies of popular taste, and more thoroughly realise the *beau ideal* of fashionable elegance than the above-named publications. *Sybil*, *Piccola*, *Premiere Nocturne*, and *The Fairy's Dream*, are all specimens of Mr. Brinley Richards in his most happy and fluent manner. They abound in *ad caputandum* tune, a great essential in music of the sort, and are overrun with passages both brilliant and neatly turned. The principal objection to the modern pianoforte music of the drawing-room and boudoir is a certain affectation of sentiment, from which Mr. Richards is entirely free. In his lightest passages there is a certain intimation of refinement, which indicates a desire to satisfy the amateur and the professor simultaneously, and must render his pieces acceptable to both.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DOUGLASS.—PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The first concert for the season took place at the Guildhall, on Thursday evening. The popularity which accompanied the performances, last year, appeared to be on the increase. The hall was filled, and many persons found themselves unable to obtain seats. The programme presented many attractive features. Mr. Rogers acted as conductor, and the band, as on former occasions, was led by Mr. Seale. The vocalists were Miss Williams and Mr. Marlin. The fame of the lady had preceded her, and much interest was excited to hear her. The first part began with the *sinfonia*, No. 2 (Haydn), which made little impression. Mr. Machin sang "*The Wanderer*" (Schubert) in a style which met with a favourable reception. Miss Williams was honoured with a most hearty welcome; and sang the aria "*Chéfano*" (Glück) met the deepest attention of the audience. Her voice is full, clear, and distinct; and her reading free from obscurity. Beethoven's trio, by Messrs. Rogers, Seale, and Turton, on the pianoforte, violin, and violoncello met with loud applause. Balfe's duet, "*O'er Shepherd Pipe*," by Miss Williams and Mr. Machin, did not produce the effect anticipated. Mr. Machin, in the "*Sailor's Journal*" (Dibdin), was honoured with an encore. Macfarren's ballad, "*She shines before me like a Star*," by Miss Williams, was admirably sung; and at its conclusion, the call for a repetition was so loud and so unanimous as to be unmistakable; and the fair vocalist, instead of substituting another piece as has been recently the custom, without any plausible reason, repeated it with, if possible, increased energy. The first part

terminated with the overture to the *Celiph of Bagdad*. After a short pause, the second opened with Rossini's overture to *Tamcredi*. The hand would have been more powerful and effective by addition. Mozart's aria, "*Io ti lascio*," was given by Miss Williams admirably. She was greeted with loud applause. Handel's recitative and air by Mr. Machin was also well received. Much anxiety was excited with respect to the grand fantasia on the pianoforte by Mr. J. Rogers. On presenting himself he was received with encouraging applause. At the conclusion, the applause was tremendous, with a cordial encore. On being recalled, Mr. J. Rogers played a fantasia, by Dreychock, and the applause was again tremendous. Miss Williams was also loudly recalled in the ballad, "*I've sat in gilded palaces*," which was pathetic and impressive throughout. Mr. Machin was likewise recalled in the ballad, "*Philip the Falconer*" (Loder), which was well sung. Mozart's duet, "*La ci darem*," succeeded. After Haydn's *sinfonia*, No. 10, had been played by the band, the evening's performances were brought to a conclusion by "*God save the Queen*."

We cannot but congratulate the managing committee on this suspicious commencement of the winter concerts, which are a source of rational enjoyment and of high gratification; and we confidently trust, that on the occasions which are to follow, the lovers of music will see, more and more, the propriety of increased patronage and encouragement, in order that the Doncaster Philharmonic, although it may not aspire to the perfection which the larger means of more populous towns entitle them to reach, that it may be enabled to present greater novelties, and insure, if possible, a higher degree of approbation.—*Doncaster Gazette*.

ACTORS AND THEIR SALARIES.—The large salaries of recent days were even surpassed among the ancients. In Rome, Roscius, and *Æscopus*, his contemporary, amassed prodigious fortunes by their professional labours. Roscius was paid at the rate of £45 a day, amounting to more than £15,000 per annum of our currency. He became so rich that he at last declined receiving any salary, and acted gratuitously for several years. A modern manager would give something to stumble on Roscius. Roscius would be fond of his art, and unwilling to relinquish its exercise. *Æscopus*, at an entertainment, produced a single dish, stuffed with singing-birds, which according to Dr. Arlunthod's computation, must have cost about £4,883 sterling. He left his son a fortune amounting to £200,000 British money. It did not remain long in the family, as, by the evidence of Horace and Pliny, he was a notorious spendthrift, and rapidly dissipated the honest earnings of his father.

Garrick retired at the age of sixty, having been thirty-five years connected with the stage. He left behind him above £100,000 in money, besides considerable property in houses, furniture, and articles of *verru*. He lived in the best society, and entertained liberally. But he had no family to bring up or provide for, and was systematically prudent in expenditure, although charitable to the extreme of liberality when occasion required. Edmund Kean might have realised a larger fortune than Garrick, had his habits been equally regular. George Frederick Cooke, in many respects a kindred genius to Kean, threw away a golden harvest in vulgar dissipation. The sums he received in America alone would have made him independent. John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons both retired rich, though less so than might have been expected. She had, through life, heavy demands on her earnings; and he, in an evil hour, invested much of his property in Covent Garden Theatre. Young left the stage in the full zenith of his reputation, with undiminished powers and a handsome independence. Macready is about doing the same, under similar circumstances. Liston and Munden were always accounted two of the richest actors of their day, and William Warren, almost "the last of the Romans," is generally reputed to be a "warm man." Long may he continue so? Miss Stephens, both the Keans, father and son, Macready, Braham, and others, have frequently received £50 a night for a long series of performances. Tyrone Power would probably have gone beyond them all, such was his increasing popularity and attraction, when the untimely catastrophe occurred which ended his career, and produced a vacancy we are not likely to see filled up. John Bull has ever been remarkable for his admiration of foreign artists. The largest sums bestowed on native talent bear no comparison with the salaries given to French and Italian singers, dancers, and

musicians. An importation "beyond seas" will command its weight in gold. This love of exotic prodigies is no recent passion, but older than the days of Shakespeare. *Trinculo*, in the "Tempest," thus apostrophizes the recumbent monarch, *Caliban*, whom he takes for a fish:—"Were I in England now (as I was once), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man—any strange beast there makes a man."—*Dublin University Magazine*.

Dr. BEXFIELD has just completed an oratorio, the title of which is *Israel Restored*.

BRIGHTON.—The Berlin Choir gave two concerts at this place during the week, both of which were well attended.

BLACKFATH.—The Berlin Choir gave a concert at the Green Man, on Wednesday. The room was well, but might have been better, attended.

LIVERPOOL.—The quartets of Mozart and Mendelssohn, introduced by Mr. Thomas, the violinist, at his recent chamber concert, were those respectively in E and D.—(From a correspondent).

ALFRED TENNYSON has been appointed Poet Laureate in ordinary to her Majesty, in the room of William Wordsworth, deceased.

PARIS.—Auber's new opera, *L'Enfant Prodigue*, was produced on Wednesday night with prodigious success. A vogue equal to that enjoyed by *Masaniello*, twenty years ago, is anticipated for this new chef-d'œuvre.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—This elegant little theatre has been let by Messrs. Braham, the proprietors, to Mr. Anderson, the conjuror, who styles himself rather boldly "The Wizard of the North." Are we to have no *Opera Comique*?

MADAME THILLON gave her new entertainment, with Mr. Hudson, at Brighton, on Wednesday, with the greatest success. Mr. Edward Loder lending his valuable assistance. The entertainment was also repeated at Willis's Rooms, on Friday and Tuesday, the audience, on each occasion, being numerous and fashionable.

PRESENTATION TO MR. GEORGE SANDERS.—(From a correspondent.)—We find by the Sheffield papers that the exertions of Mr. George Sanders, professor of singing, to spread abroad by lectures and public classes a love for music, are not unapproved of. At a large meeting held at the Cutlers' Hall, a handsome writing-case was presented to him by Wilson Overend, Esq., in the name of the committee and students of the People's College, an institution where Mr. Sanders teaches singing. The certificate bears the following inscription:—"Presented to Mr. George Sanders, by the committee and students of the People's College, Sheffield, as a small acknowledgment for his valuable services in conducting the singing classes connected with the institution."

CHALTEHAM.—Mr. Charles Jefferys' Concerts took place at the Assembly Rooms on the mornings of Wednesday and Thursday, and on the evening of the latter day. The "star" was the boy-pianist, Heinrich Werner, who played compositions of Döhler, Beethoven, and Liszt, besides a fantasia of his own. Master Werner was ably supported by Madame Keyloff, Master Woodward, of Gloucester, and Signor Delavanti, vocalists. Mr. George Woodward, of this town, accompanied the vocal music. At the last concert, the members of the Sandford Choral Society assisted in the national anthem. That the attendances have not been so good as was desirable, we attribute to the feeling on religious matters which prevails throughout the country at the present time. Not only this, but every other amusement during the past week has been affected by it.—*Cheltenham Paper*.

LIVERPOOL.—(From a correspondent.)—Miss Drayton's concert on Tuesday evening last was well attended, showing the estimation in which the fair vocalist and her talented sister, Miss Clara Drayton, are held by their Birkenhead admirers. The programme comprised sixteen pieces, including seven songs, four duets, the scena "All is lost," &c. The concert went off with spirit, the ladies having improved since we had the pleasure of last hearing them. Mr. Ryals lent his valuable aid. Mr. Lawson and Mr. Lewis were the instrumentalists, and their services were highly useful.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MADAME ANNA THILLON & MR. HUDSON AT CROSBY HALL.

ON MONDAY Evening, December 9, the above popular Vocalists will give their NEW MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, in which they will both Sing a variety of new Descriptive Songs, Ballads, &c., composed and accompanied by LOUISA; and also impersonate various characters.

To commence at Eight o'clock. Entrance in Crosby Square only. For full particulars see Programme.

Reserved Seats, 4s.; Body of the Hall, 3s.; Gallery, 2s. Reserved Seats to be had only at Kvith, Prowse, and Co.'s, Musicians, 48, Chesapeake; the other Tickets to be had of all Musicians.

MADAME ANNA THILLON and MR. HUDSON'S New MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, at Willis's Rooms, on TUESDAY Evening next, December 10th, being the last time before Christmas.

This new Entertainment will be given on the above evening, in which Madame THILLON and Mr. HUDSON will impersonate a variety of characters and sing several new Descriptive Songs, Ballads, &c., composed and accompanied by LOUISA.

To Commence at Eight o'clock.

Tickets, 2s. 6d., Reserved Seats, 5s.—To be obtained at Jullien and Co.'s; Crasner and Co.'s, Regent Street; Chappell's, Bond Street; Sam's, St. James's Street; and all Musicians.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL. CONDUCTOR, MR. COSTA.—The Third performance of the MESSIAH will take place on FRIDAY evening next, December 13th. Vocalists—Miss BIRCH, Miss DOLBY, Mr. LOCKEY, and Mr. H. PHILLIPS, with Orchestra (including 16 double basses) of 100 performers. Tickets 3s.; Reserved Seat, in Area or Gallery, 5s.; Central Area, numbered seats, 10s. 6d.; at the Society's sole Office, No. 6, EXETER HALL, or of Mr BOWLEY, 53, CHARIING CROSS.

Residents in the country desirous of attending this performance, are requested to forward a Post Office order, payable to Mr. ROBERT BOWLEY, at CHARIING CROSS Office.

MISS DOLBY begs to announce that the THIRD and Last of her ANNUAL SERIES of Three SOIREE'S MÚICALES, will take place at her residence, 2, HINDLE STREET, MANCHESTER SQUARE, on TUESDAY, the 10th instant, to commence at EIGHT O'CLOCK precisely. Miss DOLBY will be assisted by eminent Vocal and Instrumental talent.—Single Tickets, HALF-A-GUINEA each, to be had of Miss DOLBY only.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES FREQUENTING CONCERTS, THEATRES, BALLS, &c.

PEAR'S Blanc de Perle Liquid, for imparting that much-desired harmonious colour to the COUNTENANCE, NECK, ARMS, and HANDS.

Various preparations are commonly sold for this purpose; but, from the large quantity necessary to maintain the desired effect, great injury is done to the delicate tissues of the Skin by their use. To obviate these evils, A. F. PEAR'S has obtained the Recipe for preparing a most innocent Liquid, free from all irritating qualities, which has been constantly used by a celebrated Actress, from her earliest youth; and whose pearl-like Bust and Arms have astonished all admirers of the truly beautiful. This Liquid imparts a most delicate softness to the Skin, combined with a highly beautiful transparent whiteness—rarely to be met with in nature.—Price 2s. 6d. per bottle.

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The Rosate Bloom of Health can in all cases be permanently secured by the use of that perfectly innocent and wonderful LIQUID EXTRACT, OBTAINED FROM THE ROSE, as prepared by A. F. PEAR'S, who has received innumerable testimonials, from Ladies of the highest rank, of its invaluable and innocent properties. It imparts most exquisite tint, which is not destroyed either by change of air or by perspiration, and is, therefore, invaluable to those frequenting public assemblies. This article has been in use by the fashionable world upwards of thirty years, and is the sole property of A. F. PEAR'S, Perfumer, and Inventor of the Transparent Soap. It may be had of the leading Perfumers in Town and Country, and at his Warehouse, 91, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, near the British Museum, London. Price 3s. 6d. per bottle; by post, 12 extra stamps.

* * Inquire for PEAR'S LIQUID BLOOM OF ROSE.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS.

THE LAST TWO NIGHTS.

THE GRAND BAL MASQUE.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce, that his Concerts will most positively terminate on **TUESDAY NEXT**, DECEMBER 10th.

The Programmes to-morrow, Monday, and Tuesday, will include the GREAT EXHIBITION QUADRILLE, aided by the Three Military Bands, and the French Drummers. Two of the most favourite Songs by Madlle. JETTY TREFFZ, &c., &c., &c. On Wednesday the Theatre will be closed, in order to allow of the preparations for the Grand Bal Masqué.

On Thursday next, December 12, the GRAND BAL MASQUE will take place.

N.B.—All persons having demands on the Theatre on account of the Concerts, are requested to send in their accounts immediately, and to apply on Saturday next, at Two o'Clock, for payment.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

GRAND BAL MASQUE,

NEXT THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that the above GRAND ENTERTAINMENT will take place on Thursday next, December 12, being the Second and most positively the LAST THIS SEASON.

Tickets for the Ball, 10s. 6d.

The audience portion of the Theatre will, as before, be set apart for the accommodation of Spectators

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle	5s.	Boxes.....	3s.
Lower Gallery.....	2s.	Upper Gallery	1s.
Private Boxes.....23 8s. and upwards.			

Tickets for the Ball, Places, and Private Boxes may be secured at the Box Office of the Theatre, and at the principal Librarians and Music-sellers.

Mr. J. NATHAN, Jun., of 18, Castle Street, Leicester Square, is appointed Costumier to the Ball.

Full particulars will be found in the Bills of the day.

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c

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No. 50.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1850.

PRICE THREEPENCE
STAMPED FOURPENCE

AUBER'S NEW OPERA.

ALL Paris is in a state of unusual excitement. The *Enfant Prodigue* has obtained a greater success than any opera since the *Huguenots*. The genius of Auber, which seemed to have slumbered for some years past, has suddenly awakened, and shone with all the brilliancy which manifested itself in *Masaniello*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *Gustave*. The hero of an hundred works, in his latest composition, has created one of his greatest *chefs-d'œuvre*. The artists have all effected wonders in their parts, and Massol has, by many degrees, surpassed all his previous efforts in singing and acting. We have received a long letter from our Parisian correspondent, which we shall publish next week.

THEATRICALS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

On Wednesday evening the Queen gave the first of a series of dramatic entertainments in the Castle. A temporary stage had been erected in the Rubens Room, which had been fitted up for the reception of Her Majesty and the Prince and the distinguished circle honoured with invitations to witness the performance, the arrangements being similar to those at former entertainments.

At 8 o'clock, Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, with their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred, accompanied by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk and Lady Adoliza Howard, the Marquis and Marchioness of Clanricarde and Lady Emily de Burgh, the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl of Liverpool, Viscount Canning, Lord and Lady Malton, Lord Edward Howard, Sir James and Lady Graham, Sir David Dundas, Sir James Clark, Lady Fanny Howard, and Baroness de Speth, quitted the state apartments, and were conducted to the temporary theatre, the ladies in waiting to the Queen and the gentlemen in waiting to Her Majesty and the Prince attending Her Majesty and his Royal Highness.

The following were also honoured with invitations to witness the dramatic representation:—The Marquis and Marchioness of Downshire, the Countess of Mansfield and the Ladies Murray, the Hon. and Rev. Henry and Lady Anna Maria Cust and the Misses Cust, the Hon. Percigine Cust and Miss Cust, Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. C. B. and Mrs. Phipps and Miss Buthurst, the Provost of Eton and the Hon. Mrs. Hodgson, the Rev. Dr. Hawtry, Sir George and Lady Conper, Miss and Mr. Conper, Hon. Henry Ashley, Major-General Scott, Mrs. Bouverie, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Seymour and Miss Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Grote, Mr. Birch, Mr. Glover, the Commanding Officer and two officers of the Coldstream Guards, the Commanding Officer and two

officers of the Royal Horse Guards, and Commander Forbes, R. N.

The Queen and Prince Albert being seated, and the distinguished visitors and the ladies and gentlemen of the Royal Household having also taken their seats, the performance commenced.

Her Majesty's private band was in attendance in an ante-room immediately adjacent during the evening.

The following was the programme of the Royal entertainment:—

By command,

Shakespeare's Historical Play of KING HENRY IV. (Part I.)

King Henry IV.	Mr. Cooper
Henry, Prince of Wales	Mr. Anderson
Prince John of Lancaster	Miss Daly
Earl of Westmoreland	Mr. C. Fisher
Sir Walter Blount	Mr. Belton
Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester	Mr. Ryder
Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland	Mr. King
Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur (his son)	Mr. Charles Keen
Archibald, Earl of Douglas	Mr. F. Cooke
Sir Richard Vernon	Mr. J. F. Calcutt
Sir John Falstaff	Mr. Bartley
Poins	Mr. James Vining
Gadshill	Mr. Rolleston Cathcart
Peto	Mr. J. Binge
Bardolph	Mr. Addison
Francis	Mr. Meadows
Carriens	Mr. Keeley
Sheriff	Mr. Harley
Raby	Mr. Paulo
	Mr. Stacey
Travellers	Mr. Wynn, Mr. Daly,
	Mr. Stokes, and
	Mr. Holmes,
	Mr. Charles Keen,
Lady Percy (Wife to Hotspur)	
Mrs. Quickly (Hostess of a tavern in East	
Chesham) Scene, England	Mr. Keeley
Director	Mr. Charles Keen.
Assistant Director	Mr. George Ellis.

The Theatre was arranged and the Scenery painted by Mr. Thomas Grieve.

MADRID.—So great has been the success of Albani and Formes in *The Favourite*, that nothing else has been done since the opening of the new opera-house. The royal family and court attended the first performance, and the theatre has been crowded every night with the rank and fashion of the city.

MRS. CATHERINE HAVES strived in London on Tuesday week, from Dublin, and proceeded immediately for Rome; thence she will go to Russia, having to appear at the Imperial theatres of Moscow and St. Petersburg this winter. She will embark for New York early in the summer.

THE GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

(From the Morning Post.)

THE production of Mr. Howard Glover's *serenata*, founded on the story of "Hero and Leander," has been anticipated with much interest in the musical world. The few examples of Mr. Glover's music, which the public have been allowed an opportunity of hearing, had created so favourable an impression that great things were expected from this new composition. The disappointment was, therefore, general, when, instead of a work complete in all its parts, a series of isolated pieces was presented last night, at the Grand National Concerts, under the head of "Mr. Howard Glover's grand selection from 'Hero and Leander.'" The managers, however, would seem to have been induced to this step by eugent reasons. In spite of its undoubted merits, Mr. Macfarren's *Sleeper Awakened* was found too long by the public of the promenade; and no wonder. To listen to a serious composition of two hours and a half in duration, without the convenience of seats, and the consequent impossibility of paying undisturbed attention, was no easy matter; and though Mr. Macfarren's work obtained a triumphant *succès d'estime*, it failed in the sequel to attract the crowd. Under the influence of this example, we presume, Mr. Glover was persuaded to offer a selection from his *serenata*, instead of the whole, and to confine this selection generally to the lighter and more catching pieces. The result justified the calculation. There were no less than three encores in immediate succession, and the audience, a very full one, listened, from first to last, without the smallest evidence of weariness or impatience. The entire performance did not occupy more than one hour and a quarter, the beneficial effect of which was indisputable.

We shall not attempt to enter into any account of the story which has served Mr. Glover as the basis of his musical inspirations. Every one is familiar with the tale of "Hero and Leander," and were this not the case, but little could be adduced from the series of *morceaux* presented last night, since the course of the dramatic action is continually arrested by the gaps in the music, and it would be impossible to arrive at anything like a connected chain of incidents. Let us, therefore, at once proceed to consider the musical merits of the work.

The overture is an original and ambitious example of instrumental writing. It opens in the key of C minor, with a mysterious *largo*, in which a long roll of the drums is relieved by soft chords in the wood instruments. This leads, through a gradual *diminuendo*, to the principal theme—*allegro agitato*, in the same key, a short transition to F minor embracing a passionate phrase for the violins. After this has been developed in the approved manner, a vigorous unison passage for all the instruments gives way to an episode commenced by the oboe and bassoon, and responded to by the flutes and oboes, which, after some elaboration, brings the first regular *forte* for full orchestra in the primitive key. With the interval of a few bars of natural modulation, the principal second subject now appears in the relative major of the key. The melody is given to the first clarinet, supported by the harmony of all the wood instruments, with horns in combination, and coloured by a soft *arpeggio* figure for the "strings." This at first slightly recalls a point in the overture of *Der Freischütz*, but the entirely opposite manner in which Mr. Glover has treated it, eschewing the *tremolando* and other devices, soon obliterates all resemblance. The second part of the overture is not fugued, like the *Zauberflöte*

and other great models, but varied by striking passages of modulation, ultimately bringing back the original theme, in C minor, a fragment of which only is given, its progress being interrupted by an episode in the same primal key—a kind of *lento*, where the violins, in octaves with the violoncellos, deliver a phrase of melancholy character, deepening the interest while it boldly contrasts with the general colour of the rest. After this, the original *forte*, again in C minor, is repeated, and the principal second theme re-introduced in much the same manner as before, the clarinet taking the melody—although the key, in obedience to legitimate forms, is this time the tonic major, while the accompaniments are slightly varied. A pleasing effect is here obtained by an unexpected progression into A major, the violins having a modification of the second theme, *piu mosso*, answered by the flutes and oboes in the extreme key of F sharp major, which, in its turn, is quickly disposed of by a dexterous enharmonic modulation, changing the A sharp into B flat. Hence, by natural progressions, the dominant of C minor is attained, and the vigorous unison passage already alluded to resumed. A passionate development of the prominent feature of the first principal theme, briefly interrupted by a quaint and effective recitative dispersed among the double basses and other stringed instruments, brings the overture to a climax at once energetic and satisfactory. The performance of this complex orchestral prelude will, doubtless, be better when the orchestra is more familiar with it. Last night it wanted delicacy and finish, although there was certainly no lack of fire.

We need not be diffuse about the vocal pieces, which are of a much less intricate texture. The introductory chorus of maidens, "What sorrow has thy soul oppressed?" commences, after a long symphony, with a mournful phrase, in unison, for *soprani*, the effect of which, although melodious, was feeble, owing to the insufficient number of executants. An episode, *andante*, in E flat, in three and four-part harmony "More bright than ever beams the gold," is skilfully written, and, the weakness of the unison got rid of, was infinitely more effective. The *coda*, or third part, in the tonic major, "Birds that sing from every bough," is more animated, and forms a happy conclusion. The fault of this chorus is sameness of measure; the three parts are successively in 6-8, 3-4, and 3-8, which induces a feeling of something like monotony. The instrumentation, however, mitigates this, in a great degree, by its happy variety.

Hero's romance, "Star of morning," in A major, begins with a delicate *ritornella* for oboe, clarinet, horns, and bassoons. The melody is fresh and vocal throughout. It is one of the best pieces in the selection, and was nicely sung by Mrs. Alexander Newton.

"My fate is in my Hero's eyes," a ballad for Leander in A flat, beginning with a well-written *obbligato* for bassoon (admirably played by M. Baumann), is again "tuneful," in the fullest acceptance of the word, but, as in the preceding air, the accompaniments are somewhat thially instrumented. Mr. Glover is evidently not of the "obstreperous" school, and is in no danger of making noise the substitute for invention; but he carries this, we think, to an extreme. Mr. Sims Reeves, although labouring under the effects of cold, sang this ballad delightfully, and to him no small share of the applause it received was due.

Far superior, in a strictly musical point of view, is the romance in F sharp minor which follows, "A wild disorder swells within this tortured breast," a truly passionate effusion,

the meaning of which can hardly be mistaken. The *agitato* figure given to the violins and violoncellos is carried out with great skill to the end, and deepens the intensity of the melody. Miss Poole sang this *romanza* well, but a little additional warmth would render it still more effective.

As far as mere effect is concerned, the ballad in D, with horn obligato, "The strain I heard in happier days," may be considered the "hit" of the selection. It is in the sentimental style, and appeals strongly to popular appreciation. Mdlle. Angri, who transposed it a third higher, sang it divinely. We have rarely heard more finished ballad singing. Nor could the florid horn solo have been more efficiently rendered than by Herr Steglich, whose valves, however, deprive the instrument, in a great measure, of its pure and legitimate tone. The ballad was rapturously encored, and will, doubtless, to make use of a stock phrase, "find its way to every drawing-room" in an unusually short period of time.

The pretty arietta, in E major, "I do not love," with its sparkling combinations of wood instruments, so Auferish in their chattering piquancy, has been heard before, and from the lips of Mrs. Newton, if we be not in error. Although foreign to the plan of *Hero and Leander*, it was not, however, an unwelcome interpolation, as the *encore* proved.

The unaccompanied quartet in A, for two *soprani*, tenor, and bass—sung by Miss Poole, Mrs. Newton, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Bodda—was one of the gems of the selection. A clever example of vocal part writing, its brevity and simplicity admitted, is not often heard; this, too, was encored, although not without opposition. Three *encores*, one after the other, without interruption, was too rare and unexpected an event to pass over without hostile comment, although not one of the three was better deserved than that accorded to the unaccompanied quartet.

A romance, set down for Mr. Sims Reeves, "Thou hast left me," was omitted, without explanation. The next piece was another ballad in C, for Miss Poole, "Voices from Home," with a remarkably long solo for the Cornet-à-pistons, which was judiciously played by M. Arban. This also, is familiar to us, and has, we believe, been introduced at several of the metropolitan concerts. The tune is catching, but there is a tone of commonplace about it which is not observable in any of the other pieces. Miss Poole's unaffected singing, nevertheless, helped it to a warm reception, and it narrowly escaped an *encore*.

"Who, oh! why longed my soul to tell?" a *cavatina* for Mrs. Newton, belongs again to the Auferish school. The melody is a lively phrase, in detached notes. The *ritornella* is noticeable for a pretty *pedale* point, the sustaining note of which is given to the horn and bassoon. The flauto piccolo is introduced in the accompaniments with characteristic effect, and there is an air of spontaneity about the whole which cannot fail to charm. Mrs. Newton sang it neatly, but with hardly enough spirit to ensure its full appreciation by the audience.

The concluding chorus is far superior to any other concerted piece with which this selection has made us acquainted. The opening, in E minor, with bass solo (Mr. Bodda), "His death alone can render now contentment to my soul," is large and expressive; and the *andante cantabile* in the major key, with soprano solos for Mrs. Newton, discovers a flow of rhythmical melody, enriched by orchestral accompaniments, in which the same strength and variety are observable as in the overture. As much as this chorus exceeded all that preceded it in musical merit and pretension, did the execution surpass, in

correctness and effective *ensemble*, the whole of the foregoing vocal pieces.

Although a great deal was wanting to enable us to pronounce the performance of last night a perfect one, enough was effected to ensure the success of Mr. Glover's work, and to raise a general wish in these present to hear the whole of a composition which, reduced to a mere series of fragments, offered so many real attractions to the musical *connoisseur*.

Mr. Balfe conducted with care and energy, and the highest praise is due to the principal solo vocalists, more especially to Mdlle. Angri, who, with only one short ballad to sing, produced an effect at once so genuine and unanimous.

We shall take an early occasion to attend another performance of the selection from *Hero and Leander*, about which there no more to say than can be safely ventured after a single hearing.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

In pursuance of an annual custom, M. Jullien confined the first part of his programme on Thursday night week to a selection from the works of Beethoven, dignifying the performance with the somewhat pompous title of the "Beethoven Festival," which would have been more appropriate had the whole of the evening been devoted to the music of the great German composer. Nevertheless, what was given was of the best, and well varied, and the crowd it attracted filled the theatre to overflowing. The concert began with the overture to *Leonora*, followed by the concerto in E flat, for pianoforte and orchestra, which, while it presents the greatest difficulties to the solo-player, in length and grandeur of style yields to none of the symphonies. The pianoforte part, sustained by M. Alexander Billet, could hardly have been entrusted to more competent hands. It demands not only a mechanism equal to the most arduous *tour de force*, but a command of the nicest shades of expression. M. Billet displayed both in a remarkable degree, and his performance, although it occupied more than half an hour, was listened to attentively and warmly applauded. Mademoiselle Jetty Treffz then sang "Kennst du das land," a setting of the well-known song in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, of which Beethoven, not always in love with his own vocal essays, was especially proud. It is simple, but not the less beautiful, and was given by Mademoiselle Treffz with a feeling so entirely genial to the sentiment embodied in the words and music that she was unanimously called upon to repeat it. At the same time we must state that Beethoven intended the accompaniment for a pianoforte, much preferable, in so unpretending a song, to an orchestral arrangement. With such a pianist as M. Billet in the theatre, the alternative would have been easy. The first part terminated with the symphony in C minor, performed without entailment. This fine work is fully appreciated at the concerts of M. Jullien, under whose direction it goes in the most satisfactory manner, and who may justly claim the honour of having been the first to popularize it with the crowd in this country. In the last movement, however, if the trumpet parts must be doubled, we are of opinion that the legitimate instrument should be resorted to, instead of the cornet-à-pistons, which has a tone far less vigorous, sharp, and inspiring.

The feature of the second part was the "Great Exhibition Quadrille," which bids fair to outrun all M. Jullien's similar effusions in popular favour. The culminating points were the "Marschallaise," by the French drummers, and "God Save the Queen," upon which the whole resources of the orchestra

are engaged. Both were the signals for demonstrations of an uproarious character. Of course the last was repeated. Herr Kœnig played "My bright Savoy," one of the prettiest and most engaging songs of Mademoiselle Angelina," in a highly finished manner, and was loudly applauded. Mademoiselle Jetty Treffz, being encored in Lindley's cavatina, "The Mountain Daisy," was requested, by an obsequious majority, to substitute "Trab, trab, trab," and of course gave way to the general wish. The concert concluded with M. Jullien's "Derby Galop," in which the characteristic features of a crowded race-course are depicted with graphic bustle and animation.

M. Jullien brought his season to a close on Tuesday night. The house was so crammed that personal discomfort militated at intervals against enjoyment of the music. The only wonder was that "rows" were so scarce, and that the general deportment of the densely packed multitude in the promenade presented so few ebullitions of ill-humour. But, except the "No Popery" cries, occasionally the signals for temporary convulsion, which however speedily subsided, and an incessant under-current of grumbling from that part of the audience who, at the back of the orchestra, could neither hear the music nor amuse themselves by walking about, nothing but the best of good behaviour was observed throughout the evening. The programme included many of the most favourite pieces of the season, and, being the last night, each of the artists engaged as solo-players received a separate mark of recognition from the audience. The "classical" pieces consisted of Mendelssohn's pianoforte *rondo* in E flat, finely played by M. Alexandre Billet, and the same composer's *scherzo* from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Jetty Treffz sang twice, and was encored twice. Her first song—"An eine Lirliche," written expressly for her by Herr Supé, Kapellmeister at one of the Viennese theatres—made a highly favourable impression. It was charmingly sung, and an elaborate flute *obligato*, excellently performed by Mr. Pratten, added to its effect. After her last song, "Home, sweet home," several bouquets and wreaths were thrown to Mlle. Treffz, who retired amidst loud and general cheering. The last figures of the "Nepaulese" and "Hibernian" Quadrilles of M. Jullien were both encored, and, at the end of the "Great Exhibition Quadrille," there was more than the ordinary noise and enthusiasm. The "Pearl of England," M. Jullien's cleverest *valse a deux temps*, introduced Herr Kœnig in one of his most effective solos. His tone is as musical as ever. The tambour-major, M. Barbier, appeared for the first time in full costume. He looked magnificent, and produced quite a sensation. The fantasia from the *Huguenots* brought some of the best of the solo players into prominence—M. Lavigne (oboe), Mr. Winterbottom (bassoon), M. Vogel (viola d'amore), and Herr Sommers (bombardon). The last-named gentleman is a very skilful and effective player, and gave the utmost point and vigour to the "Piff-paff." We must not omit to mention, however, that although he denied, in a letter to the *Times*, that his instrument was of the family of the Saxons' inventions, Herr Sommers has changed its name to "Saxophone," under which designation the bombardon now stands in the bills. The French drummers, who were in high favour during the evening, concluded the entertainment with their "chant d'honneur," after which, by universal command, the National Anthem was played twice amidst boisterous demonstrations from the audience. A call from every part of the house then brought forward M. Jullien, who was honoured with a genuine and hearty burst of cheering. The present season has been the most successful since the concerts were first instituted.

In many respects the *bal masqué* of Thursday night was an improvement on all what had preceded it, and gave evidence that were such entertainments less exceptional with us, under the judicious guidance of the great Jullien we should evidently produce an article capable of honourably competing with the most approved specimens of foreign produce. With respect to the dresses, the progress was decided. They were generally fresher in appearance, and seemed less to perplex the wearers and overwhelm them with a sense of the intensely serious responsibility they had incurred. There were fewer melancholy Greeks, dispeptic Turks, and tawdry nondescripts with manifestly oppressed consciences. In a word, Nathan seemed decidedly to have been dethroned, or forced to conform with the more enlightened spirit of his subjects. The dingy and flabby garments, the refuse of decayed theatrical enterprise—whose presence appeared a ghastly mockery of mockery itself—were for the most part banished, at least the preponderance of careful and tastefully devised costumes rendered their oppressive influence less felt. In the deportment of the wonderfully promiscuous mass of individuals thus brought together, and which it would take a Balzac to identify and dissect, and a Cuvier to classify, there was an increased general aptitude to conform with the little conventional obligations and licenses without which the affair becomes either a disgraceful exhibition of national brutality or a solemn absurdity. Gibes might be heard circulating, and if not always meeting with a ready retort in the same spirit, yet they were not rebuked with threat of personal violence to the unlucky jester, as was formerly the wont with the less initiated masqueraders. Altogether it was a more spirited—*un jollier bal masqué* than any we have yet seen. The dress of one of the maskers, who seemed perfectly *au fait* to the spirit in which these things should be entered into, is worth recording. Though a perfectly correct version of the costume of a Templar, the materials of which it was composed were as novel as they were appropriately fantastic. The cloak was formed of the huge placard whereby M. Jullien's "bals" are announced to his expectant patrons, and the rest of his attire was profusely but very neatly decorated with smaller bills and other tropics of Jullien's popularity, the crowning piece being a portrait of the great *entrepreneur* himself, occupying the breast of the wearer. The whole effect of the dress was excessively striking, and would have done honour to an *habitat* of the celebrated *bals chicard*. The decorations and other necessary ingredients to the ball were much the same as on the previous occasion, with one grand exception—the presence of the French drummers, with their illustrious choregos, the Tambour Major, whose stalwart dimensions, rendered more imposing by the effect of his magnificent *grande tenue*, towered over the scene, and seemed an image of grim war solemnly presiding over the frivolities of peace. M. Jullien, too, notwithstanding the powerful rivalry of such a presence, was, as usual, a grand central object, an inexhaustible fountain of energy and spirit, indomitable to the last, surviving all, and waving his baton triumphantly, and with even redoubled vigour, over the wan and wasted dancers of the last polka.

Mrs. E. C. ALLEN.—Viscount Gough, the Hon. Capt. Gough, and Colonel Haines, honoured the Academy of Mrs. E. C. Allen with a visit last week, and expressed in terms of the highest praise the gratification they derived from the performance of her pupils.

MARGARET MACFARLANE, whose success in the provinces we have chronicled in our notices of Catherine Hayes's *tournee*, has arrived in London.

MISS DOLBY'S SOIREE MUSICALE.

THE third and last subscription *soirée*, of a series of three, came off on Tuesday. We were unable to attend the first two; we have, therefore, much pleasure in presenting the programme of the last, that our readers may be enabled to judge of the excellence of the others. Miss Dolby's concerts have always been the best of their kind, as may be gathered from the following specimen:—

PART I.

Quartet, in G minor, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Blagrove, Clementi, Dando, and Lucas	Mozart.
Aria, "Nasce al bosco," M. Jules Stockhausen	Handel.
Aria, "O salutaris hostia," Miss Dolby	Cherubini.
Selections from the Piano-forte Works, Romance—Genevieve, Rondo Piacere, Op. 26, E minor, Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett	W. S. Bennett.
Song, "The Slave," Miss Eliza Birch	Keiser.
Songs, "My faint spirit," "Wishes," Miss Dolby	G. A. Macfarren.
Quartets without Accompaniment, "O hills! O vales," "The nightingale has been away," Miss E. Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. Swift, and M. Stockhausen	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Trio, in G. Op. 2, Piano-forte, Violin, and Violoncello, Mr. W. S. Bennett, Mr. Blagrove, and Mr. Lucas	Beethoven.
Aria, "Dalla sua pace," Mr. Swift	Mozart.
Song, "Life's Seasons," (first time of performance), Miss Dolby	Frank Mori.
Solo, Violin, on <i>Airs from Lucia di Lammermoor</i> , Mr. Blagrove	Blagrove.
Songs, ("Abfahrt von der Alp")	Hüber.
"Die Ungeheult," M. Jules Stockhausen	Schubert.
Duet, "To my guitar," Miss E. Birch and Miss Dolby	Laura Barker.
National Airs, Miss Dolby	
Glee, "Lochlinvar," Miss E. Birch, Mr. Swift, and M. Stockhausen	Dr. Clarke.

It is now too late in the day to enlogise Miss Dolby's talents. What every one knows requires no insisting upon. Miss Dolby stands at the head of the English school of female singers, and has maintained her position for some years. On Tuesday evening she was in delightful voice, and charmed her auditors in almost every instance. Cherubini's aria, and Macfarren's two delightful songs, were given in the singer's most captivating manner.

Sterndale Bennett played *à merveille*, and all the other artists acquitted themselves more than creditably.

Mr. Lindsay Sloper accompanied the vocal music.

MISS GODDARD.

(From the *Illustrated News*.)

THE beautiful in music must result from the combined influences of nature and art; and all great musicians have been distinguished even in their very infancy, by palpable signs of musical organization and acute sensibility. Miss Arabella Goddard, the youthful pianiste whose portrait is presented in our columns this day, has formed no exception to the above rule—from her earliest childhood she evinced an extraordinary attachment for instrumental sounds. Born on the 12th of January, 1836, at St. Servan, near St. Malo, in France, of English parents, the quickness of her ear did not escape attention, and the predilection of the child was encouraged by maternal instruction. At the age of four years and a half the marvellous talent and execution of Miss Arabella were exhibited in public for the first time, at a charitable concert, given at St. Servan, and she played a fantasia on themes from Mozart's "Don Giovanni."

Mr. and Mrs. Goddard removing to Paris, their daughter,

for four years, received lessons from the late Kalkbrenner, the celebrated pianist and composer; and on the return of her parents to London, the cultivation of her abilities was allotted to the accomplished Mrs. Anderson, the pianist to her Majesty, and instructress to the Princess Royal. At eight years of age, Miss Goddard had the honour of performing before her Majesty and Prince Albert. There was a question of placing her at the Royal Academy of Music, to compete for the King's Scholarship; but this intention was abandoned, and, at the suggestion of Herr Kuhe, from whom Miss Goddard had lessons, Thalberg was selected as the finishing master of the gifted child, who displayed astonishing readiness at sight playing, and a most surprising musical memory. At a *matinée d'invitation* given by Mr. and Mrs. Goddard, at their residence, on the 30th of March last, Miss Goddard performed before a select company of amateurs.

The *Illustrated London News*, in mentioning her remarkable execution, predicted that, with increased strength, she would rival any living pianiste; and there is every prospect of the realization of the prophecy. Except at a *matinée musicale* given by Miss Bassano during the past season, Miss Goddard did not play in public. Her *début* at the Grand National Concerts took place October 23, when she played the "Elixir" fantasia, and "Tarentella" of her master, herg, with the most decided success. Since this essay the popularity of Miss Goddard has been permanently established; she has executed the first movement of Hummel's Concerto in F; the "Masaniello" and "Don Pasquale" fantasias of Thalberg; Streich's "Hirondelles;" "Prudent's" "Lucia" and "Puritani" fantasias; caprices of Blumenthal, &c.

Although Miss Goddard's performances at her Majesty's Theatre have been chiefly confined to the works of the modern romantic school, of which wonderful mechanism and poetic feeling are the great characteristics, she is equally distinguished as a pianiste in the classic stores of high art, and the elaborations of a Bach fugue are exhibited by her with the utmost delicacy and precision.

Miss Goddard is as yet a mere child, and the witchery her playing exercises over the minds of her auditory is not the result of a marked individuality of style, or of enormous manual power; but it arises from her elegant, graceful facility of execution, her crisp and delicate tone, and the certainty of her passage-playing.

Miss Goddard is now studying composition under Mr. Macfarren, and with her future advance in musical knowledge, there is every legitimate expectation that she may occupy higher ground than a merely digital executant, in which she is now so pre-eminent. Her equality of touch is charming; and this unity of strength in the fingers enables her to make all the component parts of modern intricacies stand out with clearness and celerity. She will, of course, acquire more strength in the wrists; and to her present exquisitely cabinet-picture finish, if we may so term it, will, no doubt, be added her only physical defect—that of power.

BIRMINGHAM.—(From a Correspondent.)—An evening concert was given by Mrs. Bull on Thursday, the 9th inst. The vocalists were Miss Dolby, Mrs. Bull, Mr. Allen, Mr. Henry Phillips, and Mr. H. Whitworth. Kate Loder—a host in herself—was the solo instrumentalist. There was a very full attendance. Miss Dolby was encored twice—she was the vocal gem. Kate Loder played twice, and both times magnificently. Her two performances were Thalberg's *Elixir* fantasia, and Mendelssohn's *Capriccioso*; and she was rapturously applauded. Mr. Kimpton presided at the piano over the vocal music.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

(From the New York Daily Tribune.)

JENNY LIND'S MORNING CONCERT.—Summer came straying into Autumn yesterday, to look after its singer. For we may surely add to the charm of the syren's song, that of the broad blue calm on which their islands lie. They were fair-lated, yesterday, whom no importunate cares withheld from the morning concert of Jenny Lind. Probably no other singer lives who could have assembled by daylight so large an audience in New York, for with no other singer are the daylight and the sunshine so intimately associated.

All the seats in the hall were occupied at the hour, by an audience more mingled with young and old than at any previous concert. It was pleasant to see an old gentleman who could no longer see, but only feel the beauty of the day, led up to a seat near the platform, and pleasant that "*I know that my Redeemer liveth*," were the first words that fell like balm upon his ear. A morning concert is an event so rare among us, that there will be many glad to hear how Jenny Lind was dressed for the occasion—a curiosity that we are enabled to satisfy through a wiser knowledge than our own of the delicate details of feminine apparel. She was dressed in a white Tartan muslin over a dark green silk. The skirt in small tucks quite to the waist, and a high-necked Spencer of the same material, shirred and trimmed with lace—the sleeves tight, and a narrow black velvet band around the neck and wrists. Could the subtler sense of another only enable us to detail the delight of her singing as well—it were a happy day for our readers.

The first of the concert was devoted, with the exception of the overture, entirely to sacred music. A manuscript overture of Bristow's was not unworthy the *Opera Comique*—it was melodious, and in Auber's manner. Belletti sang his Haydn air, "Rolling on foaming billows" better than Handel's "The Trumpet shall sound." But he was evidently a little perplexed by the uncertainty of the trumpet accompaniment. During the second part of the concert he sang "Largo al factotum" most sparklingly, and well merited the encore.

Jenny sang "*I know that my Redeemer liveth*," in that sunny serenity of style, which is the atmosphere of the song in the mind, and is the expression of the profoundest faith. There are no points in her rendering of this air. It is a broad deep gush of divinity day—the white light of heaven,—yet, if the purity of manner and sentiment in this are so remarkable, not less are they so in Haydn's "On mighty pens," which we must record as one of her greatest triumphs. No composer, so accurately as Haydn, has painted the pastoral peace of the young world. There is always a fresh melody and joyousness in his airs, that irresistibly suggest the bloom of youth. Yesterday it seemed as if all the birds of Eden were piping for the first time, and glad to find themselves so gay. "And cooing calls the tender dove his mate," as a piece of sentiment and vocalization, was exquisitely beautiful. We cannot well imagine any thing more subtly sweet, more the very song of youth and spring. This, also, although deeply felt by the audience, is not the kind of air that provokes tumultuous applause. It is remarked by many, as a singular fact, that the great pictures in the Vatican and elsewhere, do not suddenly shock the mind with surprise, but rise upon it as naturally as the day dawns. It is a fact not alone observable of the finest pictures.

The rest of the programme was made up of the three popular favorites—the Flute, Bird, and Echo songs. Sure are we, that, by this time, they are no especial favourites of the singer. Why do we not have "*La mere grand*" again.

We are glad to see that yesterday morning's programme is repeated this evening, with the beautiful "*Quando l'ascia la Normandia*," from Meyerbeer's *Roberto*—and not without sadness in reminding our readers that the time is short. We exhort them to count each grain as it passes a grain of gold.

PARODI'S *LUCEZIA BORGIA*.—Parodi's *Lucrezia* last evening was a most brilliant success. A full and fashionable house were enthusiastic in her favour, and at the close of the second act, in the scene with the Duke and Genaro, the excited and electrical burst of applause that continued until she had twice appeared before the curtain. It was a decided improvement upon the Norma, and we heard expressions of delight and comparisons last evening that to transcribe would send a glow quite through our article.

Lucrezia is a character admirably adapted to Parodi's peculiar power. It is drawn by the composer in such broad, bold outline—is so dashed in with a few strong and skilful strokes—that, remembering what we have already said of her, it will be seen how effectively she might interpret the part. A character of such pure passion, as *Lucrezia* is intended to be, allows every variety of expression. Intense or tempestuous, the student of life and art will still recognize the features true to life, feeling that passion in general, like that of love in particular, permits no laws to be laid down for it, and no principles to govern its expression. Parodi's style of passionate expression, as we have suggested before, is the vehement rather than the intense. But it would be difficult to say that at any point last evening she overdid her part, so wild is the whirlpool of hatred and despair which the music means to represent, and which the image of the hateful and beautiful Borgia constantly suggests to the mind. Parodi looks *Lucrezia* well. When she first unmasks there is an expression of deeply graven experience upon her countenance which accords with our anticipations: and in the last scene, when the brilliant curtain draws aside, she stands fateful—an image of death and woe.

The performance last evening, though it pleased us so much more than the Norma, confirmed the impression which that gave us. We find still the same large manner, the same decided dramatic points. An effectiveness of posture rather than of movement, and a general tendency to extravagance. The culminating point of the opera was to our fancy, the closing scene of the second act. The artist showed the fierceness of eagerness, rather than the mingled fervour of frightened feeling and despair, but she carried her audience with her, and the curtain fell upon applause as prolonged and sincere as we remember in New York. Parodi lacks tenderness. The "*Com' e bello*" in the first scene with Gennaro, and the dying scene in the last act, were hardly done. The despairing Duchess should have melted somewhat in the mother. The action of the artist and the musical style should thrill us with a strain of sentiment that, in deepening the broader lines of the character, our artist omits. Did we not observe, too, a nervousness about her dress, both in the opera and in Norma, and an appeal to the audience during the singing of the intensest parts, which materially and unpleasantly affect the dramatic effect.

She was good, too, with the young Venetians in the last act. Revenge expressed itself in sardonic scorn, and throughout this scene we were reminded of the traditions of Pasta's manner—which, as we saw in its decline, was grand and beautiful. But we were sorry to hear Parodi fairly emulating Lorini during their first duet, in singing false. This passed away somewhat, as the Opera advanced, and we hope as the season advances, will disappear altogether. The curtain fell

upon a triumph, and Parodi was again called to respond to the great satisfaction of the audience.

Signor Beneventano was good as the Duke. In the poisoning scene in the second act he hit strongly the proud points of the Venetian noble.

Signora Patti's Orsini had all the graceful shyness of a girl, and her unaccustomed costume evidently subdued, and therein benefited her representation. She sang "Il Segreto" carefully and well, and was warmly applauded. Signor Lorini was lamentably false—or hoarse. The choruses were not precise enough, but that is the fault of a first evening.

We shall be much mistaken if Parodi does not win greener laurels in this part, and in all characters of strong outline, rather than in those of more various and delicate charm. It will be always outline, however, for she has not that skill of subtle shading of character which is expressed by a more mobile countenance than hers, and which is essential to the beautiful balance of the highest artistic representation.—*Daily Tribune.*

AN ANCIENT LIND-MANIA.

(From the New York Message Bird.)

The following inscription upon an ancient Greek tablet, of a date 709 years before the Christian era, is another witness to the truth of the Scripture declaration, "there is no new thing under the sun;" and that even our *Lind-mania* has a prototype in the practice of past ages. The remarks in explanation of this inscription, which follow, are from the pen of Professor Marchard, of Berlin, whose nephew, Mr. Krautmann, was the fortunate discoverer of the tablets, which by accident were revealed, buried in an amphora of metal at Corinth.

"On the third day of the music-fest at Ephrye, there was represented a tragedy, after the old manner. And when the Choragi had spoken, the chorus sang in the Hypomyxolydian mode; and the chorus consisted of men, youths, boys, and maidens. But Pyrene, the daughter of Teiresias, sang the Hypopotamion, which had never before been heard, since it lies five tones higher than the Hyperbolion. And all the people clapped their hands aloud, so great was the joy that reigned in the hearts of all the hearers. But King Teletes caused to be presented to the divine songstress a costly set of jewels as a gift. For the like had never before been heard."

"We here become acquainted, for the first time, with a songstress who lived 709 years before Christ. I had imagined that I before knew what Hypomyxolydian meant, but I now feel convinced that I am ignorant about the matter, for it is said that Pyrene, the daughter of Teiresias, sang the Hypopotamion, (which signifies something on the other side of the river not to be attained to) which had never before been heard of. Now it is supposed by the moderns, that the Hyperbolion of the ancients was our A above gamut. If this were correct, then Pyrene must have sung to E in alt, in which case it is not easy to divine how this tone could have created such admiration in all Greece, as it lies perfectly within the compass of a female soprano voice, and our soprano singers sing a full octave higher. Hence, it is much more probable that the Hyperbolion of the ancients was the tone of B or C in alt; for that the tone of F in alt, or G in alt, should have caused such astonishment is much more likely. Now in Hypolydian and Hypomyxolydian modes, the Hyperbolion does not occur at all, and yet Pyrene sang in these modes, and therefore five times higher than the Hyperbolion! It is particularly remarkable that Lasus (the person who inscribed the tablets) should twice observe of the Hypopotamion, that it had never been heard before. It must, consequently, have been extraordinarily high. It is also stated that the chorus consisted of men, youths, boys, and maidens; that the chorus sung is also mentioned. Hence, how can it be any longer doubted, that the ancients, in the time of Lasus, were perfectly acquainted with the varieties of the human voice, and that they combined harmoniously, the base, tenor, treble

and descent? For it is in the highest degree probable, that the men sang the base, the youths the tenor, the boys the treble, and the maidens the descent. The opinion, that among the ancients, female parts were played by men, is therefore contradicted, as it is certain from the above text, that in the chorus at least, there were female singers. But King Teletes caused to be presented to the divine songstress a costly present; hence we see that it is not our age alone that is entitled to the epithet enthusiastic; that it is not with us alone that singers are idolized; the ancient Greeks also were enthusiastic, and not less lavish of their 'divine' than we are, since even on a swineherd they once bestowed this glowing epithet."

Our Strap Book.

[We shall be obliged to any kind friends who may be able and willing to contribute to our Strap Book.—Ed.]

THE USE OF MUSIC BY THE ANCIENTS.—All sorts of declamation and public speaking were carried on by the ancients in a much more musical tone than it is among us. It approached to a kind of chanting or recitative. Among the Athenians, there was what was called the *Nomie Melody*; or a particular measure prescribed to the public officers, in which they were to promulgate the laws to the people; lest by reading them with improper tones, the laws might be exposed to contempt. Among the Romans there is a noted story of C. Gracchus, when he was declaiming in public, having a musician standing at his back in order to give him the proper tones with a pipe or flute. Even when pronouncing those terrible tribunal harangues, by which he inflamed the one-half of the citizens of Rome against the other, this attention to the music of speech was, in those times, it seems, thought necessary to success.—*Blair's Lectures.*

SOCRATES' OPINION OF MUSIC.—Whoever is captivated by music, and yielding himself up to its soothing influence, suffers it to pour in upon his soul through the ears, as through a funnel, those ravishing, sweet, plaintive harmonies we have enumerated, and passes all his days in the alternate joy and sadness produced by the powers of melody, must inevitably be softened like steel in the fire, and lose whatever was harsh or rude in his nature. Indulged in to excess, however, music emasculates instead of invigorating the mind, causing a relaxation of the intellectual faculties, and debasing the warrior into an effeminate slave, destitute of all nerve and energy of soul.—*Plato's Republic.*

ANECDOTE OF MOSES MENDELSSOHN.—The celebrated Mendelssohn, grandfather of the great composer, and who died at Berlin in 1786, was employed in his youth as clerk to an ignorant tradesman. Notwithstanding his humble condition, Mendelssohn had already distinguished himself by the qualities of his mind and heart. Far from complaining of his destiny, he thanked Providence for all the good which had been bestowed upon him. One day, when he had just passed several hours in rectifying an account which had been confused and mystified by his master, one of his friends said to him, "What a pity it is that you should be obliged to serve a man who has not so much sense in his head as you have in your little finger!" "On the contrary, it is an excellent arrangement," replied Mendelssohn, smiling; "for my services are valuable to this man, and I gain my living thereby. Now if I were the master and he the clerk, I should not know what on earth to do with him."—*From the New Monthly Belle Assemblée.*

MUSICAL STYLE.—The musical-dissertation was continued until they reached the palace of Zustiniana, where they arrived towards midnight, to partake of coffee and sherbet. From the technicalities of art, they had passed on to style, musical ideas, ancient and modern forms; from that to the arts and their different modes of feeling and expressing themselves. Propora spoke with admiration of his master, Scarlatti, the first who had imparted a pathetic character to religious compositions; but there he stopped, and would not admit that sacred music should trespass upon profane, in tolerating ornaments, trills, and roulades. "Does your highness," said Anzoletto, "find fault with these and other difficult additions, which have, nevertheless, constituted the glory and success of your illustrious pupil, Farinelli?" "I only disapprove of them in the church," replied the maestro; "I would have them in their proper place, which is the theatre. I wish them of a pure, sober, genuine taste, and appropriate in their modulations, not only to the subject of which they treat, but to the person and situation that are represented, and the passion which is expressed. The nymphs and shepherds may warble like any birds; their cadences may be like the flowing fountain; but Meren or Dido can only sob and roar like a wounded lioness. The coquette, indeed, may load her silly cavatina with capricious and elaborate ornaments. Corilla excels in this description of music; but once she attempts to express the deeper emotions—the passions of the human heart, she becomes inferior even to herself. In vain she struggles, in vain she swells her voice and bosom—a note misplaced, an absurd roulade, parodies in an instant the sublimity which she had hoped to reach. You have all heard Faustina Bordoni, now Madame Hasse, in situations appropriate to her brilliant qualities—she had no equal; but when Cuzzoni came with her pure, deep feeling, to sing of pain, of prayer, or tenderness, the tears which she drew forth banished in an instant from your heart the recollection of Faustina. The solution of this is to be found in the fact that there is a showy and superficial cleverness, very different from lofty and creative genius. There is also that which amuses, which moves us, which astonishes us, and which completely carries us away. I know very well that sudden and startling effects are now in fashion; but if I taught them to my pupils as useful exercises, I almost repent of it when I see the majority so abuse them—so sacrifice what is necessary to what is superfluous—the lasting emotion of the audience to cries of surprise, and the darts of a feverish and transitory pleasure. —*Consuelo, by George Sand.*

MUSICAL PUN.—A young musician, celebrated for his modesty and sincerity, on his first appearance before the public, finding that he could not give the trills effectively, assured the audience, by way of apology, "That he trembled so that he could not shake!"

Music resembles poetry: in each
Are nameless graces, which no methods teach,
And which a master's hand alone can reach.

MUSICAL SCALES.—There are some oriental nations, such as the Arabs, the Turks, and the Persians, whose instruments are constructed on a scale of intervals of thirds. Such intervals, and such a division of the scale, can be appreciated only by organs accustomed by education to their effect: the sensation which they produce upon a European ear is that of false sounds and disagreeable successions, while the Arabs find pleasure in them, and are painfully affected by hearing our scale.—Extracted from —, by *Aureliana*.

THE MORMON ORCHESTRA.—Well as I knew the peculiar fondness of the Mormons for music, their orchestra in service on this occasion astonished me by its numbers and fine skill. The story was, that an eloquent missionary had converted its members in a body at an English town, a stronghold of the sect, and that they took up their trumpets, trombones, drums, and hautboys together, and followed him to America. When the refugees from Nauvoo were hastening to part with their tableware, jewellery, and almost every other fragment of metal wealth they possessed that was not iron, they had never a thought of giving up the instruments of this favorite band; and when the battalion was enlisted, though high inducements were offered some of the performers to accompany it, they all refused. Their fortunes went with the camp of the tabernacle. They had led the farewell service in the Nauvoo Temple. Their office was now to guide the monster choruses and Sunday hymns; and like the trumpets of silver made of a whole piece, "for the calling of the assembly, and for the journeying of the camps," to knoll the people into church. Some of their wind instruments, indeed, were uncommonly full and pure toned, and in that clear dry air could be heard to a great distance. It had the strangest effect in the world to listen to their sweet music winding over the uninhabited country; something in the style of a Moravian death-tune blown at daybreak, but altogether unique. It might be when you were hunting a ford over the Great Platte, the dreariest of all wild rivers, perplexed among the far-reaching sand bars and curlew shallows of its shifting bed, the wind rising would bring you the first faint thought of a melody; and, as you listened, borne down upon the gust that swept past you a cloud of the dry sifted sands, you recognised it—perhaps a home-loved theme of Henry Proch or Mendelssohn. Meadellshon Bartholdy, away there in the Indian Marches!—*The Mormons, by T. L. Kane.*

MOLIÈRE.—"When we," continued Goethe, "for our modern purposes, wish to learn how to conduct ourselves upon the theatre, Molière is the man to whom we should apply. Do you know his *Malade Imaginaire*? There is a scene in it which, as often as I read the piece, appears to me the symbol of a perfect knowledge of the boards. I mean the scene where the *Malade Imaginaire* asks his little daughter Louison if there has not been a young man in the chamber of her eldest sister. Now, any other who did not understand his craft so well would have let the little Louison plainly tell the fact at once, and there would have been the end of the matter. But what various motives for delay are introduced by Molière into this examination, for the sake of life and effect. He first makes the little Louison act as if she did not understand her father; then she denies that she knows anything; then, threatened with the rod, she falls down as if dead; then, when her father hursts out in despair, she springs up from her feigned swoon with roguish hilarity, and at last, little by little, she confesses all. My explanation can only give you a very meagre notion of the animation of the scene; but read this scene yourself till you become thoroughly impressed with its theatrical worth, and you will confess that there is more practical construction contained in it than in all the theories in the world. I have known and loved Molière," continued Goethe, "from my youth, and have learned from him during my whole life. I never fail to read some of his plays every year, that I may keep up a constant intercourse with what is excellent. It is not merely the perfectly artistic treatment which delights me; but particularly the amiable nature, the highly-formed mind, of the poet. There is in him

a grace and feeling for the decorous, and a tone of good society, which his innate beautiful nature could only attain by daily intercourse with the most eminent men of his age. Of Menander, I only knew the few fragments; but these gave me so high an idea of him, that I look upon this great Greek as the only man who could be compared to Molière.—*Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe.*

THE MUSICIANS' COMPANY.—It is a fact but little known that the musicians of London possess a charter granted by James the First under the denomination of "The Company of Musicians of London." Their coat of arms is, azure, a swan argent, within a treasure counterflure or, in a chief gules, a rose between two lions or, and the celestial sign Lyra for a crest. The intention of the founder of this company was, that regularly instructed and competent musicians should be enabled to exercise their profession to the exclusion of ignorant charlatans, who at that time existed in great numbers.—*Memoranda of a Musician.*

LULLY.—On performing his grand "Te Deum," on the recovery of Louis XIV., Lully met an accident that brought him to his grave. In beating time with his foot he struck his toes so vehemently that a swelling ensued, and his physician advised him to lose his toe, and presently after his leg. His confessor assured him that if he did not hurt the music of his new opera, he could not give him absolution. With reluctance the penitent pointed to a drawer containing some of the airs of his Achilles and Polixena. "There, father," said he, "take and burn them." Lully soon after grew better, and thought himself out of danger. One of the princes of the blood, who was extremely fond of his music, paid him a visit, and reproaching him for burning it, said "My dear friend, how could you be such a fool as to believe an old dotting priest, and destroy your new opera?" "My lord," said Lully (whispering to the prince), "I knew what I was about. I have another copy of it." Unfortunately, this pleasantry was followed by a relapse, and poor Lully died afterwards a great penitent.

MUSIC.—It has been justly said, that the aim of music is to awaken feeling. No other art so reveals the sublime emotions of the human soul; no art so depicts the glories of Nature, the delights of contemplation, the character of nations, the whirl of passion, and the cry of suffering. Hope, fear, regret, despair, devotion, enthusiasm, faith, doubt, glory, peace—all these and more, music gives us, and takes away from us again, according to its genius and our capacity. It presents things in an entirely new and original aspect, and without being guilty of the puerilities of mere sound, and the imitation of external noises, it suffers us to perceive, through a dreamy haze which enhances and ennobles them, the exterior objects to which it transports our imagination. Certain anthems will evoke the gigantic phantoms of ancient cathedrals, allow us to penetrate into the secret thoughts of their constructors and of those who, kneeling within their holy precincts, utter their hymns of praise to God. Those who are able to express simply and powerfully the music of different nations, and know how to listen to it as it deserves, need not to make a tour of the world in order to behold different nations, to visit their monuments, to read their books, or to traverse their plains, their mountains, their gardens, and their wildernesses. A Jewish air at once transports us into the synagogue; a pibroch conveys us to the Highlands of Scotland; while all Spain is revealed to us by a melody of that fair land.—*Consuelo, by George Sand.*

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

MACREADY'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES.

King John was revived on Monday, and it was confidently expected that one of the largest audiences of the season would have attended the performance. Three sound reasons conduced to the entertainment of this expectation. First, it has long been universally admitted that King John is one of Macready's finest delineations; secondly, it was the first appearance of the great tragedian in the part, in that series of his farewell performances; and as such performances have been confined to a few representations, the restriction would necessarily increase the attraction; and, thirdly (and, as it appeared to us, most strongly), a considerable degree of excitement was anticipated from the speech of King John, in the third act, where he repudiates the interference of the Pope in this country, and denounces his authority, as it so immediately touched upon the amphibious matter that so universally and deeply engrosses the attention of idle England at this moment. Strange to say, for a Macready night, the attendance was, perhaps, the most scanty since the commencement of the series of final performances; nor did the *écusade*, so eagerly looked for by some, and so determined to be strenuously upheld by others, rise beyond a common sensation. The first lines of the King—

"What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope."

were listened to with scarcely an interruption; although, one would have supposed, judging from the recent excitement in churches, vestries, poor-houses, and other holy places devoted to morose controversy and purulent fanaticism, that there was fire enough in his majesty's expressions to have excited any amount of public mind, if it were at all combustible, into a satisfactory flame. But such was not the case. Every attempt to originate an honest row was cried down. When the king exclaims—

"Tell him this tale: and, from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;—"

then, indeed, there arose a good religious burst of execration, such as would have conferred no discredit on Exeter Hall in its palmiest, or, palmiest days of anti-papal malediction and most infuriated apotrophes to religion and damnation; but even this display would have been as the flash in the pan to the gun's explosion had the audience waited to the conclusion of John's sentence, which was partly lost in the vehemence of their vociferations. The roar expired after a brief existence for want of proper management; and, although there was much significance in the concluding words used by the king—

"But as we, under Heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand.
So tell the Pope; all reverence set apart,
To him and his usurp'd authority."

These told with little effect. We are compelled, with deep chagrin, to pronounce the expected religious detonation in the Haymarket theatre, as a decided failure. Now, this failure, in no wise, must be attributed to Mr. Macready, who, though *un catholique de naissance*, and an intimate friend of Pius the Ninth, uttered the abnegation and denouncement of the pope

with immense energy. It is to be hoped that a more generous and enthusiastic public will assemble at the Haymarket on Monday night, when *King John* will be repeated, and that they will come to the theatre with a better sense of what is due to their kindly animosities and christian-like racors. In case the second expected *enrude* at the performance of *King John* should prove a second failure, we would strongly recommend—but let not our recommendation go beyond the authorities—that a *claque*, constituted of the reverend declaimers from Exeter Hall, be employed; and if they do not open their holy throats upon so congenial an occasion, why, then, never say there is purity and forbearance in a castock. But we grate out of time. *A nos montons.*

The last four performances of Mr. Macready were *Macbeth* (Saturday); *King John* (Monday); *Henry the Fourth*, in the fourth act of *Henry IV.* (Part II.), and Mr. Oakley, in the *Jessels Wife* (Wednesday); and *Virginus* (Thursday).

Mr. Macready has not appeared in *King John*, in London, since 1812-3, when the play was produced at Drury Lane under his own management, in a style of great splendour and completeness, and obtained a considerable run throughout the season. Although a favourite part with Mr. Macready, *King John* is seldom performed than many other characters in which the tragedian is less famous. The reason seems to be that in the representation of *King John* there are great demands made on the scenic and decorative departments, and these are not always available in the best theatres. Such plays as *Henry VIII.*, *Richard the Second*, *Henry V.*, *Coriolanus*, *King John*, &c., depend in no small degree for their success on the manner in which they are got up; and hence, as far as representing them on the stage goes, they are *caviare* to the multitude, unless on some very particular occasions. In fact, without the glitter and display of shows and processions, the historical plays of Shakspeare are not plays for the people.

A trifle more of care and attention appears to have been expended by the management of the Haymarket on the getting up of *King John* than on any other of Shakspeare's plays in which Macready has lately appeared. Nevertheless, there are not hands enough at this theatre to fill up the retainers, soldiers, servants, &c., required in the play, in addition to the numerous characters named in the *dramatis personæ*. All that could be done, however, has been done, under the circumstances. The dresses, in some instances, are new and splendid, and the scenery is appropriate.

Mr. Macready's *King John* is as familiar to the public, in report, if not in actuality, as any other of his delineations. His two great scenes, the one with Hubert, and the death scene, are not surpassed by any thing in any of his performances, if, indeed, they have ever been surpassed at all. His first words to Arthur,

"Cousin, look not sad:
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was,"

were fraught with terrible meaning, and as surely pronounced his doom as though he uttered the dread sentence in place of affecting words of kindness. The simulation of tenderness was such as a head might put on in the presence of an angel, and the gentle patting of the head was as the placidity of the tiger when the prey was in his grasp. Simple as the words were, they were sufficient to make the blood run cold.

It would be curious and interesting to enquire why Macready treats this scene in *King John*, and the parallel scene in *Macbeth*,—where Banquo and Fleance, just before the murder of the former, are leaving the castle, and Macbeth goes to Fleance, and patting his head, enquires if he accompanies his

father on his ride—with such marked distinction. In both cases the murder of a boy is contemplated, and a tone of tenderness is assumed; but in *Macbeth* we have no sinister meaning in the putting on of a tone of voice, or of an action denoting fondness. That the actor views both scenes with different eyes there can be no doubt—the effect produced in one instance is as nil; in the other, most terrible.

The whole scene with Hubert is a master-piece, and falls nothing short of the terrible sublime. There is something absolutely demoniac in the heckoning of Hubert; and the fawning, hesitation, pretended friendship, and affected reliance, are all assumed with wonderful artifice. But Hubert has his pretences too; he must not understand the King before he speaks more plainly. John still hesitates—he looks from Arthur to Hubert—from Hubert to Arthur—but still he reads no murder in the eyes of his follower. Shall he speak out—not yet—he must probe him deeper. Then comes the tremendous speech:—

"But let it go;
The sun is in the heaven; and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gauds,
To give me audience. If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or, if that surly spirit, Melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purpose!);
Or, if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ear, and reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone;
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah! I will not."

In this speech Macready scarce lifted his voice above a whisper; but so deep, sepulchral, and full of meaning was each word that it penetrated the ears more than if it were winged with thunder.

It is difficult to represent the agonies of death superinduced by poison, retaining, at the same time, a high poetical colouring; the difficulty has been surmounted by Macready in *King John*. The terrible throes of life contending with death, in the last scene, are exhibited with great power and fidelity; but the high tone given to the scene by the poet is never once overstept. What a faithful picture does not this last scene present of ambition foiled, usurpation taken in its own snares, power and royalty set at naught, consciences stricken, and life itself made the whip and scourge to lash vice and iniquity into madness! It is, indeed, in Macready's performance, almost too real to be disengaged entirely from instincts that lead to unpleasant emotions. While conceding our faith to the prodigious art of the actor, we cannot but wish ourselves removed from the scene.

We cannot close our notice of *King John* without doing justice to Mr. Cooper and Mr. Davenport, who, in their respective characters of Hubert and Falconbridge, acquitted themselves most creditably. Young Master Caulfield, who personated Arthur, is a promising boy. He has talent, which may be made something of, if his parents prevent him from becoming one of the very numerous sect called "prodigies." Constance is above Mrs. Warner; it has too much flesh and blood in it for this very clever actress in her own immediate line.

On Wednesday, Mr. Macready appeared in the fourth act of the Second Part of *Henry the Fourth*, with the famous speech, "How many thousands of my poorest subjects," introduced from the First Part of the same play. The performance was powerful and highly impressive, and exhibited the actor under a calmer and more dignified phase than that in which he is wont to be shown. This was followed by the comedy of *The Jealous Wife*, Mr. Oakley being played by Mr. Macready. The fact that the tragedian had consented to appear in comedy was rejoiced at by a large section of the play-going public, and a very full attendance was the result. We have rarely witnessed a comedy, the performance of which went off with such unflagging spirit from beginning to end. The play itself is but a poor specimen of comic writing, but the principal actors have a field on which to display their powers and talents; and, therefore, we find *The Jealous Wife* has been a stock piece for many years, and the character of Mr. Oakley a sort of step-ladder by which the tragic actor dismounts from his empyrean throne, and for awhile mingles with the world of realities. Mr. Macready's comedy astonished every body who had not seen it before. His performance of Mr. Oakley was admirable throughout, and was received with the heartiest bursts of applause, and unceasing laughter. The scene with Miss Russet was acted to absolute perfection. Never did unfortunate man seem more perplexed and bewildered; anxiety and dismay was evident in every limb and feature—nay, in the chair on which he sat—and the whole scene was unsurpassed for brilliancy of acting and truthfulness combined.

Mrs. Warner played Mrs. Oakley exceedingly well, and came in for her due share of applause.

At the fall of the curtain there was a loud call for Macready, who appeared leading Mrs. Warner, when the whole house came down with an enthusiastic burst of approbation. So signal was the success of the *Jealous Wife*, that it has been announced for repetition on Wednesday next, preceded by the single act of *Henry IV., Second Part*.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY ANDREW PARR.

O the merry, merry Christmas time!
 Welcomed by the bell's chime;
 When we leave our school in glee,
 Happy as the bird or bee!
 Friends at home receive us there
 With a fond and jocund air;
 Those beside us smiling gay
 As the lovely flowers in May!
 Then we raise the mistletoe,
 And dance in a merriment below;
 Then the twelfth-cake circles round,
 While joy and happiness abound!
 O the merry, merry Christmas time!
 Welcome by the bell's chime;
 O the merry, merry Christmas time,
 Welcome by the bell's chime;
 The bell's chime, the bell's chime!
 The bell's chime!

Der, 8, 1850.

Mr. G. A. OSBORNE, the pianist and composer, is now in town for the season.

PROVINCIAL TOURS.—Mlle. Angri, Herr Ernst, Signor Tamburini, &c., and M. Stockhausen, are engaged by Mr. Ueale for a six weeks' tour in the provinces, to begin the last week in January, and end the first week in March. Such an unusually strong combination of talent can hardly fail to prove successful.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THEATRE ROYAL, ENGLISH OPERA.

The season closes on Saturday, this evening, with a favourite opera, being the longest uninterrupted run of operas on record, in Manchester—eleven weeks!—Mirabile dictu! How the profit and loss account stands, we cannot say, but should imagine the houses have been pretty good on the whole. As cheapness is so much the order of the day, and as Mr. Knowles has adopted the cheap system in his shilling pit and sixpence galleries, why not have carried it out, and had his eighteen penny upper circle and two shilling lower circle, with three shilling reserved seats, as before? We are satisfied that he shut out hundreds altogether who would have gone many times during the season; there are many highly respectable families who do not like to go to the pit or the upper circle either, who do not like the trouble or expense of full dress, to occur often, yet who would go again and again to the lower circle to hear a favourite opera, provided bonnets were allowed and the price were two shillings—and did it quite enough, too, when multiplied by five or six of a party, several times in a season. But enough of this. The season is over, and we merely allude to it, and show that in our opinion and that of numerous others, Mr. Knowles might slightly have had many pounds additional in lieu of a nearly empty double tier of circles. We understand the low system is to be carried out, as we have above stated it, after Christmas, when the theatre re-opens, on the 26th, with a new pantomime. *Masaniello* was the last opera produced, and it has been played nightly all the week. We were present on Tuesday evening, when there was a moderate house. Pit crowded, as it nearly always is at a shilling, in spite of the Wizard of the North at the Free Trade Hall, next door; gallery middling, and circles very indifferent. The opera, like all the rest given this season was very well put on the stage. Mr. Harris is truly invaluable, the way he manages his supernumeraries, chorus and corymbes, is beyond all praise; in *Masaniello* he has ample scope for his peculiar talents; the grouping of the fishermen in the earlier scenes, the well known market scene, with all the tumultuous ones which succeed it, were all done to perfection; the dancing, too, was excellent.—Mr. Harris doing it himself, as nimble as the nimblest in the farinella. Miss Annie Payno made a very excellent Fenella, her pantomime was so true and expressive. *Masaniello* is one of the best parts Mr. Travers has filled; he sang the music exceedingly well; the barcarole was encored, as was also the duet with Pietro; he introduced air of "My sister, dear," does not suit Mr. Travers' style of singing, or he used too much force and power in it; there was scarcely a hand lifted when he finished; on the other hand, he gave the "Sleep song" whilst Fenella is slumbering with feeling, yet subdued tones—quite in keeping with the words. Mr. Borraani scarcely realised Pietro to our mind; he did not look villain enough; he, sang his part very respectably; indeed, the duet alluded to (which was most justly encored) between him and Travers, is about one of the best things we have heard him do; his barcarole was not so good, it wanted life and animation. Miss R. Isaac had a part not at all cut out for her as Elvira; indeed, both her part and Mr. Hime's, as Alphonse, are more the walking lady and gentleman of the opera than of any vivid interest musically or dramatically. The part of Elvira is too high also for Miss Isaac's voice, so that she appeared to us little advantage in this perhaps as any of the series of operas given, notwithstanding she did all she had to do well, and dressed the part most charmingly. We cannot say quite so much for Mr. Hime, although his vocalization was good. The chorus generally were good. We have heard a finer effect produced in the Nuptial chorus; the barcarole refrain was good; so was the hymn or prayer before the revolt. It was very fine; indeed, we never heard it better sung. The market chorus lost something by the excessive bustle of the scene; the characteristic and salient points of the different market cries, so ingeniously and harmoniously blended together, were all confused, and did not tell as we have heard them. The most telling piece of music in the opera was the one not usually given in the English version (we

have already twice alluded to) was the duet between Pietro and Maniello. "We strike for glorious liberty." It is very dramatic, and most cleverly introduced. The four principals were recalled at the close of the opera. On the whole, we have been much gratified with this reproduction of an opera we first saw some twenty years ago (and have not seen for sixteen or more). We should have been glad to have seen a better house on the occasion. Juliette—the great, the matchless Juliette—is coming to Manchester for a series of seventeen nights, to begin on Monday, the 29th instant, and conclude on Saturday, the 11th of January, bringing with him his French drummers and their tambour major, to swell out his renowned band; Jetty Treffz, as vocalist, and the three-reunowned Vivier as solo horn. No doubt but he will reap an ample harvest here during the three weeks Christmas holidays.

BATH.

ALBERT SMITH AT BATH.

(From the Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.)

Mr. Albert Smith gave on Saturday last, at the Assembly-rooms, his new entertainment, entitled "The Overland Mail," and which is of this wise. After a brief introductory description of the route of the bi-monthly Indian mail, Mr. Smith supposes the auditory to be travellers on the homeward-bound journey, who have arrived at Suet, which he makes the point of departure, and a view of which is the first of a series of beautifully-painted illustrations of some of the principal features of the route. Dropping then the guide-book style of description, Mr. Smith at once plunges into the realities of a journey, and by the relation of a succession of droll incidents of travel, makes you a sort of gossiping companion from Suet to Marseilles. Some of his physiological descriptions are a little instructive as well as amusing. For example, he disabuses you of the childhood-iodocinated notion that there is between the dromedary and the camel the characteristic difference of one hump and two; that the camel has but one, and the dromedary two—or vice versa, we don't know which, nor is it worth while to inquire, as neither is true in fact; both the camel and the dromedary, Mr. Smith tells us, are furnished with only a single hump—a piece, and the distinction between them is, that the one is a beast of burden, the other of speed,—that in short there is about the same difference between a camel and a dromedary as between a dry-horse and a race. He further tells us that he was tempted to perform a portion of the journey through the desert on the back of one of these animals, and the agreeable nature of that mode of travelling, to a novice in the art of camel-riding, may be gathered from Mr. Smith's recipe for forming an idea of the nature of the motion. First, he says, get a music stool, and unscrew the top as far as it will come, then place it in a cart without springs, and having seated yourself on the loosened top of the music stool, let the cart be driven "the wrong way across" a ploughed field, and you will have some notion of what riding a camel means. Another "vulgar error" of which Mr. Smith's experience disabused his mind, was as to the supposed fatness of the desert, the "level waste of sand," this he discovered to be quite a popular delusion, the surface of the desert being in reality billowed and undulated to a very great extent, large valleys of sand being varied by huge ridges where the bare rock elevates itself above the surface, like the gaunt bones of some great animal shewing themselves through the thin coating of sand by which they were partially covered. The annoyance caused by the inveterate performances of an Arab musician opposite the windows of the English hotel at Cairo, and whose instruments, a drum and a pipe, Mr. Smith purchases, in hopes of "getting rid of the band by buying up the whole orchestra,"—serves as an occasion for introducing a specimen of primitive Arab music, performed on the identical drum and pipe; while the musical peculiarities of a fellow-traveller, "undecided Mr. Parker," enable Mr. Smith to exhibit a specimen of his powers as a performer on the cornet-a-pistons. But perhaps the drollest part of the whole story is that connected with the purchase, by the tourists to the Pyramids, of the little clay images raked up by the wandering Arabs from among the ruins of Thebes; these, of course, form very pretty and characteristic mementos of a visit to Egypt and a clamber up the great pyramid of Cheops; but the sentiment of the *souvenir* is somewhat destroyed when we are informed, upon what Mr. Smith

cites as reliable authority, that not Thebes but Staffordshire is the birthplace of the little deities so eagerly purchased; that, in fact, annually thousands of these grotesque clay images are sent from our potteries to Egypt, to be vended to credulous travellers of deep reading and easy faith. Another "dodge" connected with the rail-route, and we must leave Mr. Albert Smith to finish his entertainment without our instrumentality. The steamer on her arrival at Malta performs quarantine, and this is made the occasion, by certain knowing Maltese "licensed hawkers," for a little swindle to the following tune. Communication between the vessel and the shore is of course carried on with certain restrictions; but there are many pretty fabrics of delicate manufacture, in lace, handkerchiefs, and the like, made by the Maltese, which are eminently adapted for little presents and *souvenirs*. A pedler with a quantity of these for sale comes up to a lady traveller, speaks in very intelligible English of the excellence of his wares, and, lady-like, our traveller turns them over one by one to see if any among the number suits her fancy. This is all the Maltese requires; and when the lady wishes to know the price of any particular article, he says he only knows that she must purchase the whole lot, for "he begs her pardon, but she's in quarantine, has compromised all the articles by touching them, and he dares not take them on shore again." From this there is of course no appeal, and as there happens to be no scruple as to taking money from the hands of the unhappy individuals who are doing *pratique*, the Maltese merchant makes a good market of the navy. There are a thousand and one other little incidents and comicalities, didactic and entertaining, scattered through a monologue of some two-and-a-half hours' duration, into which, from the exceeding volubility of his speech, Mr. Smith crams as much as would be said by any other man we know in twice the time. Of the pictorial illustrations we have already spoken; they are beautiful specimens of art, and are either taken from sketches made upon the spot, or what is still better, from the photographs of a daguerrotype; besides these, there were illustrative songs by Mr. Smith—who apologises for the way for "a voice of no great compass, and not sweet," which he accompanied himself on the pianoforte,—but both the singing and the playing were in complete subservience to the rest of the entertainment. It may, perhaps, be the means of mending a fault, and enhancing the pleasure of any future repetition of Mr. Smith's professional efforts, if we say that the excessive fluency of his language was rather a disadvantage to the auditory, as in so large a room it rendered the effort to catch his meaning almost a painful one, the auditory nerve being kept up to a tension that became somewhat disagreeable, while towards the back of the room considerable portions of the entertainment were utterly unintelligible.

PETERBOROUGH.

(From a Correspondent.)

The first concert of the season, given by Mr. Ellis, took place on Monday evening week, at the Corn Exchange, and was well and fashionably attended. The artists were Misses Witham and Atkinson, of the Yorkshire Concerts, Mr. Maschin, of Cambridge, and Mr. Ellis, lay clerk of this cathedral. Mr. Speechly, organist of the cathedral, presided at the pianoforte. The programme, though perhaps too long, was, in other respects, well arranged. It included the compositions of several popular composers. The first part of the concert opened with "Lift thine eyes," from the *Elijah*, which was charmingly rendered by Misses Witham and Atkinson, and Mr. Ellis. The compass and execution of Miss Witham's voice was shown to advantage in the air "Rejoice greatly," from the *Messiah*, which was loudly encored; and the clear, full voice of Miss Atkinson told with a sensible effect on the audience in "He was despised," from the same oratorio. A quartet, selected from the Gresham Prize Anthem for 1843, "My soul truly waleth," was well received. The second part, which was secular, opened with the piece, "Hail, memory," a favourite prize piece, composed for four voices by J. Bayly, of Huddersfield. "The Captive Greek Girl," sung by Miss Witham, was encored, as was also Miss Atkinson's "Why do I weep for thee," by Wallace. The song, "My soul's delight and treasure," sung by Miss Atkinson, gave much satisfaction, as did also the duets, "A. B. C.," and

"When thy bosom heaves a sigh," by Miss Witham and Mr. Ellis; the former of these two duets eliciting a decided encore. Mr. Machin, being encored in "Philip the Falconer," gave, as a substitute, "Women, the beauty of our native land," in which he was well received. In the glee department, in addition to "Hail, memory," which was worthy its place in the programme, "The Breath of the Brier," by Whitaker, was much applauded. On the whole, the concert gave much satisfaction. Owing to the youthfulness of the two female artists, the best anticipations may be formed of them.

HOW CHARLES KEAN BECAME AN ACTOR.

(From the Dublin University Magazine.)

THE name of Kean has a "stirring sound" in association with the annals of the stage. The brilliant career of Edmund Kean, the father, dazzling and eccentric as that of a comet, with its melancholy close, is still vivid in the remembrance of his contemporaries, and by them as vividly conveyed to the present generation. Charles Kean, the son, and subject to the present memoir has, while yet within the meridian of life, placed himself at the head of a profession for which he was neither trained nor intended, realized a competent independence by his own exertions, and won an honourable estimation in the eyes of all who were acquainted with him. It is not given to many to achieve these multiplied advantages; nor have they been gained in the present instance without toil, privation, and vicissitude. Scenes of exciting interest have been passed through, and many difficulties encountered. A slight detail of these events can scarcely fail to amuse the careless and instruct the reflecting reader.

Charles John Kean is an Irishman. He was born at Waterford, on the 18th of January, 1811. His father at the time formed one of the company attached to the theatre in that city. His mother, Mary Chambers, was also a native of Waterford, descended from the highly respectable family of Coffe, long settled in that county. Miss Chambers, with a sister, had, from family embarrassments, been induced to attempt the stage as a means of livelihood, and first became an actress with Edmund Kean, while performing in the Cheltenham Theatre, under the management of Mr. Beverley. They were married at Stroud, in Gloucestershire, in 1808, he being under twenty, and several years junior to his wife. He had another and elder son, named Howard, born at Swansea, for whom Charles has sometimes been mistaken. He died of water on the brain, at Dorchester, in February, 1814, a short time before his father appeared at Drury Lane, not having completed his fifth year; but even at that early age remarkable for his beauty, and promise of theatrical talent, having performed occasionally with his father in infantine characters.

When Charles Kean was born, and for a considerable time after, the fortunes of his parents were at the lowest possible ebb; they had barely a subsistence for the present, and were almost hopeless of the future. His father, toiling with the endless drudgery of an itinerant life, acted every night in play, interlude, and farce—not unfrequently Richard III. and Harlequin the same evening; and during the day endeavoured to eke out a scanty and doubtful salary of some five-and-twenty shillings a-week, by giving lessons in boxing, fencing, dancing, and riding. Prejudice has sometimes designated the stage as an "idle avocation." Those who think so would do well to try it experimentally for a short period, and thus test the accuracy of their opinion by the soundest of all applications.

At this time none saw in Edmund Kean, the undisguised and somewhat insignificant country actor—the future prop of Drury Lane—the magnet of attraction—the star before whose brightness all rival influences were to become pale. The genius was unquestionably there, but the opportunity had not yet arrived. It came at last. In 1814, Kean obtained the long-sought-for opening in London, and the family entered the metropolis in the most legitimate of Thespian conveyances—a wagon!

Now the scene changed rapidly and effectually. Success, that potent wand of the enchanter, at once established the great tragedian on the pinnacle of fame and the high road to opulence. "Now, Mary," said he to his wife, "you shall ride in your own carriage." The doors of the rich and influential were thrown open to him;

he might have chosen his own society; his praise filled the columns of the daily papers, and his attraction replenished the long-exhausted treasury of the theatre. It was, in fact, a realised dream—

"And all went happy as a marriage-bell."

Charles Kean, in due course of time, was sent to school, preparatory for Eton College. His father resolved to give him a good education, an advantage he had never possessed himself. He was placed under the charge of the Rev. E. Pelehampton, first at Worpleston, in Surrey, and afterwards at Greenford, near Harrow. At this seminary he remained several years; the number of scholars was limited, and they were principally composed of noblemen's sons. In June, 1824, he entered Eton as an "Oppidan," his father fixing his allowance, for board and education, at £300 per annum. His tutor was the Rev. Mr. Chapman, since Bishop of Ceylon; Dr. Goodall, Provost; and Dr. Keate, Head Master. He remained at Eton three years, being placed as high as the rules of the institution having reference to age would allow. When taken away, he was in the upper division, and had obtained much credit in his verses. Boasting and cricket are the two great amusements of the Etonians in summer; and Charles Kean became so expert a leader in aquatics, that he was chosen second captain in "Long Boats," as they are called—no insignificant honour in Etonian eyes. Under the tuition of the celebrated Angelo, he also won distinction as an accomplished fencer—a valuable acquirement in the profession he was destined to pursue.

Up to this period, everything appeared happy and prosperous in the family. Charles was repeatedly assured by both his parents that he would inherit an ample fortune, and be placed in a distinguished profession. His mother preferred the church, his father the army; but his own predilection was decidedly for a military career. There can be no doubt whatever that Edmund Kean might have maintained his family in all the elegancies of life, and left behind him a sum amounting to £50,000. Since those days of Garrick, no actor received as much money in so short a space of time. But clouds had long been darkening, and a crisis was at hand. Habits of irregularity and reckless extravagance had settled upon him. Ill-chosen associates estranged him from his wife and son; he had still a few anxious friends, who stepped in, and endeavoured to arrest his downward course, but a legion of evil counsellors hemmed him round, and the warning voice passed him unheeded. He was falling from his high position—his popularity began to decline—his physical powers were sinking under premature decay, and his finances were exhausted.

Charles, who for some time suspected the total derangement of his father's affairs, was startled into conviction by a pressing letter from his mother, received during his last half-year at Eton, in the early part of 1827, entreating him to come to her immediately. He obtained permission to absent himself for a few days, and hastened to London. He found her suffering in the most intense anxiety. She wept in his arms, and implored him not to leave her. It appeared that Mr. Calem, a member of parliament, and one of the most influential of the Drury Lane Committee of that day, had offered to procure him a readership in the East India Company's service. His father thought the offer too obliging to be declined; and, in giving notice that he intended to accept of it, ordered his son to make instant preparation for his departure. Mrs. Kean had been entirely separated from her husband for two or three years; she was reduced to a broken, pitiable state of health—nearly bed-ridden—helpless as an infant, and without a single relative to whom she could look to for succour or consolation. Weighing these circumstances well, Charles Kean formed his determination, and sought an interview with his father, to bring matters to a final conclusion.

Edmund Kean was then precariously situated. His realised capital was gone, and he was living from day to day on the uncertain earnings which might cease altogether with increasing infirmities. He told his son that he must accept of the offer of the readership; that he would provide his Indian outfit; and, this being done, that he must depend entirely on his own exertions, and never apply to him for any future support or assistance. Charles replied that he was perfectly contented, and willing to embrace these conditions, provided something like an adequate allowance was secured to his mother. Finding that his father no longer had

it in his power to promise this with any degree of certainty, he respectfully, but firmly, told him that he would not leave England while his mother lived, and declined, with thanks, the kind proposal of Mr. Calcraft. This answer excited the anger of the elder Kean to the highest pitch; he gave way to the most intense and painful scene ensued.

"What will you do," said he, "when I discard you, and you are thrown entirely on your own resources?"

"In that case," replied the son, "I shall be compelled to go on the stage; (the father smiled in derision) and though I may never be a great actor, I shall at least obtain a livelihood for my mother and myself, and be obliged to no one."

The father stormed; the son endured a torrent of vituperation without losing his temper, or forgetting the respect due to a parent; they parted, and from that hour all intercourse between them was suspended. In the following July, when the Eton vacation came on, he was informed that his accounts were paid up, his allowance stopped, and he was not to return. A short time before this a young nobleman, one of his intimate associates, with whom he had first become acquainted at the preparatory school, seeing him unusually dejected, inquired into the cause. Kean, in the fulness of his heart, told him the result of his interview with his father, and that in all probability he should be driven to adopt the stage as a profession. "I quite approve of your resolution," said his aristocratic friend, "and commend you warmly for it; but recollect this. If you do so, from this hour you and I must be strangers, as I never did, and never will speak to or acknowledge an actor."

About a year or so afterwards, when Charles Kean was acting at Leamington, the noble earl finding himself in the same hotel, moved off instantly, bag and baggage, to avoid the unhallowed proximity; thus at least carrying out the consistency of his prejudice, without regard to his personal convenience.

Very fortunately Charles Kean had contracted no private debts, a rare occurrence in an Etonian. He made his way to London, and hastily made his way to his mother's lodgings. He found her in sickness, in sorrow, and in poverty. A small yearly income, hitherto allowed her by her husband, had been entirely withdrawn. A more forlorn condition can scarcely be imagined.

Precisely at this juncture, a misunderstanding arose between Edmund Kean and Mr. Stephen Price, the well-known American lessee of the Drury-lane Theatre, and for the first time the great tragedian left his old theatrical home, the scene of his early triumphs, to engage with Mr. Charles Kemble at Covent-garden. Mr. Price having heard how the son was situated, and thinking the name of Kean a powerful talisman, immediately made him an offer of engagement at Drury-lane for three years, with a salary of £10 a-week, to be increased to £11 and £12 during the second and third years, in case of success. The heart of the young man bounded with hope, and the offer was gratefully accepted. He stipulated, however, that he must first write to his father, who was then absent from London, and make him acquainted with the circumstance. Price approved of this, received the letter, and undertook to forward it; but no answer was returned, and there is reason to believe the letter never reached the hands for which it was intended.

Thus Charles Kean became an actor.

Sivoaz.—This eminent violinist is at present at Trieste. He will be in London at the end of March.

CHILTERNHAM.—(From a correspondent).—During the last week, Mr. Albert Smith made his bow before a Cheltenham audience, and with what success need hardly be told, for go where he will, like his friend John Parry, crowds of admirers follow him, eager to see and hear the famous Albert, who has so frequently delighted them with his right, but truthful, pleasant, and witty writings about everybody and everything. We need only say that the fashionable audiences, for there are two entertainments, left the room regretting that they had only had so short a time to laugh at and listen to such an amusing, entertaining, and instructive gentleman as Mr. Albert Smith proved himself to be. Messrs. Hall and Son have announced Mr. Henry Phillips to give his new entertainment this week, and have also announced an engagement with the charming and popular actress, Madame Anna Thillon, who, with Mr. Hudson, will give their new entertainment here shortly.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SACRED MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—If you agree with me in thinking the following eloquent extract from a sermon "On the power and sublimity of sacred music," which was preached in the parish church prior to the late Festival, is worthy of preservation, pray give it a place in your pages. The author, Dr. Thompson, our vicar, is, I have great pleasure in stating, not only fond of music, but takes great interest, as every clergyman ought, in the "divine art," and is anxious that the musical portion of the service at church should be as efficiently performed as the limited resources of a small parish will enable us to accomplish. In the Sunday evening's service, we have the anthem in the proper place, after the 3rd Collect, so that no objection can be raised as to the anthem superseding the Psalm before the sermon.—I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

Kington, Dec. 11, 1850.

W. M. RIDLEY.

"Far be it from me to assert, that singing accompanied by the melodious peal of the organ should be the grand cause of attraction to the house of prayer: still we must not draw a veil over the fact, that the custom does in a wonderful degree promote the cause of true religion, and that hundreds have been induced to attend divine worship in the first instance for the sake of hearing the melody unto God: and how many who came to gratify that peculiar passion have been moved by those thrilling notes to the knowledge of that God, to the praise and glory of whom they were sounded! We have heard, indeed, remarkable instances of the impression produced by the very burst of that sublime instrument, which has been so properly selected for the church. Tears have been seen to roll down many a face under the excitement caused by the deep majestic tones; others have been so acted upon, as instantly to fall down upon their knees to the Deity in adoration. Who among us has never felt in our cathedrals the peal of the organ thrill the very soul, summoning up all the holy passions, moving the dormant man to piety, and warming with a pure glow the previously cold and torpid temperament? Who has stood on the hallowed marble, or within the venerable shrines, or beneath the ancient domes of our cathedrals, has not perceived, as it were, from earth, and impelled through very sympathy to devotion, as the influence of the sacred tones pervaded his soul and wafted all his energies on high? And where those sounds have been mellowed by the human voice in unison, proclaiming the Creator's praise, may we not indeed say, that this verily is the house of God—this is the gate of heaven? Do we not then, with angels and archangels and the whole company of heaven, laud and magnify God's glorious name, when we in our melody ascribe majesty, adoration, and power to Him that sitteth on the throne, and the Lamb for ever and ever? For the powers of music have attained only unto perfection when their notes have been sounded to the praise and glory of God; and the genius and talent of the poet have never been so well directed, and their productions have never been more pleasing to the Almighty than when devoted to religion."

OPERA MATTER.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—I have lately met with a most pleasant little trifle on opera matters, of the year 1832. I recommend it, even if worth nothing, beyond its being a memento of the past, and as a memorandum of a year and period singularly rich in operatic power. It is well entitled "A Poetical Illustration of the Principal Performers on the Stage and in the Orchestra during the late season."

Pasta, Malibran, Rubini, Tamburini, Cinti, Paganini, Veluti, &c., are brought out in their several "specialities." The allusions to the latter are not in the best taste, certainly; but the orchestra in those times were not to be sneezed at, (Messieurs Costa and Balfe) for we are told that,—

Ne'er was orchestra better mann'd—
Lo! what a leader "of the band
We have in Spagnoletti!" never
(Who can deny it!) one more clever,

More true to time—more fit than he,
Presided over harmony.
Next to this leading chief of glory,
Though living still—"Memento Mori!"
Of execution great—his finger
Was never known too long to linger."

Lindley and Dragonetti come in for no small share of the poet's praise; but the following will raise a smile on the intellectual features of an Ernst, a Sivoi, a Sainton, a Molique, a Blagrove, and even the season-ic Spohr!

"So much for them—they all excel—
All fiddle admirably well!
'Tis only in the different size
Of instrument, the difference lies;
For be it kit or double bass,
They both are of the feline race!
All this superior music springs
From Puss—in form of fiddle-strings;
On these charming sounds, of course,
Have the same intestinal source!
Oh, Puss! if thine the magic power,
To chase and cheer the lingering hour
By the ventriquoizing merit
Thou dost from Tom, thy sire, inherit;
From every musical vignette
That 'er was sketched or painted yet,
I would remove Apollo's head,
And place thy whicker'd face instead!"

In this season of "inertia," the above will be an addition, no doubt. May I be permitted to express the very great gratification I receive in common with many others, at the description of such concerts as those given by Mr. Charles Luders, at Manchester. Surely the Classical Chamber Concerts of a Staradale Bonnet, a Billet, a Holmes, and many others, if disposed to give them, would be well supported.—I am, Sir, yours most obediently, W. A.

MR. CHARLES LUDERS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—May I request the favour of you to inform me, in your next publication, where I can procure "La Bohémienne," a beautiful "ballade espagnolle," by Charles Luders; also, by the same author, the song "Marguerite."

I remain,

Your obedient servant,

December 13, 1850.

A SUBSCRIBER.

[Perhaps some of our readers would inform correspondent of the whereabouts of the "beautiful compositions" of Mr. Charles Luders. We are sorry to say we know nothing of the gentleman or his "beautiful compositions."—Ed.]

REVIEWS.

A Treatise upon the Mechanism and General Principles of the Flute.
By J. CLINTON.

So many new kinds of flutes are daily brought before the public, that purchasers of that instrument must find it very difficult to make their choice. A work like that now before us is, in consequence, of great utility. The nature and general principles of the various kinds of flutes, and the theory of their construction, are clearly pointed out, so that the readers of this treatise can form their own judgment upon the respective merits of each. The author, Mr. J. Clinton, has been long known to the public as one of our best performers, and as a fluent writer for the flute; indeed, the list of his published arrangements and compositions for that instrument appended to the treatise, is inexhaustible.

Mr. Clinton's opinions upon this instrument are therefore entitled to respect; he has studied the mechanism of every new flute as it appeared, and is qualified for the task he

has undertaken. We are pleased with the style in which the treatise is written, for though it advocates the superiority of a flute of Mr. Clinton's invention, it is free from illiberal allusions.

Mr. Clinton says that his flute possesses the advantages of modern improvements without any departure from the old fingering, a circumstance that renders it useful to those who have studied the old flute, and are not disposed to begin again "at the beginning." Mr. Clinton's description of what a flute ought to be is rational, and he gives reasons for his system of construction. In conclusion, we wish Mr. Clinton success his industry deserves.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. John Parry, on Thursday evening, attracted a large audience at the Royal Assembly Rooms, in Great George Street, with his new entertainment, called "Notes, Vocal and Instrumental."

EXETER.—(From a correspondent.)—A concert, which was extremely well attended, was given at the Royal Subscription Rooms, on Monday, the 2nd instant, for the purpose of subjecting Master Handle, the infant violinist, a second time to a public ordeal, previously to his being brought more prominently before the musical world. The performances of Master Handle, for a boy, were really surprising; for, not only did he perform the difficult compositions of De Beriot, Meyerbeer, and Blagrove correctly, as written, but with a poetic feeling, graceful bowing, and rapidity of execution seldom equalled by any juvenile performer. His ascending and descending chromatic runs were executed with delicate precision. The enthusiastic applause which he received was not partial, but universal; in fact, so delighted were the audience, that the applause frequently commenced before each variation was fairly concluded, so impatient did they seem to give vent to their feelings. By unanimous consent of his audience here he has fairly taken his stand among the preeminent wonders of the present day. [It is much to be deplored, for individual wonder's sake, that so many infant precocities have started up lately. They are now as thick as blackberries, and will soon be as common. It were much better, we fancy, if boys and girls would preserve their talents until they arrived at an age when they might be made available.—Ed. M. W.]

ANECDOTE OF CATHERINE HAYES.—An incident, somewhat romantic in its character, formed the first introduction of Catherine Hayes to the late Hon. and Right Rev. Edmund Knox. Near to the Sea House, then situated in Henry-street, is the town mansion of the Earl of Limerick, in whose family an aged female relative of Miss Hayes resided. The garden attached to these houses stretch in parallel lines to the banks of the Shannon, and were remarkable for their picturesque beauty. A woodbine covered arbour, near the river's brink, was a favourite resort of Catherine Hayes, then a young and delicate child—timid, gentle, and reserved, shrinking from the sportive companionship of her playmates; her chief apparent source of pleasure being to sit alone, half hidden among the leaves, and warble Irish ballad after ballad, the air and words of which she appeared to have caught up and retained with a species of intuitive facility. One evening, while thus delightfully occupied, "herself forgetting," and never dreaming but that she was "by the world forgot," some pleasure parties on the river were attracted by the clear silvery tones of her voice, and the correct taste she then displayed. Boat after boat silently dropped down the stream, passing in the shadow of the trees, whence, as from the cage of a singing bird, came the warblings that attracted them. Not a whisper announced to the unconscious child the audience she was delighting, till, at the conclusion of the last air, "The Lass o' Gowrie," the unseen vocalist finished the ballad, dwelling on the passage, "And now she's Lady Gowrie," with that prolonged and thrilling shake which owes nothing to all the after-cultivation her voice received—and which, in years to come, was to cause the critical and fastidious pit occupants of the grand opera to "rise at her," and to forget, in the passionate fervour of their enthusiasm

the cold formalities of etiquette. Then from her unseen auditory arose a rapturous shout of applause—the first intimation the blushing and half-frightened vocalist received that her “native wood notes wild” had attracted a numerous and admiring audience. The Right Reverend Edmund Knox was one of those unseen listeners; and his correct taste and refined discrimination at once discerned the germ of that talent, the matured growth of which has so happily proved the soundness of his judgment. That evening, the open air practice terminated; and the timid girl, who knew not the glorious natural gift she possessed, found herself suddenly a musical wonder, and heard, with a kind of incredulous delight, confident anticipations of her future celebrity pronounced. She was immediately invited to the See House, where the kindest encouragement overcame her timidity; and she soon became the “star” of a series of musical reunions, given chiefly for her instruction by her kind patron. These concerts were under the direction of the Messrs. Rogers, musicians of great promise, one of whom is now an organist to the Cathedral, Limerick. Singing to their accompaniment, under a circle predisposed to receive her with favour, Catherine Hayes “came out,” her rapid onward progress being soon manifest to all.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

WALTER SCOTT's original Waverley manuscript has recently been added to the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh.

Mlle. FRANCESCA RUMMEL, the vocalist, has arrived in town.

Mlle. GRADMAN, who made so favourable an impression last season, has arrived in London, after a most successful tour in Germany.

JENNY LIND, says the *Manchester Courier*, was 30 years of age on the 6th October.

HODGKINSON, THE AMERICAN ACTOR.—SHOOTING AND CRITICISM.—In one respect his pleasures were harmless enough; he was passionately fond of shooting, and in a country without game-laws, and where his pursuits had so much leisure, it will be readily supposed, that such a taste was not limited. In connection with its indulgence, a story was related of him, which, as a piece of illustration, I may as well give to my reader. One of his crowd of admirers had written him a play, the chief character of which was a sort of crocodile backbone to a narrow frame of five acts. Perceiving that its study would interrupt his enjoyments, he wished at once to decline it, but the author entreating a re-perusal he put the manuscript in his pocket, as he was about setting off on one of his shooting excursions. Arrived on the ground, he found that he had forgotten the important item of wadding, nor had his pockets a substitute of any description, except in the three-sacred form of the tragedy. Never was sportsman so cruelly baffled; the day was fine—the gun true, and his dog among the birds, was proving himself the very pink of an agitator. What was to be done? Was he to go homo or sit down—exchange the gun for the play, and in the spirit of Damon, give himself up for the good of his friend. He drew out the work and began its perusal, though with much the same fervour as for a volume of ethics. The first scene was in a cavern—enter Antonio and a conspirator; then, turning over the leaves, never was he so forcibly struck by their number—“Six pages in a cavern—what can they possibly require all that for?”—dreadfully tedious. Impressed with this truth, his dog at this moment put up his tenth covey; his eye glanced at the sport, then returned to the book; a devil was at his heart—what magnificent birds, yet, what beautiful poetry. Which was he to honour—his friend, or his pastime? Which was to triumph—blank verse or blank cartridge? “A page,” he said, “at least could come out of the cavern,” which it accordingly did, to enter that of his gun, and to address itself to the breast of a canvas-back duck. In a minute or two he was at a stand-still again, and, of course, was compelled to proceed with the reading. The third act commenced with a splendid festivity, to celebrate the hero's or somebody's nuptials, and side by side with the outpouring of music and wine, was a torrent of verse to illustrate its happiness. At the point of the hero's ninth speech to his bride, the dog was busy again: an event that, of course, deepened his critical faculty. With all this music and dancing, they cannot want so much talking—besides, it's unnatural when people are so happy! Here's a speech of forty lines. So, of course, it came out, and with various successors, found its only delivery at the mouth of a duck-gun. The next day

came the author, with a beating heart and wide eyes. “Well, have you read it?” “Why, no—not entirely.” “Well, have you dipped into it?” “Yes, I've done that.” “And was it as heavy as you thought?” “Why rather so—at first—but as I proceeded, I liked it so much, that I began to make extracts.”—*Tallie's Dramatic Magazine*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. M.—Miss Goddard is a pupil of Thalberg, and is considerably under twenty years of age.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Just Published,

THE ANGLICAN CHANTER,

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TWELVE ORIGINAL DOUBLE CHANTS,

For Four Voices, with an Accompaniment for the ORGAN or PIANO-FORTE.

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Testimonials, as to musical ability and moral character, to be sent to the Rev. Precentor Shepherd, on or before the 1st day of January next.

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THE Second of a Series of HIGH CONCERTS will be given on WEDNESDAY Evening next, December 18, when will be performed, for the first time for many years, from the score of Handel, the Sacred Oratorio,

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Principal Vocal Performers—Miss Birch, Miss Kearns, Miss Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips.

Tickets—Double to Reserved Seats, 9s.; Single Ditto, 6s.; Double Air Seats, 4s. 6d.; Single Ditto, 3s. May be had of Mr. John Parker, 443, West Strand; or of the Music-sellers; and at St. Martin's Hall.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS desires to announce that he has REMOVED from New Bond Street to No. 6, Somerset Street, Portman Square.
December 10, 1856.

MISS M. WILLIAMS and Mr. T. WILLIAMS beg to inform the Musical Profession, their Pupils, and the Public, that they have REMOVED from 26, Charles Street, Berners Street, to 1A, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square.
Dec. 13, 1856.

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The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1850.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE
STAMPED FOURPENCE

ERNST.

HEINRICH WILHELM ERNST, the "poet of the violin," as he has been called over and over again, by all sorts and degrees of appreciators, arrived in London on Thursday. Ernst intends remaining in England through the forthcoming season of 1851. Were he to dispose himself, bow and fiddle, in the "Crystal Palace," at the great exhibition "of all nations," he would certainly obtain the first prize.

CHARLES LÜDERS.

We have to rectify an error in our last number, which made it appear as though we were unacquainted with the claims of this highly talented musician to a distinguished place in the estimation of all who love what is earnest and conscientious in the pursuit of those honors that await excellence in art. Herr Lüders, who has for some years made London his residence, is well known to the profession, as a pianist and composer of eminent ability. We have obtained the songs enquired after by a correspondent, from the publisher, M. Richault of Paris. They are four in number: "La Bohémienne," a *ballade espagnole* for mezzo soprano or barytone voice, dedicated to M. Gervais, the well-known vocal professor in Paris; "L'Ange et l'Enfant," *melodie for soprano*, dedicated by permission to Her Majesty Queen Victoria; "Les deux Grenadiers," a *ballade* for barytone, inscribed to Prince Louis Napoleon, president of the French Republic; and "Marguerite," a song after Guehlé, the subject of which may readily be guessed. On examination we find that our correspondent has by no means over-rated these songs in calling them "beautiful." The melodies are vocal, expressive, and original, while the accompaniments for the pianoforte betrays an accomplished hand. We recommend them strongly to our London publishers, as likely to please, not merely the connoisseurs, but the general public.

We may mention, *en passant*, that we have heard a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Herr Lüders, performed by himself, in conjunction with M. M. Sainton and Rousselot. This elaborate work would alone be sufficient to stamp its author as a thoughtful, elegant, and practised composer.

MASSOL.

We have received a file of letters and papers about the triumph of this popular singer in *L'Enfant Prodigue*, but we have no room to insert them till next week, when they will not by any means have lost their interest.

THEATRICALS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE Queen gave the second of a series of dramatic representations in the Castle on Thursday evening—the performance taking place in a temporary theatre erected in the Rubens Room. At 8 o'clock Her Majesty and Prince Albert, with their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, the Princess Royal, the Princess Alice, and the Princess Helena, were conducted by the ladies and gentlemen of their suite in waiting to the theatre. Her Majesty and his Royal Highness were accompanied by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and a distinguished circle, comprising—the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, the Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster and Lady Octavia Grosvenor, the Marquis and Marchioness of Exeter and Lady M. Cecil, the Marquis of Granby, the Earl and Countess Spencer and Lady G. Spencer, the Earl and Countess Granville, Lord and Lady Seymour and the Hon. Miss St. Maur, Lady Fanny Howard, Baroness de Speth, Lord George Lennox, Sir William Gibson Craig, and Sir James Clark.

The following select party were also honoured with invitations to witness the dramatic entertainment, viz.:—Lord and Lady Vaux of Harrowden, Hon. G. Mostyn, Sir John Cathcart, Major-General and Lady Isabella Wemyss, Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. C. B. and Mrs. Phipps and Miss Bathurst, Hon. Mrs. Grey, Lieutenant-Colonel and Lady Emily Seymour, Colonel Reid, Rev. William and Mrs. Canning, Rev. Seymour Neville, Sir George and Lady Couper and Miss Couper, Colonel and Mrs. Challoner, Mrs. Bouverie, Lord George Manners, Mr. and Mrs. Crutchley, Mr. Birch, Mr. Glover, the Commanding Officer and two Officers of the Coldstream Guards, the Commanding Officer and two Officers of the Royal Horse Guards. The Queen's private band was in attendance. Her Majesty and Prince Albert and their royal and distinguished guests being seated, the royal entertainment commenced. Her Majesty's servants performed (by command) a dramatic piece, by the Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, entitled—

THE CRITIC; or, A Tragedy Rehearsed.

Dangle	Mr. J. Vining.
Sneer	Mr. Cooper.
Sir Fretful Plagiary	Mr. Bartley.
Puff	Mr. C. Matthews.
Footman	Mr. De Courcy.
Prompter	Mr. C. McNeil.
Mrs. Dangle	Mrs. C. Horn.
Characters in the Tragedy.	
Lord Burleigh	Mr. Honner.
Earl of Leicester	Mr. Granby.
Sir Christopher Hutton	Mr. Wynn.
Sir Walter Raleigh	Mr. Cla.
Don Ferolo Whiskerados	Mr. Harley.
Governor of Tilbury Fort	Mr. F. Matthews.
Master of the Horse	Mr. Simmonds.
Beefeater	Mr. F. Cooke.

First Sentinel	Mr. Harcourt.
Second Sentinel	Mr. Burt.
Tulborina	Mrs. F. Matthews.
Confidante	Mrs. Macnamara.
First Niece	Miss M. Keely.
Second Niece	Miss Robertson.

After which a farce, in one act, by Mr. Bayle Bernard, entitled—

THE PRACTICAL MAN.

Cloudley (a Gentleman of Imaginative Tendencies)	Mr. C. Matthews.
Horon (a Merchant)	Mr. F. Cook.
Rockstone (a Solicitor)	Mr. Granby.
Clients	{ Mr. Burt and Mr. De Courcy.
Jennings,			{ Mr. Honner.
Biggs,			{ Mr. Simmonds.
Mrs. Mildmay	Mrs. Macnamara.
Savoyard Girl	Miss Burbridge.
Director	Mr. Charles Kean.
Assistant Director	Mr. George Ellis.

The theatre was arranged and the scenery painted by Mr. Thomas Grieve.

JENNY LIND PAPERS.

IN 1848, when the Lind enthusiasm was at its height in London, the following di-course appeared in the leading columns of the *Morning Chronicle*. We found it lately under a bundle of papers. Our readers will agree that it is worth rescuing from oblivion, as a sign of the times, as a memento of artist-worship, which approached to idolatry, and *f. which*, up to Jenny Lind's arrival in England, there was never a precedent. We recommend it to our friends across the Atlantic.

No. I.

Art is to an old, what faith is to a young age, the angel of coming civilities; *Virtutum incognita, viteque ephebra*, as Tully called its greatest development in his time; the nursing-mother of the beautiful and true in the world's later stages of advancement. The æsthetic has supplanted the spiritual, and the antique grandeur of ancient mystery have crumbled away beneath the genius of analysis, just as the awe which a Cyclopaan or the superstition which some Norman shroud evoked, are now distributed and dissipated in all the myriad phases of particular devotion, and the innumerable enchantments of domestic delight. Like the golden chain of Homer, which bound together earth and heaven, science has mastered even the infinite, and art (in what is termed the subjective) has linked together all man's finer and higher feelings in her long traditional triumph. When Henry Heine spoke of architecture as "perfected music," in homage to its enduring spells and symmetrical sublimity, he merely struck out the same truth of analogy between the humanities, which the great master of modern philosophy had realized in his profound knowledge of the influences governing mankind; "in that feigned relation (says Lord Bacon) of Orpheus's theatre, where all beasts and birds assembled, and forgetting their several appetites, some of prey, some of game, some of quarrel, stood all socially together, listening to the airs and accents of the harp; the sound whereof no sooner ceased, or was drowned by some louder noise, but every beast returned to his own nature; wherein is aptly described the nature and condition of men, who are full of savage and unreclaimed desires of profit, of lust, of revenge."

Scitizens there are who deny the divine mission of Art; and iconoclasts on either side of the world's immortal questions, who would, with equal fanaticism, ravage or raise her temples. But none can have thought on politics (not the meanest metaphysician, nor the most incurious of observers), who will not have understood the power which is exercised by other governors of men, than those whom they imagine; they choose for themselves, Philias was as great as Pericles, when, on the mute ivory, his chisel

carved the radiant brow and eloquent lip of Hellenic poetry; Michael Angelo was more illustrious than the Medici, when, in a sacred hour, his pencil produced upon a blank and asked what the sovereign figure of the Eternal World; Mozart was higher than Joseph, and tamer than Voltaire, when he flung into the court heart of Delicade century some solemn note of terrible alarm, at the advent of avenging justice; Shakespeare was a ruler over worlds unknown to Burleigh, when he flung forth the Desdemona and Ophelia of his imagination far down into a posterity which knows their ideal names better than Mary's or Elizabeth's. It may be soverely said, without exaggeration or hyperbole, that Art, in these men, created out of material chaos, subjective forms, mores, and conditions of thought, which still sway the human race.

It is therefore not without reflection, that, at a time when society is menaced in its first principles and roots, we should lay direct attention to its more beautiful expressions, and claim any for it in the recognised sanctuaries of that civilization which is proposed so wildly to subvert. Thus, in a portion of our journal, which is usually accorded only to the more speculative of ephemeral politics, it is not, perhaps, without meaning or example that we should dedicate a few words to one of Art's youngest reciters. Even in this country, we cannot look back without feeling that Lord President Westmoreland is forgotten, and that Madam Catalani is remembered; that the names of Nabli and Grassini are at least as familiar as those of the Duke of Portland and Mr. Fox-southy. Yet one was Prime Minister, and the other led the Opposition.

Shook by the experience of their terrible vicissitudes, French Governments are wiser than we are, in their appreciation of it in all its phases of development. The second decree of their new Republic, in the very first number of its *Moniteur*, had reference to painting. Only the other day M. Victor Hugo brought forward and carried in the National Assembly, a proposition of what to one-and-twenty theatres—in fulfilment of an idea which seems not untrue to us, who cannot but regret that a State should permit any source of great and noble inspirations to wither in its bosom. In an age when faith is unobscured of so little worth, the æsthetic culture of a people has surely some relation to its moral and ethical advancement. The less general grounds on which M. Hugo defended his motion are, also, not unworthy of English attention:—"Among us the drama has always been efficacious to soothe. Our countrymen, in so many respects the type of the Athenian people, always turn themselves willingly, even in times of agitation, to the enjoyments of intelligence and wit. Few mobs resist an open theatre; in such can rest a representation *gratia*." M. Félix Pyat—the clever author of "Diogenes"—spoke in his turn, with an admiration for his *metier* which Sheridan, we fear, would hardly have dared among an English audience to attempt. But he said to an nation whose greatest impersonations—Louis XIV. and Napoleon—had each employed the theatre as a means of government; the monarch attended it as regularly as he did his mass; the Emperor re-established the *Theatre Français* by a decree which radiated from the smoke and flames of Moscow. One observation the author-politician made will seem singular to those who believe that the Church was right in rioting burial to dramatic vagabonds:—"Authors, actors, decorators, musicians, count then all. Citizen representatives, these people; for the art you are called to succour; do you know what they are? Men of intelligence and peace, they suffer patiently; yet I know no misery so keen, for it is misery, not in a blouse, but in a black coat. I know none also more resigned. Open the gaols, you will find no artist. Read the statistics of each asize count, those thermometer of social morality, there you have men of all classes, operatives, shopkeepers, even constitutional ministers, but not one artist." Of such divine immunity is the worship of the beautiful.

It is, however, not to defend the humbler ministers of Art, that we venture thus prominently to call attention to it, in a country which counts too many from its short-sighted and adjustable neglect. But we would not altogether (even in a political sense) appear indifferent to the miracles of a supreme genius, and a spiritual omnipotence. We read of honours, paid by a universal nation to a daughter whom it receives, as Veuve revered her Catherine; and whom it accompanies, on leaving her native shores, to the harbour of Stockholm, with a queen at its head (the daughter

of the Beathanasis, who ever loved the graceful and the good), with ships manned and cannon firing. And, in those historic walls, where Chesterfield would come to Lady Fanny's box to interchange smiles with some *cantatrice* whom he had known in Italy; where Fox, still a *macaroni*, and not yet a statesman, would hang upon the Gabrielli's notes; where George Selwyn would wring the last verdict of White's upon "the Grassi," and Horace Walpole whisper the last scandal of the Camargo; where Sheridan would appreciate acting as his wife would appreciate song—art has been represented in types of perfection, which even their imaginations never feigned. Ministers as great as we have named, orators as sure as immortality—exiles the most illustrious England ever saw—aits of a reputation as European, may have been seen, night after night, fascinated out of their preoccupation, and entranced out of criticism, of their kindred admiration of a great work of the Divine.

If it be a reproach to us as a nation, that in the drama the poor have no lot, and the real public no share, we shall have done us no disservice in infringing on a small convention, to lament so much to read and fatal a fact. It must be admitted, even in the most material of philosophies, that it would be well if the lower classes should be sometimes introduced to a world where the sorrow, and even gloom, of life, are not without a compensation—to that ideal sphere where destiny is submitted to the rules of beauty, and where the Graces with their light hands unto the rule knot of life's common vicissitudes. But the reproach becomes keener and more certain when it is a foreign artist himself who ministers to our poor, and provides out of her genius for our feeble and our sick. It would be childish, to say the least of it, to allow this season to pass over without some expression to Miss Lind of acknowledgment for her rare and disinterested beneficence; or without some tribute of singular praise to an artist who is to Italian song that Thorvaldsen was to Italian sculpture—not its rival, but its crown and consummation. The North may well be proud of Art and Nature so complete; of acting as great as Racine's, with a voice as divine as Malbran's; of a genius such as the stage has scarcely known, and a chastity like a Sister of Mercy's; of a St. Cecilia, who is the idol of the rich, while, like St. Theresa, her heart and her acts were with the poor.—August 28, 1848.

No. II.

JENNY LIND AND WEBSTER.

As a specimen by another hand, although it might have been manufactured in the same atelier, let us add the following, which appeared two years and three months later (Nov. 30, 1850) in the *New York Home Journal*, from a well-known and eccentric pen. By the way, has any one ever detected a resemblance between Fluckery and N. P. Willis? We do not allude to philosophy and morals, but to certain peculiarities of style which have been hailed as new and excellent, by authorities not to be questioned without fear and trembling:

We had a pleasure the other evening, which we feel very unwilling not to share with every eye to which there is a road from the pulpit of our pen. Three or four thousand people saw it with us; but as there are, perhaps, fifty thousand more to whom the pleasure can be sent by these roads of ink, those three or four thousand who were so fortunate as to be present will excuse the repetition—possibly may thank us, indeed, for enlarging the sympathy in their enjoyment. In these days of magnetism, life seems to be of value only in proportion as we find others to share in what we think and feel.

It was, perhaps, ten minutes before the appearance of Benedict's magic stick, and, in running our eye musically along the right side of the crowded gallery of Tripler Hall, we caught sight of a white object with a sparkling dark line underneath, around which a number of persons were just settling themselves in their seats. Motionless itself, and with the air going on around it, it was like a calm lull moon, seen over the tops of agitated trees, or like a massive magnolia blossom, too heavy for the breeze to stir, splendid and silent amid fluttering poplar leaves. We raised our opera glass, with the very definite expectation, and with the eye thus brought nearer to the object, lo! the dome over the temple of

Webster—the forehead of the great Daniel, with the two lambent stars set in the dark shadow of its architecture. Not expecting to see the noble "constitutionist" in such a crowd, our veins tingled, as veins will with the recognition of a sudden and higher presence; and from that moment the interest of the evening, to us, was to see signs of the susceptibility of such a mind to the spells of Jenny Lind. Slight they must be, of course, if signs were to be seen at all; but the interest in watching for them was no less exciting—very slight variations of the "bodies" above us repaying fully the patient observation of the astronomer.

The party who had come with Mr. Webster were "his lady"—(the Americanist of that synonym for "wife," grew out of our national chivalry for woman, and let us cherish it!)—the newly-elected Governor of the State and his lady, and General Lyman. They sat in the centre of the right hand side of the first gallery, and behind them, the crowd had gathered and stood looking at this distinguished party with deferential curiosity. Republican politeness had done what the etiquette of a court would do—stationed one of the masters of ceremony, with his sabbard of office, to pay special attention to these honored strangers—and it chanced to bring about a pleasant incident. It was from a wish Mr. Webster expressed, accidentally overheard by this attendant, and conveyed immediately to Jenny Lind, that she was induced to vary the opera music of the programme by the introduction of a mountain song of her own Daleracta. The audience, delighted with the change, were not aware that, for it, they were indebted to a remark of the great "sky-clearer," thus spirited away from the cloud-edge of his lips. We must remind the reader here that, to the cultivation of the voice, Mr. Webster's delivery shows that he has never paid attention. From other and sufficient advantages, probably, he has never felt the need of it. His ear, consequently, is uneducated to melody; and, in the rare instances when he has varied his habitual and ponderous cadences by a lull in a higher key, he has surprised art with the more sudden impetuosity of nature. Though, in reading a speech of Webster's, there are passages where your nostrils spread and your blood fires, you may have heard the same speech delivered, with no impression but the unimpaired profundity of its truth. To use what may seem like a common-place remark, he is as *monotonous as thunder*—but it is because thunder has no need to be more varied and musical, that Webster leaves the roll of his bass unplayed upon by the lightning that on strips it.

We are not surprised, therefore, that, in the overtures and parts of operas which formed the first two-thirds of the evening's entertainment, Webster was only contemptuously attentive. He leaned back with the stately repose which marks all his postures and movements, and, conversing between whiles with his friends on either side, looked on as he might do at special pleading in a court of law. It was at the close of one of those tangled skeins of music with which an unpractised brain finds it so difficult to thread the needle of an idea, that he made the remark, overheard by the attendant, and taken immediately to Jenny Lind. "Why doesn't she give us one of the simple mountain-songs of her own land?"

The mountain-song soon poured forth its loud and beginning, impatiently claiming sympathy from the barren summits that alone listen where it is supposed to be sung. The voice softened, so that with its own overpowering—the hearer's heart wandered and left him lingering forgetfully; and then the audience, as if transformed to Ariel that "puts a girdle round the earth," commenced following the last clear note through the distance. Awar it sped, softly and evenly, a liquid arrow through more liquid air, lessening with the sweetness it left behind it, but fleeing leagues in seconds, and with no errand but to go on unaltered till it should die—and, behold! on the track of it, with the rest of us, was gone the heavy-winged intellect of Webster! We had listened with our eyes upon him. As all know who have observed him, his habitual first mark of interest in a new matter, is a pull he gives to the lobe of his left ear—as if, to the thought-intruded castle of his brain, there were a potentiality to be lowered at any welcome summons for entrance, the tone sped and lessened, and Webster's broad chest grew erect and expanded. Still on went the entrancing sound, altered by distance only, and changeless in the rapid altitude of the cadence—on—far on—as if only upon the bar of the horizon it could faint at last—and forward leaped the aroused statecraft

with his hand clasped over the balustrade, his head raised to its fullest lift above his shoulders, and the luminous caverns of his eyes opened wide upon the still lips of the singer. The note died; and those around exchanged glances as the enchantress touched the instrument before her—but Webster sat motionless. The breathless stillness was broken by a tumult of applause, and the hand that was over the gallery moved up and down upon the cushion with unconscious assent, but the spell was yet on him. He slowly leaned back, with his eyes still fixed on the singer, and suddenly observing that she had turned to him after curtsying to the audience, and was repeating her acknowledgments unmistakably to himself, he rose to his feet and bowed to her, with the grace and stateliness of the monarch that he is. It was not much to see, perhaps—neither does the culmination of a planet differ, very distinguishably, from the twinkle of a lamp—but we congratulated Jenny Lind, with our first thought, after it, at what is, perhaps, her best single triumph on this side the water, the sounding of America's deepest mind with her plume of enchantment.

The "Echo," and the "Pastor Song" equally delighted Mr. Webster, and, after each of them, he passed his broad-spread hand from his brow downwards (assisting his seldom aroused features, as he always does, in their recovery of repose and gravity), and responded to the enthusiasm of the friends beside him with the pine-tree nod which, from his deep-rooted approbation, means much. Let us add, by the way (what we heard very directly), that Mr. Webster, who is peculiar for the instant completeness with which he usually dismisses public amusements from his mind—little entertained by them, and never speaking of them in conversation, when they are over-talked much of Jenny Lind after the Concert, remarking very emphatically, among other things, that it was a new revelation to him of the character and capability of the human voice. The angelic Swede—alone with many memories as she will be some day—may remember with pleasure what we have thus recorded.

NO. III.

JENNY LIND AND BARNUM.

We close our present packet of "Jenny Lind papers" with the following witty philippic from the *Times* of Saturday, which may serve as an effective contrast to the first and second. It would be difficult to detect any resemblance, either to Thackeray or N. P. Willis, in the philosophy of the writer, to say nothing of his style.

The Americans have begun to moralise upon their own sensibilities. After receiving a popular songstress with a depth of enthusiasm hitherto considered peculiar either to loyalty or devotion, they have turned to analysing their sentiments by the aid of European commentaries, and have pronounced a deliberate judgment on the late display. They presented Jenny Lind with 804 poetical welcomes (one of which she was expected to sing herself), a monster bouquet of perfumed flowers carried by sixteen young ladies, and a very substantial specimen of what they term the "almighty dollar." What they did besides in respect of deputations and addresses we need hardly repeat, but it now becomes our duty to state, that by way either of correcting their idolatry or varying their entertainment, they have had her "up" before a police-court. "The Nightingale" has been literally "lynched"—that is to say, she has been tried and examined by a judge of that identical name, though the reports of the transaction are at present so imperfect that it is hard to say whether the suit represented any *bona fide* issue, or whether the whole thing was a speculation on the part of the plaintiffs for getting a gratuitous exhibition out of "Barnum's singing bird." We suspect the most correct version of the story will be suggested by the latter hypothesis.

It seems that two of the subordinate vocalists engaged for the concerts conceived themselves defrauded of their proper salaries, whereupon they commenced an action not only against Barnum but against Jenny Lind, as his commercial partner, and it was necessary, therefore, to serve that young lady with a subpoena. We sincerely trust that many of our readers may be so wholly inexperienced in the forms of litigation as to arraign now, for the first time, that the service of these legal documents consists in

exhibiting the original missive of the court, and tendering a true copy thereof to the individual unfortunately concerned. The Americans have not yet quite cast off these chicaneries of traditional routine, though they are in a fair way of doing so, and the proceedings consequently required that the Nightingale should be bodily entrapped. With these views an attorney's clerk enclosed the subpoena in a letter, addressed in a feigned hand to Miss Jenny Lind, and delivered it to her at her carriage window, as a professional communication from Mr. Seguin. This done, he completed the "service" by mounting behind the vehicle as it drove off, and displaying the original document in the air. As the average number of confidential epistles daily received by Jenny Lind exceeds 300, there is nothing surprising in the fact that she should have neglected to open this particular missive. The object, however, was gained, for all that was desired was her presence in a public hall; and, as she did not appear to the subpoena, she was forthwith impeached for contempt, and a warrant for her arrest was issued by Mr. Justice Lynch at the suit of the aforesaid parties.

Ultimately matters were so arranged that both the suit and the warrant were set aside on condition of Jenny's appearing as a witness on a fixed day, which she undertook to do. On this occasion to popular feeling, justice itself became instantly milked, and preparations were made for the hearing in exactly the same style as for a concert. The case was removed from the Common Hall to a more convenient chamber upstairs, but Judge Coles, on visiting the place beforehand, observed that it was "very shabby," and that Miss Lind "would entertain a poor opinion of America courts from such a specimen as that." He proposed, therefore, to change the *venue* either to the Town Library or the corporation "Tea-room," but the aldermen declined to accommodate the public with either apartment, and the case, as a local journal reports it, was "becoming desperate" when the office of the clerk of the peace was placed at the disposal of the authorities for the occasion. This was all that was desired. Jenny Lind, who "looked agitated, and was in a simple dress with an expression of scorn," underwent an examination long enough to give the assembled multitude an idea of her voice, after which the judge came down to shake hands with her, and she departed in the midst of an enthusiastic crowd, the case of "Milner v. Loder" being left to take care of itself.

We are rather surprised that the action was not contrived as for a breach of promise, which would have made the occasion far more interesting; but it served its turn, and gave the popular excitement an agreeable variety. Perhaps, indeed, Barnum himself was at the bottom of it, for it begins to be more and more generally acknowledged that this eminently-gifted speculator is the exclusive founder of Jenny Lind's Transatlantic fame; nor is there much doubt entertained of his competence to provide another novelty equally stimulating when this has passed away. Barnum absolutely formed and intoned the minds of his countrymen to his own purposes; he furnished them with all their ideas beforehand; he created the mania before even its object was visible, and he did this, so economically vital, that he actually turned to profit what, with ordinary mortals, have been the expenses of his speculation. Instead of advertising his *protege*, he made the newspapers pay him for intelligence which he had taught the public to demand; he sold to an hotel-keeper the privilege of entertaining himself and the lady; he received money from as unprincipled renderers to him as advantages well worth the purchase of any clever tradesman. He knew, in fact, that notoriety was everything with his countrymen, and that there was no advertising van in the universe equal to Jenny Lind's carriage.

It is painful to think of what this greenness must come to. We are touching on a mysterious and perhaps unfathomable subject, but we believe nothing is known of the fate which awaited Mr. Barnum's former prodigies. Where is the woolly horse? Where is Washington's nurse? Each of these objects created in its day a sensation scarcely inferior to that excited by the Swedish Nightingale; nay, as far as that goes, the *New York Herald* plainly confesses that "postboreo or Navarino bonnets" had "exactly the same remarkable effect on the public mind" as that now produced. Indeed, it is by induction from these recorded facts that an able American journalist has constructed that analysis of the "Lindomania" to which we have referred. The writer in question, who

speaks with the experience of an eye-witness, calmly argues that his countrymen are constitutionally prone to "unity of ideas." "They circumscribe," he says, "the whole present to one class of sensations." They can only take in one thing at a time, and they require the periodical production of an idol to revive their natural sensibility. What this idol may be signifies very little. Jenny Lind's actual voice goes for nothing at all; in fact, it is acknowledged, in the very words which we employed ourselves, that "if she had croaked like a raven or howled like a hyena, public opinion would have pronounced her performance superior to the music of the spheres."

We can only say to this, that it must be a very fine thing to be an American idol, and it is extremely unfortunate that our countryman Mr. George Thompson did not put himself into Barnum's hands at first going out. With a due exercise of that gentleman's ingenuity, he might have been reared, in some character or other, as a successor to Jenny Lind, instead of being hunted about from town to town like a runaway negro.

We shall resume the subject as occasion presents itself.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

MR. HULLAH ventured on a bold step at his second concert on Wednesday night, in giving Handel's *Messiah* without Mozart's additional accompaniments, which for so many years have been regarded as indispensable. We cannot applaud the innovation—if what was but recurring to the first text may be so called. Although the performance was quite up to the usual standard of Mr. Hullah's concerts, it was decidedly tedious. Mozart's accompaniments bring the whole treasures of the orchestra to bear upon the master-piece of Handel, who lived before the art of instrumentation had been developed by Haydn and his immediate successors. Whether they should ever have been employed admits of discussion, but, once used, the *Messiah* cannot but suffer by their absence. Perhaps Mozart never took more pains, even in the composition of an original work, than when enriching the score of Handel with the discoveries of modern science. After all, he has neither altered nor added a single bar; he has merely filled up. In short, he may be justly supposed to have accomplished what Handel himself would have done had he written half a century later. About the merits of Mozart's accompaniments there cannot be a question; they are wonderfully ingenious and beautiful throughout. Nor can there, we think, be two opinions about the great superiority of their effect over the comparatively meagre style of instrumentation to which the state of the orchestra in Handel's time and his extraordinary rapidity of composition constrained him. Not that we are disposed to defend the system of meddling with the works of the earlier masters, more especially of Handel, the greatest of them all; on the contrary, we condemn it without reserve, and the only excuse we can plead in favour of Mozart is, that, Handel's equal in genius and learning, and reverencing his music, there was no likelihood that any interference on his part would weaken or otherwise damage the conceptions of the illustrious originator. All subsequent attempts at adding to the instrumental scores of Handel have been ineffectual, since the principal aim in view seems to have been increased noise. Where Mozart endeavoured to fill up gaps, and introduce new parts, for various instruments in keeping with Handel's idea and manner of treatment, his successors, by resorting to the expedients of "brass and wood," have produced additional clamour, and too frequently spoiled the transparent clearness of the master. As specimens of the knowledge and taste which guided Mozart in his labours, we may cite the bassoon part in the chorus, "And He shall

purify," the bassoons and clarionets in the air, "The people that walked in darkness," the "wood" instruments in the air and chorus, "Oh thou that tellest," the flute *obbligato* in the air "How beautiful are the feet," the new parts for the viola, in one or two of the songs, the points of imitation and counterpoint for the flutes, clarionets, and bassoons in the air, "Thou shalt break them," the trumpets in, "Why do the nations so furiously rage together," &c. The want of these was sadly felt in Wednesday night's performance, to which the constant preponderance of "two-part writing" (where the voice and the instrumental basses have almost everything to do) imparted a monotony which Mozart has entirely done away with. It must be remembered, that Handel used to preside at the organ during the performance of his oratorios, and that where hurry of composition had forced him to leave a thin and unfinished score, he would fill it up with an *ad libitum* organ part. If modern organists had the facility of Handel, or if they possessed the invention and mechanical aptitude of Mendelssohn, such an expedient might still be resorted to, but in the absence of this we strongly advocate the wisdom and necessity of retaining the additional accompaniments of Mozart.

It was in the air that the absence of Mozart was chiefly felt. In the choruses—which, by the way, the composer of *Don Giovanni* has but sparingly touched, and the brazen additions to which are almost exclusively from modern and less judicious innovators—except in a few particular places, there was little wanting. The reason is evident. This art of writing for voices in combination was perfected by Handel while yet the orchestra was a long way in the rear. In this department none have surpassed, and very few equalled, him. He did so much with the choir that instrumental elaboration was scarcely necessary; and, indeed, those who, with the fallacious idea of giving weight and brilliancy to the *ensemble*, have pressed a cohort of brass and wood instruments into the service do little better than injure the vocal effects by rendering them undistinguishable. On this rock Mozart never once foundered.

We have little to report of the performance of Wednesday night beyond a general testimony to its careful and efficient character. Mr. Hullah evidently went heart and soul into the matter, and while we contest that the result was a failure, we must thank him for a valuable and interesting experiment. The solo vocalists—Misses Birch, Kearns, and M. Williams, Messrs. Lockett and H. Phillips—were all entitled to praise for the manner in which they sang the music entrusted to them. Miss Kearns alone demands a special word of notice, as a young *soprano* of decided promise, who has already produced a marked effect upon the public.

Before concluding, we must mention some restorations of Handel's design, for which Mr. Hullah is entitled to the highest commendation. The beautiful air, "But who may abide?" usually sung by a bass, although the received version was composed by Handel for a *contralto*, was given to Miss M. Williams, and produced an impression to which it has for many years been a stranger. The air, "He shall feed His flock," which Mr. Hullah justly entitles a "dialogue for two *sopranos*," was presented in its original form, and allotted to Misses Birch and Kearns, whereby the unmeaning transition to a fourth below, to suit the *contralto* voice, was eschewed with manifest advantage. The second part of "He was despised," commencing with the passage, "He gave His back to the smiter," always omitted at Exeter-hall, was added, and the song given by Miss M. Williams exactly as composed. The air, "Thou art gone up on high," for a bass voice, was replaced in its position, and the second part,

of "How beautiful are the feet," and "The trumpet shall sound," rest-red. These renovations added somewhat to the length, but still more to the interest and completeness, of the oratorio, and it would be advisable in future performances to adopt the example thus courageously set by Mr. Hullah. We regret our inability to say as much in behalf of the adoption of Handel's original score. Mozart has rendered this impossible.

The hall was well attended. At the next performance, besides the *Walpurgis Night* of Mendelssohn, and the "Frost" scene from Purcell's *King Arthur*, four compositions by M. Charles Gounod, a young French musician, of whom the highest accounts have reached us, are announced. M. Gounod is writing an opera, in conjunction with M. Emile Augier, author of *Gabrielle*, for the *Académie de Musique*, and if general expectation be not disappointed, the art may probably have to welcome the advent of a new composer.

A THEATRE WITHOUT AN ORCHESTRA.

The following paragraph appeared in an evening paper on Monday:—

A THEATRE WITHOUT AN ORCHESTRA.

It is stated that owing to recent neglect by the members of the orchestra of the Lyceum Theatre in attending rehearsals, Madame Vestris thought fit to give the whole corps a week's notice on Saturday night week, in the intimation rather as a salutary warning than a literal dismissal. The musicians, it seems, accepted the notice in its strongest sense, and on last Saturday evening the manager of the Lyceum found herself unexpectedly without an orchestra. To procure another on the instant was impossible; the house was full, and, as a difficulty was to be met, Madame Vestris determined to confront it in the boldest manner. Thus, without explanation or apology, the curtain was drawn up and the performances commenced. The audience supported the absence of their accustomed entertainment with good temper, and a slight call for music from the gallery was instantly suppressed.

Upon which Mr. Frank Eames, leader of the orchestra, addressed a reply to the *Times*, in whose columns the paragraph had been copied on Tuesday:—

A THEATRE WITHOUT AN ORCHESTRA.

(To the Editor of the *Times*.)

SIR,—In allusion to a paragraph under the above heading, which appeared in your paper of Tuesday, allow me to place before you a statement of unquestionable facts.

The management of the Lyceum is indebted to the members of the orchestra to the amount of £200—eight weeks' salary, wanting one night. They have repeatedly applied to Mr. Mathews for only a part, not wishing to press too hardly upon him. Sometimes they have had the sum of £5 to divide amongst nearly twenty performers.

Now even this, for the sake of supporting the management, would have been endured by this "loyal band" (Mr. Mathews's own words), had they not discovered that engagements were secretly being made by Mr. Tully to supplant them, although to me exclusively were intrusted all such engagements. On the Saturday previously to the 15th, I distinctly told Mr. Mathews that unless he came to some satisfactory arrangement I should decline to hold office in a theatre where all confidence had been destroyed.—I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

FRANK EAMES,

Leader of the Lyceum Orchestra.

In reply to this reply, which was inserted in the *Times* of Thursday, Mr. Charles Mathews appealed to the editor, in Friday's paper, as below:—

THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

(To the Editor of the *Times*.)

SIR,—I had hoped that I might have been allowed to get rid of my dirty bedstead band without being drawn into a power war to the annoyance of yourself and the public; but Mr. Eames's "unquestionable facts" are so very questionable that I cannot allow them to remain uncontradicted.

In an unguarded moment I certainly did once most rashly apply to the

band the epithet of "loyal," quoted, as it deserves to be, against me by Mr. Eames. It is the only "fact" in his letter, and I merely allude to it for the purpose of stating publicly that I am very sorry for my past folly, and will never do so any more.

The rest of the letter does more honour to Mr. Eames as a composer than as an historian.

At the end of last season, having prudently closed my theatre on the setting in of the hot weather, to prevent certain and heavy loss to all, I was induced to re-open it in consequence of a wish expressed by my company to continue playing on the chance of getting something by their efforts without subjecting me to any further risk—the only condition being that Mrs. Mathews and myself should give our services to them for the purpose, and relinquish our country engagements. This we cheerfully consented to do, to serve those who had made sacrifices before to serve us.

To the astonishment of every one, the band, notoriously selfish, fell into the arrangement, and consented to come in and take their chance with the rest. It was thus that they lost some weeks' salary, which Mr. Eames would now have it inferred I am indebted to him for the present season, and which he boldly states occasioned the sudden and unjustifiable desertion of himself and his "loyal band" at a moment's notice, in order to disappoint the audience, and do me an injury in the eyes of the public.

To this I give a simple and flat contradiction. The reason for the disreputable conduct on the part of Mr. Eames and his musicians, after having been three years in my theatre, was the much more understandable circumstance of my having announced my determination of declining their services altogether at Christmas, in consequence of the constant absence of some, the inattention and want of care of others, and the general inefficiency, idleness, apathy, and intractability of that entire department of the theatre.

Could Mr. Eames have foreseen the total indifference with which the absence of the band was regarded by the public at large on the evening in question, he would have perhaps hesitated if he took a step so unwarrantable, in a legal point of view, as it was degrading to his musician, and derogatory to his own character as a professional man.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Lyceum, Dec. 19.

C. J. MATHEWS.

And here, for the present, the matter ends. We can only express our regret that anything of the kind should have occurred.

SONG.

SUGGESTED ON READING "T'NIGHT," FROM "THE SLEEPER AWAKENS,"

BY JOHN CANNON, ESQ.

(From *The Theatrical Journal*.)

Beautiful morn, in thy loveliness breaking,
To greet thee the birds are joyously waking;
The anthem of earth, on the zephyr is borne,
To welcome thy coming, O beautiful morn!
Beautiful Sun! in thy majesty rise,
And smoulder the earth in thy glorious dyes,
Roll on in thy car, till thy journey is done,
All life-giving moisture! O beautiful Sun!
Beautiful flowers, in thy radiance shine,
I plucking thy seed to the Maker divine,
Modestly decked in the night's pearly showers,
Hail to thy waking—O beautiful flowers!
Beautiful streams, as thou glidest along,
Mingling thy voice with the warbler's song;
Stealing away, like hope's early dreams,
Welcome thy dawning, O beautiful streams.

E. STEWART.

[This is one of the vocal gems of Mr. Macfarren's *Serenata*, which has recently been printed entire, in one volume, by Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Chappell.—Ed.]

RAUCHE.—Mr. Mitchell has engaged this celebrated tragedian for the month of July, next season. It is supposed that the performances will take place in Drury Lane Theatre. The numbers who were disappointed last year, in consequence of the closed space of the St. James's Theatre, will thus have an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30.—Jenny Lind's re-appearance in Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 23, was the signal of a glorious demonstration in and around the Musical Fund Hall—for the audience in the street and on the house-tops outnumbered that within the spacious hall, although that was crowded with beauty, worth, and fashion. The only novelty in the sweet warblings of the Swedish Nightingale was her rendering of John Howard Payne's touching ballad of "Home, sweet home," which was sung with a pathos and beauty such as she only can impart to it. Mr. Burke's performance, on the violin, of one of Arlot's compositions was a delightful feature of the concert.

Notwithstanding the disagreeable weather all day yesterday and last evening, the second Concert was more crowded than the first, and the wild-wood carols and mountain echoes of the incomparable songstress were listened to with increased delight. The "Bird Song," the "Herdman's Song," and "Home, sweet home," were again the greatest favourites; and, next to those gems, was the duetto of "La Mere Grand," sung by Mdlle. Lind and Miss Pintard. Miss P. sang exquisitely, and her quiet, lady-like self-possession, was the theme of much praise. We have room on'y barely to mention that Belletti sang gloriously, and that the Orchestra, under the baton of Benedict, performed the overture to *Fra Diavolo*.

The first part of this evening's concert will consist of sacred music. Mdlle. Lind will sing "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and Miss Pintard, "He shall feed his flock."

Our readers will be gratified to learn that Jenny Lind gives a morning concert, at Baring's Museum, on Tuesday, for the accommodation of aged persons and children who cannot go out at night. This will also prove a great convenience to people residing in the neighbouring towns.

The Italian Opera is now one of the most interesting themes of conversation in the musical circles of Philadelphia. Opera glasses and Opera cloaks (white merino, trimmed with ermine, elaborately embroidered in colours, and lined with blue, orange, and pink satins, as we learn from good "Item" authority, will be the prevailing mode) are looked through, in anticipation, and thought of, by many a haughty, slashing, lovely, and lovable beauty, of this house of taste, elegance, and refinement. Whiskers, imperials, and moustaches, and other adornments of dandified manhood, are dreamed about and talked of. In fact, notwithstanding Jenny Lind is intoxicating our senses with her divine warblings, we are beginning to think of the impassioned and tragic vocalisation of Parodi, who, in her last personation in *Lucresia Borgia*, at the Astor Place Opera House, seems to have produced a perfect *furor*—causing involuntary risings of the audience, and plaudits and bravos more heartfelt and enthusiastic than had ever before been witnessed during the performance of an opera. But to return to Philadelphia, Mr. Edward L. Walker—the pianist, composer, and publisher—has made arrangements with M. Maretzky, for a series of Italian Operas, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, by the Astor Place opera troupe, the first of which is to be given on Thursday next. The demand for tickets is great. Mr. Walker's store has been daily besieged. The prospect now is that the opera season will be a most brilliant one.

Sir Wm. Don, the *high low* ("Jack and the game") conedman, has been drawing crowded houses at the Walnut the past week, notwithstanding the other numerous "attractive attractions" at other places of public amusement in the city. The more people see him, the better they like his un-

ostentatious style of acting. Sir Wm. Don makes his last appearance to-night, as does also Mrs. Stephens, the prettiest and sprightliest little chambermaid that has been seen on the boards of the Walnut for many a day. Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams are still highly greeted by large audiences at Conner's Arch-street Theatre.

The burlesque of "Jenny Lind in America" is a laughable affair, though not quite so polished as it might be. If some of our orators had known that Jenny Lind visited the "Horse Opera" the other night, an impromptu speech might have been expected. On Thursday, Jenny visited the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane, and was highly pleased with the institution. Dr. Kirkbride afforded her facilities for thoroughly inspecting the whole establishment. She also paid a visit to the Philadelphia Orphan Asylum, at the corner of Schuylkill, Fifth and Cherry Streets, and was very much gratified with what she saw there.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 28.—The thirty-fourth concert of Mdlle. Jenny Lind in America, the fourth in this city, took place last evening at the Musical Fund Hall, which was densely crowded. The anxiety to hear her has not abated, and is not likely to abate so long as she remains here. Besides the large number of our own citizens present, there was a great many from the interior of the State, who had come hundreds of miles, or who had prolonged their visit to the city, for the sole purpose of hearing her. The programme was better calculated to display the wonderful powers of the songstress than any that has yet been presented here. Jenny Lind's first song, from *Don Giovanni*, was sung with all the exquisite delicacy of execution and expression that distinguishes Jeany. Her next piece was the scena from *Lucia*, "Percher non ho delivento"—the first song of Donizetti's compositions that she has ever sung in this city. Nothing could exceed the brilliancy of her execution in this florid and difficult piece. The "Torna, torna," which Laborde used to sing so well, were a new and dazzling colouring in her hands, and created a tempest of applause, which was not appeased till the enchantress appeared again, and sang it over with equal facility.

In the second part, we had a trio from *Robert le Diable*, unaccompanied, sung by Jenny Lind, Belletti, and Perelli. It could not have been sung better. The next song of Jenny's was the "Bird Song," the most beautiful and most genuine expression of this great artist's soul; and certainly the most enchanting performance that we have ever heard. She sang it with an energy and abandonment unusual to her, and in the closing strain,

"I must, I must be singing."

her whole soul seemed to be overflowing with the irresistible flood of her own innate musical nature. Of course this was enored, and so also was "Home, sweet home," which, familiar as it was to every person present, touched a chord in every heart. The trill in the line,

"The birds singing gaily,"

was a happy thought, but beyond that there was no extraneous ornament to trick out this sweetest of home ballads in a fashionable dress. The "Swedish Herdman's Song," with its quaint and extraordinary echo, finished the evening's performances. Every one was overjoyed with the delights of the evening, and, for our part, we find at each concert new indications of a genius and a skill in this great singer, which can never be fully appreciated. No praise can come up to her full merits, and no analysis of her style can give a just description of what is above all analytical powers. As for criticism, it is folly; and we have already found the carpers

of last month, who, like Mrs. Skewton, felt such a desire for "heart-and-thingamy," completely silenced.

Jenny Lind looked exceedingly well, and positively lovely when she smiled, as in the "Bird Song," or as she recognised among the audience the faces of some of her familiar friends. She was dressed, we may as well say, for the benefit of the ladies, in a white brocade, deeply flounced, with the usual *berthe* of white lace. She wore also a brilliant diamond ornament on her neck, three splendid brooches of rubies, and a head-dress of crimson velvet and gold, also adorned with rubies: no flowers this time.

We have left ourselves little room to speak of the other performances. Signor Belletti was, as he always is, the great artist. His rich, elastic voice, and his perfect method, shewed brilliantly in the *Tarantella*, which, as usual, brought down a unanimous encore. Signor Perelli did extremely well. Mr. Joseph Burke played one of Artot's compositions for the violin with skill, shewing that he has not suffered his talent to grow rusty by disuse. Benedict's orchestra was all that could be desired; full, complete, well-balanced, and playing with precision.

The marvel of these concerts of Jenny Lind is, that audiences of nearly two thousand persons can be collected at an average price of five dollars and a half a ticket; many of them, too, having incurred additional heavy expense by journeying hither from a distance. We have no disposition to interfere with the business arrangements, which doubtless require enormous receipts to meet the expenses; but it is a great tribute to Jenny Lind that such crowds should come to hear her at such prices; and what is more, that all go away fully satisfied, and evidently feeling that they have had their money's worth. What is more singular about these crowds is that but a small fraction consists of those best able to bear the expense. It is the people—those of moderate fortunes but of just as true taste and a more hearty and natural conception of the good and beautiful, that flock to the festivals of the Nightingale. Here it is due to Mr. Barnum and his gentlemanly and energetic assistants, to speak of the admirable arrangements of these concerts. Nothing that can be done for the comfort and convenience of the audience is neglected. The most liberal outlay in the engagement of artists to give effect to the musical performances, the employment of ushers to procure seats, and the careful attention to the minute details of the arrangements, entitle the manager to the thanks of the community. Certainly, so far as our experience goes, there have never been any concerts so well managed in this country.

The next concert takes place to-morrow (Friday) evening, with a programme quite equal to that of last night. Miss Pintard, of this city, appears to assist Jenny Lind in a duo by Meyerbeer, called *La Mere Grand*, which is spoken of as one of the most delightful things that Jenny has sung in this country. The "Bird Song," "Home, Sweet Home," the "Echo Song," and selections from Rossini's *Turk in Italy*, and Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, are also to be sung by the "Nightingale." The best advice we can give is for all to secure their seats early.

PHILADELPHIA, EVENING BULLETIN, Nov. 28.—The public interest in the forthcoming Italian opera season in this city continues to increase, and the sale of tickets for the whole season, as well as for occasional nights, is going on very rapidly.

[A grumbler in *Saroni's Musical Times*, thus, unfairly we think, rates Millie Lind for what is, literally, not her fault, but that of her worshippers—the public.]

JENNY LIND'S CONCERTS.—While we are writing this, the

popular entertainments of the Swedish Nightingale are rapidly drawing to a close. Her last concert was as well attended as her first, and no series of concerts have brought us the amount of novelty which Jules Benedict has understood to embody in these concerts. Jules Benedict, then, deserves the credit for the only benefit thus far resulting from the unusual amount of music performed in Jenny Lind's concerts. We had hoped much from Miss Lind herself, but we must confess, we were disappointed. It is true she sang some classical music, some simple music, and some new music; but she always wound up with those pieces, in which she enters into competition with the ventriloquist, the equilibrist, with the magician, and with the circus riders. In short, she ended every concert with an exhibition of difficult feats, and debased the very art which she had elevated in the first part of her performance.

When an ordinary artist performs at a concert, we can permit him to make use of every means in his power to dazzle the eye and ears of the mass. His avowed object is to make money; his whole energies are directed to that one point, and every thing else is subordinate to it. How different with Jenny Lind! She came to this country with an European reputation, and with a fortune, which, if we are to believe the articles so judiciously circulated, was more than she wanted. She gave charity concerts, she shared her profits with the various charitable institutions she thought worthy of it; she did every thing to justify the language her eulogists had used.

But not so in music! She too was susceptible, too susceptible, to the admiration of the multitude; and when she found that they would not come up to her, she stooped to them. The "Echo Song," "The Mountaineer's Song," "Home, sweet Home," "The Greeting," "Dalcarnian Invitation to Dance," all these are proofs of what we state above.

The consequences of the frequent introduction of these songs are melancholy indeed. Young ladies who were formerly satisfied with slaughtering an Italian *Aria di Bravura*, turn now ventriloquists and sing the Echo Song. Others who had an excellent voice, now insist upon the *fa in alto*, and scream to make one's ears ring. The diffusion of musical taste, which we so fondly expected, was checked by the exorbitant charges imposed upon the public "by its humble servant," and when she the incomparable Jenny, has left us, we shall have the memory of nothing but the wonderful feats which we admired, in common with the rest of her audience, but which will probably be expelled from our mind by the next more wonderful execution of some other artist.

Jenny Lind had the reins of public taste in her own hands. A little determination and energy on her part, would have made her, not alone, "the queen of song," but the queen of the people. She is now, in spite of scarlet and ermine, in spite of crown and sceptre, what every ordinary artist is—"The slave of the public."

[About Parodi and Madame Bishop, the same journal gives us the following extra particulars.]

ASTOR PLACE OPERA HOUSE.—PARODI.—Our readers know that we are but slender admirers of Verdi—we give him credit for some boldness, a slight dash of originality, but further than this we can say nothing in his favour. He is the very king of the row-de-dow school, delighting in the loudest noise that can be banged out of instruments. He does not look upon voices as voices, but as vehicles for the uttering of his ideas—such as they are—and seems to consider it a matter of favour that he keeps the several voices within the range of their extremest compass. It gives us a pang whenever we see the name of an artist we respect, announced to represent

any of his characters. We fear for their voices, for we know how tremendous the exertion necessary merely to sing his music, not to mention giving it effect. We deeply regretted that Parodi was announced for Elvira in *Ernani*, for we felt that the music, as she would sing and act it, would be too much for her physique, and we knew the music was not worthy of her great powers. Still, if any thing could redeem the character of the work, it would be Parodi's interpretation of it, which was at once grand, touching, and dramatic. Our operatic heroines are generally ladies in drawing-room distress; they are elegantly mournful and genteelly despairing. There's a literally still-life, rendering suitable for Deguerreotype operations, but devoid of action or animated reality. Parodi is interested in all that surrounds her; she is an actress in the scenes of excitement which transpires; she thinks, she feels, and she develops every shade of the character which she for the time assumes; and this energetic activity seems to some as over-acting. Such is not the case; it is but the natural consequence of the contrast of her energy and her predecessors' mildness; of her vivid reality and their still-life semblance. In her hands both the character and music of Elvira, assumed an importance which we never perceived in it before. Dignity, force, and passion were pre-eminent, from first to last. Her acting in the last act, was equal to any of her previous great tragic efforts, and held the audience under a spell of excitement. So completely was she the wretched, grief-stricken Elvira, that our excited feelings lost all identity of Parodi, and thus rendered an involuntary homage to her superlative greatness. Her singing was wonderful under the circumstances, for the physician of the Opera House, at six in the evening, pronounced her too ill to sing; but she felt that the manager had much at stake, and to save him and the public a disappointment, risked a very dangerous experiment—that of undergoing extraordinary vocal exertion, singing, in short, through a cold. Still under every difficulty, she sustained herself gloriously, rendering the music with that intellectual strength which places her so immeasurably beyond all her competitors. She was, of course, received throughout in the warmest manner (if anything could be warm on a cold night in a theatre without stoves), and at the close, the cheering was tremendous, and the great artiste was called before the curtain two or three times.

The regular subscription night, Wednesday, was postponed until Thursday evening, in consequence of the continued sickness of Signora Parodi. This evening she will appear in the opera of *Lucrezia Borgia*; and the renowned *danseuse*, Mdlle. Nathalie Fitzjames, with a powerful ballet troupe, makes her first bound before an American public. This night is appropriately termed a "gala night," and in consequence of the length of the performances, the curtain will rise at seven o'clock. Signor Lorini will be the Genaro, Signor Benvenuto the Alphonso. Novelli will also be in the cast. The band and chorus as usual. M. Maretzek never neglects his duty as director.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP.—The Sunday Concerts of this lady are more than ever patronized. The excellence of Madame Bishop, as a singer and as an artist, is so well known, and the merits of Mr. Bocha, as a manager and a musician, are so well appreciated that we do not hesitate to pass over the details of last Sunday's performance, and content ourselves by merely stating that it was superior in every respect to even the former Sunday Concerts of Madame Bishop. A glance at our advertising columns will acquaint the reader with a new scheme of Mr. Bocha. We have reference to the Promenade Concerts at Tripler Hall. We approve heartily of

it, with the exception of the dancing, and we are sure, that a little reflection on the part of Mr. Baschla, will be sufficient to alter that part of the programme.

PARIS.—After five representations of Donizetti's *Figlia del Reggimento*, Rossini's *Barbiere* was given at the Italian Theatre, with Sontag as Rosina, Calzolari the Count, Casanova Basilio, Ferranti Figaro, and Lablache Bartolo. The enthusiasm for Sontag and Lablache was immense. Ivanhoff, the Russian tenor, who sang in London in 1835, will shortly appear, in Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*. Mdlle. Duprez, daughter of the tenor, will also make her debut, and Colini, the new baritone. The success of the *Infant Prodiges* increases at every representation.

BERLIN.—Madame Castellan has appeared, with continued success in Lucia, Alice (*Roberto*). Desdemona, and Rosina (*Barbiere*). Flotow's *Grand Duchess*, at the German Opera, was popular.

ROMANO.—The celebrated singer, Rubini, is stated to be dangerously ill.

BUEHAREST, (Wallachia).—Corbari is singing here, as *prima donna*, with the greatest success. Her sister, Luigia Corbari, is the *contralto*.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

OPENING OF THE GREAT BOSTON ORGAN.

On Friday last, this magnificent instrument, constructed by the eminent firm of Gray and Davison, of London, was opened with solemn service in Boston Centenary Chapel. This costly addition to the building has been provided by funds raised, with that zealous enthusiasm for which our Wesleyan friends are so remarkable, and which we would gladly see emulated by churchmen in works of piety and necessity.

Mr. George Cooper, organist of St. Sepulchre's Church and Christ's Hospital, and Deputy-Organist at St. Paul's Cathedral and Her Majesty's Chapel Royal St. James's, presided, and the rare ability he displayed in the performance of his onerous task, fully warranted the choice made by the committee.

We have already, in a previous number of our paper, given an ample description of the mechanical arrangements of this mighty instrument; it is one of the largest in the kingdom, of immense power and capability, while the exquisite sweetness of the softer stops, such as the gamba, keraulophon, cornò di bassetto, clariinet, flute, and oboe, are, in our opinion, almost unequalled. The keraulophon is a stop of Gray and Davison's invention, remarkable for its pleasing quality and novel character of tone. The choir organ is larger than any in this country, possessing twelve stops, which, with the exception of two, extend throughout its entire compass. The general plan of the instrument is similar to the great organs at Harlem, Frankfurt, and others on the continent, the manual compass extending to C C, and having an independent pedal organ of two octaves and a fourth, from C C 16 feet to F.

There were services on Sunday, at which Mr. Cooper presided. Yesterday (Monday) was, however, the great day for testing the capabilities of the new instrument. There were morning and evening performances of sacred music, vocal and instrumental, the well-drilled choir being strengthened by some of the Lincoln singers, and several amateurs. The solo performances of Mr. Cooper, selected for the purpose of developing the varied resources of the organ, comprised the adagio from Spohr's *Violoncello*, the Dead March in *Saul*, overture to the *Creation*, "Cum sancto spiritu" (Hummel), grand pedal piece in B minor (Bach), the larghetto movement from a symphony by Kallwoda, the "Quod in orbe," by Hummel, and Handel's chorus from *Israel in Egypt*. He rebuked the Red Sea, which three latter are Mr. Cooper's own arrangements. It is impossible to speak of this

gentleman's performances in terms too laudatory; his execution, expression, and command of the pedals, took the audience by surprise, and led to the unusual, and (considering the area) questionable course of indulging in heavy applause. The singing of the choir is deserving of high praise. The principal choruses were Handel's "Hallelujah," "The Heavens are telling," and Beethoven's "Hallelujah;" the latter was *cacored*. The solo singing of Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Mr. Warl, and Mr. Thomas, of the Lincoln Cathedral Choir, was also much applauded. The whole of the performances gave satisfaction, and left impressions of a most favourable character, equally as regards the treatment of the instrument under the hands of Mr. Cooper, the excellence of the selection; or—most important of all—the strict justice done by Messrs. Gray and Davidson to the task entrusted to their hands.—*From the Lincolnshire Herald.*

MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S FIFTH CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERT,
ASSEMBLY ROOMS, MOSLEY STREET, DEC. 12TH, 1850.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Quartet.	{	Allegro molto.	
Pianoforte, Violin		Adagio.	
Tenor & Violoncello		In F minor, Op. 3.	Mendelssohn.
		Intermezzo—Allegro a moderato.	
		Finale—Allegro molto vivace.	

Vocal Quartet.	{	Allegro.	
Grand Sonnets,		Scherzo—Allegretto vivace.	
Pianoforte.		In E flat, Op. 33.	Beethoven.
		Minuetto—Mozart, a grazioso.	
		Finale—Presto con fuoco.	

PART II.

Grand Quintet,	{	Allegro brillante.	
Pianoforte,		In modo d'una Marcia.	
two Violins, Tenor,		In E flat, Op. 41.	R. Schumann.
and Violoncello.		Scherzo—Molto vivace.	
		Finale—Allegro ma non troppo.	

Vocal Quartet.	{	"Lieder ohne Worte."	
Miscellaneous		In E major and C minor.	Mendelssohn.
selection,		2ème Tarantelle.	
Pianoforte.		In E flat minor, Op. 61.	St. Heller.

AGAIN we had novelty, as well as a display of Mr. Hallé's good taste, in the above selection. The room was almost inconveniently crowded, for a few of the late comers remained in the doorway, thus causing a draught, which must have been anything but pleasant to those on the front boxes; but, as usual at Hallé's concerts, however numerous the auditory, the persons comprising it are uniformly attentive, and capable of appreciating the high treat that is in store for them. It would appear that the feeling just placed at in our last as our own, has become general; that is, the nearer the short season of these charming concerts approaches to a close, the more highly they are appreciated. We scarcely miss any of the usual keen admirers of this class of chamber music, and were glad to see many new to the room, who could enjoy it.

The opening quartet—Mendelssohn's in F minor (op. 2)—was a most admirable specimen of what Hallé and his able associates could do. The first movement dashes off in a most florid allegro, demanding no one less able than a Charles Hallé or a Thalberg to render the pianoforte part efficient, and calling for talent no less prominent in the three-stringed instruments. Messrs. Seymour, Baetens, and Lidel proved themselves as equal to their task as their gifted leader, and it was brilliantly executed. To this succeeds a most remarkable adagio, beginning in a sort of digression for the violin, viola, and violoncello, accompanied by the pianoforte: it was sung by the three so as to be quite vocal. Like the same composer, "Lieder ohne Worte," it scarcely requires the aid of words to give the composer's meaning. It is afterwards sung on the pianoforte accompanied by the strings. The effect cannot be described—the result on Hallé's audience can—let no sooner was

the movement over, than there was the most unanimous demand for its repetition (the first encore of an instrumental movement in that room since Ernst was with us last spring,) a by no means usual complaisance to an *adagio*. The intermezzo is a singular movement, almost rollicking, yet without being vulgar in character; and the finale is of the same brilliant, but most difficult school to play, as the opening allegro. It is styled "Allegro molto vivace," and a most rapid pace it was taken at by Hallé. It was altogether a first-rate performance, and a delightful example of the greatest master of modern times. Beethoven, the greatest of all times that has yet blessed this sublunary world with genius, was heard in one of those exquisite sonatas of his, the one in E flat, op. 33; and who is there now living so worthy or so capable of doing justice to his divine inspirations as Charles Hallé? We were struck with the singularity and elegance of the opening allegro, but we can make no selection for preference or remark in such a performance. Words are vain to describe it: it was perfect and beautiful from beginning to end, and the only thought that occurred to us as the world-wide superiority of such an intellectual sonata over the modern, however great displays attempted by the "Aria con variazioni" school. Beethoven makes you think and search those inner depths of the mind, that the hearer is scarce conscious he possesses, until he feels them stirred by his wonderful power.

The quintet, which opened the second part, was a proof of Hallé's taste and desire to gratify his patrons with an example of all schools or styles; it is an exceedingly clever composition of R. Schumann's and chiefly remarkable for its adagio, styled "In modo d'una marcia," march *fantaisie*, we should say,—but very beautiful. The scherzo "Molto vivace" is short, but vigorous enough and by no means common-place. The finale is brilliant, and reminds one of glorious John Sebastian Bach, by its *faux*, which is admirably worked out. Messrs. Hallé, Seymour, Baetens, and Lidel were ably assisted in the tenor part by the gifted amateur (a resident in Manchester, and personal friend of Hallé's) who has often appeared to advantage at these concerts. One and all acquitted themselves well of their most difficult task, and gave great delight to the appreciative audience. The selection, to wind up this time, was two of the "Songs without words" (E major and C minor) of Mendelssohn, most sweetly and expressively played by Hallé and a most extraordinary tarantelle of that remarkable man Stephen Heller. We confess our inability to stifle in that characteristic dance of the Neapolitans; but if we had been *en fait*, we should have felt some difficulty in keeping our feet still. Hallé's playing received the usual well-merited ovations. On this occasion, a number of his countrymen, members of the Liedertafel, established in this town, volunteered their services, and gave a "vocal quartet" in German, in each part the voices treble or twelve male singers in all. The first quartet was very nice, and the young Germans got great applause; the second was more dramatic or difficult—a serenade by Christus, for they got out of time; some of their friends, however, in the room, knew they could do better things, so they were *encored*, and certainly acquitted themselves better in a merrier and less difficult piece; they sang in lieu of it, a national German song, "The Huldin Ring," the bass voices were of extraordinary depth and power, reminding one of the pedal notes of an organ. The *encore* made the concert late, half-past ten, but we will venture to say, not one in the room thought it long until they consulted their watches on leaving. It was at all Hallé's (sic) a most charming concert. The next (and last as yet) is fixed for the evening after Christmas day, December 26th.

MONDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

Your "own" Correspondent has become eloquent and absorbed in his eloquence of late in the classic "duinos" at the Assembly Rooms—a treat enjoyed only by a few, compared to other musical events which are constantly taking place among us, and are allowed to pass over week after week without a single line of notice. The writer would not have referred to this, did he not suspect the omission was wilful on the part of your Correspondent, and through which rising Provincial artists may be said to suffer, by being withheld from the only acknowledged musical organ of the North-west. There are many Amateurs here would be glad to read the contributions of your "own" correspondent, did he more

faithfully carry out the good principle "nothing extenuate." To bring this reproof in a close, mention need only be made of the "Weekly Concerts" held every Monday evening in the great Free-Trade Hall, since the month of October last, been truly are in themselves monster gatherings; and yet these have passed over without a line from your correspondent. Some three to four thousand people are present at each concert, and generally hundreds have to be refused admission. The artists engaged are Mrs. St. Albyn (late Miss Stewart), and Miss St. Albyn, both from the Metropolitan; Miss Shaw, Mrs. Thomas, Mr. Bednal (a rising local tenor), Mr. Walton, and Mr. Pigot (the humorous singer). Mr. O. W. Banks, a gentleman who for energy, tact, and perseverance, has no equal here, is the sole conductor of the whole musical arrangements. The chorus numbers about forty voices, and is unquestionably the best disciplined choir out of London. The spirited and enterprising projector, Mr. H. B. Peacock, has succeeded most admirably in his laudable endeavours to provide the masses with a cheap sterling musical entertainment. A happy move we observe is being made to "nationalise" the concerts, an evening being devoted to illustrate the characteristic music of the three kingdoms; Scotland took precedence; and such was the excitement to hear the "wood notes wild," that the programme had to be truncated the succeeding concert. On Monday last we had "A Night with Bishop," when Miss Rebecca Isaacs, who has been singing in the English operas at our Theatre Royal, was engaged. Long before the doors were opened the precincts of the Free-Trade Hall were besieged, and many were compelled to be turned away. We cannot now stop to particularise the pieces, but promise to drop you a line should your correspondent not deign to notice the piquant musical doings at the Free Trade Hall and other places in this vast hive of industry.

CLDHAM.

(From a Correspondent.)

CONCERTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

The first of the second series of cheap concerts for the people was given on Monday evening last, in the Working Man's Hall. The principal vocalists engaged were Miss Shaw, Mrs. Winterbottom, and Mr. Walton, of Manchester, with Mr. Mellor, of Leeds. We think the musical public of Oldham, and the neighbourhood, may fairly congratulate themselves in having offered to those such a musical treat as was presented on this occasion. The programme contained many choice pieces from the works of Bishop, Cooke, and other standard authors. Miss Shaw, a rising artist from the Manchester Free-Trade Hall Concerts, won golden opinions from all parties, and was encored in both her songs—“On the cold shores of the stranger” (Bellini), and “Phyllis is my only joy” (Hobbs). Mrs. Winterbottom was in excellent voice, and sang with as much feeling and expression as could be infused into so poor a subject, Lindor’s ballad, “Little Nell,” taken, we believe, from one of Dickens’s works. Mr. Walton sang “The Maid on the Scaffold,” and was encored. Diddie’s hackneyed song, “‘Twas poor meridian,” found an able interpreter in Mr. Mellor, who was also obliged to repeat it; the accompaniments in the vocal pieces of the evening were executed by Mr. John Lees, a promising artist, son of our respected parish organist, Mr. Isaac Lees, Mr. Winterbottom conducted, and Mr. James Taylor occupied the usual post at the head of the band. We may consider this the best concert given by the Choral Society for some time past.

MR. ROBERT GILLILAN, known to the public as the author of several beautiful songs in the Scottish dialect, and some pieces of poetry of considerable merit, we regret to say, died suddenly yesterday forenoon. He appeared to be in his usual health in the morning, and was in attendance at his office as collector for the commissioners of police in Leith, when he fell down in a fit of apoplexy. Medical aid was immediately procured; but he never rallied, and was conveyed to his house, in Hermitage Place, where he died. He was possessed of many amiable qualities; was good-natured even to a fault; and will be much regretted by a large circle of friends.—*Edinburgh Courant*.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

MACREADY'S FARWELL PERFORMANCES.

The past week presents to us nothing new in the series of "Farwell Performances." On Saturday, *King Lear* was given; on Monday, *King John*; on Wednesday, the single act from *Henry IV.*, with the *Jealous Wife*; and on Thursday, *Richelieu*—these being announced as positively the last performances of each part, "previous to his final performance of each of the characters." We confess that, notwithstanding the plentiful explanation of the bills, we are still left to wander in the dark. Mr. Macready has not yet appeared as Coriolanus, Hotspur, William Tell, Marino Faliero, Sardanapalus, and many other characters with which his name has been identified. Is he, or is he not, to appear in these, or any of these parts; or, if appearing in them, is he to personate them but once? Certainly he should play Coriolanus more than once, and William Tell more than once. But, as we have said, we are left in the dark. As if these theatrical bulls, the posters, should never speak truth, we find in to-day's bills the announcement that Mr. Macready would appear, on Monday night, in *Henry IV.* and the *Jealous Wife*; and this, in despite of the proclamation, that "Saturday (to-night) would be positively the great tragedian's last night previous to the holidays." To be sure, we recognise the authoritative words "Special Desire" at the head of the bill, and we entirely acquit Mr. Macready of any, the slightest, intention of breaking his word with the public. The protocols of the stage are as obnoxious to alteration and revision as the firmans from the Sublime Porte, the edicts from a new republic, or even the enactments of Star Chambers. Let not bill-stickers be deluded into the belief of the infallibility of posters.

Although there was a large concourse assembled to witness the second representation of *King John*, on Monday night, the anti-popular demonstration, (which attracted many well-meaning persons), in the announcement scene, was no improvement on the first. Mr. Webster was from home, or, no doubt, he would have followed our able suggestion touching the excellent *eloquence* to be found at Exeter Hall. It is much to be lamented that such an opportunity should have been lost of bringing the play-going public to a true sense of their christian-like duties.

By the way, we were led into a trifling mistake in our notice of *King John*. We affirmed that Mr. Macready was an intimate friend of Pope Pius the Ninth, when we intended to aver nothing more than that Mr. Macready had produced a chastised edition of Pope, the poet. The great similarity existing between "Pope Pius the Ninth" and "Pope Poet the First," naturally led to the oversight.*

The house continues to be crowded with the rank and fashion of London on the Macready nights.

PRINCESS'S.

The performance at Windsor Castle of the first part of *Henry IV.* has led to its production at the Princess's, with nearly the same cast, the only change of great importance being the substitution of Mr. Belton for Mr. Anderson in the part of Prince Henry.

An interesting circumstance connected with the performance both at the Castle and at the Princess's is the return of the

* Dion Boucicault's witty and rattling farce, *The Red-eared Cure*, continues to be received with roars of laughter nightly. Buckstone is egregiously grand in his part.

veteran actor Mr. Bartley to the stage. There is no player of twelve years' standing who will not recall with pleasure the name of this meritorious comedian. As a representative of what are called "hearty old men," embracing a series of characters that extends from Menenius Agrippa to some terrible uncle in a farce, he has not had his equal since the days of Mr. Dowton, the parts in which Mr. Farrer has chiefly distinguished himself belonging to the other division of senility. His voice has always been remarkable for its power, and his articulation for its distinctness, so that the larger houses, in which many an organ has piped in vain, never could render Mr. Bartley inaudible or unintelligible. In his performance of Falstaff on Saturday (when *Henry IV.* was played for the first time at the Princess's) we could detect nothing like a falling-off in any of the good qualities with which he has been endowed by nature, or which he has acquired by art. There were the same jovial countenance, the same firmness of deportment, the same round full utterance that belonged to the Bartley of former days.

The piece has the advantage of an "above-proof" cast, for which the public is, doubtless, indebted to the Royal patronage. Mrs. C. Kean as Lady Percy, and Messrs. Harley and Keeley as the two carriers, are signs of a determination to come out with a diffused vigour which is now-a-days most uncommon. Of the fiery Hotspur we have a spirited representative in Mr. Kean, and nowhere does he turn to better account his remarkable skill in fencing. The last scene of *Hamlet* is a good specimen of the gentle "assault of arms;" in Hotspur there is the slashing desperate fight, accompanied with flashing eyes and fiercely determined lip. In what may be called the accomplishments of his art, Mr. C. Kean is always eminently satisfactory. Mrs. Keeley is Dame Quickly, with abundance of irascibility and a fund of good humour beneath the surface. Nor should Mr. Addison be dismissed without a line. His Bardolph is a careful, well-considered performance, the dogged annoyance which he feels when allusion is made to his nose being admirably characteristic. The bad habit of looking at the audience when he had made a "point," Mr. Addison seems to have surmounted, and the Bardolph, like some well-disposed subordinate figure in a Dutch painting, is as inobtrusive as it is complete.

The *mise en scène* is nobly perfect, the scenes being all new, the armour, of which there is a most liberal supply, all bright and glittering, and every character a testimony of heraldic research. Hotspur's surcoat with its infinity of quarterings is in itself a great work.

Notwithstanding the deplorable state of the weather the house was crammed in every part with an audience that evinced the greatest enthusiasm at the termination of the play.

MARYLEBONE.

On Wednesday evening, Mrs. Nisbett and her sister concluded their engagement here, in the play of *The Honeymoon* and the comedy of *London Assurance*, bring for the benefit of Miss Morland, who made a graceful and efficient Zamora in the former play. We take leave of this lady in the hope and expectation of soon being enabled again to greet her on the earcer she is opening for herself. Mrs. Nisbett's Juliana has many salient points, but the character is not, on the whole, well suited to her. Mr. James Johnstone was the Duke, and the other parts were moderately well filled. In *London Assurance* Mrs. Nisbett was completely in her element. The play is excellently performed in all its parts, and would of itself well repay a visit to the theatre. The house was quite full.

Our Scrap Book.

[We shall feel obliged to any kind friends who may be able and willing to contribute to our Scrap Book.—Ed.]

SUPPOSED INVENTION OF THE LYRE.—From a tradition of Egypt, according to Apollodorus, that Hermes Trismegistus was the original inventor of the lyre, he says:—"The Nile having overflowed its banks at the periodical season for the rise of that wonderful river, on its subsidence to its usual level, several dead animals were left on the shores, and amongst the rest a tortoise, the flesh of which being dried and wasted by the sun, nothing remained within the shell but nerves and cartilages, which being tightened and contracted by the heat became sonorous. Mercury walking along the banks of the river, happened to strike his foot against this shell, and was so pleased with the sound produced, that the idea of the lyre suggested itself to his imagination. The first instrument he constructed was in the form of a tortoise, and was strung with the sinews of dried animals. When Mercury or Hermes first invented the lyre he gave it three strings, in allusion to the seasons of the year: for these three strings produced three different sounds, the grave, the mean, and the acute—the grave answered to winter, the mean to spring, and the acute to summer. Not only the Egyptians, but the ancient Greeks, divided their year into no more than three seasons—spring, summer, and winter—which were called hours. Hesiod speaks of no more:—"

'The hours to Jove did lovely Themis bear,
Eunomia, Dice, and Irene the fair;
O'er human labours they the power possess,
With seasons, kind, the fruits of earth to bless."

T. H. Tomlinson's *Lectures on Ancient Music.*

CHINESE MUSIC.—During all our peregrinations, having been present at the celebration of marriages and funerals, and at the review of troops, we have never been able to make out a single air. Musical notes, though known, are not in common use. A band of music consists of the loud gong, large and small drums, cymbals, pipes, various flutes, trumpets like those made for children, horns, which are instruments with many pipes, a guitar with one or two strings, and a variety of others; amongst which are bells, hung up in a frame, in order to give an harmonious chime. The principle on which a concert is played appears to be which of the musicians shall outdo the other in loudness of sound, in which attempt the leader of the gong generally succeeds to admiration. The particular names of the Chinese instruments of music, as furnished by Lay, are, the urli-heen, or two-stringed fiddle, the bow of which passes between the strings; the pepa, sa-heen, and gue-kin, three different kinds of guitar; the *kin* or scholar's lute, on which Confucius and the sages of antiquity played, and which has seven silk strings; the tsang, a kind of lute, with sixteen strings of wire; the yang-kin, a kind of dulcimer, furnished with brass strings, which are struck with two small hammers; the hwang-teih, a keyless flute, made of bamboo; the heang-teih, a species of clarinet, with a bell at the end, which has the same effect upon the sound of the tube as the speaking-trumpet has upon the human voice; the lo, or gong, of which there are two kinds, one large and flat, and a smaller one rounded, with a cylindrical edge; the sang, which Lay denominates Jubal's organ; and a great variety of horns, drums, timbrels, and cymbals. Among instruments of percussion, the great bell is very remarkable, being used for various purposes. It is to be seen in all the principal

temples, hung in a large wooden stand, where it is struck with a wooden hammer, at vespers and at other times, when prayers are offered.—*Extracted from —; by Aurélian.*

THE DANCES OF THE STARS.—"Oh, Mairaine!" Nathalie exclaimed admiringly, "do look at those dancers there beyond. How well they keep time to the music, and sink or rise together! Dancing is beautiful; I admire it—I have always admired it: there is something in it that reminds me of astronomy."—"Astronomy, Petite!"—"Yes, indeed; for I half believe in the music of the spheres; and the harmonious motion of sun, earth, moon, and planets, with their myriads of worlds, always seem to me like a magnificent dance on a grand scale. Comets are those erratic dancers whom neither time nor measure can keep quiet; and fixed stars are holy nuns, who have looked on from afar, and who, poor things, must still look on throughout eternity."—*Nathalie, by Julia Kavanagh.*

SACRED MUSIC.—The human voice is the most spiritual expression of music, that poetry of sense; and never does it rise so much above what is earthly as when giving utterance to religious melody.—*Nathalie.*

Each heart has its peculiar tone,
But none were made to sound alone.

Theophilus Trialst, by Lynch.

THE EFFECT OF MUSIC ON A JOURNEYMAN TAILOR.—At all events, now my bias was perfect. No; I was wrong: a higher enjoyment than all awaited me, when going into the drawing-room, I found Lillian singing at the piano. I had no idea that music was capable of expressing and conveying emotions so intense and ennobling. My experience was confined to street music, and to the bawling at the chapel; and, as yet, Mr. Hullah had not risen into a power more enviable than that of kings, and given to every workman a free entrance into the magic world of harmony and melody, where he may prove his brotherhood with Mozart and Weber, Beethoven and Mendelssohn. Great unconscious demagogue! leader of the people and labourer in the cause of divine equality! thy reward is with the Father of the people! The luscious softness of the Italian airs overcame me with a delicious enervation. Every note, every interval, each shade of expression spoke to me—I knew not what; and yet they spoke to my heart of hearts. A spirit out of the infinite heaven seemed calling to my spirit, which longed to answer, and was dumb, and could only vent itself in tears, which welled unconsciously forth, and eased my heart from the painful tension of excitement.

Her voice is hovering o'er my soul; it lingers,
O'ershadowing it with soft and thrilling wings;
The blood and life within those snowy fingers
Teach witchcraft to the instrumental strings.
My brain is wild, my breath comes quick,
The blood is listening in my frame;
And thronging shadows, fast and thick,
Fall on my overjoying eyes.
My heart is quivering like a flame;
As morning dew that in the sunbeam dies,
I am dissolved in these consuming ecstasies.

Alison Locke, an Autobiography.

[Mr. Alison Locke, the tailor, might have been candid enough to name the author of this gorgeous piece of poetry—Percy Bysshe Shelley, the great genius of modern times. Not that any one would be likely to attribute them to a tailor, but that they have looked more honest.—*Ed.*

MUSIC AND POETRY.—Music to delight the ear and gratify the heart, must be executed with feeling, or of a finished order that words fail to convey the meaning. It must not be affected or unintelligible,—but it must speak to the soul as well as appeal to the judgment, and then it comes upon us with irresistible influence. Surely if there is anything that can smooth the rough corners of this break-neck world, if there is any witchcraft which can charm away the foul phantasies of a sickened spirit, if there is one reasonable power more subtle than another in lifting the soul above the miseries of the earth, it is that pure effusion of sentiment which is breathed forth in the eloquence of music—"the language of the heart." Poetry should be a picture, dressed in the language of a chastened imagination; and hence it deals largely in figures of speech, which call up the feelings and the strength of the moral man from beautiful allusions to physical objects, &c. Music is like poetry in its effects: like poetry it addresses itself to the imagination, like poetry it leaves untouched the materiality of our nature—by the influence of either power we are made sensible of possessing something within superior to the mere realities of sense. A writer on this subject has remarked, that "if music lifts the soul to heaven, in so doing it exhausts the faculties, draws off the ethereal or refined part of them, and we fall to the earth more dull and lumpy than before." This is not so. The influence which music exercises is not the excitement of wine; it does not "exhaust the faculties"—it inspirits and relieves them; nor do they sink depressed when the exciting cause is removed. Who that has ever felt the elevating power of music but will acknowledge its lasting influence? It is not an animal excitement of the spirits, which leaves its proportionate depression, but it is an influence exercised upon the heart, and which—not to speak it profanely—exhausts the spiritual frame no more than does the inspiration of a Christian's devotion. Whatever tends to elevate the affections is assuredly a source of intellectual pleasure, and the man lives not whose finer feelings have been wont to be thus excited, who has not become much better and happier from their gratifications.

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.—The indefatigable diligence with which John Sebastian Bach passed his nights and days in the study of his art at length brought on a disorder in his eyes, which, notwithstanding the efforts of an eminent English oculist, entirely deprived him of sight. Soon after this misfortune, in the year 1740, his constitution, which before had been remarkably vigorous, began to fail; and, after suffering under a decline for a year and a half, he expired. The extraordinary fact that gives particularity to this narrative is, that on the morning of the tenth day before his death, he suddenly recovered his sight, and saw as well as ever.—*Dr. Busby's Anecdotes.*

MUSIC A NECESSARY PART OF EDUCATION.—The interim of unsweating themselves regularly, and convenient rest before meat, may both with profit and delight be taken up in recreating and composing their travelled spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of music, heard or learned; either whilst the skilful organist plies his grave and fancied descent in lofty fugues, or the whole symphony with artful and unimaginable touches adorn and grace the well-studied chords of some choice composer; sometimes the lute or soft organ-stop waiting on elegant voices, either to religious martial, or civil ditties; which, if wise men and prophets be not extremely out, have a

great power over dispositions and manners, to smooth and make them gentle from rustic harshness and disordered passions. The like also would not be inexpedient after meat, to assist and cherish nature in her first concoction, and send their minds back to study in good tune and satisfaction.—*Milton's Tractate on Education.*

WEBER AND LABLACHE.—Lablache was originally a double-bass player, and, by the accident of a celebrated singer's sudden indisposition, was induced to attempt a character. Of course his success rendered his return to the orchestra unsalvageable. When Weber first heard him sing, he said, alluding to his immense power, "Mein Gott! he is a double-bass still!"—*Records of a Stage Veteran.*

PAGANINI.—Travelling in Germany, Paganini arrived without the gates of Frankfurt. Instead of entering the city, he proceeded to a quiet retreat in the suburbs. After having partaken of a slender supper, the mighty fiddler, absorbed in reverie, mounted the narrow stairs to the place assigned for his repose—a confined and mean-looking garret. The night, which was remarkably beautiful, had considerably advanced, yet Paganini seated himself at the open window, seeing the brilliant eyes of heaven only through the medium of his own, while the spirit of his fancy peeped the surrounding space with forms and shadows that, to the musician, were not phantasms, but real and substantial. Suddenly the clock of a neighbouring church struck one, and, in a moment,

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream."

The remembrance of an occurrence of which he had been an ear-witness flashed across his mind. The violinist abruptly caught up his instrument, and endeavoured to imitate the sounds that echoed through his ears. The cries of a newly-born infant, the agonized sobs of the mother, were counteracted with consummate fidelity. The unaccustomed sounds soon awakened the host, who rose hastily marvelling through what means such visitors could have entertained his house. Awakening his son, they hastened together to the apartment whence the sounds proceeded. Their astonishment may be guessed when they perceived the tall, gaunt, almost unearthly figure of a man, or of a spirit,—for it seemed as much like one as the other. They were soon convinced, however, that it was a man, apparently lost in thought, who, without noticing their entrance, produced from his violin sounds almost human; while the pale moonlight lit up his cadaverous face with an expression not of the earth. Landlord and son retired immediately, without daring to disturb the midnight occupations of the performer, and it was not till some time afterwards they discovered that their guest was Paganini.—*Memoranda of a Musician.*

WORDSWORTH.—The great poet "of nature"—or natural poet, which you please—had no great reverence for critics or analysts, as the following passage, which cuts either way or both, may clearly suggest to the dullest comprehension:—

Our meddling intellect
Mishapes the beauteous forms of things,
It murders to dissect.

Wordsworth himself was a bit of a critic and "no end" of an analyzer. The "our," at the beginning, is therefore not inappropriate, although its application is universal. In some editions we have seen "meddling" spelt "mildling," which might pass, however, without altogether annulling the meaning of the passage.

REVIEWS.

The Watchword of Progress. A national song; sung by Mr. Lockey; composed by W. LOVELL PHILLIPS. Duff and Holgren.

THE second—and, though second, most significant—title of this composition is "Go on!" the spirit of which time-honoured maxim is vigorously developed by Mr. E. L. Blanchard in some flowing and rhythmical verses. The music, by Mr. Lovell Phillips, is in excellent keeping with the words; a bold and stirring air, with an accompaniment not the less excellent because it is simple and unlaboured. The key is C major, and the melody—which is always remarkable in writings of Mr. Lovell Phillips—is essentially vocal, while, on the other hand, its range adapts itself to the ordinary compass of tenor voices. It requires considerable energy of delivery on the part of the singer, but is otherwise extremely plain and easy. If produced in public we can predict a certain popularity for the "Watchword of Progress," which, we trust, for the sake of author and composer, may "go on" very fast in the high road to public favour. The idea of the song was suggested to Mr. E. L. Blanchard by the following passage from a speech of the Chevalier Bismarck, at Witt's Rooms, in support of the Great Industrial Exhibition of 1851—"Go on!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

MANCHESTER.—The members of the Shakespeare Society met together on Monday week, in commemoration of the anniversary of Milton's birthday. The *Masque of Comus* was read by a portion of the members; after which Mr. John Bolton Rogers, president of the society, read an original essay on the Life and Poetry of Milton. The essayist reviewed the leading events of Milton's life, and of the turbulent and exciting period in which he existed. Mr. Rogers took occasion to notice the savage attacks which had been made upon Milton's character and motives by Dr. Johnson, and showed the great injustice which he had committed in censuring Milton's *Lycidas* and *Sonnets*. Several facts not generally known respecting the personal history of Milton were noticed, and proved that the essayist had bestowed much care and attention in consulting the various authorities which were calculated to illustrate his subject. A vote of thanks to Mr. Rogers was passed by acclamation; and, at the request of Mr. R. P. Clayton, the essay was deposited with the secretary, as the property of the society.—*Courier.*

STATUE OF SIR R. PEEL AT LEEDS.—At a meeting of the committee in the Public Library, Leeds, to consider the merits of no fewer than twenty-eight models sent in for inspection, it was decided by a majority of sixteen, out of eighteen members of the committee present, that the commission for the statue of Sir R. Peel be given to Wm. Behnes, Esq. The statuette sent by Mr. Behnes was placed in every possible point of view, and all appeared struck with its remarkable fidelity to nature, with the vigour, spirit, and character it displayed, taken from whatever position. Nothing could have been more honourable or satisfactory to the sculptor; indeed, we consider Behnes as among the highest in the art; no man equals the practical with the classical more admirably than he does. Whilst his statues embody common life, they are infused also with a poetry and grace which indicate a master-power over the difficulties of such an union. It is said that "sculpture is mind enchanter into stone!" and we are believers in this terse and striking expression of the poet, when we witness the productions of a hand so distinguished as that of Mr. Behnes; with him

"Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And sculpture to be dumb."

—*Manchester Courier*, Dec. 13.

JULLIEN.—The indoligible chef d'orchestre has retired to Brighton for a week's repose, and a few cold sea-baths, previous to his provincial tour; with Jetty Treffz, Vivier, and the Tambour-Major.

DARWEN.—On Friday evening Mr. C. Stinson gave an entertainment in William-street school-room, on literature, music, men and manners, &c., entitled "Fufal Faucis, or an improvisatore." The illustrations vocal and instrumental, consisting of songs, extemporaneous versifications, &c., were all composed by himself.

HAMPSTEAD.—A *soirée musicale*, under the direction of Messrs. W. H. Holmes and Land, was given on Thursday week, at the residence of Miss Stodart. The entertainment partook of a homely character, but was, nevertheless, sound and good. There were several performances on three pianos, by the young ladies of the establishment, and one in especial, which gave a classic colouring to the programme. This was Pachel's triple concerto in C. To render the concerto triply interesting the directors introduced the original accompaniments, from the edition recently published at Leipzig, taken from the MS. copy in the Royal Library, Berlin. A number of pieces were played, and a number of songs, duets, &c. &c. sung. Mr. Holmes performed several times with brilliant effect, and Mr. Land betokened his nasal taste and feeling in his singing. Both gentlemen are masters at Miss Stodart's school—the one of the piano, the other of singing. Among the *marrow* most worthy of record, was a very charming ballad by Mr. Holmes, called "Sing softly," with neatly written and expressive words by Miss Stodart. It was sung very prettily by Miss Land, and produced an effect commensurate to its merits. Mr. Land accompanied the vocal music.

MARKET BOSWORTH.—Mr. W. McEwan's first *soirée musicale* in this town was given on Friday evening week, on which occasion he was assisted by Miss Parkes, of Sheffield, and Mr. Oldershaw, of Leicester, as principal vocalists; by Mr. Henry Nicholson, flautist to His Grace the Duke of Portland; by a select party from Leicester, Huckleby, &c., and by Mr. J. C. Cuntman, an accomplished amateur pianist. Mrs. Parkes was in good voice, and was encored in three or four pieces. In "With verdure clad," and Bishop's "Echo song," the obligato accompaniments were charmingly played by Mr. Nicholson. In the latter, indeed, the effect of the voice and flute in concinnation secured the repetition of the song. Mr. Nicholson's flute solo exhibited his nasal taste in finished execution. Mr. Oldershaw created a favourable impression both in his songs ("The Death of Nelson" in particular, which was loudly applauded) and duets with Mrs. Parkes. Two German songs and the National Anthem were given by the body choral, and every one departed highly pleased with the entertainment. Mr. McEwan presided at the pianoforte with zeal and ability.

Ms. JOLLY'S CONCERT.—At this murky season, any amusement calculated to arouse the leaden energies, or beguile the lassitude of a long winter's eve, deserves notice. But the claim carries with it double force, when such amusement not only reclaims the intellect which presses like a nightmare upon the middle-aged, but when it renders it joyous with intellectualty. On the Edinboro' side of the water, there is no lack of entertainment, all is life with rivalry; strange however to say, that when the bridges are crossed, everything wears a cheerless and invidious complexion. To assist in filling up the dark void, Mr. Jolly, the composer, and who for many years led the band at the Surrey Theatre, in its palmy days, has projected a series of concerts, at the "Horn Tavern," Kenning-on, which, from the specimen given on Tuesday, promise not merely, in mercantile parlance, to answer his purpose, but also to supply permanently the long looked for desideratum in the locality selected. Irrespective of these great points, Mr. Jolly's scheme embraces another of considerable importance, particularly to the profession. Young and talented aspirants for musical honours, who hitherto have "swam on bladders," having to breast the waves unaided, have now an opportunity of launching out more confidently under the skillful guidance of one who has "weathered the storm." In short, all grades of musical acquirement that come within the scope of the scheme may obtain due consideration, and meet with a proportionate requital.

THE NEW YORK "MESSAGE BRAD."—As a specimen of a monstrous counterfeit for truth, the letter from London, signed W. G., which appeared in the number of this journal in November last may be cited without fear of competition. In nearly three columns of matter there are not three lines which do not violate faith.

MADAME ANNA THILLON AND MR. HUDSON.—Madame Anna Thillon, whose personal and vocal graces have rendered her so universally popular, appeared, in conjunction with Mr. Hudson, the comedian, at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, on Thursday evening, in a new entertainment, written expressly for themselves by Albert Smith and Charles Selby. Both artists succeeded completely in amusing the audience; the "duologue" in which they appeared being interspersed with numerous witticisms, and some capital songs composed by Mr. Loder. The piquant and enchanting Thillon never looked prettier, or sang more delightfully; while Mr. Hudson displayed a degree of gentlemanly ease and vivacity in songs and bou mots, which proved him to be possessed of considerable comic talents. The dresses of Madame Thillon were in themselves a great attraction, being remarkable for their novelty and beauty. The entertainment, which was one of the most delightful ever given in Liverpool, went off with great éclat—the laughter and applause of the audience being unceasing. Many of the songs, remarkable for the beauty of their melody, were enthusiastically encored.—*Liverpool Paper.*

SIR LUMLEY ST. GEORGE SKIFFINGTON, BART.—This baronet, author of many dramatic pieces, expired at his home, South Lambeth a short time since, at the advanced age of 82. The deceased inherited the baronetcy at the death of his father in the year 1815. Sir Lumley's association with the members of the drama commenced at an early age. He was on terms of intimacy with John Kemble, Cook, Munden, Mrs. Siddons, and others of high standing at that period. He was also a particular friend of Robert William Elliston, who, when manager of Drury Lane Theatre, produced several of his pieces, amongst which was an Eastern spectacle, entitled the *Sleeping Beauty*, which had a long run. Sir Lumley was a man of letters, and his opinions on theatrical matters were much respected. In his prime he was, in *town*, what Beau Nash was in Bath, leader of *ton*, a favourite with the ladies—exceedingly polite, and full of small talk. He used to go to several theatres on the same evening, and was never known, for many years, to be absent when a new piece or a new performer was coming out. In person he was about the middle stature, with large features, sallow complexion, and dark curly hair. His dress for many years consisted of a dark blue coat, with gilt buttons, a yellow waistcoat, small clothes of white cord, large bunches of white ribbons at the knees, and short-topped boots. Of late years, he became more reserved, and kept little company, being afflicted with the rheumatism, which caused him to stoop. A month previous to his decease, he appeared in as good health and as eager in his enquiries about theatrical news as he was wont to be thirty years ago.

NEWLY-DISCOVERED LETTERS BY POPE.—The following is from an intimate and well-informed correspondent:—"An extraordinary, and in every point of view, valuable collection of letters, illustrative of the life, writings, and character of the poet Pope, has just turned unexpectedly up, and has been secured by Mr. John Wilson Croker for his new edition of the poet's works. The collection consists of a series of letters addressed by Pope to his coadjutor Broome—of copies of Broome's replies—and of many original letters from Fenton (Pope's other coadjutor in the "Odyssey"), also addressed to Broome. It is known that Pope and Broome quarrelled; but when, or what about, has never been sufficiently understood. Broome, however, has told the story by binding together the whole of his correspondence with other letters illustrative of the quarrel. These I have seen; and a more curious revelation of Pope's character has not been made since the discovery of his unpublished correspondence with Lord Oxford, when you announced some time back, and which is still, I understand, in Mr. Croker's possession. When the Oxford and the Broome papers shall be published, the reader will see how untrue Mr. Roscoe's life of the poet is to the actual occurrences and character of the poet and the man; and after all, how much nearer Johnson is to the truth of his life than all his other biographers put together. The Broome correspondence, I may add, explains one of the obscurest passages in the memorials treatise on the art of thinking in poetry. Lord Carlisle might read a curious lesson on Pope from these very papers alone. I myself could write a curious and instructive article on them, even from the hasty perusal with which I have been favoured.—*Athenaeum.*

BRAHAM.—This glorious veteran has returned to London from Ostend, and is, we are right well pleased to make known, in the enjoyment of high health and excellent spirits.

HUMMEL, the composer, left his two sons a fortune of nearly £20,000, besides orders, 25 diamond rings, 34 gold snuff boxes, and 114 magnificent watches.

The daughter of Lindley Murray, the author of the best grammar in the English language, has been reduced to the necessity of singing ballads for a subsistence in the streets of Newry.

DARBY LANE THEATRE will open on boxing night, under Mr. Anderson's management, with Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale*, and a new Pantomime.

MR. MITCHELL, the indefatigable *impressario*, is at Paris, making preparations for next season, the result of which, when made known, will doubtless gratify the admirers of French operatic music in this country.

MR. BUNN "ON THE STAGE."—On Wednesday night week, Mr. Bunn delivered his literary and dramatic monologue, in the Theatre of the London Mechanics' Institution, to a crowded and attentive audience. The easy and familiar manner in which Mr. Bunn delivered his discourse rendered it doubly interesting; while the wit and humour which he conveyed to his recital of the humorous portions, produced frequent bursts of laughter.

THE ORGAN IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF CHESTERFIELD.—This instrument, as originally built by Smetzer, contained ten stops in the great organ (compass G₂ in bass to E in alt), six stops in the choir organ (same compass as the great organ) and five stops in the swell (compass from fiddle G to E in alt). There were no coupler stops, nor pedal board. The latter was added by Mr. Francis Jones, of Sheffield, together with an octave and half of union pedal pipes, when the organ was removed into the north transept, a few years ago. The instrument has lately been entirely remodelled, on the German scale, the compass of the manuals now being from CC in bass to F in alt, and the pedal organ from CCC to tenor D, comprising two octaves and two notes. The trial performance took place a short time since, under the management of the talented organist, Mr. Thomas Tallis Trimmell.

AN ENTHUSIAST.—It is with much regret that we announce the death of Mr. M'Intosh, violin maker, some time residing in Dovecotland, and lately of Dublin. M'Intosh was a Highlandman, and having there acquired the art of violin making afterwards went to Ireland, where he commenced business. Here he was very successful, both because he produced good articles and was extremely steady. He realised above 300*l.* annually, having got extraordinary prices for his instruments, some of them selling at the enormous sum of 10*l.*, 15*l.*, 20*l.*, and 30*l.* each. He also supplied the famed Paganini with violin strings, who highly appreciated his workmanship. Subsequently, however, M'Intosh tried to invent the "perpetual movement," which so many have failed in—left Dublin to get rid of his friends, who greatly opposed him in the matter, and came to Scotland. He has now been continually working at the affair for eleven years, the latter four or five of which he spent in an attic in Dovecotland, above-mentioned. He died on Wednesday morning, at one o'clock. Up to the eleventh hour he kept his door shut against the kindness of friends and neighbours, and never would he admit a single individual to afford him assistance. Starvation and poverty were his only visitors.—*Perthshire Advertiser.*

ANECDOTE OF ALBONI.—The *prima donna* Alboni is shortly expected here. It is related of this charming singer, who is of a gay and bold character, that when at Trieste she discovered that a cabal had been formed against her, and immediately proceeded, disguised as a youth, to the spot where her enemies were assembled. Her short hair and easy carriage completely imposed upon them and she was quickly admitted into their confidence as a young stranger ready for fun and mischief. She received a whistle, with directions to join in a grand demonstration the same evening against Alboni, which was to take place at a given signal after the aria of Rosina (her character) in the *Barbieri*. That night the theatre was as full as it could hold. On the curtain rising, Figaro and Almaviva were listened to with attention; but when Rosina

appeared to speak to her jealous tutor, about half-a-dozen whistles went off without the order of the leaders of the plot. Alboni tripped to the foot-lights, and holding up the whistle with its crimson riband, cried out with a smile—"Gentlemen, you ought not to hiss me until the cavatina; you begin too soon!" A loud and general laugh from the audience followed this sally, the conspirators were confounded, and the singer achieved a complete triumph. After the performance, the director said, kissing her hand, "I did not know that you were one of the conspirators." "My dear impresario," replied she, "you see I should make a good statesman; it is necessary to put oneself at the head of the conspirators in order to ruin their plans!"—*Morning Post.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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NOTICE—REMOVAL OF OFFICE.

After the present number, and until further notice, Subscribers and Correspondents are requested to direct all communications to the Editor of the Musical World, care of Wessel and Co., 200, Regent Street.

It is also requested, that all accounts for Subscriptions and Advertisements up to Christmas, be paid to Mr. W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

DUSSEK.

THERE is a rumour that one of our ablest musicians is engaged to edit a complete edition of the works of this great master and composer for the pianoforte. Nothing is more essentially required, nor shall we regret to see some of the fine sonatas of Dussek substituted for the unmeaning fantasias under which the shelves of our music-publishers have groaned for a lengthy succession of years. Let us observe, *en passant*, that, whatever some of our modern pianoforte players may imagine, it is much more difficult to play one of the grand sonatas of Dussek, with the required energy, taste, and correctness, than the most elaborate piece of Thalberg, or Döhler; while, on the other hand, to those who prefer beautiful and imaginative music to confused heaps of scales and arpeggios, which bestow an air of motley upon some attenuated melody, it is infinitely more delightful and profitable to hear.

We have not learned the name of the publisher who has projected the reproduction, in a regular series, of the entire pianoforte works of Dussek; but, whoever it may be, he may rest assured that the speculation is a good one. Perhaps Dussek has written a greater quantity of good music, and in a greater variety of forms, both fanciful and useful, essentially adapted for the pianoforte, than the most universal of instruments, than any other composer; we can hardly except Mozart, Beethoven, or Mendelssohn; with none of whom, however, do we insinuate a comparison.

Dussek was not only the most finished pianist of his time, but a man of splendid and original genius. Though in learning, and its severe and sometimes pedantic application, he was inferior to Clementi, in fancy, invention, and a rich and natural flow of ideas, he was far beyond him. His sonatas and concertos, independently of the beauty of their melody, and the elegance and brilliant variety of the passages, display a fire, tenderness, and pathos which Clementi never reached, nor, indeed, any of the immediate cotemporaries and rivals of Dussek, among whom, besides Clementi, were Steibelt, Weylf, and one or two others, whose names are illustrious in the history of the pianoforte. No better foundation for the study of a young pianist could be desired than some of the earlier and simpler compositions of Dussek, amongst which are several concertos. Not less useful as mechanical exercises,

nor less skillfully adapted to the character of the instrument, they are far more likely, from their pleasing and graceful style, to engage the attention of the youthful student, and lighten the labour of practice by rendering it agreeable. His large works, amongst which must be comprised his later concertos and the whole of his grand sonatas, not to speak of their intrinsic value as musical compositions of the highest beauty and interest, develop so variously and fully the entire resources of the key-board, that no student, however advanced, can safely consider his education complete until he has become familiar with, and can play the greater part of them; while, without reference to their extreme utility as models for imitation, and refined and elevated media of instruction, no true musician or well-informed amateur can hear them without delight, or examine them without advantage.

Entertaining these opinions, we shall only be too gratified by forwarding, through such means as we possess, the views of the publisher (whoever he may be) who has undertaken what may, with little exaggeration, be termed, the task of rescuing from comparative oblivion the major part of the works of Dussek; who, in strict justice, must for ever rank as one of the most gifted and admirable of the great composers who have enriched, by their genius and experience, the library of the accomplished pianist, and the studio of the aspiring scholar. This, and nothing less, was Dussek, who, when forgotten, the pianist may shut up his instrument, and the house of Broadwood betake itself to the manufacture of Welsh harps.

THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES AND BURLESQUES.

It is comfortable to reflect that although some colour may be given to the cry of "the drama is on the decline," the vogue of pantomime is in no wise diminished. Clown is still the favoured jester who satirises the follies of the day. The public is his King and master, and he uses the same liberty of speech as Sir Dinadam at the Court of King Arthur, or the anonymous fool of Lear. As it was with the Kings and potentates of yore, who, being men, loved to hear the truth spoken, now and then, in the face—or, as the French say better, *au nez* (in the nose)—of their Kingships, so our excellent public tolerates, because it sympathizes with—once a-year, be it understood—a pleasant satire even of its most deeply rooted prejudices, or, as Bacon says better, "idols." The clown in a pantomime may launch with impunity the sharpest epigrams, may venture with impunity the closest innuendoes, may deal with impunity the hardest knocks. Hobbes, the philosopher, explained laughter as a cathartic of the nerves, excited by a sudden consciousness of superiority in the presence of something ludicrous and inferior to the person thus excited; and so the good public laughs when clown indulges in the bitterest sarcasms and inserts his lancet in the sorest places, consoling itself with the elevation of its

own position or with the deduction that since—according to a venerable adage—it takes two wise men to make a fool, in deference to the precedence claimed and universally accorded to a majority, the two wise men thus joined in motley unity have a right to speak and to be heard without offence. This feeling, which permits a supposed inferior to utter what from an equal or superior would be condemned as impertinent, dates almost from the birth of history, and springing from the heart of man is universal, and likely to endure so long as man remains the dispenser of sublimary matters. In olden times the fools were wise men and philosophers, who with much wit and no money rose to the office of Court buffoons, and told the King truths that a Minister would not have dared to utter. In the present age the fool has fallen from his high estate. Kings no longer want him. His place is filled by functionaries of quite another stamp, who, under the influence of popular opinion, are the counsellors of Royalty, and—which the ancient fool could never compass—rule as well as advise, using the language of plain truth in place of the metaphor of parable burlesqued. And now that the fool has quitted Court life, and gone out into the world, he exists but as a counterfeits. The funny things he says, the biting jibes that fall from his lips, are supplied him by another. Like the Italian Polichinello, or the English Panch (not our contemporary in Fleet-street), he is but a puppet impelled into action by unseen strings, the *fantoccino* endowed with a voice not its own, the orator whose speech is prepared for him by a poor scholar. Still the moral and the influence are the same. Motley can utter what Ermine dares not risk; as the actor in a masked ball can venture a hundred things, which to one attired in a plain suit might cost a bruised eye, a torn vest, or perhaps a fractured limb. In short, *pour revenir à nos moutons*, pantomime is one of those grotesque forms in which, conventionality banished by general consent, the naked truth may be spoken without prejudice, and whoever is hit pockets the buffet with at least an outward semblance of unruffled temper no matter what his inward dissatisfaction.

Having, we presume, given substantial reasons why "the decline of the drama," if the drama be actually in its declination, is not perforce accompanied by the decline of pantomime, its grotesque and illegitimate offspring, we have little more to say in form of preamble to our notice of the present batch of Christmas entertainments. Suffice it that clown is still clown, harlequin still harlequin, pantaloon still pantaloon. For "imps" and "lovers" we have small sympathy, since they are, after all, but the dyspeptic superfluities, that rise, like the phantoms delirium sketches upon darkness, from the bloated surface of plethoric bodies.

DRURY LANE.

The same interest that for so long a lapse of years has attended these annual freaks of mingled eccentricity and sense, the same attraction that has never failed to draw the crowd of holiday folks, made of Old Drury, on Thursday night, a scene of which, with all its versatilities of fortune, it has rarely failed to be the rallying point since the days of Grimaldi and Bologna. It is not a little to say in favour of pantomime that, though Grimaldi is dead and survives not in the person of another, it has suffered but little in public affection. If the representative of clown be moderately nimble, imperturbably brazen, and essentially a pekpocket—if Pantaloon be sufficiently "game" to put up with an indefinite quantity of kicks and thumps—if Columbine be pretty and light-footed, and Harlequin make his head spin "tee-totum"-wise, and jump into a second-floor window, like a winged monkey, to the believed

discomfort of the interior inhabitants—all goes well; the "gods" roar, the children scream, the "boxes" smile complacently, like Socrates at the metempsychosis, and the "pit" sways from side to side, with a movement betokening the easy digestion of a substantial dinner, wholesomely abetted by the inward impulse of laughter innocently excited. As we proceeded on Thursday night to the playhouse of our destination, we were not unmoved to find the doors of several theatres contiguous to our route besieged by a crowd of anxious individuals, whose faces beamed in the rays of light darted from the shop windows and occasional lamplights, and whose busy, confabulatory hum told clearly of expectant pleasure. Arriving at Drury-lane, the portals—like the jaws of some gigantic whale, which, dosing open-mouthed, permits, with listless apathy, the inward flow of a thousand smaller fish, borne on the impulse of their destiny down the irrevocable gulph of the monster's throat—were admitting hundreds after hundreds of persons, eager to witness the first representation of the pantomime—the brilliant specimen of last Christmas, the first under Mr. Anderson's management, having stimulated the general appetite to an unusual degree of intensity. We were therefore, though edified, not astonished by the thronged multitude that greeted our eyes on taking our place in this theatre. "Pantomime," we inwardly ejaculated, "is still alive; the seeds are laid in the early part of the year, and winter bears the fruit; as long as there are folly and bigotry and enthusiasm, and any sort of error, in the busy world of this overgrown metropolis, so long will there be food to nourish it; and when Christmas comes without a pantomime we may fairly conclude that the Millennium is at hand, and that men are no longer men, but demigods,"—an earthly condition in which we profess to entertain no faith whatever.

The name of the new pantomime is *Harlequin and Humpty Dumpty*; or *Robbin de Bobbin* and the *First Lord Mayor of London*. It was a matter of no small difficulty to make out the purport of the opening burlesque, which is as lengthy and almost as heavy as it is mysterious. Humpty Dumpty, the hero, is a very unintelligible sprite, who issues from an egg and is busily employed in counteracting the efforts of the naughty characters of the pantomime by getting under their legs and turning them topsyturvy. The heroine is the "Old Woman of Finchley," who rides the air in a basket, and represents the evil spirit, whose black intentions are ultimately frustrated by Humpty Dumpty. Two young lovers, Hall Fitz-hearts-of-oak and Maude, "the fair mayde of Chepe," after a variety of misadventures in the approved pantomime-style, succeed in accomplishing their union. The other chief characters are Richard, "the first Dicky," Big Ben of Highgate, *alias* Robbin de Bobbin, a giant 13 feet high, and Baron Pomme d'Amour Heap Tax, the Chancellor of England, all three of whom have an eye upon the fair maid of Chepe, and prove dangerous though unsuccessful rivals to Hal. The action in which these personages are engaged occupies five exceedingly long scenes, in which there is more tumbling than incidents. In the first scene—"Finsbury-fields by Moonlight," which is gradually discovered through some misty gauze drops, effectively dispersed, we have an assembly of elves and demons, who appear at the summons of the Old Woman of Finchley, and receive her commands in respect to the fortunes, or, as she intends, misfortunes, of Hal and the fair maid of Chepe. Here occurs the incident of the birth of Humpty Dumpty, who is no sooner out of the egg than he becomes the declared and active enemy of the old witch. The second scene shows the Chancellor in his dressing room, where considerable merriment is excited by the various articles of toilet and their unwonted application

through the mischievous agency of Humpty Dumpty. In the third scene—a room in the house of old Bucklersbury, the fair maid's father—the lovers are surprised by the Chancellor, who, supported by paternal authority, comes to press his suit. The Old Woman of Finchley then appears on behalf of Big Ben; but both are discomfited by the sudden apparition of Humpty Dumpty, who proceeds to knock down everybody who stands in his way, until the lovers effect their escape. The fourth scene, "the hills of Highgate," we do not profess to understand. A number of Big Ben's retainers, headed by one Guxale-ale, his first lieutenant, a runaway headle, are performing a series of inexplicable evolutions, when Humpty Dumpty comes, and with his usual activity throws them all into confusion. Scene the fifth, "Old London Bridge," is very well painted, and the procession that accompanies King Richard's return from Palestine sufficiently varied and gorgeous, the march from the *Prophete*, played by the band, being in good keeping with the action. Richard sees and admires "the fair mayde of Chepe," and both Hal and the Chancellor are about to be defeated, through the avarice and obsequiousness of Old Bucklersbury, when Big Ben of Highgate appears, and by his gigantic stature terrifies all his rivals except Hal, who, supplied by Humpty Dumpty with a sword, which that eccentric spirit fishes up from the bottom of a well, cuts off his head, and is rewarded, by Royal consent, with the hand of his mistress. The Old Woman of Finchley, however, not to be outdone, changes them into Harlequin and Columbine, and some fairy, whose identity we failed to distinguish, effects the other transformations; the Chancellor is turned into Pantaloon, Bucklersbury into Clown, and Humpty Dumpty into Sprite, when the harlequinade begins in good earnest. The great fault of this introduction is its length, which is not atoned for by any striking or particularly amusing incidents. It would have cut down at least one-third, and we suggest the entire omission of the very dreary joke of taking from the dead body of Big Ben the animals, human beings, and church steeples he is supposed to have swallowed at a meal. Mr. R. Romer, the representative of the Old Woman of Finchley, is a good burlesque actor, and struggled hard with Mr. Jonson Deulin, who played the Chancellor, to keep the audience in good humour and the pantomime "a-going."

The harlequinade wants curtialment even more than the Introduction. There are nine scenes in all. The first, "A mansion to let—a nursery and seedman," presented a well-managed transformation at the end, discovering a triple row of bedrooms, in which what we presume to be intended for children in night-dresses are represented as "nursery plants." The next scene, the "exterior of the Glass Palace," is the most amusing, although involving a somewhat feeble attempt to satirise the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park. Some of the tricks were abandoned, the machinery not being up to the mark, but the Chinese nation was cleverly represented by Master Clarke, who performed some marvellous feats with balls, sticks, and dishes, while standing upon a rolling globe of covered wicker-work, which, being constantly in motion, made his position one of no slight peril, requiring strength, agility, and address in equal proportions to maintain. The achievements of this young gentleman alone are worth a visit to Drury-lane during the run of the pantomime. He was continually and unanimously applauded, and did much to allay the not unfrequent marks of discontent which up to the time he appeared had followed the course of the performance. Shouts of laughter were excited in the same scene by the *sortie* of what was intended for General Haynau from "a

general thrashing machine," the pun being illustrated on his person by a mob of draymen. We cannot, however, admire the taste displayed in this joke, which is not in the genteel style to which we have been accustomed by Mr. Fitzhall. The climax is attained by Clown and Pantaloon ascending in a balloon on the back of the hippopotamus, and letting off squibs and fireworks in plentiful variety. The next scenes—a "Dairy and Chimneysweeper's," the "Humane Society's Establishment," and "Railway Station"—presented nothing sufficiently new for description, although they hung fire terribly, the voiferons call for "Hot Codlins," from the "upper house," causing the whole to pass off in dumb show. In one of them there was the fig-end of last year's bedroom scene, nightmares and transformations to hoot, but attended with nothing like the same effect. A scene, representing Glen Tilt, was also a failure, a shower of hares, pheasants, &c., following a gun shot by Clown, being the only incident that raised a laugh. The well known circumstance which made Glen Tilt notorious was clumsily travestied, and did not cause the slightest merriment. The last scene, however, "Fairly abode of Britannia," was glittering and imposing, and brought down the curtain without any strong remonstrance from the audience.

The pantomimic personages were represented by Mr. Denlin, (Harlequin), Mdle. Theodore (Columbine), Mr. J. Deulin (Pantaloon), Signor Parkini (Sprite), and Mr. Seymour (Clown). The first four were the same as last year, and exhibited, as well as they were enabled, the same zeal and activity as before. Mr. Seymour, a substitute for Mr. Stilt, is very much inferior, both in humour and agility, to his predecessor; we must blame him, also, for not responding to the incessant and very general demand for "Hot Codlins," to which the "gods," on a first night, have a sort of prescriptive right of very long standing. As the performance lasted till past 1 o'clock, we cannot spare time for further particulars, and must conclude with a recommendation to curtain without ceremony, in order to bring the incidents closer together, and insure a run for the pantomime. We should have mentioned the music of Mr. Henri Laurent—who presided in tho orchestra—as clever and well selected.

The play of *The Winter's Tale*, in which Mr. Anderson and Miss Vandenhoff undertook the parts of Leontes and Hermione, preceded the pantomime. Mr. Anderson's reception was enthusiastic; but it was impossible to pay any attention to the performance, so incessant and deafening was the noise in the galleries, more than usually crowded, and more than usually impatient and voiferous. The national anthem was sung at the conclusion of the play, the entire company assisting.

HAYMARKET.

THE Christmas attraction at this house was of the usual kind—a fairy burlesque. The Brothers Brough were tho concoctors thereof. Now, had we time, we could show how, in a managerial view, a burlesque is preferable to a pantomime for, inasmuch as a pantomime requires a set of actors, generally not employed in dramatic representations; and as all actors, God save the exceptions, may be made available in a burlesque, the economy is self-evident. But we have not time. Also, had we moments to devote thereto, we could point out with what ravishing strides the nonsensical is walking over the real; how tragedy and comedy, and exhibitions of life, are vanishing before the impossible and non-natural; how seriousness is pelted from the boards to make way for tho ludicrous; how mirth itself is turned into mockery. But we

really have no time, as we have said just now; and so must fain descend from the speculative to the descriptive.

Brothers Brough have taken their present subject from the interesting story of the second Calendar in the Arabian Nights Entertainments. It is entitled *The Second Calendar; and the Queen of Beauty who had the Fight with the Genie*. The general reader must remember the tale in that golden fount of fable, *The Arabian Nights*, wherein the King, at a banquet, throws away a date stone, which strikes an invisible genie in the invisible eye, and knocks it out, which leads to all sorts of encounters, escapes, and mischiefs; and the brilliant *finale* where the evil genie and the princess battle for mastery with magic powers of such dread equality, that the mortal overthrow of the one involves the destruction of the other, with a brief respite. But the Brothers Brough proved themselves tender, not tough, and could not find it in their hearts to kill the lovely princess, or Miss P. Horton, her admirable representative; but chose the rather to polish off, unavenged and unauthorised, the green-winged and one-eyed demon, or Mr. Selby in his person, who played the very devil with the part. The apology for this breach of history and the motives which led to it are extant, and may be read for a penny.

The Brothers have availed themselves of every nook and corner of the original to render their work original; and perhaps the story could not be treated with more ingenuity and variety. That they owe something to the actors it would be unfair to deny. No one can doubt this when we name Mr. Buckstone, Mr. James Bland, Mr. Clark, Miss P. Horton, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mrs. L. S. Buckingham, and Miss Annie Romer, as among the chief personages. Indeed the piece is indebted in no small amount for its success to the gentle and un-gentle individuals above mentioned. Mr. Buckstone figured as a woodman, an Italian organ-boy, and a drunken lord of the Court. In the first character he sang a burlesque upon "In my cottage near a wood," which made the great hit of the night. Mrs. Fitzwilliam personated a maid-of-all-work, which was a burlesque within a burlesque, as she had nothing whatever to do. Miss P. Horton did not appear until the second net, but then she had the whole of that act to herself. She sang a medley of all nations with first-rate imitative powers. Mr. James Bland filled up his part, or parts, as rotundly as ever, and put on a King and a Rajah with compound dignity. Nothing seemed to escape his royal and rajah knowledge, save the lines of the authors of which he unfortunately knew no more than the prompter made audible as far as the second gallery. Miss Annie Romer made her first appearance in Prince Agib, and a more satisfactory first appearance we have not seen for some time. This young lady has been lately starring it with distinguished honors in the provinces, and has played in popular operas at the Surrey Theatre, winning golden opinions from all sorts of people. It would be unfair to criticise a real artist like Miss Annie Romer, in a part like that of Prince Agib, but we cannot refrain from saying that she made a decided hit, and sang one ballad in particular with a perfect notion of what ballad singing should be. Her style is excellent, and her enunciation admirable.

We trust we have said enough to afford the reader no idea whatsoever of what the present Brough burlesque is composed. We would not forestall his taste by the repetition of one joke, nor should we drain the catalogue of good things by so doing. Enough; the piece was entirely successful, and every body was called for. Had the scenery been a little better worked, and had the carpenters exerted a little more care in their office, we might have been enabled to pronounce *The*

Second Calendar still more successful. As it was, everybody was satisfied. The scenery was admirable, and the dresses and appurtenances on the same scale of splendour and fitness, which has so long distinguished the management of the Haymarket.

PRINCESS.

THE attractive title displayed in the bills of this house, drew an immense concourse of holiday folk, both young and old, and, long before the curtain ascended for *The Stranger*, the house was literally crammed in every part; so much so that there was not even standing room in the lobbies for such as were content to put up with the small amount of accommodation. However, the promise held out by *Alonso the Brave*, and *the Fair Imogene*; or, *the Baron all covered with Jewels and Gold*, scarcely equalled the expectations we had formed of it; yet, making some allowance for the imperfections of a first night, we have no doubt that, with a few curtailments in the introductory scenes, things will go more smoothly as succeeding representations. The story of the pantomime is taken from Monk Lewis's ballad, a tale of horror and affright, which used to make our flesh creep in the days of our infancy. But, alas! for the dreams of other days, they have now for ever fled through the agency of Mr. Fitzball. The tale of the ballad has been literally adhered to in all its parts. We have Alonso the Brave, who, after winning the heart of the fair Imogene, starts for the wars, where he is killed; but who, faithful, even beyond the tomb, too faithful by one-half, returns on the eve of the marriage of his faithless bride with the Baron all covered with jewels and gold; but when we state that Alonso was personified by Mr. Cooke, Imogene by Mr. Wyna, and the Baron, travestied as the Nepaulese Ambassador, by Mr. Stacey, it will easily be understood that all our previous conceptions are for ever gone to rack and ruin. We scarcely think that the story has been treated as well as it might have been; there is a want of effect in the arrangement, and the climax seems to move backwards, the interest diminishing as the story progresses. The appearance of the valiant knight before his mistress has the merit of *à propos*, but it is not effective, and the transformations, which took place in the following scene were a positive relief. The clown was Mr. Flexmore, the Harlequin Mr. Cormac, Columbine, Miss C. Leclercq, Pantaloon, Mr. Paulo. There an abundance of practical jokes excited the hilarity of the audience, the topics of the day were rapidly passed in review, and received with evident relish by the gods. We cannot expect much novelty in a line which would appear to have almost exhausted itself, but as long as the kicks and cuffs of the Clown and Harlequin are appreciated by our younger friends, we have no just cause of complaint. Mr. Flexmore was, as usual, called upon for "Ille Codlings," that admired lyric of the gallery, gentlemen, but he, as usual, declined respectfully, but firmly, and withal good-humouredly, and gave us a song of the Great Exhibition of 1851. This was accompanied by his imitations of Carlotta Grisi and Perrot, which were received with a storm of applause. "A comfortable bedroom" afforded a good display of practical jokes, and a novel termination is given to the scene by the transformation of a bedstead into the "happy family cage," with the lodgers inside, and labelled "Dickens's Household Words."

The scenery on the whole was highly efficient; we particularly call attention to a view of the "castle of fidelity," where the change from moonlight to sunlight was admirably managed. The representation of the deck of a "Boulogne

steamer" is also ingenious, the stage itself being the deck which is made to appear as if rocking up and down by the motion of the scenery at the sides. This leads to a view of the bed of the sea, where we become acquainted with the submarine telegraph. The "union of the nations" is also cleverly managed; the heights of Dover and Calais being brought into close proximity by the perspective effects of the "Great Exhibition scene," which was gorgeous in the extreme, and brought the curtain down with a long and vehement burst of applause.

ADELPHI.

THE Adelphi was opened on boxing night for the season, and the public, as usual, flocked thither in overwhelming numbers. The house was filled to suffocation, and it can hardly be said with truth that the performances were listened to with anything like comfort by a large portion of the audience. The pressure in the pit and gallery must have been far from pleasant, especially in the passages, where the people alternately jostled, jammed, and tossed each other without remorse; and strong indeed must have been the physical endurance of those who, in such circumstances, could find repose enough to listen intelligently to the sounds that issued from behind the footlights. Still, the audience were good-humoured enough, and, though there was occasionally no lack of "chaffing," the dense throng was in process of time so far moulded into form and order as to admit of some degree of attention being paid to the amusements going forward on the stage. The performance commenced with *Jessie Gray*, but the Christmas piece, the great attraction of the evening, was an "entirely new extravaganza," made up into an English dress, as the playbill expressed it, "from the best French materials," and entitled, *La Tarantula, or the Spider King*.

It is hardly practicable to detail here the plot embraced in the piece, especially as it was frequently not a little obscure; but it may be observed that the most interesting points in its development are founded on the fable of the tarantula's bite, which can be cured by music only. The principal characters, of mortal mould, are—Luigi, a young Chasseur of Calabria (Miss Woolgar), attached to Loretta (Madame Celeste); Boskigetti (Mr. Paul Bedford), who plays second fiddle to Sanguino, a bandit leader (Mr. G. Honey); Omecapato, a quack doctor (Mr. Wright) and Chlorinda, his wife (Miss K. Fitzwilliam). Among the immortals are Sancta, the genius of general harmony (Miss Collins) and her attendants; and of nondescripts we have the Spider King (Mr. Sidney) and the Tarantula (Mr. Mitchenson), both of whom appear to be under the command of Mephistophiles (Mr. O. Smith), and are along with him employed in working the greatest possible amount of mischief. Through their instrumentality the utmost confusion and disorder is wrought; but the influence of Sancta is everywhere felt, and eventually everything is brought to a favourable conclusion. To disappoint the loves of Luigi and Loretta, the former is bit during a dance by the Tarantula, but his cure is quickly effected; and in this, as in the other incidents of the piece, including an immense number of striking scenes with the bandit, great artistic excellence is exhibited. There is throughout much of that melodramatic display for which the talents of the Adelphi company are so well suited. Madame Celeste appears in some charming dancing scenes, where her prepossessions of grace and manner are admirably exemplified, and the dashing young Chasseur is represented with singular spirit by Miss Woolgar. Miss Fitzwilliam sings some excellent songs, and Mr. Paul Bedford as a bandit, and Mr. Wright as the

quack doctor, have also ample opportunities of displaying their unique powers of drollery, and setting the audience "in a roar." In point of spectacle the piece is exceedingly well got up, and in the scene of the Magic Cave at the close may be described as brilliant. Not less to be commended is the dialogue, which throughout is full of spirited and telling allusions to recent and passing events—such as the Papal aggression, the public sewers, the alleged case of starvation in the Temple, &c. Altogether the Christmas piece may be pronounced highly successful, and in all probability it will draw crowded audiences for weeks to come.

LYCEUM.

THE entertainments at this theatre commenced with the representation (for the first time here) of the comic drama, in one act, entitled *A Handsome Husband*, in which Mr. C. Mathews, Mr. G. J. Vining, Miss M. Oliver, and Mrs. C. Horn personated the leading characters. Then followed the principal attraction of the evening, in the shape of a new and original fairy extravaganza, in two acts, entitled *King Charming; or the Blue Bird of Paradise*, which, for splendour of decoration and brilliancy of scenic effect, fully equals, if it does not surpass, anything that has yet been produced at this establishment, famous as it is for entertainments of this description. It has been furnished, as usual, by M. Planché, who has drawn his materials from the Comtesse d'Annois' popular story of *L'Oiseau Bleu*, the incidents of which he has followed as closely as scenic exigencies would admit. The dialogue has been thrown into the light and sparkling form of versification, of which M. Planché is so great a master, and is made the vehicle for many humorous and satirical allusions to the prevailing topics of the day, including the Exhibition of 1851, the Hippopotamus, St. Paul's, Trafalgar-square, &c. The first scene opens in the Hall of Audience in the castle of his Majesty Henpeck the Hundredth, King of Cockayne (Mr. F. Mathews), where an ambassador from Charming the First, King of the Fan-sea Isles, an immortal personage (Madame Vestris), demands in marriage the hand of Florina, King Henpeck's daughter by his first wife, to which his Majesty readily accedes. It appears, however, that in this he acts rather hastily, for Queen Tyranna (Mrs. F. Mathews), who acts as "vicegerent over him," determines that a daughter of hers by a previous marriage (Troutina) shall be the chosen one. King Charming at length appears on the scene himself, and, to the mortification of Tyranna, refuses to wed any one but Florina (Miss Julia St. George). Queen Tyranna then contrives to place Troutina (Miss Martindale) at a window overlooking the castle garden, where King Charming expects to find her sister; and, under the impression that the veiled figure before him is Florina, he proposes an elopement, and the two set off in a magic car drawn by fairy frogs. On reaching the abode of the Fairy Soussio, godmother to Troutina (Miss Ellis), the King discovers his mistake, and resolves to have nothing more to do with her. To punish his perversity the fairy Soussio changes his Majesty into a Blue Bird of Paradise. Even in this form, however, the King still manages to continue his acquaintance with Florina, when the Queen, overhearing their discourse, determines upon his destruction, and for that purpose employs a page to place a knife with numerous open blades in the nest of the blue bird on the top of a cypress tree. The bird is accordingly wounded, and is on the point of dying, when Hocus Pocus, a magician, friend and physician extraordinary to King Charming (Mr. H. Horncastle), appears and rescues him from death. After a

series of similar adventures, the faithful pair are at length irrevocably united; and the whole concludes with "the glorious restoration of King Charming to the throne of Fan-sea."

In the second act there is "a grand fairy quadrille, galop, and every country dance—being an industrious exhibition of the steps of all nations," by Miss Rosina Wright and a *troupe* of assistants, whose exertions were most cordially applauded. During this performance a forest of banners, representing the principal nations of the world, were exhibited, and, as the peculiar dance of each country was introduced, the corresponding banner was placed in the centre of the stage. Madame Vestris (whose gorgeous dress, by the way, presented a strong resemblance to that which the Nepaulese Ambassador wore when in this country lately) sustained the character of King Charming with inimitable spirit; Miss St. George's performance was, as usual, marked with grace and vivacity; and the hen-pecked husband and his overbearing wife found admirable representatives in Mr. and Mrs. P. Mathews. All four were called before the curtain at the close, and received the warm plaudits of the audience. There were some beautiful snatches of song in the course of the performance, to which Madame Vestris and Miss St. George did especial justice. As we have already hinted, however, the principal merit of the piece consists in the scenery, which is as splendid in design as it is excellent in execution. We would particularly notice "the abode of the Fairy Soussio," "the Haunt of the Fairies," "the Fan-sea Islands," and the final scene of the restoration of King Charming. The costumes and other accessories are also exceedingly rich and appropriate. It only remains to be added that the piece was received with the loudly expressed approbation of an overwhelming audience, and that at the conclusion there were vehement calls for the author, who, however, did not appear.

OLYMPIC.

After the *Merchant of Venice*, in which Shylock was sustained by Mr. G. V. Brooke, a new burlesque, described as an "original, aerial, floral, and conchological fairy tale," called *Prince Dorus*; or, *the Romance of the Nose*, was produced. The hero of the piece is Prince Dorus, who is afflicted with—

"A length of nose, continually growing.
"O'er-spread with pimples, and too long for blowing."

The Prince (Mr. H. Farren) is smitten, at sight of her portrait, with the charms of the fair Princess Mignonette (Miss Louisa Howard), and having been taught by his courtiers to believe himself a perfect Adonis, despite his facial deformity, he boldly makes suit to the lady, but his proposals are peremptorily rejected. The Princess, anxious to escape his solicitations, engages the aid of the Court Physician, Sir Clairvoyant (Mr. W. Farren, jun.), who turns out to be a most unconvincible wizard, and who endeavours, by the exercise of his magic arts, to obtain her as his prize. The intrigues of the magician are, however, defeated by the watchfulness of a benevolent fairy, and after a variety of such adventures as are ordinarily encountered by the heroines of fairy tales, the Princess meets her lover in a crystal palace, where, by the pleasant magic of a kiss, the charm, which has fixed upon him a proboscis that might do credit to a young elephant, is dissolved, and the piece terminates with the union of Prince Dorus and the Princess Mignonette. The parts of the Count Coquelache, grand chamberlain, and Sir Carmine, the court painter, were very amusingly sustained by Mr. Compton and Mr. W. Shalders. The dialogue abounds with

jokes, puns, and smart allusions to some of the most prominent topics of the day. A reference to

—"the new bull,
"Just come from Rome on purpose to be baited,"

excited some cheering in the pit and gallery. The piece is got up most carefully, both with regard to scenery and dresses. In a picture gallery scene, the Princess Mignonette and several other ladies represent, *in propriis personis*—as is supposed by the magician's art—their several portraits; and the taste and elegance with which this scenic arrangement was managed elicited a round of applause. Another beautiful scene is a view in the Palace garden, a rich landscape *a la Watteau*, in which the grouping of the figures was tastefully arranged. Among the other scenery, the Lake of Lillies by moonlight, and the concluding *tableau*, introducing a novel effect, which is described in the bill as a "bouquet of beauty," deserve especial mention. The dances are numerous and well arranged. In one of them, "the dance of animated flowers," the dresses of the dancers are contrived to represent the hues of various flowers—the blue-bell, the tulip, the dahlia, &c., and the effect in the grouping was extremely pleasing. The mechanical department was remarkably well managed, and the transformations, &c., were accomplished without any of those failures which are almost unavoidable on the first night of a new piece. The applause at the fall of the curtain was general, and we have no doubt the *Romance of the Nose* is destined to have a run.

SADLER'S WELLS.

HAD the Christmas pantomime been preceded by the tragedy of *Isabella*; or, *the Fatal Marriage*. The excellent manner in which such pieces are performed at this theatre it would be superfluous to describe. The crowd of nearly 3000 persons on Thursday night assembled within the walls of Sadler's Wells, were composed exclusively of that numerous class who fill places of public amusement on "Boxing-night." To them a solemn tragedy written up to the taste of a bygone age must have proved a tedious introduction to their favourite entertainment. During the evening there was as much good humour and even decorum as could be expected from such an audience. The moment, indeed, that the pantomime began, their delight, amounting almost to ecstacy, kept them comparatively quiet. The title of the piece is the *House that Jack Built* in 1831; or, *the Gentle of the Ring, and Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp*. The first scene is the enchanted workshop of Jack-of-all-trades, in which his followers appear busily employed at their various occupations. From their labours they are relieved by the entrance of Jack, who, having heard of the intended industrial *fete* of 1851, determines to build a house for the occasion, which is speedily commenced and finished, Jack's house appearing in all its splendour, and it is not easy to imagine that a more splendid scene could be produced than that of the Crystal Palace. Jack then introduces to his workmen a few representatives of the various personages who may be expected to visit his house in the course of the year 1851, amongst whom are many popular favourites—the Nepaulese Prince, Jenny Lind, &c. This assemblage is now disturbed by the appearance of Invention, who, though approving of their endeavours to assist the views of all ingenious persons, begs them to remember that their exhibition is not to take place till the month of May, while hers comes on on boxing-day. She then summons the fairies from different quarters of the globe to assist her, and after some hesitation she selects from the *Arabian Nights* the tale of "Aladdin and the Won-

derful Lamp," which story is very closely followed during the remainder of the opening. The scenery is upon a very extensive scale. Evidently no expense has been spared upon its production, and nothing neglected in putting the piece effectively on the stage. The scene of the enchanted cavern, of the Royal gardens, of the flying palace, and the grand fairy factory of invention, may be referred to as especially deserving of notice. After the last of these "the change" takes place, when the gambles of Harlequin, Clown, Columbine, Pantaloon, &c., commence. They were maintained with extraordinary spirit and drollery. Amongst the best hits were those directed against Mr. Cobden's attacks on the army estimates, the allusions to Louis Napoleon, Haynau and Barclay's draymen, the hippopotamus, the heads of the Sunday Post-office Bill, Baron Rothschild being sent into Parliament, the Pope (Italian dishes not suited to the English constitution); Lord Brougham, who, when a steady Chancellor is called for, appears in a variety of characters, and is not taught in any—now a schoolmaster, now a French citizen, now a Westmoreland poacher, everything by turns and nothing long. A very pretty morris dance by the pupils of Mr. Frampton, was introduced; and on the whole nothing could be more successful than the Christmas pantomime at Sadler's Wells. The scenery, dresses, decorations, properties, machinery, &c., deserve the utmost praise. The performance in all respects does great credit to the management, and most especially to Mr. Greenwood, by whom the pantomime was composed and arranged.

THE SURREY.

The Surrey Theatre was besieged on Thursday night by an enormous crowd, who, we might say, took possession of it when the doors were opened. The throng was so great as to be quite beyond the control of the officers of the establishment. It took nearly two hours of squeezing, and pushing, and manœuvring, to get the people finally into position; and when we saw men struggling for all that time, and now and then, missing a head that had fallen in the struggle, observed its place supplied by a pair of waving highlows, and as the face was fished up by some sympathising friends it presented a good honest broad grin, we could not help thinking there must be some virtue in Christmas and Boxing-day. These troubles were gradually got under by good management and good packing, while the first piece, which nobody came to see, was being played; and all the inconvenience sustained was abundantly recompensed when the curtain rose for the pantomime—*The Merry Wives of Windsor*; or, *Harlequin and Sir John Falstaff*, and the *Demon Hunter of the Enchanted Dell*. The title tells the story of "the opening" at once; it is, of course, a burlesque, founded on Shakspeare. The adventures of Falstaff with the merry wives are supposed to be contrived by fairies in order to punish Ford and Page for thwarting the true love of Fenton and "sweet Anne Page;" the aid of Herne the Hunter is invoked by the maiden's father, but the Demon Hunter seeks her for his own bride. It will easily be seen that here is matter for all sorts of "spiriting." Falstaff's chief misfortunes—the hiding in the buck-basket and ducking in the water not omitted—form good subjects for burlesque; but Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford are turned into wretched crones that might scare the birds from a field. The whole of the introductory part is admirably put upon the stage, and the chief parts—Falstaff (Mr. J. Collier), and the Queen of the Fairies and Puck (the Misses Coveney)—were well sustained. All these scenes went off satisfactorily; but when, at their conclusion, the various characters, mortal and super-

natural, were gathered in a pavilion illuminated by variegated fires, and emblazoned with coloured crests of fairy heraldry, the splendour of the spectacle secured the triumph of the piece beyond all risk. In presence of this scene, one of the richest we have looked upon for a long time, the transformations take place, and Fenton and Anne Page, as Harlequin and Columbine, are to be pursued by the Hunter's attendant Sprite, and by Falstaff as Pantaloon, and Ford as Clown—characters which fall to M. G. Lupino, Mdlle. Beaufort, Herr Deani, Signor Bradbury, and Mr. G. Anderson. The remainder of the pantomime is occupied with practical and mechanical wit of the usual order, but selected and arranged with care and skill: as in all these cases, it will be advisable to prune a little, and bring the matter together, but there is good ground to work upon. It would spoil the humour to be transferring some of the jokes to paper; but we may mention for the guidance of our young friends.—though not the young alone,—that they will do well to watch the contortions of the Sprite. They are wonderful, and there is no suspicion of danger to himself while he is performing—while, in this department, is a great matter. We advise them to observe "the fast man," and try if they can make out how it is that he is here and there and every where—and here and not here—almost at the same moment. We recommend them to keep a sharp eye upon the tea-garden scene, and find out, if they can, how pantaloon's tea and shrimps, that he does not pay for, suddenly fly to the table of a better customer. But, without trying to particularize further, we will say that this pantomime is well got up and well performed, and is decidedly above the average. There are one or two political allusions near the end, with regard to which we are a little disposed to doubt whether the public be so unanimous upon the subjects referred to as to justify their introduction, except in cases where they are brought in with a certain singular felicity, which is at once felt to be a sufficient warrant.

MARYLEBONE.

This theatre is none of the largest, but, if the multitude of people who filled it last night had been in Drury-Lane or Covent-Garden, we believe there would have been an ample audience for either, and yet many to spare. It has the advantage of a monopoly; no rival is within less than a mile-and-a-half, or two, of its locality, and yesterday the washed and the unwashed of the district poured into it in hundreds, to acknowledge its claim to their best support at the commencement of the Christmas season. In every spot where sitting or standing room could be found there was an auditor, and, in many instances, an actor too; where an occasional episode in the shape of a stand-up-fight added its pungency to the other amusements of the evening. The play was *George Barnwell*, and the players played it out, at least we concluded so from the acting and succession of scenes. Occasionally a few words were heard, and they were English, but the rest might have been Greek or German for anything we could discover. It was, in fact, a tragic pantomime, and, being tolerably worn out, was treated with due disrespect. But to the pantomime. The title was, *Harlequin Alfred the Great*; or the *Magic Banjo and the Mystic Raven*. The curtain rose, and silence at once prevailed. The first scene was something in the nature of a dissolving view, introducing "The Playground of Despair," with *tableaux vivans* of "the betrayed one," the needlewoman, the gambler, and the manager; but unfortunately the process of dissolving had been carried so far that, except for the bills, we should have been at a loss to comprehend what the *tableaux* were intended to represent. We were then intro-

duced in succession to "Hope in a blaze of light and splendour," "The Shade of Grimaldi," "The Magic Banjo and the Mystic Raven," and, at last, to the personification of our ancient and reverend monarch, Alfred the Great, in the swineherd's cot. The monarch's visit to the camp of the Danes followed, and various other scenes in burlesque, concluding with Alfred's obtaining possession from the Danes of the banner of the mystic raven, and the magical change of English oaks into the English fleet. Various personal metamorphoses having become necessary by the turn of events, Alfred was changed into Harlequin, his beloved Ethelwilda into Columbine, Hogs-eye, "a swineherd with a sty in his eye," into "the lean and slippered pantaloon," and Guthrum, the Royal and formidable Dane, sank into the Clown. The elements of a good pantomime were not wanting; and, but for the failure here and there of adjustment, excusable on an opening night, the tricks went off with great success. The Exhibition of 1851 gave many points to the piece, and curious were several of the specimens that were to be taken to that mighty show. Papal aggression, too, was not forgotten, and the Clown took an early opportunity of informing the audience, in the course of his examining the Grand National Educational Institute, that it took a *wise man* to be the greatest fool. The "discerning public" caught up the joke, and honoured it with a hearty round of cheers. After many transitions, we were led to "the realms of hope," and, although we might possibly have wished to remain there, we found that the pantomime was at an end and we were obliged to depart. That the hopes of the manager will be realized as to the success of the piece, we doubt not; for at a very moderate price he has furnished to the play-goers of his neighbourhood an ample source of amusement during the evenings of the Christmas holidays.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

THE performances at Astley's were of an exceedingly varied character. They were also remarkable for their excellence, and drew down repeated applause from a very crowded house. The spectacle of *Kenilworth* having been represented, a series of equestrian and, gymnastic feats were exhibited, described in the bills as "Scenes of the Circle." The first of these introduced M. Plaische, "the great barrel equilibrist," to an English audience; and his ascent from the circle to the top of the stage on a small beer barrel propelled by his feet along a carriage-way of plank not a foot in breadth, excited great interest. One of the tiniest of fair equestrians, La Petite Jeannette, then went prettily through some performances on a single horse. Some alarm was occasioned when she was seen to drop from the horse, and, on being raised, to limp slightly; but she had hardly left the circle when she returned to give the audience an assurance that she had sustained no injury. Mr. C. Adams having gone through a series of mimical transformations on horseback, some singular gymnastic feats were exhibited by the Francisco family, which elicited hearty expressions of approbation. An equestrian performance followed, in which festoons of flowers were introduced with good effect. A dance was then performed with singular accuracy by two horses, under the guidance of M. Ghella, who made his first appearance in England on the occasion, and the "Scenes of the Circle" wound up with a variety of dances on horseback by Miss A. Bridges. The entertainments of the evening were concluded with "an entirely new and original grand, historical, equestrian, Christmas Pantomime," entitled *Harlequin*

and *O'Donoghue; or, the White Man of Killarney*. It entirely succeeded. The incidents do not present any features to call for particular description. Dermot Astore, betrothed to Kathleen, is entrapped by an emissary of the evil spirit of Ireland into drunkenness and gambling. A series of adventures succeed, in which the Fairy Prince of Killarney, cypsel O'Donoghue—a splendid looking personage, whose white horse plays a prominent part—appears as the supernatural champion of temperance, and rescues poor Dermot Astore and Kathleen from all their difficulties, to be changed into Harlequin and Columbine, and the entertainment closes with a succession of amusing pantomimic transformations.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. SEYMOUR's quartet concert took place at the Town Hall, Charlton-on-Medlock, on Thursday, Dec. 18, 1850. Programme:

PART I.

Quartet (MS)—Two violins, tenor, and violoncello . . . *Baetens*.
Messrs. Baetens, Thomas, Seymour, and Lidel.
Selection (from Solos)—Violin and Violoncello . . . *Corelli*.
Messrs. Seymour and Lidel.
Duet (in B flat)—Two Violins—Messrs. Thomas and Baetens *Spohr*.

PART II.

Quartet (in B flat)—Messrs. Seymour and Thomas . . . *Haydn*.
Quartet (in D)—Messrs. Thomas and Seymour . . . *Beethoven*.

We fear that Mr. Seymour has forgotten us, or we have unwittingly got out of his good graces, for positively we did not know of the above excellent quartet concert until it was over; but as on occasion of the first (when we could not have been present if we would, or Mr. Seymour had desired it ever so) we think such a provincial quartet party ought not pass altogether unnoticed in the *Musical World*, or its excellent programme unrecorded. We greatly regret not being present, as there were many interesting features, we find, by the above scheme, and the critique given in last Saturday's *Guardian*.

In the first place, it must have been deeply interesting to have heard, for the first time, a MS. quartet, from the clever artist who has come to reside here, as principal second violin at the concert hall—M. Baetens. In the next, there were two stringed duets—the well-known Corelli, many a time and oft given with such gusto at the Festivals by Lindley and Dragonetti on violoncello and contrabasso, although originally written for the instruments played on this occasion, violin and violoncello—by Messrs. Seymour and Lidel; the other, one of Spohr's, for two violins, by Messrs. Baetens and Thomas. The quartets were three—the MS. one above-mentioned, led by the composer, Mr. Thomas playing second and Mr. Seymour (for the first time here) the tenor; the second, one of Haydn's, led by Seymour; the third and last, Beethoven, led by Thomas. This alteration of places shows the equality of the executants, and must have been highly gratifying to the audience.

The *Guardian* speaks in the highest terms of Baetens's quartet, as "a very clever composition, which amply establishes the claims of Mr. Baetens as a sound and accomplished musician." Corelli's quaint duet was encored, and Spohr's duet-concertante is spoken of as "a charming composition, and it had full justice rendered in its performance." "The admirable blending of the four instruments" is alluded to in Haydn's quartet—"nothing could be finer." Beethoven's is highly praised for its power and beauty; and the equality of the performance, and the whole as a very pleasing concert.

Mr. Seymour, we see, puts his next and third concert well beyond the Christmas holidays, viz. the 15th February next; "Elijah," with Misses Birch and Williams, and Messrs. Lockey and H. Phillips, as principals, is announced as the Christmas oratorio at the concert hall here, for the 9th January.

We are sorry to have incurred, and in some sort merited, the reproach our occasional correspondent gave us in your last number. We have too much neglected the Monday night "Concerts for the People," and our most ample apologies are due to H. B. Peacock, Esq., the spirited proprietor, who has so liberally and frequently invited us to attend. The "classic concerts," at the assembly rooms, of Charles Hallé, may well have seemed to absorb all our attention—for Hallé's time is so valuable, that he has had to crowd the last four of his concerts into the last six weeks, thus causing a notice to appear of them in every number of the *Musical World*; this will too soon be over, for his last will be recorded in next week's number.

We have no desire to enter into any controversy with your "occasional," as to what may or may not be the duties of your "own" correspondent; but the charge of wilfulness we must disclaim, and explain a little once more at the risk of being egotistic. The office is on our part voluntary and self-imposed; we solely profess to give as fair and faithful account as we can of such "Music at Manchester" as we do hear. To attend and report on all the concerts and all the meetings of our "Gentlemen's Glee Club," "Madrigal Society," and the weekly "Concerts for the People," or even the four Julien is now giving, is more than we can do. One reason of our not attending any of the Monday night concerts this season is, the fact that without attending them regularly, we could not do justice to the concerts, or the rising talent that is fostered and brought out there. We are delighted to find that the short season has been so prosperous, and to know that Mr. Peacock's endeavours to provide a cheap and rational place of amusement for "the people" have been so far eminently successful. There is one anomaly we could wish obviated—that is, the necessity of giving all the overtures, &c., and most of the accompaniments to the vocal pieces, on the organ. The organ is an instrument intended for a piece of worship or the oratorio, and it does seem incongruous to hear, as we once did, Weber's overture to *Der Freischütz* played on it, or to see announced the lovely choral fantasia of Beethoven for the pianoforte to be given on the organ, and without the essential and beautiful orchestral accompaniments. This appears to us, with all due respect for Mr. Peacock's well-known taste, and Mr. Banks' admitted talent on both organ and pianoforte, to be little less than desecration of the organ and injustice to Beethoven. We see, at the same time, the impossibility of providing an efficient orchestra, as well as chorus, at the very low rate charged for admission to these "concerts for the million!" and give all credit to the projector and clever conductor for their persevering efforts to improve and raise the taste of the public. When it is convenient to us to attend, we shall report as we do on Hallé's concerts—we trust without unfair bias or undue eulogium. Meanwhile we can assure your "occasional correspondent," that we shall be glad to see his reports, not in antagonism, but in aid of our own, to complete the register of what is going on musically "in this vast hive of industry;" and he must excuse us for being exceedingly lull to miss one single night at the assembly rooms. Hallé's concerts are but six the whole year, and the instrumental talent there exhibited surpassed all that we have heard in six and twenty years' experience of "Music at Manchester."

LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

As I was unable to attend the last Concert of our Philharmonic Society, which took place on Tuesday week I must beg of you to insert the following critique from the judicious *Courier* of Wednesday last:—

"The tenth concert for the season was given last night, when the following compositions were embraced in the first part:—

Symphony, No. 4, in B flat. Beethoven.
Song—"Beautiful Night," *The Sleepers Awakened*. Macfarren.

Mr. Jules Stockhausen.

Carnival Chorus—Come hither, *Angela of Venice*. Hermann.
Air—"Nasce al buco," *Adina*. Handel.

Mr. Jules Stockhausen.

Chorus—"Wretched lovers!" *Acis and Galatea*. Handel.

"We are always glad when the society gives us an instrumental concert. The resources of the band are called more prominently into operation than on ordinary occasions, and we have at those times generally one of Beethoven's symphonies, which the varied materials and numerous artists engaged in the more miscellaneous performances prevent us hearing."

"That performed last evening is a peculiarly fine work. The opening adagio is very gloomy and eccentric, and is followed without pauses by a melodious allegro, in which there are some very telling and elegant passages for the wind instruments. The gem, however, of the work is the adagio, or second movement, the whole scoring of which is worthy of the highest admiration—the artistic manner in which the subject is dispersed amongst the various instruments, is perfectly wonderful. There are several very quaint imitations in this movement taken up in succession by the bassoons, basses, and drums, followed by a gradual *crescendo* and ascending run on the flute into the original subject. It embraces a beautiful and difficult passage for the clarinet and flute, which was completely spoiled by the latter instrument, which we again found, to our surprise, in the hands of an amateur. This feeling is much increased by our recollection of the clever way in which Mr. Percival lately filled the post, and we had hoped he was permanently to perform in the band. We are prevented doing justice to the symphony on account of the late hour when the first part terminated. We can only add that the band, in other respects, was very efficient, and the several movements were extremely well played, Mr. Hermann conducting with zeal and judgment."

"Mr. Jules Stockhausen, the only vocalist engaged, is a baritone, with a very pleasing voice, of not much power, but possessed of considerable flexibility, and very pure in tone. He has good compass, and sings all committed to him with much taste. His first song, from Macfarren's "Sleepers Awakened" was not so well suited to him as the fine air of Handel, usually sung to the words, "He layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters," but which he rendered in the original Italian with admirable taste and much effect. His runs and shakes were executed with finished care, and nothing but the great length of the song, occasioned by the usual Handelian repeat of the first part, prevented its being encored. Mr. E. C. Horsley played the accompaniment to the first song, and was well received by the audience and chorus."

"The choral pieces were pretty, but not peculiarly interesting; chorus by Mr. Hermann, very creditably sung, and Handel's "Wretched Lovers," from *Acis and Galatea*, admirably rendered and deservedly encored. The basses were very effective in the long runs at the termination of the chorus."

Julien, who, despite the powerful rivalry of the National Concerts, at Her Majesty's Theatre, has lately terminated a most successful season at Drury Lane, will give three concerts, on the evenings of the 27th and 31st instant, and on the 6th of January next. On the evening of the 7th January, the band will perform all the latest and most popular pieces of dance music at a grand ball. Julien, on this occasion, will surpass all his previous "doings" in the provinces; for, in addition to an increased band, he will be accompanied by Madlle Jenty Treffz, M. Vivier, and a corps of French drummers, headed by their major. Such a concentration of talent and novelty will crowd the Philharmonic Hall to overflowing, or we are no judges of what is attractive."

Messrs. Thomas and Haddock's last chamber concert, which took place on Wednesday week, was by far the best given by those gentlemen; and proved that, at each succeeding concert, the auditory not only improve in intelligence but the artists in their performances. Practice in music, as in other arts, gradually makes perfect; and we doubt if, out of the metropolis, the finest specimens of chamber-music were ever so well played as they have lately been in the saloon of the Philharmonic Hall. The programme included four compositions by Schumann, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mayser. A quietest by the former composer is weak and affected, but Haydn's beautiful and graceful quartet was admirably played, and relished with true gusto by the audience. The great event of the evening was the performance of Beethoven's "Rasumowski" quartet for two violins, viola, and violoncello, played in a style which showed that the study and practice of this difficult gem of chamber-music had been a labour of love with the artists. Each performer exerted his utmost skill, and the result was a perfect

triumph. Mr. Thomas never played better; while as respects Mr. Haddock, we cordially agree with a local contemporary, who says, "Often as we have had occasion to note the peculiar elegance of Mr. Haddock's performance, we never recollect a more unexceptionable instance of his several points of excellence than was now given. His purity of tone, so perfectly devoid of the slightest tinge of coarseness, so often mistaken for force, together with his felicitous identity of self with the spirit and sense of his author: these and his faultless intonation will ever maintain him in the high estimation he now possesses in the opinion of all whose judgment we deem of worth." The concert terminated, amidst the applause of a highly-delighted audience, by Mayse's trio in A flat.

Madame Anna Thillon, whose personal and vocal graces have rendered her so universally popular, appeared, in conjunction with Mr. Hudson, the comedian, at the Theatre Royal, on Thursday evening week, in a new entertainment, written expressly for themselves by Albert Smith and Charles Selby. Both artists succeeded completely in amusing the audience, the "duologue" in which they appeared being interspersed with numerous witticisms, and some capital songs, composed by Mr. Loder. The piquant and enchanting Thillon never looked prettier, or sang more delightfully, while Mr. Hudson displayed a degree of gentlemanly ease and vivacity in songs and *bons mots* which proved him to be possessed of considerable comic talent. The dresses of Madame Thillon were, in themselves a great attraction, being remarkable for their novelty and beauty. The entertainment, which was one of the most delightful ever given in Liverpool, went off with great éclat, the laughter and applause of the audience being unceasing. Many of the songs, remarkable for the beauty of their melody, were encored.

At the Theatre Royal, a series of Poses Plastiques, under the title of "Les Visions Aériennes," introduced in this country by Messrs. Alexander and Paul, were, on their first representation, some-what of a failure, in consequence of the incompleteness of the arrangements, and the non-arrival of some of the apparatus. This week, however, these curious and beautiful tableaux, the realization of an artist's dreams, have been represented with a nearer approach to perfection. The grouping is exceedingly beautiful, the drapery chaste and classical, and the colouring soft and harmonious; while the manner in which some of the apparently imponderous figures are suspended in air, like floating forms of ether, setting all the laws of gravitation at defiance, produces an effect akin to the marvellous. How some of the aerial figures are supported is a question for the curious. The tricks of Houdini, Herrmann, and Professor Anderson, wherein a boy is represented supported by only one arm resting on a staff, show the way to the mystery without explaining it.

At our Amphitheatre, the regular dramatic season closed on Wednesday evening. During the week Mr. Barry Sullivan has appeared in several of his favorite characters; and the larger portion of his audience have been nightly convulsed with laughter at the performance of a *troupe* of poodle dogs. These animals, directed by their tutor, a Frenchman, display an amount of sagacity truly astonishing. On Monday next, Mr. Bastian Franconi, of the Cirque National de France, makes his appearance, with a talented company of human and quadruped performers, the greater portion of whom are, however, unknown to us by name, though they have appeared with the greatest success in the principal cities on the continent.

The last of a series of military concerts, given by the band of the 52nd Regiment, took place at the Philharmonic-hall on Saturday week, on which occasion the stalls and boxes were occupied by a numerous and fashionable company. The programme was better selected than on the previous occasions, and the enthusiasm of the audience was also more hearty and spontaneous. The selections from *Norma* and *Sonnambula* were, with a few exceptions, played in a highly satisfactory manner; while the magnificent march from the *Prophète* was given with a mingled vigour and delicacy which won loud applause. At the conclusion of the concert, a beautiful gold watch was presented to the talented bandmaster, Mr. Van Maanen, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Mr. Van Maanen, by the Committee of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society; 14th Dec, 1850."

We regret much to state that the 52nd Regiment, with their fine band, leave Liverpool for Limerick next month.

On Friday evening, Signor Pozanski gave a lecture on the "Origin and Progress of Music and its instruments," according to the theory of Moses Mendelssohn, at the Royal Assembly-rooms, in Great George-street, which were filled by a numerous and highly-fashionable audience, including some of the first families of the town and neighbourhood. The lecture contained little that was new or interesting to musicians, and its effect was considerably marred by the difficulty the lecturer experienced in pronouncing our language. The musical illustrations were highly satisfactory, and proved Signor Pozanski to possess considerable merit as a violinist.

Mr. Copeland is busy preparing a new pantomime at the Theatre Royal for the Christmas holidays. It is to surpass everything of the sort ever seen in Liverpool. The title is "The Child of Hale." The opening is, we believe, written by Mr. Buckstone, the music by E. F. Fitzwilliam, and the comic business by Mr. H. Boleno—justly celebrated as the greatest fool in England.

Liverpool, Dec. 15, 1850.

J. H. N.

BRIGHTON.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE annual concert of Mr. and Madame Oury took place in the Town Hall, on the evening of Friday, the 20th, of which the following was the programme:—

PART I.

- Duet Concertant, for Piano and Violin (*Huguenots*) . . . Oury.
 Mr. and Madame Oury.
 Aria—"Rognava nel silenzio"—Mr. Sims Reeves . . . Donizetti.
 Solo Pianoforte—"Prayer from *Mosè in Egitto*" . . . Thalberg.
 Madame Oury.
 Ballad—"Forget it not," from *The Sleeper Awakened* . . . Macfarren.
 Madame Macfarren.
 Aria—"Spirito gentil"—Mr. Sims Reeves . . . Donizetti.
 Concerto Militaire, for the Violin—Mr. Oury . . . Paganini.
 Duet—"Da quel di" (*Linda*) . . . Donizetti.
 Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves.

PART II.

- Duo Concertant for Piano and Violin (*Masanelli*) . . . Oury.
 Mr. and Madame Oury.
 Ballad—"Within a mile from Edinboro'" . . .
 Mrs. Sims Reeves.
 Solo Pianoforte—"Nocturne," and "Polka de Concert," . . . Wallace.
 Madame Oury.
 Song—"The Death of Nelson"—Mr. Sims Reeves.
 Solo Violin—Rode's celebrated Variations . . . Oury.
 Performed on *One String* by Mr. Oury.
 Ballad—"Gone, he's gone," from *The Sleeper Awakened* . . . Macfarren.
 Madame Macfarren.
 Terzett—"Ti prego"
 Mrs. Sims Reeves, Madame Macfarren, and Mr. Sims Reeves.
 Conductor . . . Mr. Walter Macfarren.

The duets of Mr. and Madame Oury were very clear and effective amalgamations of the most popular features of the two operas, judiciously put together and admirably executed. Mrs. Reeves is a native of Brighton, and her appearance on this occasion, the first since her marriage, was of course interesting; she sang the aria of Donizetti with great flexibility and neatness. Madame Macfarren had not been heard before in our town, and her first song, the ballad of "Forget it not," which she has been singing with so much success throughout the Irish tour, stamped her at once a decided favorite; it was a truly touching and pathetic piece of musical expression, and found its way to the hearts of all hearers. Madame Oury's rendering of the celebrated *Mosè* fantasia was most brilliant, and characterised by all the best qualities of the florid school of pianoforte playing. Mr. Reeves sang the aria from *La Favorita* like a consummate artist as he is, pouring forth his delicious voice in its fullest sweetness. Mr. Oury's execution of the concerto of Paganini was charmingly rendered by Mr. Reeves and his *cara sposa*. Mrs. Reeves' rendering of the Scotch ballad was naive and natural. Madame Oury gave a most graceful interpretation to the pleasing trifles of Mr. Wallace, who

owes much to such favorable introduction of his music. "The Death of Nelson" is a song for the people rather than for the select audience assembled on this occasion; Mr. Reeves did his best with it, but his best would have been done to better purpose had it been better bestowed. Rode's variations, at first written for the violin, then translated into a song, and now rendered into a *cheval de bataille* for a quarter of the original instrument, afforded Mr. Oury a famous opportunity to display his command of the fourth string. Madame Macfarren, in the extremely arduous rondo from the *Sleeper Awakened* more than confirmed the good impression she had created by the first performance; her reading was in the highest degree dramatic, and her execution of the brilliant passages with which the songs abound at once dashing and finished. This lady appeared again to great advantage in the opening solo of Curcushan's trio, in the sequel of which her delicious contralto voice blended most charmingly with those of her two deservedly eminently popular conjutors. Mr. Walter Macfarren proved himself a first-rate accompanist and did the honors of the evening to perfection. I regret to state that the audience was more elegant than numerous—such old established favorites in Brighton, with so attractive a programme, had the right to expect a better attendance.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—Auber has made great progress in the composition of his new opera, *Le Corbille de Fleurs*, written expressly for Alboni, and it is expected that by the time the great soprano-contralto has returned from Madrid, it will be ready for production. Now is the time for Auber to disprove what some sceptical critics have advanced against him, viz., that he never wrote a great scena for a soprano. With such a voice as Alboni's, and such a singer as Alboni, he may give his genius its fullest scope, nor entertain a fear for the realization of his most brilliant conceptions. Let Auber only write with the recollection of Alboni in his head, he cannot fail to produce something which will make criticism itself look pale, and lend a new wonder to the greedy ears of the Parisians. Scribe, of course, has written the libretto to the new opera—Scribe, the literary Briserius of the age—who can create a five-act comedy with as much ease, and in the same time, as a tailor can make a waistcoat. Roger has fully recovered from the temporary indisposition which incapacitated him from doing full justice to his part in the *Enfant Prodigue*. He now shares with Massol the honors and triumphs of the performance.

BERLIN.—Madame Castellan has appeared as Alice in *Roberto il Diavolo* at the Italian Opera, and has eminently distinguished herself; Alice, by all accounts, has proved one of the best characters in her repertoire. Meyerbeer was present at the first performance, and expressed himself intensely gratified with the singing and acting of the charming cantatrice. The engagement of Madame Castellan has been highly beneficial to the treasury, and the management has to congratulate itself on having secured her valuable services.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A THEATRE WITHOUT AN ORCHESTRA.
(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—The statement made by Mr. Mathews, which appeared in your Journal of Saturday last, contains so many assertions intended to be injurious to me both in my private and professional capacities, that I feel sure you will allow me to refute them.

The evasion, in which Mr. Mathews has taken refuge, will be seen at once by a simple comparison of this statement with his letter.

The theatre has been open this season eight weeks and a half to the 14th December; the band had received salary for four weeks

and a half (the theatre being closed for seven nights) so that the arrears for the present season alone amounts to three weeks out of seven and a half. The after season to which Mr. Mathews alludes consisted of only five nights—the band consenting to play six nights for the payment of five, and not to share with the company, Mr. Mathews states. So that his flat contradictions are disposed of.

My intention, in the letter which produced Mr. Mathews' attack, was not to prejudice Mr. Mathews in public opinion, but simply to exonerate myself and the band from a charge which is utterly groundless; and to shew the amount of forbearance they have exhibited, I therefore confined myself to a brief statement of facts—facts, to the truth of which I not only pledge myself, but which will yet be fully substantiated. Mr. Mathews refers to my conduct, in not acquiescing in his wish to discharge the band; it was to avoid an imputation on my character that I expressed my intention of retiring from the theatre—a course pursued by nearly every member of his original company.

The opinion of Mr. Mathews of the "efficiency" of the band, has been frequently and gratuitously expressed, in the presence of impartial and credible witnesses—the members of the band were also "upright" and "disinterested" men, until Mr. Mathews found they were anxious that their services should be remunerated—he then with the aid of Mr. J. H. Sully, (who was employed in the theatre as arranger and copyist) began to engage a band, to take their places at Christmas, a time when it is reasonable to suppose he would be enabled to pay. Engagements were offered three weeks before the retirement of the band.

I have never absented myself either from rehearsal or performance during the three seasons of my engagement, with the exception of one week, when I had Mr. Mathews' sanction; and if the band were either "inattentive" or "inefficient," why were they engaged for the three seasons? This statement carries its own refutation. As these matters will shortly be settled in a manner that will "prove all things." Mr. Mathews' flat contradiction must be regarded with as much distrust as his sincerity, when he made the following declaration at the end of the season (1849):—

"I have gained the knowledge that I am surrounded by one of the most loyal companions that ever entered a theatre; actors, who together with the ORCHESTRA, and the whole of the working part of the establishment, have stood by the management through good and evil, and carried them safely to the last night of a season of two hundred and forty-four nights."

It ought to be mentioned, that, notwithstanding the fact that the band were not receiving their salaries, several of them supplied and paid deputies themselves.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

FRANK EAMES.

3, Church Place, Covent Garden.

THE APPROACHING EXHIBITION.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

MR. EDITOR.—The whole world seems bent on reaping all possible advantage from the coming Exposition. Statesmen, merchants, mechanics, agriculturists, the liberal professions, the literati, religionists—all seem intent on getting whatever of good they can at this intended gathering of the nations. And who will dare to say that such purposes are wrong? Has the world learned every thing? Are there no more scintillations, beneficial and germinant, to be struck forth by the wise and healthy friction of mind with mind and soul with soul? The lethargic and the lazy non-Progressionist answers in the negative; but all who are willing to endure the pain of traversing unexplored regions for the sake of the advantages of the journey, are exclaiming on every hand, "Good as our world is, compared with what it was, it may be made a great deal better yet; and therefore let us set about the work—let us strengthen each others' hands, and cheer each other on a labour so glorious and so good."

Feeling and believing the nobleness of these sentiments, I now write to ask you, Mr. Editor, why it is that the Musical Profession are asleep? I can only account for this stupor on one of two grounds: either that music is not susceptible of further improvement, or else, that it is of no real, practical value. Few, indeed, Mr. Editor, would advocate the former supposition,

While the champions of every other art and science are every day confessing that their favourite studies are not half developed, while they are ever affirming that the present age, in relation to their individual pursuits, is but as the morning's break before the coming day; shall the friends of music fold their arms, and say "there is no more to be done in our art—we live in noon-tide bliss?" This may not be said. There is a great deal to be done in music yet. Yes, combinations of sweet sounds, which hitherto have not been heard, are yet to thrill our hearts and win our love: music has yet to be popularized; it has yet to be carried to every cottage hearth in the British Empire—in the wide world.

Well then, let us pass to the second hypothesis, (i.e.) that music is of no practical value. Full well we know that this assumption is a false one. We have trodden the Holy Sanctuary, and our spirits have been purified, elevated, ye, enraptured, by the sacred and swelling strains of music. Its marvellous aims have inspired the brave as they sped to battle; they have soothed the dying veteran as he bled for a nation's rights. Music has enlivened the monarch's palace, it has reconciled the prisoner to his fate, it has whiled away the captive's weary hours. Our homes are blest by it; our parlours and our drawing rooms confess its power and its joys. Take away music, and the charm of life is broken; you remove the best elixir of the heart's sorrows and strive to replace it with a poisoned chalice.

At the coming Exhibition, there will be the musical composer, the musical performer, the musical instrument maker, the musical amateur, and the music-loving public. Why should they meet together and yet be strangers to each other? Why should they separate without "doing something worth the doing?"

Let them meet together. Let them have a congress—a conference—call the assemblage what you please.

Musical composers might discuss the excellencies and the defects of their art. Musical instrument makers might contribute their share of information and suggestion to the common stock. Musical performers, too, might be greatly advantaged by the free communication of their views. Let the representatives of the people be in attendance. They should tell the profession what it is they require at their hands; and let the profession say what it is they wish for from the public. If all were thus to unite for the general good, surely something great would be achieved.

The speeches and sentiments of such a council would be worthy of record; such a record would be a boon to the world.

But I am told, forthwith, that such an assembly, and such a procedure, would be derogatory to the interests of individuals. Derogatory to the interests of individuals! Why, what are the interests of the individuals worth, when the interests of society and of the world are at stake! If a man has a secret that will do good service to his profession and to society, let him reveal his secret, and men shall give him such a hearty plaudit as shall be the death of selfishness. It cannot be necessary at this period of the world's history, to remind even the most sordid of the fact that "imparted knowledge does not diminish learning's store."

I am, Mr. Editor, yours truly, AURELIAN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JULLIEN.—The great conductor has departed on his Christmas tour. He left London on Christmas-day, and ate his plum pudding at Manchester, where he opened on boxing-night with his concerts. He is accompanied by Jetty Treffz, Vivier, and the French drummers, with the Tambour Major, and a new fresh suit of uniform, built for the occasion. It is not true that the Major has cut his stick—he only notched it on the second flute, in an emphatic beat at Drury Lane; and Jullien has had it repaired in the Strand. Jullien takes with him the pick—at least some of the pick of his band, among whom we may mention, Kamig, Jarrett, Sonnenberg, Pratten, Winterbottom, Baker, with an extract from the Collis's family. We shall have a fresh amount of the Jullien doings, from our own correspondent at Manchester next week.

NEW ORGAN IN ST. JULIAN'S CHURCH, SHREWSBURY.—The following is a description of this instrument, lately erected by Messrs. Groves and Mitchell, of London. The plan of the stops, &c. was drawn out by Mr. John Hiles, Organist of the church.—Three complete manuals (German Scale) from C C to F in alt. The swell, from C 4 ft. to F in alt.—the octave of keys below C

acting upon the lowest octave in the choir organ. There are two octaves and a third, of German pedals, from CCC to E. The stops are as follows:—*Great Organ*—Open diapason (metal throughout), open diapason, stopped diapason, principal twelfth, fifteenth, sesquialtra (3 ranks) and trumpet.—*Choir Organ*—Bourdon (one octave), stopped diapason base, stop-diapason treble, dulciana, keraulophon, principal flute, solo, and clarinet.—*Swell Organ*—Double diapason, open diapason, stopped diapason, principal twelfth, fifteenth, sesquialtra (3 ranks), flauto, cornopean, and clarion.—*Pedal Organ*—Double open diapason, 16 feet.—*Couplers*—Great manual to pedals—choir manual to pedals—swell to great. Three composition pedals to the Great Organ, and two to the swell. This instrument was opened on Sunday the 15th instant, by Mr. Hiles, whose performance gave great satisfaction, the voicing scale of the pipes being well suited to the size of the church.

DION BOURCICAULT.—This highly popular and distinguished author has just completed a five-act comedy for the Princess's, in which the Keans and Keeley, with all the strength of the company, will be employed. Mr. Bourcicault has also nearly finished a five-act piece for Drury Lane, and is busy, in conjunction with Mr. Bridgman, in forging a drama for the Olympic. In Malaprop phrase, he may be styled the "Cerberus of Literature"—three authors at once.

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CLASSICAL AND ANCIENT MUSIC.

MRS. BUDD. Widow of the late G. W. Budd, of the Firm of Calkin and Budd, No. 118, Pall Mall, begs leave respectfully to announce that in consequence of the decease of her late Husband, it is her intention to relinquish this branch of the Business, and she now offers to the Public, at prices greatly reduced, the LARGE AND CURIOUS STOCK OF OLD AND CLASSICAL MUSIC. A Deduction of 25 per Cent. will be made from the Catalogue Prices, to purchasers to the amount of £4 at one time. Mrs. Budd takes this opportunity of stating that she purposes confining her attention in future solely to the BOOKSELLING and STATIONERY BUSINESS, and solicits from her Friends a continuation of that patronage which has been for so many years extended to the Firm of CALKIN and BUDD.

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